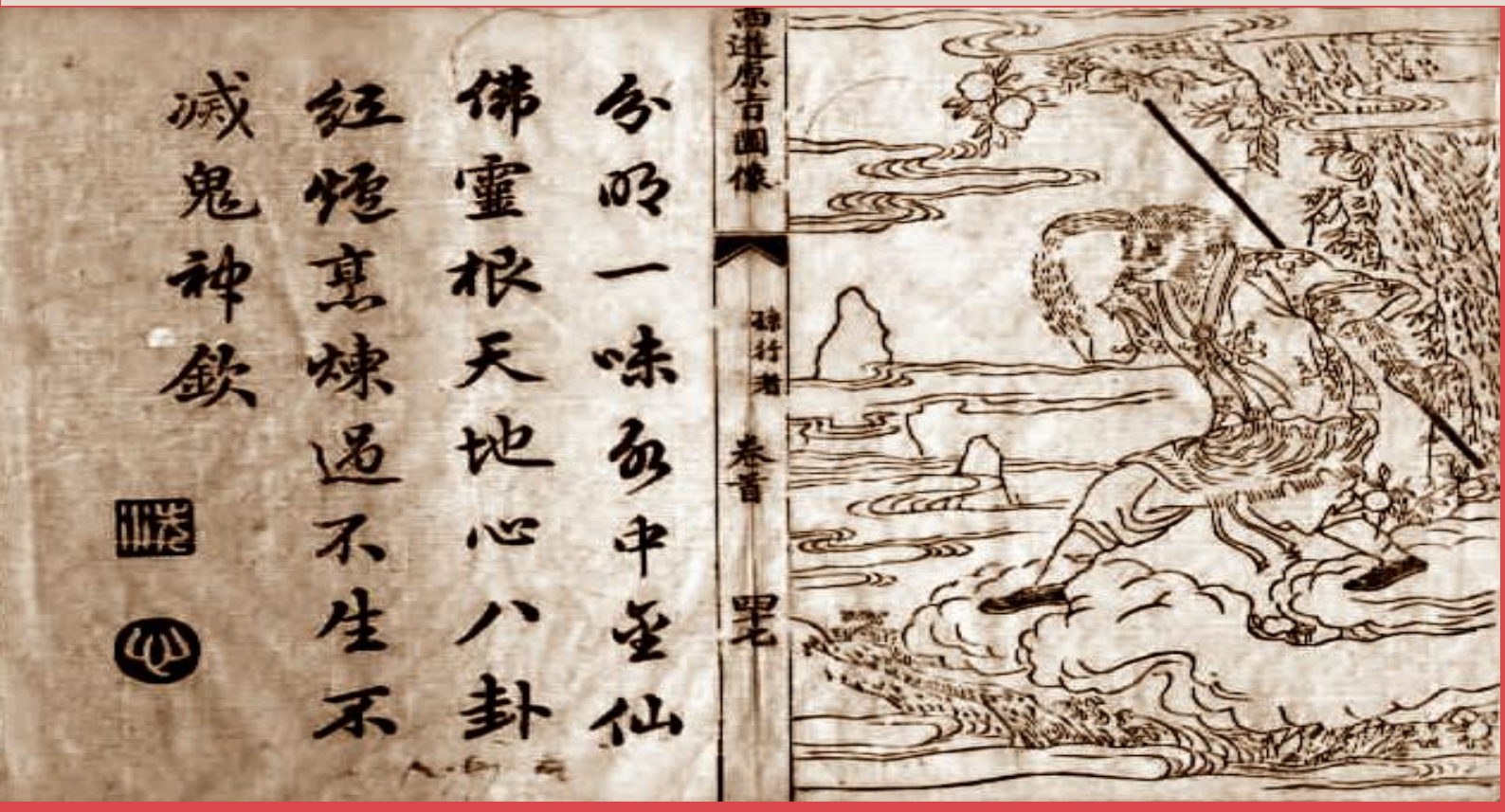
JOURNEY TO THE WEST

Wu Cheng'en

Chinese Mythology



Journey to the West

a tale

by

Wu Cheng'en

Great Classical Novel of the Chinese Mythology

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The superior student who hears about the Way practices it diligently.
The middling student who hears about the Way now keeps it and now loses it.
The inferior student who hears about the Way laughs at it loudly;
If he did not laugh, it would have fallen short of the Way.

***Tao Te Ching**, chapter 41*

Chapters

1. The divine root conceives, its source revealed;
Mind and nature nurtured, the Great Dao is born.

2. Fully awoke to Bodhi's wondrous truths;
He cuts off Māra, returns to the root, and joins Primal Spirit.

3. Four Seas and a Thousand Mountains all bow to submit;
From Ninefold Darkness ten species' names are removed.

4. Appointed a Ban-Horse, could he be content?
Named Equal to Heaven, he's still not appeased.

5. Disrupting the Peach Festival, the Great Sage steals elixir;
With revolt in Heaven, many gods would seize the fiend.

6. Guanyin, attending the banquet, inquires into the cause;
The Little Sage, exerting his power, subdues the Great Sage.

7. From the Eight Trigrams Brazier the Great Sage escapes;
Beneath the Five Phases Mountain, Mind Monkey is still.

8. Our Buddha makes scriptures to impart ultimate bliss;
Guanyin receives the decree to go up to Chang'an.

9. Chen Guangrui, going to his post, meets disaster;
Monk River Float, avenging his parents, repays his roots.

10. The Old Dragon King's foolish schemes transgress Heaven's decrees;
Prime Minister Wei's letter seeks help from an official of the dead.

11. Having toured the Underworld, Taizong returns to life;
Having presented melons and fruits, Liu Quan marries again.

12. The Tang emperor, firmly sincere, convenes a Grand Mass;
Guanyin, in epiphany, converts Gold Cicada.

13. In the den of tigers, the Gold Star brings deliverance;
At Double-Fork Ridge, Boqin detains the monk.

14. Mind Monkey returns to the Right;
The Six Robbers vanish from sight.

15. At Serpent Coil Mountain, the gods give secret protection;
At Eagle Grief Stream, the Horse of the Will is reined.

16. At Guanyin Hall the monks plot for the treasure;
At Black Wind Mountain a monster steals the cassock.

17. Pilgrim Sun greatly disturbs the Black Wind Mountain;
Guanshiyin brings to submission the bear monster.

18. At Guanyin Hall the Tang Monk leaves his ordeal;
At Gao Village the Great Sage casts out the monster.

19. At Cloudy Paths Cave, Wukong takes in Eight Rules;
At Pagoda Mountain, Tripitaka receives the Heart Sūtra.

20. At Yellow Wind Ridge the Tang Monk meets adversity;
In mid-mountain, Eight Rules strives to be first.

21. The Vihārapālas prepare lodging for the Great Sage;
Lingji of Sumeru crushes the wind demon.

22. Eight Rules fights fiercely at the Flowing-Sand River;
Mokṣa by order receives Wujing's submission.

23. Tripitaka does not forget his origin;
The Four Sages test the priestly mind.

24. At Long Life Mountain the Great Immortal detains his old friend;
At Five Villages Abbey, Pilgrim steals the ginseng fruit.

25. The Zhenyuan Immortal gives chase to catch the scripture monk;
Pilgrim Sun greatly disturbs Five Villages Abbey.

26. Amid the Three Islands Sun Wukong seeks a cure;
With sweet dew Guanshiyin revives a tree.

27. The cadaver demon three times mocks Tripitaka Tang;
The holy monk in spite banishes Handsome Monkey King.

28. At Flower-Fruit Mountain a pack of fiends hold assembly;
At the Black Pine Forest Tripitaka meets demons.

29. Free of his peril, River Float arrives at the kingdom;
Receiving favor, Eight Rules invades the forest.

30. A deviant demon attacks the true Dharma;
The Horse of the Will recalls Mind Monkey.

31. Zhu Eight Rules provokes the Monkey King to chivalry;
Pilgrim Sun with wisdom defeats the monster.

32. On Level-Top Mountain the sentinel brings a message;
At Lotus-Flower Cave Wood Mother meets disaster.

33. Heresy deludes the True Nature;
Primal Spirit helps the Native Mind.

34. The demon king's plotting entraps Mind Monkey;
The Great Sage, ever adroit, wangles the treasures.

35. Heresy uses power to oppress the proper Nature;
Mind Monkey, bagging treasures, conquers deviate demons.

36. When Mind Monkey is rectified, the nidānas cease;
Smash through the side door to view the bright moon.

37. The ghost king visits Tripitaka Tang at night;
Wukong, through wondrous transformation, leads the child.

38. The child queries his mother to learn of deviancy and truth;
Metal and Wood, reaching the deep, see the false and the real.

39. One pellet of cinnabar elixir found in Heaven;
A king, dead three years, lives again on Earth.

40. The child's playful transformations confuse the Chan Mind;
Ape, Horse, Spatula gone, Wood Mother, too, is lost.

41. Mind Monkey is defeated by fire;
Wood Mother is captured by demons.

42. The Great Sage diligently calls at South Sea;
Guanyin with compassion binds the Red Boy.

43. An evil demon at Black River captures the monk;
The Western Ocean's dragon prince catches the iguana.

44. The dharma-body in primal cycle meets the force of the cart;
The mind, righting monstrous deviates, crosses the spine-ridge pass.

45. At the Three Pure Ones Abbey the Great Sage leaves his name;
At the Cart Slow Kingdom the Monkey King shows his power.

46. Heresy flaunts its strength to mock orthodoxy;
Mind Monkey in epiphany slays the deviates.

47. The holy monk's blocked at night at Heaven-Reaching River;
Metal and Wood, in compassion, rescue little children.

48. The demon, raising a cold wind, sends a great snow fall;
The monk, intent on seeing Buddha, walks on layered ice.

49. Tripitaka meets disaster and sinks to a water home;
To bring salvation, Guanyin reveals a fish basket.

50. Nature follows confused feelings through lust and desire;
Faint spirit and moved mind meet a demon chief.

51. Mind Monkey in vain uses a thousand tricks;
Futile water and fire makes it hard to smelt demons.

52. Wukong greatly disturbed the Golden Helmet Cave;
Tathāgata reveals in secret the true master.

53. Imbibing, the Chan Lord conceives a ghostly child;
Yellow Dame brings water to end the weird fetus.

54. Dharma-nature, going west, reaches the Women State;
Mind Monkey makes a plan to flee the fair sex.

55. Deviant form makes lustful play for Tripitaka Tang;
Upright nature safeguards the untainted self.

56. Wild Spirit slays brutish bandits;
Wayward Way sets loose Mind Monkey.

57. True Pilgrim lays bare his woes at Mount Potalaka;
False Monkey King transcribes texts at Water-Curtain Cave.

58. Two Minds cause disorder in the great cosmos;
It's hard for one body to realize true Nirvāṇa.

59. Tripitaka Tang's path is blocked at Mountain of Flames;
Pilgrim Sun baits for the first time the palm-leaf fan.

60. Bull Demon King stops fighting to attend a lavish feast;
Pilgrim Sun baits for the second time the palm-leaf fan.

61. Zhu Eight Rules assists in defeating the demon king;
Pilgrim Sun baits for the third time the palm-leaf fan.

62. To wash off filth, to bathe the mind, just sweep a pagoda;
To bind demons and return to the lord is self-cultivation.

63. Two monks, quelling fiends, disturb the dragon palace;
The sages, destroying deviates, acquire the treasures.

64. At Bramble Ridge Wuneng exerted great effort;
At Shrine of Sylvan Immortals Tripitaka discusses poetry .

65. Fiends set up falsely the Small Thunderclap;
The four pilgrims all meet a great ordeal.

66. Many gods meet injury;
Maitreya binds a fiend.

67. Having rescued Tuoluo, Chan Nature is secure;
Escaping filthiness, the Mind of Dao is pure.

68. At Scarlet-Purple Kingdom the Tang Monk speaks of past eras;
Pilgrim Sun performs on an arm broken in three places.

69. At night the Lord of the Mind refines medicines;
At a banquet the king speaks of the perverse fiend.

70. The monstrous demon's treasures release smoke, sand, and fire;
Wukong by stratagem steals the purple-gold bells.

71. By a false name Pilgrim defeats the fiendish wolf;
In epiphany Guanyin subdues the monster-king.

72. At Cobweb Cave Seven Passions delude the Origin;
At Purgation Spring Eight Rules forgets all manners.

73. Passions, because of old enmity, beget calamity;
Demon-trapped, the Mind Lord with luck breaks the light.

74. Long Life reports how vicious the demons are;
Pilgrim displays his transformation power.

75. Mind Monkey drills through the yin-yang body;
Demon lords return to the true great Way.

76. Mind-Spirit dwells at home, and demons revert to nature;
Wood Mother together subdues the fiend's true self.

77. A horde of demons affront native Nature;
The One Body bows to True Suchness.

78. At Bhikṣu he pities the infants and summons the night gods;
In the golden hall he knows the demon speaking on the way and virtue.

79. Searching the cave for the fiend he meets Long Life;
The proper lord of the court sees the babies.

80. The fair girl, nursing the yang, seeks a mate;
Mind Monkey, guarding his master, knows a monster.

81. At Sea-Pacifying Monastery Mind Monkey knows the fiend;
In the black pine forest three pupils search for their master.

82. The fair girl seeks the yang;
Primal spirit guards the Way.

83. Mind Monkey knows the elixir source;
Fair girl returns to her true nature.

84. "Priests are hard to destroy" completes great awakening;
The Dharma-king attains the right, his body's naturalized.

85. Mind Monkey envies Wood Mother;
The demon lord plots to devour Chan.

86. Wood Mother, lending power, conquers the fiendish creature;
Metal Squire, using his magic, extirpates the deviates.

87. The Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture offends Heaven and suffers drought;
The Great Sage Sun advocates virtue and provides rain.

88. Reaching Jade-Flower, Chan convenes an assembly;
Mind Monkey, Wood, and Earth instruct disciples.

89. The yellow lion-spirit in vain gives the Muckrake Feast;
Gold, Wood, and Earth disturb with a scheme Mount Leopard's Head.

90. Masters and lions, teachers and pupils, all return to the One;
Thieves and the Dao, snares and Buddhism, quiet Ninefold-Numina.

91. At Gold-Level Prefecture they watch lanterns on the fifteenth night;
In Mysterious Flower Cave the Tang Monk makes a deposition.

92. Three priests fight fiercely at Green Dragon Mountain;
Four Stars help to capture rhinoceros fiends.

93. At Jetavana Park he asks the aged about the cause;
At the Kingdom of India he sees the king and meets his mate.

94. Four priests are feted at the royal garden;
One fiend vainly longs for sensual joys.

95. Falsely assuming true form, the jade hare's caught;
True Yin returns to the right to join Numinous Source.

96. Squire Kou gladly receives a noble priest;
The elder Tang does not covet riches.

97. Gold-dispensing external aid meets demonic harm;
The sage reveals his soul to bring restoration.

98. Only when ape and horse are tamed will shells be cast;
With merit and work perfected, they see the Real.

99. Nine times nine ends the count and Māra's all destroyed;
The work of three times three done, the Dao reverts to its root.

100. They return to the Land of the East;
Five sages become perfected.

ONE

The divine root conceives, its source revealed
Mind and nature nurtured, the Great Dao is born

The poem says:

Ere Chaos's divide, with Heav'n and Earth a mess,
No human appeared in this murkiness.
When Pan Gu broke the nebula apart,
The dense and pure defined, did clearing start.
Enfold all life supreme humaneness would
And teach all things how become good they should.
To know cyclic time's work, if that's your quest,
Read Tale of Woes Dispelled on Journey West.

We heard that, in the order of Heaven and Earth, a single period consisted of 129,600 years. Dividing this period into twelve epochs were the twelve stems of Zi$_1$, Chou$_2$, Yin$_3$, Mao$_4$, Chen$_5$, Si$_6$, Wu$_7$, Wei$_8$, Shen$_9$, Yu$_{10}$, Xu$_{11}$, and Hai$_{12}$, with each epoch having 10,800 years.

Considered as the horary circle, the sequence would be thus: the first sign of dawn appears in the hour of Zi$_1$, while at Chou$_2$ the cock crows; daybreak occurs at Yin$_3$, and the sun rises at Mao$_4$; Chen$_5$ comes after breakfast, and by Si$_6$ everything is planned; at Wu$_7$ the sun arrives at its meridian, and it declines westward by Wei$_8$; the evening meal comes during the hour of Shen$_9$, and the sun sinks completely at Yu$_{10}$; twilight sets in at Xu$_{11}$, and people rest by the hour of Hai$_{12}$. This sequence may also be understood macrocosmically. At the end of the epoch of Xu$_{11}$, Heaven and Earth were obscure and all things were indistinct. With the passing of 5,400 years, the beginning of Hai$_{12}$ was the epoch of darkness. This moment was named Chaos, because there were neither human beings nor the two spheres. After another 5,400 years Hai$_{12}$ ended, and as the creative force began to work after great perseverance, the epoch of Zi$_1$ drew near and again brought gradual development. Shao Kangjie said:

When to the middle of Zi$_1$ winter moved,
No change by Heaven's mind had been approved.
The male principle had but barely stirred,
But the birth of all things was still deferred.

At this point, the firmament first acquired its foundation. With another 5,400 years came the Zi$_1$ epoch; the ethereal and the light rose up to form the four phenomena of the sun, the moon, the stars, and the Heavenly bodies. Hence it is said, the Heaven was created at Zi$_1$.

This epoch came to its end in another 5,400 years, and the sky began to harden as the Chou$_2$ epoch approached. The *Classic of Change* said:

Great was the male principle;
Supreme, the female!
They made all things,
In obedience to Heaven.

At this point, the Earth became solidified. In another 5,400 years after the arrival of the Chou$_2$ epoch, the heavy and the turbid condensed below and formed the five elements of water, fire, mountain, stone, and earth. Hence it is said, the Earth was

created at $Chou_2$. With the passing of another 5,400 years, the $Chou_2$ epoch came to its end and all things began to grow at the beginning of the Yin_3 epoch. The *Book of Calendar* said:

The Heavenly aura descended;
The earthly aura rose up.
Heaven and Earth copulated,
And all things were born.

At this point, Heaven and Earth were bright and fair; the yin had intercourse with the yang. In another 5,400 years, during the Yin_3 epoch, humans, beasts, and fowls came into being, and thus the so-called three forces of Heaven, Earth, and Man were established. Hence it is said, man was born at Yin_3.

Following Pan Gu's construction of the universe, the rule of the Three August Ones, and the ordering of the relations by the Five Thearchs, the world was divided into four great continents. They were: the East Pūrvavideha Continent, the West Aparagodānīya Continent, the South Jambūdvīpa Continent, and the North Uttarakuru Continent. This book is solely concerned with the East Pūrvavideha Continent.

Beyond the ocean there was a country named Aolai. It was near a great ocean, in the midst of which was located the famous Flower-Fruit Mountain. This mountain, which constituted the chief range of the Ten Islets and formed the origin of the Three Islands, came into being after the creation of the world. As a testimonial to its magnificence, there is the following poetic rhapsody:

Its majesty commands the wide ocean;
Its splendor rules the jasper sea;
Its majesty commands the wide ocean
When, like silver mountains, the tide sweeps fishes into caves;
Its splendor rules the jasper sea
When snow-like billows send forth serpents from the deep.
On the southwest side pile up tall plateaus;
From the Eastern Sea arise soaring peaks.
There are crimson ridges and portentous rocks,
Precipitous cliffs and prodigious peaks.
Atop the crimson ridges
Phoenixes sing in pairs:
Before precipitous cliffs
The unicorn singly rests.
At the summit is heard the cry of golden pheasants;
In and out of stony caves are seen the strides of dragons:
In the forest are long-lived deer and immortal foxes.
On the trees are divine fowls and black cranes.
Strange grass and flowers never wither:
Green pines and cypresses always keep their spring.
Immortal peaches are ever fruit-bearing;
Lofty bamboos often detain the clouds.
Within a single gorge the creeping vines are dense;
The grass color of meadows all around is fresh.
This is indeed the pillar of Heaven, where a hundred rivers meet—
The Earth's great axis, in ten thousand kalpas unchanged.

There was on top of that very mountain an immortal stone, which measured thirty-six feet and five inches in height and twenty-four feet in circumference. The height of thirty-six feet and five inches corresponded to the three hundred and sixty-five cyclical degrees, while the circumference of twenty-four feet corresponded to the twenty-four solar terms of the calendar.

On the stone were also nine perforations and eight holes, which corresponded to the Palaces of the Nine Constellations and the Eight Trigrams. Though it lacked the shade of trees on all sides, it was set off by epidendrums on the left and right. Since the creation of the world, it had been nourished for a long period by the seeds of Heaven and Earth and by the essences of the sun and the moon, until, quickened by divine inspiration, it became pregnant with a divine embryo. One day, it split open, giving birth to a stone egg about the size of a playing ball. Exposed to the wind, it was transformed into a stone monkey endowed with fully developed features and limbs. Having learned at once to climb and run, this monkey also bowed to the four quarters, while two beams of golden light flashed from his eyes to reach even the Palace of the Polestar. The light disturbed the Great Benevolent Sage of Heaven, the Celestial Jade Emperor of the Most Venerable Deva, who, attended by his divine ministers, was sitting in the Cloud Palace of the Golden Arches, in the Treasure Hall of the Divine Mists.

Upon seeing the glimmer of the golden beams, he ordered Thousand-Mile Eye and Fair-Wind Ear to open the South Heaven Gate and to look out. At this command the two captains went out to the gate, and, having looked intently and listened clearly, they returned presently to report, "Your subjects, obeying your command to locate the beams, discovered that they came from the Flower-Fruit Mountain at the border of the small Aolai Country, which lies to the east of the East Pūrvavideha Continent. On this mountain is an immortal stone that has given birth to an egg. Exposed to the wind, it has been transformed into a monkey, who, when bowing to the four quarters, has flashed from his eyes those golden beams that reached the Palace of the Polestar. Now that he is taking some food and drink, the light is about to grow dim." With compassionate mercy the Jade Emperor declared, "These creatures from the world below are born of the essences of Heaven and Earth, and they need not surprise us."

That monkey in the mountain was able to walk, run, and leap about; he fed on grass and shrubs, drank from the brooks and streams, gathered mountain flowers, and searched out fruits from trees. He made his companions the tiger and the lizard, the wolf and the leopard; he befriended the civet and the deer, and he called the gibbon and the baboon his kin. At night he slept beneath stony ridges, and in the morning he sauntered about the caves and the peaks. Truly,

In the mountain there is no passing of time;
The cold recedes, but one knows not the year.

One very hot morning, he was playing with a group of monkeys under the shade of some pine trees to escape the heat. Look at them, each amusing himself in his own way by

Swinging from branches to branches,
Searching for flowers and fruits;
They played two games or three
With pebbles and with pellets;
They circled sandy pits;
They built rare pagodas;
They chased the dragonflies;

They ran down small lizards;
Bowing low to the sky,
They worshiped Bodhisattvas;
They pulled the creeping vines;
They plaited mats with grass;
They searched to catch the louse
That they bit or sqeezed to death;
They dressed their furry coats;
They scraped their fingernails;
Those leaning leaned;
Those rubbing rubbed;
Those pushing pushed;
Those pressing pressed;
Those pulling pulled;
Those tugging tugged.
Beneath the pine forest and free to play,
They washed themselves in the green-water stream.

So, after the monkeys had frolicked for a while, they went to bathe in the mountain stream and saw that its currents bounced and splashed like tumbling melons. As the old saying goes,

Fowls have their fowl speech,
And beasts have their beast language.

The monkeys said to each other, "We don't know where this water comes from. Since we have nothing to do today, let us follow the stream up to its source to have some fun." With a shriek of joy, they dragged along males and females, calling out to brothers and sisters, and scrambled up the mountain alongside the stream. Reaching its source, they found a great waterfall. What they saw was

A column of white rainbows rising,
A thousand yards of snow-caps flying.
The sea wind blows but cannot sever
What a river moon lights up forever.
Its cold breath divides the green glades;
Its branches wet the verdant shades.
This torrent named a waterfall
Seems like a curtain hanging tall.

All the monkeys clapped their hands in acclaim:

"Marvelous water! Marvelous water! So this waterfall is distantly connected with the stream at the base of the mountain, and flows directly out, even to the great ocean."

They said also, "If any of us had the ability to penetrate the curtain and find out where the water comes from without hurting himself, we would honor him as king."

They gave the call three times, when suddenly the stone monkey leaped out from the crowd. He answered the challenge with a loud voice, "I'll go in! I'll go in!" What a monkey! For

Today his fame will spread wide.
His fortune the time does provide.

He's fated to live in this place,
Sent by a king to god's palace.

Look at him! He closed his eyes, crouched low, and with one leap he jumped straight through the waterfall. Opening his eyes at once and raising his head to look around, he saw that there was neither water nor waves inside, only a gleaming, shining bridge. He paused to collect himself and looked more carefully again: it was a bridge made of sheet iron. The water beneath it surged through a hole in the rock to reach the outside, filling in all the space under the arch. With bent body he climbed on the bridge, looking about as he walked, and discovered a beautiful place that seemed to be some kind of residence. Then he saw

Fresh mosses piling up indigo,
White clouds like jade afloat,
And luminous sheens of mist and smoke;
Empty windows, quiet rooms,
And carved flowers growing smoothly on benches;
Stalactites suspended in milky caves;
Rare blossoms voluminous over the ground.
Pans and stoves near the wall show traces of fire;
Bottles and cups on the table contain left overs.
The stone seats and beds were truly lovable;
The stone pots and bowls were more praiseworthy.
There were, furthermore, a stalk or two of tall bamboos,
And three or five sprigs of plum flowers.
With a few green pines always draped in rain,
This whole place indeed resembled a home.

After staring at the place for a long time, he jumped across the middle of the bridge and looked left and right. There in the middle was a stone tablet on which was inscribed in regular, large letters:

The Blessed Land of Flower- Fruit Mountain,
The Cave Heaven of Water-Curtain Cave.

Beside himself with delight, the stone monkey quickly turned around to go back out and, closing his eyes and crouching again, leaped out of the water. "A great stroke of luck," he exclaimed with two loud guffaws, "a great stroke of luck!"

The other monkeys surrounded him and asked, "How is it inside? How deep is the water?"

The stone monkey replied, "There isn't any water at all. There's a sheet iron bridge, and beyond it is a piece of Heaven-sent property."

"What do you mean that there's property in there?" asked the monkeys.

Laughing, the stone monkey said, "This water splashes through a hole in the rock and fills the space under the bridge. Beside the bridge there is a stone mansion with trees and flowers. Inside are stone ovens and stoves, stone pots and pans, stone beds and benches. A stone tablet in the middle has the inscription,

The Blessed Land of the Flower- Fruit Mountain,
The Cave Heaven of the Water-Curtain Cave.

This is truly the place for us to settle in. It is, moreover, very spacious inside and can hold thousands of the young and old. Let's all go live in there, and spare ourselves from being subject to the whims of Heaven. For we have in there

A retreat from the wind,
A shelter from the rain.
You fear no frost or snow;
You hear no thunderclap.
Mist and smoke are brightened,
Warmed by a holy light—
The pines are evergreen:
Rare flowers, daily new."

When the monkeys heard that, they were delighted, saying, "You go in first and lead the way."

The stone monkey closed his eyes again, crouched low, and jumped inside. "All of you," he cried, "Follow me in! Follow me in!"

The braver of the monkeys leaped in at once, but the more timid ones stuck out their heads and then drew them back, scratched their ears, rubbed their jaws, and chattered noisily. After milling around for some time, they too bounded inside. Jumping across the bridge, they were all soon snatching dishes, clutching bowls, or fighting for stoves and beds—shoving and pushing things hither and thither. Befitting their stubbornly prankish nature, the monkeys could not keep still for a moment and stopped only when they were utterly exhausted.

The stone monkey then solemnly took a seat above and spoke to them:

"Gentlemen! 'If a man lacks trustworthiness, it is difficult to know what he can accomplish!' You yourselves promised just now that whoever could get in here and leave again without hurting himself would be honored as king. Now that I have come in and gone out, gone out and come in, and have found for all of you this Heavenly grotto in which you may reside securely and enjoy the privilege of raising a family, why don't you honor me as your king?"

When the monkeys heard this, they all folded their hands on their breasts and obediently prostrated themselves. Each one of them then lined up according to rank and age, and, bowing reverently, they intoned, "Long live our great king!"

From that moment, the stone monkey ascended the throne of kingship. He did away with the word "stone" in his name and assumed the title, Handsome Monkey King. There is a testimonial poem that says:

Triple spring mated to beget all things.
A divine stone quickened by the sun and moon
Changed from egg to ape to reach the Great Way.
Loanname and surname matched elixir made.
Formless inside he yields no image known;
His outward guise coheres in action shown.
In every age all persons will yield to him:
Hailed a king, a sage, he is free to roam.

The Handsome Monkey King thus led a flock of gibbons and baboons, some of whom were appointed by him as his officers and ministers. They toured the Flower-Fruit Mountain in the morning, and they lived in the Water-Curtain Cave by night.

Living in concord and sympathy, they did not mingle with bird or beast but enjoyed their independence in perfect happiness. For such were their activities:

In the spring they gathered flowers for food and drink.
In the summer they went in quest of fruits for sustenance.
In the autumn they amassed taros and chestnuts to ward off time.
In the winter they searched for yellow-sperms to live out the year.

The Handsome Monkey King had enjoyed this insouciant existence for three or four hundred years when one day, while feasting with the rest of the monkeys, he suddenly grew sad and shed a few tears. Alarmed, the monkeys surrounding him bowed down and asked, "What is disturbing the Great King?"

The Monkey King replied, "Though I am very happy at the moment, I am a little concerned about the future. Hence I'm distressed."

The monkeys all laughed and said, "The Great King indeed does not know contentment! Here we daily have a banquet on an immortal mountain in a blessed land, in an ancient cave on a divine continent. We are not subject to the unicorn or the phoenix, nor are we governed by the rulers of mankind. Such independence and comfort are immeasurable blessings. Why, then, does he worry about the future?"

The Monkey King said, "Though we are not subject to the laws of man today, nor need we be threatened by the rule of any bird or beast, old age and physical decay in the future will disclose the secret sovereignty of Yama, King of the Underworld. If we die, shall we not have lived in vain, not being able to rank forever among the Heavenly beings?"

When the monkeys heard this, they all covered their faces and wept mournfully, each one troubled by his own impermanence. But look! From among the ranks a bareback monkey suddenly leaped forth and cried aloud, "If the Great King is so farsighted, it may well indicate the sprouting of his religious inclination. There are, among the five major divisions of all living creatures, only three species that are not subject to Yama, King of the Underworld."

The Monkey King said, "Do you know who they are?"

The monkey said, "They are the Buddhas, the immortals, and the holy sages; these three alone can avoid the Wheel of Transmigration as well as the process of birth and destruction, and live as long as Heaven and Earth, the mountains and the streams."

"Where do they live?" asked the Monkey King. The monkey said, "They do not live beyond the world of the Jambūdvīpa, for they dwell within ancient caves on immortal mountains." When the Monkey King heard this, he was filled with delight, saying, "Tomorrow I shall take leave of you all and go down the mountain. Even if I have to wander with the clouds to the corners of the sea or journey to the distant edges of Heaven, I intend to find these three kinds of people. I will learn from them how to be young forever and escape the calamity inflicted by King Yama.

Lo, this utterance at once led him
To leap free of the Transmigration Net,
And be the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.

All the monkeys clapped their hands in acclamation, saying, "Wonderful! Wonderful! Tomorrow we shall scour the mountain ranges to gather plenty of fruits, so that we may send the Great King off with a great banquet." Next day the monkeys duly

went to gather immortal peaches, to pick rare fruits, to dig out mountain herbs, and to chop yellowsperms.

They brought in an orderly manner every variety of orchids and epidendrums, exotic plants and strange flowers. They set out the stone chairs and stone tables, covering the tables with immortal wines and food. Look at the

Golden balls and pearly pellets,
Red ripeness and yellow plumpness.
Golden balls and pearly pellets are the cherries,
Their colors truly luscious.
Red ripeness and yellow plumpness are the plums,
Their taste—a fragrant tartness.
Fresh lungans
Of sweet pulps and thin skins.
Fiery lychees
Of small pits and red sacks.
Green fruits of the Pyrus are presented by the branches.
The loquats yellow with buds are held with their leaves.
Pears like rabbit heads and dates like chicken hearts
Dispel your thirst, your sorrow, and the effects of wine.
Fragrant peaches and soft almonds
Are sweet as the elixir of life:
Crisply fresh plums and strawberries
Are sour like cheese and buttermilk.
Red pulps and black seeds compose the ripe watermelons.
Four cloves of yellow rind enfold the big persimmons.
When the pomegranates are split wide,
Cinnabar grains glisten like specks of ruby:
When the chestnuts are cracked open,
Their tough brawns are hard like cornelian.
Walnut and silver almonds fare well with tea.
Coconuts and grapes may be pressed into wine.
Hazelnuts, yews, and crabapples overfill the dishes.
Kumquats, sugarcanes, tangerines, and oranges crowd the tables.
Sweet yams are baked,
Yellow-sperms overboiled,
The tubers minced with seeds of waterlily,
And soup in stone pots simmers on a gentle fire.
Mankind may boast its delicious dainties,
But what can best the pleasure of mountain monkeys.

The monkeys honored the Monkey King with the seat at the head of the table, while they sat below according to their age and rank.

They drank for a whole day, each of the monkeys taking a turn to go forward and present the Monkey King with wine, flowers, and fruits. The next day the Monkey King rose early and gave the instruction, “Little ones, cut me some pinewood and make me a raft.

Then find me a bamboo for the pole, and gather some fruits and the like. I’m about to leave.” When all was ready, he got onto the raft by himself. Pushing off with

all his might, he drifted out toward the great ocean and, taking advantage of the wind, set sail for the border of South Jambūdvīpa Continent. Here is the consequence of this journey:

The Heaven-born monkey, strong in magic might,
He left the mount and rode the raft to catch fair wind:
He drifted across the sea to seek immortals' way,
Determined in heart and mind to achieve great things.
It's his lot, his portion, to quit earthly zeals:
Calm and carefree, he'll face a lofty sage.
He'd meet, I think, a true, discerning friend:
The source disclosed, all dharma will be known.

It was indeed his fortune that, after he boarded the wooden raft, a strong southeast wind (which lasted for days) sent him to the northwestern coast, the border of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent. He took the pole to test the water, and, finding it shallow one day, he abandoned the raft and jumped ashore. On the beach there were people fishing, hunting wild geese, digging clams, and draining salt.

He approached them and, making a weird face and some strange antics, he scared them into dropping their baskets and nets and scattering in all directions. One of them could not run and was caught by the Monkey King, who stripped him of his clothes and put them on himself, aping the way humans wore them. With a swagger he walked through counties and prefectures, imitating human speech and human manners in the marketplaces. He rested by night and dined in the morning, but he was bent on finding the way of the Buddhas, immortals, and holy sages, on discovering the formula for eternal youth. He saw, however, that the people of the world were all seekers after profit and fame; there was not one who showed concern for his appointed end. This is their condition:

When will end this quest for fortune and fame,
This tyrant of early rising and retiring late?
Riding on mules they long for noble steeds;
By now prime ministers, they hope to be kings.
For food and raiment they suffer stress and strain,
Never fearing Yama's call to reckoning.
Seeking wealth and power to give to sons of sons,
There's not one ever willing to turn back.

The Monkey King searched diligently for the way of immortality, but he had no chance of meeting it. Going through big cities and visiting small towns, he unwittingly spent eight or nine years on the South Jambūdvīpa Continent before he suddenly came upon the Great Western Ocean. He thought that there would certainly be immortals living beyond the ocean; so, having built himself a raft like the previous one, he once again drifted across the Western Ocean until he reached the West Aparagodānīya Continent. After landing, he searched for a long time, when all at once he came upon a tall and beautiful mountain with thick forests at its base. Since he was afraid neither of wolves and lizards nor of tigers and leopards, he went straight to the top to look around. It was indeed a magnificent mountain:

A thousand peaks stand like rows of spears,
Like ten thousand cubits of screen widespread.
The sun's beams lightly enclose the azure mist;

In darkening rain, the mount's color turns cool and green.
Dry creepers entwine old trees;
Ancient fords edge secluded paths.
Rare flowers and luxuriant grass.
Tall bamboos and lofty pines.
Tall bamboos and lofty pines
For ten thousand years grow green in this blessed land.
Rare flowers and luxuriant grass
In all seasons bloom as in the Isles of the Blest.
The calls of birds hidden are near.
The sounds of streams rushing are clear.
Deep inside deep canyons the orchids interweave.
On every ridge and crag sprout lichens and mosses.
Rising and falling, the ranges show a fine dragon's pulse.
Here in reclusion must an eminent man reside.

As he was looking about, he suddenly heard the sound of a man speaking deep within the woods. Hurriedly he dashed into the forest and cocked his ear to listen. It was someone singing, and the song went thus:

I watch chess games, my ax handle's rotted.
I chop at wood, zheng zheng *the sound.*
I walk slowly by the cloud's fringe at the valley's entrance.
Selling my firewood to buy some wine,
I am happy and laugh without restraint.
When the path is frosted in autumn's height,
I face the moon, my pillow the pine root.
Sleeping till dawn
I find my familiar woods.
I climb the plateaus and scale the peaks
To cut dry creepers with my ax.
When I gather enough to make a load,
I stroll singing through the marketplace
And trade it for three pints of rice,
With nary the slightest bickering
Over a price so modest.
Plots and schemes I do not know;
Without vainglory or attaint
My life's prolonged in simplicity.
Those I meet,
If not immortals, would be Daoists,
Seated quietly to expound the Yellow Court.

When the Handsome Monkey King heard this, he was filled with delight, saying, "So the immortals are hiding in this place."

He leaped at once into the forest. Looking again carefully, he found a woodcutter chopping firewood with his ax. The man he saw was very strangely attired.

On his head he wore a wide splint hat
Of seed-leaves freshly cast from new bamboos.
On his body he wore a cloth garment

Of gauze woven from the native cotton.
Around his waist he tied a winding sash
Of silk spun from an old silkworm.
On his feet he had a pair of straw sandals,
With laces rolled from withered sedge.
In his hands he held a fine steel ax;
A sturdy rope coiled round and round his load.
In breaking pines or chopping trees
Where's the man to equal him?

The Monkey King drew near and called out:

"Reverend immortal! Your disciple raises his hands."

The woodcutter was so flustered that he dropped his ax as he turned to return the salutation. "Blasphemy! Blasphemy!" he said. "I, a foolish fellow with hardly enough clothes or food! How can I bear the title of immortal?"

The Monkey King said, "If you are not an immortal, how is it that you speak his language?"

The woodcutter asked, "What did I say that sounded like the language of an immortal?"

The Monkey King explained, "When I came just now to the forest's edge, I heard you singing, 'Those I meet, if not immortals, would be Daoists, seated quietly to expound the *Yellow Court.'* The *Yellow Court* contains the perfected words of the Way and Virtue. What can you be but an immortal?" Laughing, the woodcutter said, "I can tell you this much: the tune of that lyric is named 'A Court Full of Blossoms,' and it was taught to me by an immortal, a neighbor of mine. He saw that I had to struggle to make a living and that my days were full of worries, so he told me to recite the poem whenever I was troubled. This, he said, would both comfort me and rid me of my difficulties. It happened that I was anxious about something just now, so I sang the song. It didn't occur to me that I would be overheard."

The Monkey King said, "If you are a neighbor of the immortal, why don't you follow him in the cultivation of the Way? Wouldn't it be nice to learn from him the formula for eternal youth?"

The woodcutter replied, "My lot has been a hard one all my life. When I was young, I was indebted to my parents' nurture until I was eight or nine. As soon as I began to have some understanding of human affairs, my father unfortunately died, and my mother remained a widow. I had no brothers or sisters, so there was no alternative but for me alone to support and care for my mother. Now that my mother is growing old, all the more I dare not leave her. Moreover, my fields are rather barren and desolate, and we haven't enough food or clothing. I can't do more than chop two bundles of firewood to take to the market in exchange for a few pennies to buy a few pints of rice. I cook that myself, serving it to my mother with the tea that I make. That's why I can't practice austerities."

The Monkey King said, "According to what you have said, you are indeed a gentleman of filial piety, and you will certainly be rewarded in the future. I hope, however, that you will show me the way to the immortal's abode, so that I may reverently call upon him."

"It's not far," the woodcutter said. "This mountain is called the Mountain of Mind and Heart, and in it is the Cave of Slanting Moon and Three Stars. Inside the cave is an immortal by the name of the Patriarch Subodhi, who has already sent out innumerable disciples. Even now there are thirty or forty persons who are practicing austerities with him. Follow this narrow path and travel south for about seven or eight miles, and you will come to his home."

Grabbing the woodcutter, the Monkey King said, "Honored brother, go with me. If I receive any benefit, I will not forget the favor of your guidance."

"What a boneheaded fellow you are!" the woodcutter said. "I have just finished telling you these things, and you still don't understand. If I go with you, won't I be neglecting my livelihood? And who will take care of my mother? I must chop my firewood. You go on by yourself!" When the Monkey King heard this, he had to take his leave. Emerging from the deep forest, he found the path and went past the slope of a hill. After he had traveled seven or eight miles, a cave dwelling indeed came into sight. He stood up straight to take a better look at this splendid place, and this was what he saw:

Mist and smoke in diffusive brilliance,
Flashing lights from the sun and moon,
A thousand stalks of old cypress,
Ten thousand stems of tall bamboo.
A thousand stalks of old cypress
Draped in rain half fill the air with tender green;
Ten thousand stems of tall bamboo
Held in smoke will paint the glen chartreuse.
Strange flowers spread brocades before the door.
Jadelike grass emits fragrance beside the bridge.
On ridges protruding grow moist green lichens;
On hanging cliffs cling the long blue mosses.
The cries of immortal cranes are often heard.
Once in a while a phoenix soars overhead.
When the cranes cry,
Their sounds reach through the marsh to the distant sky.
When the phoenix soars up,
Its plume with five bright colors embroiders the clouds.
Black apes and white deer may come or hide;
Gold lions and jade elephants may leave or bide.
Look with care at this blessed, holy place:
It has the true semblance of Paradise.

He noticed that the door of the cave was tightly shut; all was quiet, and there was no sign of any human inhabitant. He turned around and suddenly perceived, at the top of the cliff, a stone slab approximately eight feet wide and over thirty feet tall. On it was written in large letters:

The Mountain of Mind and Heart;
The Cave of Slanting Moon and Three Stars.

Immensely pleased, the Handsome Monkey King exclaimed, "People here are truly honest. This mountain and this cave really do exist!"

He stared at the place for a long time but dared not knock. Instead, he jumped onto the branch of a pine tree, picked a few pine seeds and ate them, and began to play.

After a moment he heard the door of the cave open with a squeak, and an immortal youth walked out. His bearing was exceedingly graceful; his features were highly refined. This was certainly no ordinary young mortal, for he had

His hair bound with two cords of silk,
A wide robe with two sleeves of wind.
His body and face seemed most distinct,
For visage and mind were both detached.
Long a stranger to all worldly things
He was the mountain's ageless boy.
Untainted even with a speck of dust,
He feared no havoc by the seasons wrought.

After coming through the door, the boy shouted, "Who is causing disturbance here?" With a bound the Monkey King leaped down from the tree, and went up to him bowing. "Immortal boy," he said, "I am a seeker of the way of immortality. I would never dare cause any disturbance." With a chuckle, the immortal youth asked, "Are you a seeker of the Way?"

"I am indeed," answered the Monkey King. "My master at the house," the boy said, "has just left his couch to give a lecture on the platform. Before even announcing his theme, however, he told me to go out and open the door, saying, 'There is someone outside who wants to practice austerities. You may go and receive him.' It must be you, I suppose."

The Monkey King said, smiling, "It is I, most assuredly!"

"Follow me in then," said the boy. With solemnity the Monkey King set his clothes in order and followed the boy into the depths of the cave. They passed rows and rows of lofty towers and huge alcoves, of pearly chambers and carved arches. After walking through innumerable quiet chambers and empty studios, they finally reached the base of the green jade platform. Patriarch Subodhi was seen seated solemnly on the platform, with thirty lesser immortals standing below in rows. He was truly

An immortal of great ken and purest mien,
Master Subodhi, whose wondrous form of the West
Had no end or birth by work of the Double Three.
His whole spirit and breath were with mercy filled.
Empty, spontaneous, it could change at will,
His Buddha-nature able to do all things.
The same age as Heaven had his majestic frame.
Fully tried and enlightened was this grand priest.

As soon as the Handsome Monkey King saw him, he prostrated himself and kowtowed times without number, saying, "Master! Master! I, your pupil, pay you my sincere homage."

The Patriarch said, "Where do you come from? Let's hear you state clearly your name and country before you kowtow again."

The Monkey King said, "Your pupil came from the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower- Fruit Mountain, in the Aolai Country of the East Pūrvavideha Continent."

"Chase him out of here!" the Patriarch shouted. "He is nothing but a liar and a fabricator of falsehood. How can he possibly be interested in attaining enlightenment?"

The Monkey King hastened to kowtow unceasingly and to say, "Your pupil's word is an honest one, without any deceit."

The Patriarch said, "If you are telling the truth, how is it that you mention the East Pūrvavideha Continent? Separating that place and mine are two great oceans and the entire region of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent. How could you possibly get here?"

Again kowtowing, the Monkey King said, "Your pupil drifted across the oceans and trudged through many regions for more than ten years before finding this place."

The Patriarch said, "If you have come on a long journey in many stages, I'll let that pass.

What is your surname (*xing*)?"

The Monkey King again replied, "I have no temper (*xing*). If a man rebukes me, I am not offended; if he hits me, I am not angered. In fact, I simply repay him with a ceremonial greeting and that's all. My whole life's without ill temper."

"I'm not speaking of your temper," the Patriarch said. "I'm asking after the name of your parents."

"I have no parents either," said the Monkey King. The Patriarch said, "If you have no parents, you must have been born from a tree."

"Not from a tree," said the Monkey King, "but from a rock. I recall that there used to be an immortal stone on the Flower-Fruit Mountain. I was born the year the stone split open." When the Patriarch heard this, he was secretly pleased, and said, "Well, evidently you have been created by Heaven and Earth. Get up and show me how you walk." Snapping erect, the Monkey King scurried around a couple of times. The Patriarch laughed and said, "Though your features are not the most attractive, you do resemble a pignolia-eating monkey (*husun*). This gives me the idea of taking a surname for you from your appearance. I intended to call you by the name *Hu.* If I drop the animal radical from this word, what's left is a compound made up of the two characters, *gu* and *yue. Gu* means aged and *yue* means female, but an aged female cannot reproduce.

Therefore, it is better to give you the surname of *Sun.* If I drop the animal radical from this word, what we have left is the compound of *zi* and *xi. Zi* means a boy and *xi* means a baby, and that name exactly accords with the fundamental Doctrine of the Baby Boy. So your surname will be 'Sun.'" When the Monkey King heard this, he was filled with delight. "Splendid! Splendid!" he cried, kowtowing, "At last I know my surname. May the master be even more gracious! Since I have received the surname, let me be given also a personal name, so that it may facilitate your calling and commanding me."

The Patriarch said, "Within my tradition are twelve characters that have been used to name the pupils according to their divisions. You are one who belongs to the tenth generation."

"Which twelve characters are they?" asked the Monkey King. The Patriarch replied, "They are: wide (*guang*), great (*da*), wise (*zhi*), intelligence (*hui*), true (*zhen*), conforming (*ru*), nature (*xing*), sea (*hai*), sharp (*ying*), wake- to (*wu*), complete (*yuan*),

and awakening (*jue*). Your rank falls precisely on the word ‘wake-to’ (*wu*). You will hence be given the religious name ‘Wake-to-the-Void’ (*wukong*). All right?”

“Splendid! Splendid!” said the Monkey King, laughing. “Henceforth I shall be called Sun Wukong.” So it was that,

At nebula’s parting he had no name.
Smashing stubborn void needs Wake-to-the- Void.

We do not know what fruit of Daoist cultivation he succeeded in attaining afterward; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWO

Fully awoke to Bodhi's wondrous truths
He cuts off Māra, returns to the root, and joins Primal Spirit

Now we were speaking of the Handsome Monkey King, who, having received his name, jumped about joyfully and went forward to give Subodhi his grateful salutation. The Patriarch then ordered the congregation to lead Sun Wukong outdoors and to teach him how to sprinkle water on the ground and dust, and how to speak and move with proper courtesy. The company of immortals obediently went outside with Wukong, who then bowed to his fellow students. They prepared thereafter a place in the corridor where he might sleep. Next morning he began to learn from his schoolmates the arts of language and etiquette. He discussed with them the scriptures and the doctrines; he practiced calligraphy and burned incense. Such was his daily routine. In more leisurely moments he would be sweeping the grounds or hoeing the garden, planting flowers or pruning trees, gathering firewood or lighting fires, fetching water or carrying drinks. He did not lack for whatever he needed, and thus he lived in the cave without realizing that six or seven years had slipped by. One day the Patriarch ascended the platform and took his high seat. Calling together all the immortals, he began to lecture on a great doctrine. He spoke

With words so florid and eloquent
That gold lotus sprang up from the ground.
The doctrine of three vehicles he subtly rehearsed,
Including even the laws' minutest tittle.
The yak's-tail waved slowly and spouted elegance:
His thunderous voice moved e'en the Ninth Heaven.
For a while he lectured on Dao;
For a while he spoke on Chan—
To harmonize the Three Parties is a natural thing.
One word's elucidation filled with truth
Points to the birthless showing nature's mystery.

Wukong, who was standing there and listening, was so pleased with the talk that he scratched his ear and rubbed his jaw. Grinning from ear to ear, he could not refrain from dancing on all fours! Suddenly the Patriarch saw this and called out to him, "Why are you madly jumping and dancing in the ranks and not listening to my lecture?" Wukong said, "Your pupil was devoutly listening to the lecture. But when I heard such wonderful things from my reverend master, I couldn't contain myself for joy and started to leap and prance about quite unconsciously. May the master forgive my sins!"

"Let me ask you," said the Patriarch, "if you comprehend these wonderful things, do you know how long you have been in this cave?" Wukong said, "Your pupil is basically feeble-minded and does not know the number of seasons. I only remember that whenever the fire burned out in the stove, I would go to the back of the mountain to gather firewood. Finding a mountainful of fine peach trees there, I have eaten my fill of peaches seven times."

The Patriarch said, "That mountain is named the Ripe Peach Mountain. If you have eaten your fill seven times, I suppose it must have been seven years. What kind of Daoist art would you like to learn from me?" Wukong said, "I am dependent on the

admonition of my honored teacher. Your pupil would gladly learn whatever has a smidgen of Daoist flavor."

The Patriarch said, "Within the tradition of Dao, there are three hundred and sixty heteronomous divisions, all the practices of which may result in Illumination. I don't know which division you would like to follow."

"I am dependent on the will of my honored teacher," said Wukong. "Your pupil is wholeheartedly obedient."

"How would it be," said the Patriarch, "if I taught you the practice of the Method division?" Wukong asked, "How would you explain the practice of the Method division?"

"The practice of the Method division," said the Patriarch, "consists of summoning immortals and working the planchette, of divination by manipulating yarrow stalks, and of learning the secrets of pursuing good and avoiding evil."

"Can this sort of practice lead to immortality?" asked Wukong.

"Impossible! Impossible!" said the Patriarch. "I won't learn it then," Wukong said.

"How would it be," said the Patriarch again, "if I taught you the practice of the Schools division?"

"What is the meaning of the Schools division?" asked Wukong. "The Schools division," the Patriarch said, "includes the Confucians, the Buddhists, the Daoists, the Dualists, the Mohists, and the Physicians. They read scriptures or recite prayers; they interview priests or conjure up saints and the like."

"Can this sort of practice lead to immortality?" asked Wukong. The Patriarch said, "If immortality is what you desire, this practice is like setting a pillar inside a wall." Wukong said, "Master, I'm a simple fellow and I don't know the idioms of the marketplace. What's setting a pillar inside a wall?"

The Patriarch said, "When people build houses and want them to be sturdy, they place a pillar as a prop inside the wall. But someday the big mansion will decay, and the pillar too will rot."

"What you're saying then," Wukong said, "is that it is not long-lasting. I'm not going to learn this."

The Patriarch said, "How would it be if I taught you the practice of the Silence division?"

"What's the aim of the Silence division?" Wukong asked. "To cultivate fasting and abstinence," said the Patriarch, "quiescence and inactivity, meditation and the art of crosslegged sitting, restraint of language, and a vegetarian diet. There are also the practices of yoga, exercises standing or prostrate, entrance into complete stillness, contemplation in solitary confinement, and the like."

"Can these activities," asked Wukong, "bring about immortality?"

"They are no better than the unfired bricks on the kiln," said the Patriarch. Wukong laughed and said, "Master indeed loves to beat about the bush! Haven't I just told you that I don't know these idioms of the marketplace? What do you mean by the unfired bricks on the kiln?"

The Patriarch replied, “The tiles and the bricks on the kiln may have been molded into shape, but if they have not been refined by water and fire, a heavy rain will one day make them crumble.”

“So this too lacks permanence,” said Wukong.

“I don’t want to learn it.”

The Patriarch said, “How would it be if I taught you the practice of the Action division?”

“What’s it like in the Action division?” Wukong asked. “Plenty of activities,” said the Patriarch, “such as gathering the yin to nourish the yang, bending the bow and treading the arrow, and rubbing the navel to pass breath. There are also experimentation with alchemical formulas, burning rushes and forging cauldrons, taking red lead, making autumn stone, and drinking bride’s milk and the like.”

“Can such bring about long life?” asked Wukong. “To obtain immortality from such activities,” said the Patriarch, “is also like scooping the moon from the water.”

“There you go again, Master!” cried Wukong. “What do you mean by scooping the moon from the water?”

The Patriarch said, “When the moon is high in the sky, its reflection is in the water. Although it is visible therein, you cannot scoop it out or catch hold of it, for it is but an illusion.”

“I won’t learn that either!” said Wukong.

When the Patriarch heard this, he uttered a cry and jumped down from the high platform. He pointed the ruler he held in his hands at Wukong and said to him:

“What a mischievous monkey you are! You won’t learn this and you won’t learn that! Just what is it that you are waiting for?” Moving forward, he hit Wukong three times on the head. Then he folded his arms behind his back and walked inside, closing the main doors behind him and leaving the congregation stranded outside. Those who were listening to the lecture were so terrified that everyone began to berate Wukong. “You reckless ape!” they cried, “you’re utterly without manners! The master was prepared to teach you magic secrets. Why weren’t you willing to learn? Why did you have to argue with him instead? Now you have offended him, and who knows when he’ll come out again?”

At that moment they all resented him and despised and ridiculed him. But Wukong was not angered in the least and only replied with a broad grin. For the Monkey King, in fact, had already solved secretly, as it were, the riddle in the pot; he therefore did not quarrel with the other people but patiently held his tongue. He reasoned that the master, by hitting him three times, was telling him to prepare himself for the third watch; and by folding his arms behind his back, walking inside, and closing the main doors, was telling him to enter by the back door so that he might receive instruction in secret.

Wukong spent the rest of the day happily with the other pupils in front of the Divine Cave of the Three Stars, eagerly waiting for the night. When evening arrived, he immediately retired with all the others, pretending to be asleep by closing his eyes, breathing evenly, and remaining completely still. Since there was no watchman in the mountain to beat the watch or call the hour, he could not tell what time it was. He could only rely on his own calculations by counting the breaths he inhaled and exhaled.

Approximately at the hour of Zi, he arose very quietly and put on his clothes. Stealthily opening the front door, he slipped away from the crowd and walked outside.

Lifting his head, he saw

The bright moon and the cool, clear dew,
Though in each corner not one speck of dust.
Sheltered fowls roosted in the woods;
A brook flowed gently from its source.
Darting fireflies dispersed the gloom.
Wild geese spread word columns through the clouds.
Precisely it was the third-watch hour—
Time to seek the Way whole and true.

You see him following the familiar path back to the rear entrance, where he discovered that the door was, indeed, ajar. Wukong said happily, "The reverend master truly intended to give me instruction. That's why the door was left open."

He reached the door in a few large strides and entered sideways. Walking up to the Patriarch's bed, he found him asleep with his body curled up, facing the wall.

Wukong dared not disturb him; instead, he knelt before his bed. After a little while, the Patriarch awoke. Stretching his legs, he recited to himself:

"Hard! Hard! Hard!
The Way is most obscure!
Deem not the gold elixir a common thing.
Without a perfect man's transmiting a subtle rune,
You'd have vain words, worn mouth, and tongue waxed dry!"

"Master," Wukong responded at once. "Your pupil has been kneeling here and waiting on you for a long time." When the Patriarch heard Wukong's voice, he rose and put on his clothes. "You mischievous monkey!" he exclaimed, sitting down cross-legged, "Why aren't you sleeping in front? What are you doing back here at my place?" Wukong replied, "Before the platform and the congregation yesterday, the master gave the order that your pupil, at the hour of the third watch, should come here through the rear entrance in order that he might be instructed. I was therefore bold enough to come directly to the master's bed." When the Patriarch heard this, he was terribly pleased, thinking to himself, "This fellow is indeed an offspring of Heaven and Earth.

If not, how could he solve so readily the riddle in my pot!"

"There is no third party here save your pupil," Wukong said. "May the master be exceedingly merciful and impart to me the way of long life. I shall never forget this gracious favor."

"Since you have solved the riddle in the pot," said the Patriarch, "it is an indication that you are destined to learn, and I am glad to teach you. Come closer and listen carefully. I will impart to you the wondrous way of long life." Wukong kowtowed to express his gratitude, washed his ears, and listened most attentively, kneeling before the bed. The Patriarch said:

"This bold, secret saying that's wondrous and true:
Spare, nurse nature and life—there's nothing else.
All power resides in the semen, breath, and spirit;
Store these securely lest there be a leak.

Lest there be a leak!
Keep within the body!
Heed my teaching and the Way itself will thrive.
Hold fast oral formulas so useful and keen
To purge concupiscence, to reach pure cool;
To pure cool
Where the light is bright.
You'll face the elixir platform, enjoying the moon.
The moon holds the jade rabbit, the sun, the crow;
The tortoise and snake are now tightly entwined.
Tightly entwined,
Nature and life are strong.
You can plant gold lotus e'en in the midst of flames.
Squeeze the Five Phases jointly, use them back and forth—
When that's done, be a Buddha or immortal at will!"

At that moment, the very origin was disclosed to Wukong, whose mind became spiritualized as blessedness came to him. He carefully committed to memory all the oral formulas. After kowtowing to thank the Patriarch, he left by the rear entrance. As he went out, he saw that

The eastern sky began to pale with light,
But golden beams shone on the Westward Way.

Following the same path, he returned to the front door, pushed it open quietly, and went inside. He sat up in his sleeping place and purposely rustled the bed and the covers, crying, "It's light! It's light! Get up!"

All the other people were still sleeping and did not know that Wukong had received a good thing. He played the fool that day after getting up, but he persisted in what he had learned secretly by doing breathing exercises before the hour of Zi and after the hour of Wu.

Three years went by swiftly, and the Patriarch again mounted his throne to lecture to the multitude. He discussed the scholastic deliberations and parables, and he discoursed on the integument of external conduct. Suddenly he asked, "Where's Wukong?" Wukong drew near and knelt down. "Your pupil's here," he said. "What sort of art have you been practicing lately?" the Patriarch asked.

"Recently," Wukong said, "your pupil has begun to apprehend the nature of all things and my foundational knowledge has become firmly established."

"If you have penetrated to the dharma nature to apprehend the origin," said the Patriarch, "you have, in fact, entered into the divine substance. You need, however, to guard against the danger of three calamities." When Wukong heard this, he thought for a long time and said, "The words of the master must be erroneous. I have frequently heard that when one is learned in the Way and excels in virtue, he will enjoy the same age as Heaven; fire and water cannot harm him and every kind of disease will vanish.

How can there be this danger of three calamities?"

"What you have learned," said the Patriarch, "is no ordinary magic: you have stolen the creative powers of Heaven and Earth and invaded the dark mysteries of the sun and moon. Your success in perfecting the elixir is something that the gods and the demons cannot countenance. Though your appearance will be preserved and your age

lengthened, after five hundred years Heaven will send down the calamity of thunder to strike you. Hence you must be intelligent and wise enough to avoid it ahead of time. If you can escape it, your age will indeed equal that of Heaven; if not, your life will thus be finished. After another five hundred years Heaven will send down the calamity of fire to burn you. That fire is neither natural nor common fire; its name is the Fire of Yin, and it arises from within the soles of your feet to reach even the cavity of your heart, reducing your entrails to ashes and your limbs to utter ruin. The arduous labor of a millennium will then have been made completely superfluous. After another five hundred years the calamity of wind will be sent to blow at you. It is not the wind from the north, south, east, or west; nor is it one of the winds of four seasons; nor is it the wind of flowers, willows, pines, and bamboos. It is called the Mighty Wind, and it enters from the top of the skull into the body, passes through the midriff, and penetrates the nine apertures.

The bones and the flesh will be dissolved and the body itself will disintegrate. You must therefore avoid all three calamities." When Wukong heard this, his hairs stood on end, and, kowtowing reverently, he said, "I beg the master to be merciful and impart to me the method to avoid the three calamities. To the very end, I shall never forget your gracious favor."

The Patriarch said, "It is not, in fact, difficult, except that I cannot teach you because you are somewhat different from other people."

"I have a round head pointing to Heaven," said Wukong, "and square feet walking on Earth. Similarly, I have nine apertures and four limbs, entrails and cavities. In what way am I different from other people?"

The Patriarch said, "Though you resemble a man, you have much less jowl."

The monkey, you see, has an angular face with hollow cheeks and a pointed mouth. Stretching his hand to feel himself, Wukong laughed and said, "The master does not know how to balance matters! Though I have much less jowl than human beings, I have my pouch, which may certainly be considered a compensation."

"Very well, then," said the Patriarch, "what method of escape would you like to learn? There is the Art of the Heavenly Ladle, which numbers thirty-six transformations, and there is the Art of the Earthly Multitude, which numbers seventy-two transformations." Wukong said, "Your pupil is always eager to catch more fishes, so I'll learn the Art of the Earthly Multitude."

"In that case," said the Patriarch, "come up here, and I'll pass on the oral formulas to you."

He then whispered something into his ear, though we do not know what sort of wondrous secrets he spoke of. But this Monkey King was someone who, knowing one thing, could understand a hundred! He immediately learned the oral formulas and, after working at them and practicing them himself, he mastered all seventy-two transformations.

One day when the Patriarch and the various pupils were admiring the evening view in front of the Three Stars Cave, the master asked, "Wukong, has that matter been perfected?" Wukong said, "Thanks to the profound kindness of the master, your pupil has indeed attained perfection; I now can ascend like mist into the air and fly."

The Patriarch said, "Let me see you try to fly." Wishing to display his ability, Wukong leaped fifty or sixty feet into the air, pulling himself up with a somersault. He

trod on the clouds for about the time of a meal and traveled a distance of no more than three miles before dropping down again to stand before the Patriarch. “Master,” he said, his hands folded in front of him, “this is flying by cloud-soaring.” Laughing, the Patriarch said, “This can’t be called cloudsoaring! It’s more like cloud-crawling! The old saying goes, ‘The immortal tours the North Sea in the morning and reaches Cangwu by night.’ If it takes you half a day to go less than three miles, it can’t even be considered cloud-crawling.”

“What do you mean,” asked Wukong, “by saying, ‘The immortal tours the North Sea in the morning and reaches Cangwu by night’?”

The Patriarch said, “Those who are capable of cloud-soaring may start from the North Sea in the morning, journey through the East Sea, the West Sea, the South Sea, and return again to Cangwu. Cangwu refers to Lingling in the North Sea. It can be called true cloud-soaring only when you can traverse all four seas in one day.”

“That’s truly difficult!” said Wukong, “truly difficult!”

“Nothing in the world is difficult,” said the Patriarch; “only the mind makes it so.” When Wukong heard these words, he kowtowed reverently and implored the Patriarch, “Master, if you do perform a service for someone, you must do it thoroughly. May you be most merciful and impart to me also this technique of cloud-soaring. I would never dare forget your gracious favor.”

The Patriarch said, “When the various immortals want to soar on the clouds, they all rise by stamping their feet. But you’re not like them. When I saw you leave just now, you had to pull yourself up by jumping. What I’ll do now is to teach you the cloud-somersault in accordance with your form.” Wukong again prostrated himself and pleaded with him, and the Patriarch gave him an oral formula, saying, “Make the magic sign, recite the spell, clench your fist tightly, shake your body, and when you jump up, one somersault will carry you one hundred and eight thousand miles.” When the other people heard this, they all giggled and said, “Lucky Wukong! If he learns this little trick, he can become a dispatcher for someone to deliver documents or carry circulars. He’ll be able to make a living anywhere!”

The sky now began to darken, and the master went back to the cave dwelling with his pupils. Throughout the night, however, Wukong practiced ardently and mastered the technique of cloud-somersault. From then on, he had complete freedom, blissfully enjoying his state of long life.

One day early in the summer, the disciples were gathered under the pine trees for fellowship and discussion. They said to him, “Wukong, what sort of merit did you accumulate in another incarnation that led the master to whisper in your ear, the other day, the method of avoiding the three calamities? Have you learned everything?”

“I won’t conceal this from my various elder brothers,” Wukong said, laughing. “Owing to the master’s instruction in the first place and my diligence day and night in the second, I have fully mastered the several matters!”

“Let’s take advantage of the moment,” one of the pupils said. “You try to put on a performance and we’ll watch.” When Wukong heard this, his spirit was aroused and he was most eager to display his powers. “I invite the various elder brothers to give me a subject,” he said. “What do you want me to change into?”

“Why not a pine tree?” they said. Wukong made the magic sign and recited the spell; with one shake of his body he changed himself into a pine tree. Truly it was

Thickly held in smoke through all four seasons,
Its chaste fair form soars straight to the clouds.
With not the least likeness to the impish monkey,
It's all frost-tried and snow-tested branches.

When the multitude saw this, they clapped their hands and roared with laughter, everyone crying, "Marvelous monkey! Marvelous monkey!"

They did not realize that all this uproar had disturbed the Patriarch, who came running out of the door, dragging his staff.

"Who is creating this bedlam here?" he demanded. At his voice the pupils immediately collected themselves, set their clothes in order, and came forward. Wukong also changed back into his true form, and, slipping into the crowd, he said, "For your information, Reverend Master, we are having fellowship and discussion here. There is no one from outside causing any disturbance."

"You were all yelling and screaming," said the Patriarch angrily, "and were behaving in a manner totally unbecoming to those practicing cultivation.

Don't you know that those in the cultivation of Dao resist

Opening their mouths lest they waste their breath and spirit,
Or moving their tongues lest they provoke arguments?

Why are you all laughing noisily here?"

"We dare not conceal this from the master," the crowd said. "Just now we were having fun with Wukong, who was giving us a performance of transformation. We told him to change into a pine tree, and he did indeed become a pine tree! Your pupils were all applauding him and our voices disturbed the reverend teacher. We beg his forgiveness."

"Go away, all of you," the Patriarch said. "You, Wukong, come over here! I ask you what sort of exhibition were you putting on, changing into a pine tree? This ability you now possess, is it just for showing off to people? Suppose you saw someone with this ability. Wouldn't you ask him at once how he acquired it? So when others see that you are in possession of it, they'll come begging. If you're afraid to refuse them, you will give away the secret; if you don't, they may hurt you. You are actually placing your life in grave jeopardy."

"I beseech the master to forgive me," Wukong said, kowtowing. "I won't condemn you," said the Patriarch, "but you must leave this place." When Wukong heard this, tears fell from his eyes. "Where am I to go, Teacher?" he asked. "From wherever you came," the Patriarch said, "you should go back there."

"I came from the East Pūrvavideha Continent," Wukong said, his memory jolted by the Patriarch, "from the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain in the Aolai Country."

"Go back there quickly and save your life," the Patriarch said. "You cannot possibly remain here!"

"Allow me to inform my esteemed teacher," said Wukong, properly penitent, "I have been away from home for twenty years, and I certainly long to see my subjects and followers of bygone days again. But I keep thinking that my master's profound kindness to me has not yet been repaid. I, therefore, dare not leave."

"There's nothing to be repaid," said the Patriarch. "See that you don't get into trouble and involve me: that's all I ask."

Seeing that there was no other alternative, Wukong had to bow to the Patriarch and take leave of the congregation. "Once you leave," the Patriarch said, "you're bound to end up evildoing. I don't care what kind of villainy and violence you engage in, but I forbid you ever to mention that you are my disciple. For if you but utter half the word, I'll know about it; you can be assured, wretched monkey, that you'll be skinned alive. I will break all your bones and banish your soul to the Place of Ninefold Darkness, from which you will not be released even after ten thousand afflictions!"

"I will never dare mention my master," said Wukong. "I'll say that I've learned this all by myself."

Having thanked the Patriarch, Wukong turned away, made the magic sign, pulled himself up, and performed the cloud-somersault. He headed straight toward the East Pūrvavideha, and in less than an hour he could already see the Flower-Fruit Mountain and the Water-Curtain Cave. Rejoicing secretly, the Handsome Monkey King said to himself:

"I left weighed down by bones of mortal stock.
The Dao attained makes light both body and frame.
Tis this world's pity that none firmly resolves
To learn such mystery that by itself is plain.
Twas hard to cross the seas in former time.
Returning this day, I travel with ease.
Words of farewell still echo in my ears.
I ne'er hope to see so soon the eastern depths!"

Wukong lowered the direction of his cloud and landed squarely on the Flower-Fruit Mountain. He was trying to find his way when he heard the call of cranes and the cry of monkeys; the call of cranes reverberated in the Heavens, and the cry of monkeys moved his spirit with sadness. "Little ones," he called out, "I have returned!"

From the crannies of the cliff, from the flowers and bushes, and from the woods and trees, monkeys great and small leaped out by the tens of thousands and surrounded the Handsome Monkey King.

They all kowtowed and cried, "Great King! What laxity of mind! Why did you go away for such a long time and leave us here longing for your return like someone hungering and thirsting? Recently, we have been brutally abused by a monster, who wanted to rob us of our Water-Curtain Cave. Out of sheer desperation, we fought hard with him. And yet all this time, that fellow has plundered many of our possessions, kidnapped a number of our young ones, and given us many restless days and nights watching over our property. How fortunate that our great king has returned! If the great king had stayed away another year or so, we and the entire mountain cave would have belonged to someone else!"

Hearing this, Wukong was filled with anger. "What sort of a monster is this," he cried, "that behaves in such a lawless manner? Tell me in detail and I will find him to exact vengeance."

"Be informed, Great King," the monkeys said, kowtowing, "that the fellow calls himself the Monstrous King of Havoc, and he lives north of here." Wukong asked, "From here to his place, how great is the distance?"

The monkeys replied, “He comes like the cloud and leaves like the mist, like the wind and the rain, like lightning and thunder. We don’t know how great the distance is.”

“In that case,” said Wukong, “go and play for a while and don’t be afraid. Let me go and find him.”

Dear Monkey King! He leaped up with a bound and somersaulted all the way northward until he saw a tall and rugged mountain.

What a mountain!

Its penlike peak stands erect;
Its winding streams flow unfathomed and deep.
Its penlike peak, standing erect, cuts through the air;
Its winding streams, unfathomed and deep, reach diverse sites on earth.
On two ridges flowers rival trees in exotic charm;
At various spots pines match bamboos in green.
The dragon on the left
Seems docile and tame;
The tiger on the right
Seems gentle and meek.
Iron oxen
On occasion are seen plowing.
Gold-coin flowers are frequently planted.
Rare fowls make melodious songs;
The phoenix stands facing the sun.
Rocks worn smooth and shiny
By water placid and bright
Appear by turns grotesque, bizarre, and fierce.
In countless numbers are the world’s famous mountains
Where flowers bloom and wither; they flourish and die.
What place resembles this long-lasting scene
Wholly untouched by the four seasons and eight epochs?
This is, in the Three Regions, the Mount of Northern Spring,
The Water- Belly Cave, nourished by the Five Phases.

The Handsome Monkey King was silently viewing the scenery when he heard someone speaking. He went down the mountain to find who it was, and he discovered the Water-Belly Cave at the foot of a steep cliff. Several imps who were dancing in front of the cave saw Wukong and began to run away. “Stop!” cried Wukong. “You can use the words of your mouth to communicate the thoughts of my mind. I am the lord of the Water-Curtain Cave in the Flower-Fruit Mountain south of here. Your Monstrous King of Havoc, or whatever he’s called, has repeatedly bullied my young ones, and I have found my way here with the specific purpose of sett ling matters with him.”

Hearing this, the imps darted into the cave and cried out, “Great King, a disastrous thing has happened!”

“What sort of disaster?” asked the Monstrous King. “Outside the cave,” said the imps, “there is a monkey who calls himself the lord of the Water-Curtain Cave in the Flower-Fruit Mountain. He says that you have repeatedly bullied his young ones and that he has come to settle matters with you.” Laughing, the Monstrous King said, “I have often heard those monkeys say that they have a great king who has left the family

to practice self-cultivation. He must have come back. How is he dressed, and what kind of weapon does he have?"

"He doesn't have any kind of weapon," the imps said. "He is bare-headed, wears a red robe with a yellow sash, and has a pair of black boots on. He looks like neither a monk nor a layman, neither a Daoist nor an immortal. He is out there making demands with naked hands and empty fists." When the Monstrous King heard this, he ordered, "Get me my armor and my weapon."

These were immediately brought out by the imps, and the Monstrous King put on his breastplate and helmet, grasped his scimitar, and walked out of the cave with his followers. "Who is the lord of the Water-Curtain Cave?" he cried with a loud voice. Quickly opening wide his eyes to take a look, Wukong saw that the Monstrous King

Wore on his head a black gold helmet
Which gleamed in the sun;
And on his body a dark silk robe
Which swayed in the wind;
Lower he had on a black iron vest
Tied tightly with leather straps;
His feet were shod in finely carved boots,
Grand as those of warriors great.
Ten spans—the width of his waist;
Thirty feet—the height of his frame;
He held in his hands a sword;
Its blade was fine and bright.
His name: the Monster of Havoc
Of most fearsome form and look.

"You have such big eyes, reckless monster, but you can't even see old Monkey!" the Monkey King shouted. When the Monstrous King saw him, he laughed and said, "You're not four feet tall, nor are you thirty years old; you don't even have weapons in your hands.

How dare you be so insolent, looking for me to settle accounts?"

"You reckless monster!" cried Wukong. "You are blind indeed! You think I'm small, not knowing that it's hardly difficult for me to become taller; you think I'm without weapon, but my two hands can drag the moon down from the edge of Heaven. Don't be afraid; just have a taste of old Monkey's fist!"

He leaped into the air and aimed a blow smack at the monster's face. Parrying the blow with his hand, the Monstrous King said, "You are such a midget and I'm so tall; you want to use your fist but I have my scimitar. If I were to kill you with it, I would be a laughingstock. Let me put down my scimitar, and we'll see how well you can box."

"Well said, fine fellow," replied Wukong. "Come on!"

The Monstrous King shifted his position and struck out. Wukong closed in on him, hurtling himself into the engagement. The two of them pummeled and kicked, struggling and colliding with each other. It is easy to miss on a long reach, but a short punch is firm and reliable. Wukong jabbed the Monstrous King in the short ribs, hit him on his chest, and gave him such heavy punishment with a few sharp blows that the

monster stepped aside, picked up his huge scimitar, aimed it straight at Wukong's head, and slashed at him.

Wukong dodged, and the blow narrowly missed him. Seeing that his opponent was growing fiercer, Wukong now used the method called the Body beyond the Body. Plucking a handful of hairs from his own body and throwing them into his mouth, he chewed them to tiny pieces and then spat them into the air. "Change!" he cried, and they changed at once into two or three hundred little monkeys encircling the combatants on all sides. For you see, when someone acquires the body of an immortal, he can project his spirit, change his form, and perform all kinds of wonders. Since the Monkey King had become accomplished in the Way, every one of the eighty-four thousand hairs on his body could change into whatever shape or substance he desired. The little monkeys he had just created were so keen of eye and so swift of movement that they could be wounded by neither sword nor spear. Look at them! Skipping and jumping, they rushed at the Monstrous King and surrounded him, some hugging, some pulling, some crawling in between his legs, some tugging at his feet. They kicked and punched; they yanked at his hair and poked at his eyes; they pinched his nose and tried to sweep him completely off his feet, until they tangled themselves into confusion.

Meanwhile Wukong succeeded in snatching the scimitar, pushed through the throng of little monkeys, and brought the scimitar down squarely onto the monster's skull, cleaving it in two. He and the rest of the monkeys then fought their way into the cave and slaughtered all the imps, young and old. With a shake, he collected his hair back onto his body, but there were some monkeys that did not return to him. They were the little monkeys kidnaped by the Monstrous King from the Water-Curtain Cave.

"Why are you here?" asked Wukong. The thirty or fifty of them all said tearfully, "After the Great King went away to seek the way of immortality, the monster menaced us for two whole years and finally carried us off to this place. Don't these utensils belong to our cave? These stone pots and bowls were all taken by the creature."

"If these are our belongings," said Wukong, "move them out of here."

He then set fire to the Water-Belly Cave and reduced it to ashes. "All of you," he said to them, "follow me home."

"Great King," the monkeys said, "when we came here, all we felt was wind rushing past us, and we seemed to float through the air until we arrived here. We don't know the way. How can we go back to our home?" Wukong said, "That's a magic trick of his. But there's no difficulty! Now I know not only one thing but a hundred! I'm familiar with that trick too. Close your eyes, all of you, and don't be afraid."

Dear Monkey King. He recited a spell, rode for a while on a fierce wind, and then lowered the direction of the cloud. "Little ones," he cried, "open your eyes!"

The monkeys felt solid ground beneath their feet and recognized their home territory. In great delight, every one of them ran back to the cave along the familiar roads and crowded in together with those waiting in the cave. They then lined up according to age and rank and paid tribute to the Monkey King. Wine and fruits were laid out for the welcome banquet. When asked how he had subdued the monster and rescued the young ones, Wukong presented a detailed rehearsal, and the monkeys broke into unending applause. "Where did you go, Great King?" they cried. "We never expected that you would acquire such skills!"

"The year I left you all," Wukong said, "I drifted with the waves across the Great Eastern Ocean and reached the West Aparagodānīya Continent. I then arrived at the South Jambūdvīpa Continent, where I learned human ways, wearing this garment and these shoes. I swaggered along with the clouds for eight or nine years, but I had yet to learn the Great Art. I then crossed the Great Western Ocean and reached the West Aparagodānīya Continent.

After searching for a long time, I had the good fortune to discover an old Patriarch, who imparted to me the formula for enjoying the same age as Heaven, the secret of immortality."

"Such luck is hard to meet even after ten thousand afflictions!" the monkeys said, all congratulating him. "Little ones," Wukong said, laughing again, "another delight is that our entire family now has a name."

"What is the name of the great king?"

"My surname is Sun," replied Wukong, "and my religious name is Wukong." When the monkeys heard this, they all clapped their hands and shouted happily, "If the great king is Elder Sun, then we are all Junior Suns, Suns the Third, small Suns, tiny Suns—the Sun Family, the Sun Nation, and the Sun Cave!" So they all came and honored Elder Sun with large and small bowls of coconut and grape wine, of divine flowers and fruits. It was indeed one big happy family! Lo,

The surname is one, the self's returned to its source.
This glory awaits—a name recorded in Heaven!

We do not know what the result was and how Wukong would fare in this realm; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THREE

Four Seas and a Thousand Mountains all bow to submit
From Ninefold Darkness ten species' names are removed

Now we were speaking of the Handsome Monkey King's triumphant return to his home country. After slaying the Monstrous King of Havoc and wresting from him his huge scimitar, he practiced daily with the little monkeys the art of war, teaching them how to sharpen bamboos for making spears, file wood for making swords, arrange flags and banners, go on patrol, advance or retreat, and pitch camp.

For a long time he played thus with them. Suddenly he grew quiet and sat down, thinking out loud to himself, "The game we are playing here may turn out to be something quite serious. Suppose we disturb the rulers of humans or of fowls and beasts, and they become offended; suppose they say that these military exercises of ours are subversive, and raise an army to destroy us. How can we meet them with our bamboo spears and wooden swords? We must have sharp swords and fine halberds. But what can be done at this moment?" When the monkeys heard this, they were all alarmed. "The great king's observation is very sound," they said, "but where can we obtain these things?"

As they were speaking, four older monkeys came forward, two female monkeys with red buttocks and two bareback gibbons. Coming to the front, they said, "Great King, to be furnished with sharp-edged weapons is a very simple matter."

"How is it simple?" asked Wukong. The four monkeys replied, "East of our mountain, across two hundred miles of water, is the boundary of the Aolai Country. In that country there is a king who has numberless men and soldiers in his city, and there are bound to be all kinds of metalworks there. If the great king goes there, he can either buy weapons or have them made. Then you can teach us how to use them for the protection of our mountain, and this will be the stratagem for assuring ourselves of perpetuity." When Wukong heard this, he was filled with delight. "Play here, all of you," he said. "Let me make a trip."

Dear Monkey King! He quickly performed his cloud somersault and crossed the two hundred miles of water in no time. On the other side he did indeed discover a city with broad streets and huge marketplaces, countless houses and numerous arches. Under the clear sky and bright sun, people were coming and going constantly. Wukong thought to himself, "There must be ready-made weapons around here. But going down there to buy a few pieces from them is not as good a bargain as acquiring them by magic."

He therefore made the magic sign and recited a spell. Facing the ground on the southwest, he took a deep breath and then blew it out. At once it became a mighty wind, hurtling pebbles and rocks through the air. It was truly terrifying:

Thick clouds in vast formation moved o'er the world;
Black fog and dusky vapor darkened the Earth;
Waves churned in seas and rivers, affrighting fishes and crabs;
Boughs broke in mountain forests, wolves and tigers taking flight.
Traders and merchants were gone from stores and shops.
No single man was seen at sundry marts and malls.
The king retreated to his chamber from the royal court.

Officials, martial and civil, returned to their homes.
This wind toppled Buddha's throne of a thousand years
And shook to its foundations the Five- Phoenix Tower.

The wind arose and separated the king from his subjects in the Aolai Country. Throughout the various boulevards and marketplaces, every family bolted the doors and windows and no one dared go outside. Wukong then lowered the direction of his cloud and rushed straight through the imperial gate. He found his way to the armory, knocked open the doors, and saw that there were countless weapons inside. Scimitars, spears, swords, halberds, battle-axes, scythes, whips, rakes, drumsticks, drums, bows, arrows, forks, and lances— every kind was available. Highly pleased, Wukong said to himself, "How many pieces can I possibly carry by myself? I'd better use the magic of body division to transport them."

Dear Monkey King! He plucked a handful of hairs, chewed them to pieces in his mouth, and spat them out. Reciting the spell, he cried, "Change!"

They changed into thousands of little monkeys, who snatched and grabbed the weapons. Those that were stronger took six or seven pieces, the weaker ones two or three pieces, and together they emptied out the armory. Wukong then mounted the cloud and performed the magic of displacement by calling up a great wind, which carried all the little monkeys back to their home.

We tell you now about the various monkeys, both great and small, who were playing outside the cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain.

They suddenly heard the sound of wind and saw in midair a huge horde of monkeys approaching, the sight of which made them all flee in terror and hide. In a moment, Wukong lowered his cloud and, shaking himself, collected the pieces of hair back onto his body. All the weapons were piled in front of the mountain. "Little ones," he shouted, "come and receive your weapons!"

The monkeys looked and saw Wukong standing alone on level ground. They came running to kowtow and ask what had happened. Wukong then recounted to them how he had made use of the mighty wind to transport the weapons. After expressing their gratitude, the monkeys all went to grab at the scimitars and snatch at the swords, to wield the axes and scramble for spears, to stretch the bows and mount the arrows.

Shouting and screaming, they played all day long.

The following day, they marched in formation as usual. Assembling the monkeys, Wukong found that there were forty-seven thousand of them. This assembly greatly impressed all the wild beasts of the mountain—wolves, insects, tigers, leopards, mouse deer, fallow deer, river deer, foxes, wild cats, badgers, lions, elephants, apes, bears, antelopes, boars, muskoxen, chamois, green one-horn buffaloes, wild hares, and giant mastiffs. Led by the various demon kings of no fewer than seventy-two caves, they all came to pay homage to the Monkey King. Henceforth they brought annual tributes and answered the roll call made every season. Some of them joined in the maneuvers; others supplied provisions in accordance with their rank. In an orderly fashion, they made the entire Flower- Fruit Mountain as strong as an iron bucket or a city of metal. The various demon kings also presented metal drums, colored banners, and helmets. The hurly-burly of marching and drilling went on day after day.

While the Handsome Monkey King was enjoying all this, he suddenly said to the multitude, "You all have become adept with the bow and arrow and proficient in the

use of weapons. But this scimitar of mine is truly cumbersome, not at all to my liking. What can I do?"

The four elder monkeys came forward and memorialized, "The great king is a divine sage, and therefore it is not fit for him to use an earthly weapon. We do not know, however, whether the great king is able to take a journey through water?"

"Since I have known the Way," said Wukong, "I have the ability of seventy-two transformations. The cloud somersault has unlimited power. I am familiar with the magic of body concealment and the magic of displacement. I can find my way to Heaven or I can enter the Earth. I can walk past the sun and the moon without casting a shadow, and I can penetrate stone and metal without hindrance. Water cannot drown me, nor fire burn me. Is there any place I can't go to?"

"It's a good thing that the great king possesses such powers," said the four monkeys, "for the water below this sheet iron bridge of ours flows directly into the Dragon Palace of the Eastern Ocean. If you are willing to go down there, Great King, you will find the old Dragon King, from whom you may request some kind of weapon. Won't that be to your liking?"

Hearing this, Wukong said with delight, "Let me make the trip!"

Dear Monkey King! He jumped to the bridgehead and employed the magic of water restriction. Making the magic sign with his fingers, he leaped into the waves, which parted for him, and he followed the waterway straight to the bottom of the Eastern Ocean. As he was walking, he suddenly ran into a yakṣa on patrol, who stopped him with the question, "What divine sage is this who comes pushing through the water? Speak plainly so that I can announce your arrival." Wukong said, "I am the Heaven-born sage Sun Wukong of the Flower-Fruit Mountain, a near neighbor of your old Dragon King. How is it that you don't recognize me?" When the yakṣa heard this, he hurried back to the Water-Crystal Palace to report. "Great King," he said, "there is outside a Heaven-born sage of the Flower-Fruit Mountain named Sun Wukong. He claims that he is a near neighbor of yours, and he is about to arrive at the palace."

Aoguang, the Dragon King of the Eastern Ocean, arose immediately; accompanied by dragon sons and grandsons, shrimp soldiers and crab generals, he came out for the reception. "High Immortal," he said, "please come in!"

They went into the palace for proper introduction, and after offering Wukong the honored seat and tea, the king asked, "When did the high immortal become accomplished in the Way, and what kind of divine magic did he receive?" Wukong said, "Since the time of my birth, I have left the family to practice self-cultivation. I have now acquired a birthless and deathless body. Recently I have been teaching my children how to protect our mountain cave, but unfortunately I am without an appropriate weapon. I have heard that my noble neighbor, who has long enjoyed living in this green-jade palace and its shell portals, must have many divine weapons to spare. I came specifically to ask for one of them." When the Dragon King heard this, he could hardly refuse. So he ordered a perch commander to bring out a long-handled scimitar, and presented it to his visitor. "Old Monkey doesn't know how to use a scimitar," said Wukong. "I beg you to give me something else."

The Dragon King then commanded a whiting lieutenant together with an eel porter to carry out a nine-pronged fork. Jumping down from his seat, Wukong took hold of it and tried a few thrusts. He put it down, saying, "Light! Much too light! And it doesn't suit my hand. I beg you to give me another one."

"High Immortal," said the Dragon King, laughing, "won't you even take a closer look? This fork weighs three thousand six hundred pounds."

"It doesn't suit my hand," Wukong said, "it doesn't suit my hand!"

The Dragon King was becoming rather fearful; he ordered a bream admiral and a carp brigadier to carry out a giant halberd, weighing seven thousand two hundred pounds. When he saw this, Wukong ran forward and took hold of it. He tried a few thrusts and parries and then stuck it in the ground, saying, "It's still light! Much too light!"

The old Dragon King was completely unnerved. "High Immortal," he said, "there's no weapon in my palace heavier than this halberd." Laughing, Wukong said, "As the old saying goes, 'Who worries about the Dragon King's lacking treasures!' Go and look some more, and if you find something I like, I'll offer you a good price."

"There really aren't any more here," said the Dragon King.

As they were speaking, the dragon mother and her daughter slipped out and said, "Great King, we can see that this is definitely not a sage with meager abilities. Inside our ocean treasury is that piece of rare magic iron by which the depth of the Heavenly River is fixed.

These past few days the iron has been glowing with a strange and lovely light. Could this be a sign that it should be taken out to meet this sage?"

"That," said the Dragon King, "was the measure with which the Great Yu fixed the depths of rivers and oceans when he conquered the Flood. It's a piece of magic iron, but of what use could it be to him?"

"Let's not be concerned with whether he could find any use for it," said the dragon mother. "Let's give it to him, and he can do whatever he wants with it. The important thing is to get him out of this palace!"

The old Dragon King agreed and told Wukong the whole story. "Take it out and let me see it," said Wukong.

Waving his hands, the Dragon King said, "We can't move it! We can't even lift it! The high immortal must go there himself to take a look."

"Where is it?" asked Wukong. "Take me there."

The Dragon King accordingly led him to the center of the ocean treasury, where all at once they saw a thousand shafts of golden light. Pointing to the spot, the Dragon King said, "That's it—the thing that is glowing." Wukong girded up his clothes and went forward to touch it: it was an iron rod more than twenty feet long and as thick as a barrel. Using all his might, he lifted it with both hands, saying, "It's a little too long and too thick. It would be more serviceable if it were somewhat shorter and thinner."

Hardly had he finished speaking when the treasure shrunk a few feet in length and became a layer thinner. "Smaller still would be even better," said Wukong, giving it another bounce in his hands. Again the treasure became smaller. Highly pleased, Wukong took it out of the ocean treasury to examine it. He found a golden hoop at each end, with solid black iron in between. Immediately adjacent to one of the hoops was the inscription, "The Compliant Golden-Hooped Rod. Weight: thirteen thousand five hundred pounds."

He thought to himself in secret delight, “This treasure, I suppose, must be most compliant with one’s wishes.”

As he walked, he was deliberating in his mind and murmuring to himself, bouncing the rod in his hands, “Shorter and thinner still would be marvelous!”

By the time he took it outside, the rod was no more than twenty feet in length and had the thickness of a rice bowl.

See how he displayed his power now! He wielded the rod to make lunges and passes, engaging in mock combat all the way back to the Water-Crystal Palace. The old Dragon King was so terrified that he shook with fear, and the dragon princes were all panic-stricken.

Sea-turtles and tortoises drew in their necks; fishes, shrimps, and crabs all hid themselves. Wukong held the treasure in his hands and sat in the Water-Crystal Palace. Laughing, he said to the Dragon King, “I am indebted to my good neighbor for his profound kindness.”

“Please don’t mention it,” said the Dragon King. “This piece of iron is very useful,” said Wukong, “but I have one further statement to make.”

“What sort of statement does the high immortal wish to make?” asked the Dragon King. Wukong said, “Had there been no such iron, I would have let the matter drop. Now that I have it in my hands, I can see that I am wearing the wrong kind of clothes to go with it. What am I to do? If you have any martial apparel, you might as well give me some too. I would thank you most heartily.”

“This, I confess, is not in my possession,” said the Dragon King. Wukong said, “A solitary guest will not disturb two hosts. Even if you claim that you don’t have any, I shall never walk out of this door.”

“Let the high immortal take the trouble of going to another ocean,” said the Dragon King. “He might turn up something there.”

“To visit three homes is not as convenient as sitting in one,” said Wukong, “I beg you to give me one outfit.”

“I really don’t have one,” said the Dragon King, “for if I did, I would have presented it to you.”

“Is that so?” said Wukong. “Let me try the iron on you!”

“High Immortal,” the Dragon King said nervously, “don’t ever raise your hand! Don’t ever raise your hand! Let me see whether my brothers have any and we’ll try to give you one.”

“Where are your honored brothers?” asked Wukong. “They are,” said the Dragon King, “Aoqin, Dragon King of the Southern Ocean; Aoshun, Dragon King of the Northern Ocean; and Aorun, Dragon King of the Western Ocean.”

“Old Monkey is not going to their places,” said Wukong. “For as the common saying goes, ‘Three in bond can’t compete with two in hand.’ I’m merely requesting that you find something casual here and give it to me. That’s all.”

“There’s no need for the high immortal to go anywhere,” said the Dragon King. “I have in my palace an iron drum and a golden bell. Whenever there is any emergency, we beat the drum and strike the bell and my brothers are here shortly.”

"In that case," said Wukong, "go beat the drum and strike the bell."

The turtle general went at once to strike the bell, while the tortoise marshal came to beat the drum.

Soon after the drum and the bell had sounded, the Dragon Kings of the Three Oceans got the message and arrived promptly, all congregating in the outer courtyard. "Elder Brother," said Aoqin, "what emergency made you beat the drum and strike the bell?"

"Good Brother," answered the old Dragon, "it's a long story! We have here a certain Heaven-born sage from the Flower-Fruit Mountain, who came here and claimed to be my near neighbor. He subsequently demanded a weapon; the steel fork I presented he deemed too small, and the halberd I offered too light. Finally he himself took that piece of rare, divine iron by which the depth of the Heavenly River was fixed and used it for mock combat. He is now sitting in the palace and also demanding some sort of battle dress.

We have none of that here. So we sounded the drum and the bell to invite you all to come. If you happen to have some such outfit, please give it to him so that I can send him out of this door!" When Aoqin heard this, he was outraged. "Let us brothers call our army together," he said, "and arrest him. What's wrong with that?"

"Don't talk about arresting him!" the old Dragon said, "don't talk about arresting him! That piece of iron—a small stroke with it is deadly and a light tap is fatal! The slightest touch will crack the skin and a small rap will injure the muscles!"

Aorun, the Dragon King of the Western Ocean, said, "Second elder brother should not raise his hand against him. Let us rather assemble an outfit for him and get him out of this place. We can then present a formal complaint to Heaven, and Heaven will send its own punishment."

"You are right," said Aoshun, the Dragon King of the Northern Ocean, "I have here a pair of cloud-treading shoes the color of lotus root."

Aorun, the Dragon King of the Western Ocean said, "I brought along a cuirass of chain-mail made of yellow gold."

"And I have a cap with erect phoenix plumes, made of red gold," said Aoqin, the Dragon King of the Southern Ocean. The old Dragon King was delighted and brought them into the Water-Crystal Palace to present the gifts. Wukong duly put on the gold cap, the gold cuirass, and cloud-treading shoes, and, wielding his compliant rod, he fought his way out in mock combat, yelling to the dragons, "Sorry to have bothered you!"

The Dragon Kings of the Four Oceans were outraged, and they consulted together about filing a formal complaint, of which we make no mention here.

Look at that Monkey King! He opened up the waterway and went straight back to the head of the sheet iron bridge. The four old monkeys were leading the other monkeys and waiting beside the bridge. They suddenly beheld Wukong leaping out of the waves: there was not a drop of water on his body as he walked onto the bridge, all radiant and golden. The various monkeys were so astonished that they all knelt down, crying, "Great King, what marvels! What marvels!"

Beaming broadly, Wukong ascended his high throne and set up the iron rod right in the center. Not knowing any better, the monkeys all came and tried to pick the

treasure up. It was rather like a dragonfly attempting to shake an ironwood tree: they could not budge it an inch! Biting their fingers and sticking out their tongues, every one of them said, "O Father, it's so heavy! How did you ever manage to bring it here?" Wukong walked up to the rod, stretched forth his hands, and picked it up. Laughing, he said to them, "Everything has its owner. This treasure has presided in the ocean treasury for who knows how many thousands of years, and it just happened to glow recently. The Dragon King only recognized it as a piece of black iron, though it is also said to be the divine rarity which fixed the bottom of the Heavenly River. All those fellows together could not lift or move it, and they asked me to take it myself. At first, this treasure was more than twenty feet long and as thick as a barrel.

After I struck it once and expressed my feeling that it was too large, it grew smaller. I wanted it smaller still, and again it grew smaller.

For a third time I commanded it, and it grew smaller still! When I looked at it in the light, it had on it the inscription, 'The Compliant Golden-Hooped Rod. Weight: thirteen thousand five hundred pounds.' Stand aside, all of you. Let me ask it to go through some more transformations."

He held the treasure in his hands and called out, "Smaller, smaller, smaller!" and at once it shrank to the size of a tiny embroidery needle, small enough to be hidden inside the ear. Awestruck, the monkeys cried, "Great King! Take it out and play with it some more."

The Monkey King took it out from his ear and placed it on his palm. "Bigger, bigger, bigger!" he shouted, and again it grew to the thickness of a barrel and more than twenty feet long. He became so delighted playing with it that he jumped onto the bridge and walked out of the cave. Grasping the treasure in his hands, he began to perform the magic of cosmic imitation. Bending over, he cried, "Grow!" and at once grew to be ten thousand feet tall, with a head like the Tai Mountain and a chest like a rugged peak, eyes like lightning and a mouth like a blood bowl, and teeth like swords and halberds. The rod in his hands was of such a size that its top reached the thirty-third Heaven and its bottom the eighteenth layer of Hell. Tigers, leopards, wolves, and crawling creatures, all the monsters of the mountain and the demon kings of the seventy-two caves, were so terrified that they kowtowed and paid homage to the Monkey King in fear and trembling. Presently he revoked his magical appearance and changed the treasure back into a tiny embroidery needle stored in his ear. He returned to the cave dwelling, but the demon kings of the various caves were still frightened, and they continued to come to pay their respects.

At this time, the banners were unfurled, the drums sounded, and the brass gongs struck loudly. A great banquet of a hundred delicacies was given, and the cups were filled to overflowing with the fruit of the vines and the juices of the coconut. They drank and feasted for a long time, and they engaged in military exercises as before. The Monkey King made the four old monkeys mighty commanders of his troops by appointing the two female monkeys with red buttocks as marshals Ma and Liu, and the two bareback gibbons as generals Beng and Ba. The four mighty commanders, moreover, were entrusted with all matters concerning fortification, pitching camps, reward, and punishment. Having settled all this, the Monkey King felt completely at ease to soar on the clouds and ride the mist, to tour the four seas and disport himself in a thousand mountains. Displaying his martial skill, he made extensive visits to various heroes and warriors; performing his magic, he made many good friends. At this time, moreover, he entered into fraternal alliance with six other monarchs: the Bull Monster

King, the Dragon Monster King, the Garuda Monster King, the Giant Lynx King, the Macaque King, and the Orangutan King. Together with the Handsome Monkey King, they formed a fraternal order of seven. Day after day they discussed civil and military arts, exchanged wine cups and goblets, sang and danced to songs and strings. They gathered in the morning and parted in the evening; there was not a single pleasure that they overlooked, covering a distance of ten thousand miles as if it were but the span of their own courtyard. As the saying has it,

One nod of the head goes farther than three thousand miles;
One twist of the torso covers more than eight hundred.

One day, the four mighty commanders had been told to prepare a great banquet in their own cave, and the six kings were invited to the feast. They killed cows and slaughtered horses; they sacrificed to Heaven and Earth. The various imps were ordered to dance and sing, and they all drank until they were thoroughly drunk. After sending the six kings off, Wukong also rewarded the leaders great and small with gifts. Reclining in the shade of pine trees near the sheet iron bridge, he fell asleep in a moment. The four mighty commanders led the crowd to form a protective circle around him, not daring to raise their voices. In his sleep the Handsome Monkey King saw two men approach with a summons with the three characters "Sun Wukong" written on it. They walked up to him and, without a word, tied him up with a rope and dragged him off. The soul of the Handsome Monkey King was reeling from side to side.

They reached the edge of a city. The Monkey King was gradually coming to himself, when he lifted up his head and suddenly saw above the city an iron sign bearing in large letters the three words "Region of Darkness."

The Handsome Monkey King at once became fully conscious. "The Region of Darkness is the abode of Yama, King of Death," he said. "Why am I here?"

"Your age in the World of Life has come to an end," the two men said. "The two of us were given this summons to arrest you." When the Monkey King heard this, he said, "I, old Monkey himself, have transcended the Three Regions and the Five Phases; hence I am no longer under Yama's jurisdiction. Why is he so confused that he wants to arrest me?"

The two summoners paid scant attention. Yanking and pulling, they were determined to haul him inside. Growing angry, the Monkey King whipped out his treasure. One wave of it turned it into the thickness of a rice bowl; he raised his hands once, and the two summoners were reduced to hash. He untied the rope, freed his hands, and fought his way into the city, wielding the rod. Bull-headed demons hid in terror, and horse-faced demons fled in every direction. A band of ghost soldiers ran up to the Palace of Darkness, crying, "Great Kings! Disaster! Disaster! Outside there's a hairy-faced thunder god fighting his way in!"

Their report alarmed the Ten Kings of the Underworld so much that they quickly straightened out their attire and went out to see what was happening. Discovering a fierce and angry figure, they lined up according to their ranks and greeted him with loud voices:

"High Immortal, tell us your name. High Immortal, tell us your name."

"I am the Heaven-born sage Sun Wukong from the Water-Curtain Cave in the Flower-Fruit Mountain," said the Monkey King, "what kind of officials are you?"

"We are the Emperors of Darkness," answered the Ten Kings, bowing, "the Ten Kings of the Underworld."

"Tell me each of your names at once," said Wukong, "or I'll give you a drubbing."

The Ten Kings said, "We are:

King Qinguang, King of the Beginning River, King of the Song Emperor, King of Avenging Ministers, King Yama, King of Equal Ranks, King of the Tai Mountain, King of City Markets, King of the Complete Change, and King of the Turning Wheel."

"Since you have all ascended the thrones of kingship," said Wukong, "you should be intelligent beings, responsible in rewards and punishments. Why are you so ignorant of good and evil? Old Monkey has acquired the Dao and attained immortality. I enjoy the same age as Heaven, and I have transcended the Three Regions and leapt clear of the Five Phases. Why, then, did you send men to arrest me?"

"High Immortal," said the Ten Kings, "let your anger subside. There are many people in this world with the same name and surname. Couldn't the summoners have made a mistake?"

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" said Wukong. "The proverb says, 'Officials err, clerks err, but the summoner never errs!' Quick, bring out your register of births and deaths, and let me have a look." When the Ten Kings heard this, they invited him to go into the palace to see for himself. Holding his compliant rod, Wukong went straight up to the Palace of Darkness and, facing south, sat down in the middle. The Ten Kings immediately had the judge in charge of the records bring out his books for examination. The judge, who did not dare tarry, hastened into a side room and brought out five or six books of documents and the ledgers on the ten species of living beings. He went through them one by one—shorthaired creatures, furry creatures, winged creatures, crawling creatures, and scaly creatures—but he did not find his name. He then proceeded to the file on monkeys. You see, though this monkey resembled a human being, he was not listed under the names of men; though he resembled the short-haired creatures, he did not dwell in their kingdoms; though he resembled other animals, he was not subject to the unicorn; and though he resembled flying creatures, he was not governed by the phoenix. He had, therefore, a separate ledger, which Wukong examined himself. Under the heading "Soul 1350" he found the name Sun Wukong recorded, with the description:

"Heaven-born Stone Monkey. Age: three hundred and forty-two years. A good end." Wukong said, "I really don't remember my age. All I want is to erase my name. Bring me a brush."

The judge hurriedly fetched the brush and soaked it in heavy ink. Wukong took the ledger on monkeys and crossed out all the names he could find in it. Throwing down the ledger, he said, "That ends the account! That ends the account! Now I'm truly not your subject."

Brandishing his rod, he fought his way out of the Region of Darkness. The Ten Kings did not dare approach him. They went instead to the Green Cloud Palace to consult the Bodhisattva King Kṣitigarbha and made plans to report the incident to Heaven, which does not concern us for the moment.

While our Monkey King was fighting his way out of the city, he was suddenly caught in a clump of grass and stumbled. Waking up with a start, he realized that it was

all a dream. As he was stretching himself, he heard the four mighty commanders and the various monkeys crying with a loud voice, "Great King! How much wine did you imbibe? You've slept all night long. Aren't you awake yet?"

"Sleeping is nothing to get excited about," said Wukong, "but I dreamed that two men came to arrest me, and I didn't perceive their intention until they brought me to the outskirts of the Region of Darkness. Showing my power, I protested right up to the Palace of Darkness and argued with the Ten Kings. I went through our ledger of births and deaths and crossed out all our names. Those fellows have no hold over us now."

The various monkeys all kowtowed to express their gratitude. From that time onward there were many mountain monkeys who did not grow old, for their names were not registered in the Underworld. When the Handsome Monkey King finished his account of what had happened, the four mighty commanders reported the story to the demon kings of various caves, who all came to tender their congratulations. Only a few days had passed when the six sworn brothers also came to congratulate him, all of them delighted about the cancellation of the names. We shall not elaborate here on their joyful gathering.

We shall turn instead to the Great Benevolent Sage of Heaven, the Celestial Jade Emperor of the Most Venerable Deva, who was holding court one day in the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists, the Cloud Palace of Golden Arches. The divine ministers, civil and military, were just gathering for the morning session when suddenly the Daoist immortal Qiu Hongzhi announced, "Your Majesty, outside the Translucent Palace, Aoguang, the Dragon King of the Eastern Ocean, is awaiting your command to present a memorial to the Throne."

The Jade Emperor gave the order to have him brought forth, and Aoguang was led into the Hall of Divine Mists. After he had paid his respects, a divine page boy in charge of documents received the memorial, and the Jade Emperor read it from the beginning. The memorial said:

From the lowly water region of the Eastern Ocean at the East Pūrvavideha Continent, the small dragon subject, Aoguang, humbly informs the Wise Lord of Heaven, the Most Eminent High God and Ruler, that a bogus immortal, Sun Wukong, born of the Flower-Fruit Mountain and resident of the Water-Curtain Cave, has recently abused your small dragon, gaining a seat in his water home by force.

He demanded a weapon, employing power and intimidation; he asked for martial attire, unleashing violence and threats. He terrorized my water kinsmen, and scattered turtles and tortoises. The Dragon of the Southern Ocean trembled; the Dragon of the Western Ocean was filled with horror; the Dragon of the Northern Ocean drew back his head to surrender; and your subject Aoguang flexed his body to do obeisance. We presented him with the divine treasure of an iron rod and the gold cap with phoenix plumes; giving him also a chain-mail cuirass and cloud-treading shoes, we sent him off courteously. But even then he was bent on displaying his martial prowess and magical powers, and all he could say to us was "Sorry to have bothered you!" We are indeed no match for him, nor are we able to subdue him. Your subject therefore presents this petition and humbly begs for imperial justice. We earnestly beseech you to dispatch the Heavenly host and capture this monster, so that tranquility may be restored to the oceans and prosperity to the Lower Region. Thus we present this memorial.

When the Holy Emperor had finished reading, he gave the command:

"Let the Dragon God return to the ocean. We shall send our generals to arrest the culprit."

The old Dragon King gratefully touched his forehead to the ground and left. From below the Immortal Elder Ge, the Celestial Master, also brought forth the report. "Your Majesty, the Minister of Darkness, King Qinguang, supported by the Bodhisattva King Kṣitigarbha, Pope of the Underworld, has arrived to present his memorial."

The jade girl in charge of communication came from the side to receive this document, which the Jade Emperor also read from the beginning. The memorial said:

"The Region of Darkness is the nether region proper to Earth. As Heaven is for gods and Earth for ghosts, so life and death proceed in cyclic succession. Fowls are born and animals die; male and female, they multiply. Births and transformations, the male begotten of the procreative female—such is the order of Nature, and it cannot be changed. But now appears Sun Wukong, a Heaven-born baneful monkey from the Water-Curtain Cave in the Flower-Fruit Mountain, who practices evil and violence, and resists our proper summons. Exercising magic powers, he utterly defeated the ghostly messengers of Ninefold Darkness; exploiting brute force, he terrorized the Ten Merciful Kings.

He caused great confusion in the Palace of Darkness; he abrogated by force the Register of Names, so that the category of monkeys is now beyond control, and inordinately long life is given to the simian family. The wheel of transmigration is stopped, for birth and death are eliminated in each kind of monkey. Your poor monk therefore risks offending your Heavenly authority in presenting this memorial. We humbly beg you to send forth your divine army and subdue this monster, to the end that life and death may once more be regulated and the Underworld rendered perpetually secure. Respectfully we present this memorial."

When the Jade Emperor had finished reading, he again gave a command:

"Let the Lord of Darkness return to the Underworld. We shall send our generals to arrest this culprit." King Qinguang also touched his head to the ground gratefully and left.

The Great Heavenly Deva called together his various immortal subjects, both civil and military, and asked, "When was this baneful monkey born, and in which generation did he begin his career? How is it that he has become so powerfully accomplished in the Way?" Scarcely had he finished speaking when, from the ranks, Thousand-Mile Eye and Fair-Wind Ear stepped forward. "This monkey," they said, "is the Heaven-born stone monkey of three hundred years ago. At that time he did not seem to amount to much, and we do not know where he acquired the knowledge of self-cultivation these last few years and became an immortal. Now he knows how to subdue dragons and tame tigers, and thus he is able to annul by force the Register of Death."

"Which one of you divine generals," asked the Jade Emperor, "wishes to go down there to subdue him?" Scarcely had he finished speaking when the Long-Life Spirit of the Planet Venus came forward from the ranks and prostrated himself. "Highest and Holiest," he said, "within the three regions, all creatures endowed with the nine apertures can, through exercise, become immortals. It is not surprising that this monkey, with a body nurtured by Heaven and Earth, a frame born of the sun and moon, should achieve immortality, seeing that his head points to Heaven and his feet walk on Earth, and that he feeds on the dew and the mist. Now that he has the power to subdue dragons and tame tigers, how is he different from a human being? Your subject therefore makes so bold as to ask Your Majesty to remember the compassionate grace of Creation and issue a decree of pacification. Let him be summoned to the Upper Region and given some kind of official duties. His name will be recorded in the Register and we can control him here. If he is receptive to the Heavenly decree, he will be rewarded and promoted hereafter; but if he is disobedient to your command, we shall arrest him forthwith. Such an action will spare us a military expedition in the first place, and, in the second, permit us to receive into our midst another immortal in an orderly manner."

The Jade Emperor was highly pleased with this statement, and he said, "We shall follow the counsel of our minister."

He then ordered the Star Spirit of Songs and Letters to compose the decree, and delegated the Gold Star of Venus to be the viceroy of peace.

Having received the decree, the Gold Star went out of the South Heaven Gate, lowered the direction of his hallowed cloud, and headed straight for the Flower-Fruit Mountain and the Water-Curtain Cave. He said to the various little monkeys, "I am the Heavenly messenger sent from above. I have with me an imperial decree to invite your great king to go to the Upper Region. Report this to him quickly!"

The monkeys outside the cave passed the word along one by one until it reached the depth of the cave. "Great King," one of the monkeys said, "there's an old man outside bearing a document on his back. He says that he is a messenger sent from Heaven, and he has an imperial decree of invitation for you." Upon hearing this, the Handsome Monkey King was exceedingly pleased. "These last two days," he said, "I was just thinking about taking a little trip to Heaven, and the heavenly messenger has already come to invite me!"

The Monkey King quickly straightened out his attire and went to the door for the reception. The Gold Star came into the center of the cave and stood still with his face toward the south. "I am the Gold Star of Venus from the West," he said. "I came down to Earth, bearing the imperial decree of pacification from the Jade Emperor, and invite you to go to Heaven to receive an immortal appointment." Laughing, Wukong said, "I am most grateful for the Old Star's visit."

He then gave the order:

"Little ones, prepare a banquet to entertain our guest."

The Gold Star said, "As a bearer of imperial decree, I cannot remain here long. I must ask the Great King to go with me at once. After your glorious promotion, we shall have many occasions to converse at our leisure."

"We are honored by your presence," said Wukong; "I am sorry that you have to leave with empty hands!"

He then called the four mighty commanders together for this admonition:

"Be diligent in teaching and drilling the young ones. Let me go up to Heaven to take a look and to see whether I can have you all brought up there too to live with me."

The four mighty commanders indicated their obedience. This Monkey King mounted the cloud with the Gold Star and rose up into the sky. Truly

He ascends the high rank of immortals from the sky;
His name's enrolled in cloud columns and treasure scrolls.

We do not know what sort of rank or appointment he received; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FOUR

Appointed a BanHorse, could he be content?
Named Equal to Heaven, he's still not appeased

The Gold Star of Venus left the depths of the cave dwelling with the Handsome Monkey King, and together they rose by mounting the clouds. But the cloud somersault of Wukong, you see, is no common magic; its speed is tremendous. Soon he left the Gold Star far behind and arrived first at the South Heaven Gate. He was about to dismount from the cloud and go in when the Devarāja Virūḍhaka leading Pang, Liu, Kou, Bi, Deng, Xin, Zhang, and Tao, the various divine heroes, barred the way with spears, scimitars, swords, and halberds and refused him entrance. The Monkey King said, "What a deceitful fellow that Gold Star is! If old Monkey has been invited here, why have these people been ordered to use their swords and spears to bar my entrance?"

He was protesting loudly when the Gold Star arrived in haste. "Old man," said Wukong angrily to his face, "why did you deceive me? You told me that I was invited by the Jade Emperor's decree of pacification. Why then did you get these people to block the Heaven Gate and prevent my entering?"

"Let the Great King calm down," the Gold Star said, laughing. "Since you have never been to the Hall of Heaven before, nor have you been given a name, you are quite unknown to the various heavenly guardians. How can they let you in on their own authority? Once you have seen the Heavenly Deva, received an appointment, and had your name listed in the Immortal Register, you can go in and out as you please. Who would then obstruct your way?"

"If that's how it is," said Wukong, "it's all right. But I'm not going in by myself."

"Then go in with me," said the Gold Star, pulling him by the hand.

As they approached the gate, the Gold Star called out loudly, "Guardians of the Heaven Gate, lieutenants great and small, make way! This person is an immortal from the Region Below, whom I have summoned by the imperial decree of the Jade Emperor."

The Devarāja Virūḍhaka and the various divine heroes immediately lowered their weapons and stepped aside, and the Monkey King finally believed what he had been told. He walked slowly inside with the Gold Star and looked around. For it was truly

His first ascent to the Region Above,
His sudden entrance into the Hall of Heaven,
Where ten thousand shafts of golden light whirled as a coral rainbow,
And a thousand layers of hallowed air diffused mist of purple.
Look at that South Heaven Gate!
Its deep shades of green
From glazed tiles were made;
Its radiant battlements
Adorned with treasure jade.
On two sides were posted scores of celestial sentinels,
Each of whom, standing tall beside the pillars,

Carried bows and clutched banners.
All around were sundry divine beings in golden armor,
Each of them holding halberds and whips,
Or wielding scimitars and swords.
Impressive may be the outer court;
Overwhelming is the sight within!
In the inner halls stood several huge pillars
Circled by red-whiskered dragons whose golden scales gleamed in the sun.
There were, moreover, a few long bridges;
Above them crimson-headed phoenixes circled with soaring plumes of many hues.
Bright mist shimmered in the light of the sky.
Green fog descending obscured the stars.
Thirty-three Heavenly mansions were found up here,
With names like the Scattered Cloud, the Vaiśrvaṇa, the Pāncavidyā, the Suyāma, the Nirmāṇarati . . .
On the roof of every mansion the ridge held a stately golden beast.
There were also the seventy-two treasure halls,
With names like the Morning Assembly, the Transcendent Void, the Precious Light, the Heavenly King, the Divine Minister . . .
In every hall beneath the pillars stood rows of jade unicorn.
On the Platform of Canopus,
There were flowers unfading in a thousand millennia;
Beside the oven for refining herbs,
There were exotic grasses growing green for ten thousand years.
He went before the Tower of Homage to the Sage,
Where he saw robes of royal purple gauze
Brilliant as stars refulgent,
Caps the shape of hibiscus,
Resplendent with gold and precious stones,
And pins of jade and shoes of pearl,
And purple sashes and golden ornaments.
When the golden bells swayed to their striking,
The memorial of the Three Judges would cross the vermilion courtyard;
When the drums of Heaven were sounded,
Ten thousand sages of the royal audience would honor the Jade Emperor.
He went, too, to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists
Where nails of gold penetrated frames of jade,
And colorful phoenixes danced atop scarlet doors.
Here were covered bridges and winding corridors
Displaying every where openwork carvings most elegant;
And eaves crowding together in layers three and four,
On each of which reared up phoenixes and dragons.
There was high above
A round dome big, bright, and brilliant—
Its shape, a huge gourd of purple gold,
Below which guardian goddesses hung out their fans
And jade maidens held up their immortal veils.
Ferocious were the sky marshals overseeing the court;

Dignified, the divine officials protecting the Throne.
There at the center, on a crystal platter,
Tablets of the Great Monad Elixir were heaped;
And rising out of the cornelian vases
Were several branches of twisting coral.
So it was that
Rare goods of every order were found in Heaven's Hall,
And nothing like them on Earth could ever be seen—
Those golden arches, silver coaches, and that Heavenly house,
Those coralline blooms and jasper plants with their buds of jade.
The jade rabbit passed the platform to adore the king.
The golden crow flew by to worship the sage.
Blessed was the Monkey King coming to this Heavenly realm,
He who was not mired in the filthy soil of man.

The Gold Star of Venus led the Handsome Monkey King to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists, and, without waiting for further announcement, they went into the imperial presence. While the Star prostrated himself, Wukong stood erect by him. Showing no respect, he cocked his ear only to listen to the report of the Gold Star. "According to your decree," said the Gold Star, "your subject has brought the bogus immortal."

"Which one is the bogus immortal?" asked the Jade Emperor graciously. Only then did Wukong bow and reply, "None other than old Monkey!"

Blanching with horror, the various divine officials said, "That wild ape! Already he has failed to prostrate himself before the Throne, and now he dares to come forward with such an insolent reply as 'None other than old Monkey'! He is worthy of death, worthy of death!"

"That fellow Sun Wukong is a bogus immortal from the Region Below," announced the Jade Emperor, "and he has only recently acquired the form of a human being. We shall pardon him this time for his ignorance of court etiquette."

"Thank you, Your Majesty," cried the various divine officials. Only then did the Monkey King bow deeply with folded hands and utter a cry of gratitude. The Jade Emperor then ordered the divine officials, both civil and military, to see what vacant appointment there might be for Sun Wukong to receive. From the side came the Star Spirit of Wuqu, who reported, "In every mansion and hall everywhere in the Palace of Heaven, there is no lack of ministers. Only at the imperial stables is a supervisor needed."

"Let him be made a Ban-Horse-Plague," proclaimed the Jade Emperor. The various subjects again shouted their thanks, but Monkey only bowed deeply and gave a loud whoop of gratitude. The Jade Emperor then sent the Star Spirit of Jupiter to accompany him to the stables.

The Monkey King went happily with the Star Spirit of Jupiter to the stables in order to assume his duties. After the Star Spirit had returned to his own mansion, the new officer gathered together the deputy and assistant supervisors, the accountants and stewards, and other officials both great and small and made thorough investigation of all the affairs of the stables. There were about a thousand celestial horses, and they were all

Hualius *and* Chizhis
Lu'ers *and* Xianlis,
Consorts of Dragons and Purple Swallows,
Folded Wings and Suxiangs,
Juetis and Silver Hooves,
Yaoniaos and Flying Yellows.
Chestnuts and Faster-than- Arrows,
Red Hares and Speedier-than- Lights,
Leaping Lights and Vaulting Shadows,
Rising Fogs and Triumphant Yellows,
Wind Chasers and Distance Breakers.
Flying Pinions and Surging Airs,
Rushing Winds and Fiery Lightnings.
Copper Sparrows and Drifting Clouds,
Dragonlike piebalds and Tigerlike pintos,
Dust Quenchers and Purple Scales,
And Ferghanas from the Four Corners.
Like the Eight Steeds and Nine Stallions
They have no rivals within a thousand miles!
Such are these fine horses.
Every one of which
Neighs like the wind and gallops like thunder to show a mighty spirit.
They tread the mist and mount the clouds with unflagging strength.

Our Monkey King went through the lists and made a thorough inspection of the horses. Within the imperial stables, the accountants were in charge of getting supplies; the stewards groomed and washed the horses, chopped hay, watered them, and prepared their food; and the deputies and assistants saw to the overall management. Never resting, the Bima oversaw the care of the horses, fussing with them by day and watching over them diligently by night. Those horses that wanted to sleep were stirred up and fed; those that wanted to gallop were caught and placed in the stalls. When the celestial horses saw him, they all behaved most properly and they were so well cared for that their flanks became swollen with fat.

More than half a month soon went by, and on one leisurely morning, the various department ministers gave a banquet to welcome and congratulate him. While they were drinking happily, the Monkey King suddenly put down his cup and asked:

"What sort of rank is this Ban-Horse-Plague of mine?"

"The rank and the title are the same," they said.

"But what ministerial grade is it?"

"It does not have a grade," they said.

"If it does not have a grade," said the Monkey King, "I suppose it must be the very highest."

"Not at all," they replied, "it can only be called 'the unclassified'!"

The Monkey King said, "What do you mean by 'the unclassified'?"

"It is really the meanest level," they said. "This kind of minister is the lowest of the low ranks; hence he can only look after horses. Take the case of Your Honor, who,

since your arrival, have been so diligent in discharging your duties. If the horses are fattened, you will only earn yourself a 'Fairly Good!' If they look at all thin, you will be roundly rebuked. And if they are seriously hurt or wounded, you will be prosecuted and fined." When the Monkey King heard this, fire leaped up from his heart. "So that's the contempt they have for old Monkey!" he cried angrily, gnashing his teeth. "At the Flower-Fruit Mountain I was honored as king and patriarch. How dare they trick me into coming to look after horses for them, if horse tending is such a menial service, reserved only for the young and lowly? Is such treatment worthy of me? I'm quitting! I'm quitting! I'm leaving right now!" With a crash, he kicked over his official desk and took the treasure out of his ear. One wave of his hand and it had the thickness of a rice bowl. Delivering blows in all directions, he fought his way out of the imperial stables and went straight to the South Heaven Gate. The various celestial guardians, knowing that he had been officially appointed a Ban-Horse-Plague, did not dare stop him and allowed him to fight his way out of the Heaven Gate.

In a moment, he lowered the direction of his cloud and returned to the Flower-Fruit Mountain. The four mighty commanders were seen drilling troops with the Monster Kings of various caves. "Little ones," this Monkey King cried in a loud voice, "old Monkey has returned!"

The flock of monkeys all came to kowtow and received him into the depths of the cave dwelling. As the Monkey King ascended his throne, they busily prepared a banquet to welcome him. "Receive our congratulations, Great King," they said. "Having gone to the region above for more than ten years, you must be returning in success and glory."

"I have been away for only half a month," said the Monkey King. "How can it be more than ten years?"

"Great King," said the various monkeys, "you are not aware of time and season when you are in Heaven. One day in Heaven above is equal to a year on Earth. May we ask the Great King what ministerial appointment he received?"

"Don't mention that! Don't mention that!" said the Monkey King, waving his hand. "It embarrasses me to death! That Jade Emperor does not know how to use talent. Seeing the features of old Monkey, he appointed me to something called the Ban-Horse-Plague, which actually means taking care of horses for him. It's a job too low even to be classified! I didn't know this when I first assumed my duties, and so I managed to have some fun at the imperial stables. But when I asked my colleagues today, I discovered what a degraded position it was. I was so furious that I knocked over the banquet they were giving me and rejected the title. That's why I came back down."

"Welcome back!" said the various monkeys, "welcome back! Our Great King can be the sovereign of this blessed cave dwelling with the greatest honor and happiness. Why should he go away to be someone's stable boy?"

"Little ones," they cried, "send up the wine quickly and cheer up our Great King."

As they were drinking wine and conversing happily, someone came to report:

"Great King, there are two one-horned demon kings outside who want to see you."

"Show them in," said the Monkey King. The demon kings straightened out their attire, ran into the cave, and prostrated themselves. "Why did you want to see me?"

asked the Handsome Monkey King. “We have long heard that the Great King is receptive to talents,” said the demon kings, “but we had no reason to request your audience. Now we learn that our Great King has received a divine appointment and has returned in success and glory. We have come, therefore, to present the Great King with a red and yellow robe for his celebration. If you are not disdainful of the uncouth and the lowly and are willing to receive us plebeians, we shall serve you as dogs or as horses.”

Highly pleased, the Monkey King put on the red and yellow robe while the rest of them lined up joyfully and did homage. He then appointed the demon kings to be the Vanguard Commanders, Marshals of the Forward Regiments.

After expressing their thanks, the demon kings asked again, “Since our Great King was in Heaven for a long time, may we ask what kind of appointment he received?”

“The Jade Emperor belittles the talented,” said the Monkey King. “He only made me something called the Ban-Horse-Plague.”

Hearing this, the demon kings said again, “Great King has such divine powers! Why should you take care of horses for him? What is there to stop you from assuming the rank of the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven?” When the Monkey King heard these words, he could not conceal his delight, shouting repeatedly, “Bravo! Bravo!”

“Make me a banner immediately,” he ordered the four mighty commanders, “and inscribe on it in large letters, ‘The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.’ Erect a pole to hang it on.

From now on, address me only as the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, and the title Great King will no longer be permitted. The Monster Kings of the various caves will also be informed so that it will be known to all.” Of this we shall speak no further.

We now refer to the Jade Emperor, who held court the next day. The Celestial Master Zhang was seen leading the deputy and the assistant of the imperial stables to come before the vermilion courtyard. “Your Majesty,” they said, prostrating themselves, “the newly appointed Ban-Horse-Plague, Sun Wukong, objected to his rank as being too low and left the Heavenly Palace yesterday in rebellion.” Meanwhile, the Devarāja Virūḍhaka, leading the various celestial guardians from the South Heaven Gate, also made the report, “The Ban-Horse-Plague for reasons unknown to us has walked out of the Heaven Gate.” When the Jade Emperor heard this, he made the proclamation:

“Let the two divine commanders and their followers return to their duties. We shall send forth celestial soldiers to capture this monster.”

From among the ranks, Devarāja Li, who was the Pagoda Bearer, and his Third Prince Naṭa came forward and presented their request, saying, “Your Majesty, though your humble subjects are not gifted, we await your authorization to subdue this monster.”

Delighted, the Jade Emperor appointed Pagoda Bearer Devarāja Li Jing to be grand marshal for subduing the monster, and promoted Third Prince Naṭa to be the great deity in charge of the Three-Platform Assembly of the Saints. They were to lead an expeditionary force at once for the Region Below.

Devarāja Li and Naṭa kowtowed to take leave and went back to their own mansion. After reviewing the troops and their captains and lieutenants, they appointed

Mighty-Spirit God to be Vanward Commander, the Fish-Belly General to bring up the rear, and the General of the Yakṣas to urge the troops on. In a moment they left by the South Heaven Gate and went straight to the Flower-Fruit Mountain. A level piece of land was selected for encampment, and the order was then given to the Mighty-Spirit God to provoke battle. Having received his order and having buckled and knotted his armor properly, the Mighty-Spirit God grasped his spreading-flower ax and came to the Water-Curtain Cave. There in front of the cave he saw a great mob of monsters, all of them wolves, insects, tigers, leopards, and the like; they were all jumping and growling, brandishing their swords and waving their spears.

"Damnable beasts!" shouted the Mighty-Spirit God. "Hurry and tell the Ban-Horse-Plague that I, a great general from Heaven, have by the authorization of the Jade Emperor come to subdue him. Tell him to come out quickly and surrender, lest all of you be annihilated!" Running pell-mell into the cave, those monsters shouted the report, "Disaster! Disaster!"

"What sort of disaster?" asked the Monkey King. "There's a celestial warrior outside," said the monsters, "who claims the title of an imperial envoy. He says he came by the holy decree of the Jade Emperor to subdue you, and he orders you to go out quickly and surrender, lest we lose our lives."

Hearing this, the Monkey King commanded, "Get my battle dress!"

He quickly donned his red gold cap, pulled on his yellow gold cuirass, slipped on his cloud-treading shoes, and seized the compliant golden-hooped rod. He led the crowd outside and set them up in battle formation. The Mighty-Spirit God opened wide his eyes and stared at this magnificent Monkey King:

The gold cuirass worn on his body was brilliant and bright;
The gold cap on his head also glistened in the light.
In his hands was a staff, the golden-hooped rod,
That well became the cloud-treading shoes on his feet.
His eyes glowered strangely like burning stars.
Hanging past his shoulders were two ears, forked and hard.
His remarkable body knew many ways of change,
And his voice resounded like bells and chimes.
This Ban-Horse-Plague with beaked mouth and gaping teeth
Aimed high to be the Equal to Heaven Sage.

"Lawless ape," the Mighty-Spirit God roared powerfully, "do you recognize me?" When the Great Sage heard these words, he asked quickly, "What sort of dull-witted deity are you? Old Monkey has yet to meet you! State your name at once!"

"Fraudulent simian," cried the Mighty-Spirit, "what do you mean, you don't recognize me? I am the Celestial General of Mighty-Spirit, the Vanward Commander and subordinate to Devarāja Li, the Pagoda Bearer, from the divine empyrean. I have come by the imperial decree of the Jade Emperor to receive your submission. Strip yourself of your apparel immediately and yield to the Heavenly grace, so that this mountainful of creatures can avoid execution. If you dare but utter half a 'No,' you will be reduced to powder in seconds!" When the Monkey King heard those words, he was filled with anger. "Reckless simpleton!" he cried. "Stop bragging and wagging your tongue! I would have killed you with one stroke of my rod, but then I would have no one to communicate my message. So, I'll spare your life for the moment. Go back to Heaven quickly and inform the Jade Emperor that he has no regard for talent. Old

Monkey has unlimited abilities. Why did he ask me to mind horses for him? Take a good look at the words on this banner. If I am promoted according to its title, I will lay down my arms, and the cosmos will then be fair and tranquil. But if he does not agree to my demand, I'll fight my way up to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists, and he won't even be able to sit on his dragon throne!" When the Mighty- Spirit God heard these words, he opened his eyes wide, facing the wind, and saw indeed a tall pole outside the cave. On the pole hung a banner bearing in large letters the words, "The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven."

The Mighty-Spirit God laughed scornfully three times and jeered, "Lawless ape! How fatuous can you be, and how arrogant! So you want to be the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven! Be good enough to take a bit of my ax first!"

Aiming at his head, he hacked at him, but, being a knowledgeable fighter, the Monkey King was not unnerved. He met the blow at once with his golden-hooped rod, and this exciting battle was on.

The rod was named Compliant;
The ax was called Spreading Flower.
The two of them, meeting suddenly,
Did not yet know their weakness or strength;
But ax and rod
Clashed left and right.
One concealed secret powers most wondrous;
The other vaunted openly his vigor and might.
They used magic—
Blowing out cloud and puffing up fog;
They stretched their hands,
Splattering mud and spraying sand.
The might of the celestial battler had its way:
But the Monkey had boundless power of change.
The rod uplifted—a dragon played in water;
The ax arrived—a phoenix sliced through flowers.
Mighty- Spirit, whose name spread through the world,
In prowess truly could not match the other one.
The Great Sage whirling lightly his iron staff
Could numb the body with one blow on the head.

The Mighty-Spirit God could oppose him no longer and allowed the Monkey King to aim a mighty blow at his head, which he hastily sought to parry with his ax. With a crack the ax handle split in two, and Mighty-Spirit turned swiftly to flee for his life. "Imbecile! Imbecile!" laughed the Monkey King, "I've already spared you. Go and report my message at once!"

Back at the camp, the Mighty-Spirit God went straight to see the Pagoda Bearer Devarāja. Huffing and puffing, he knelt down saying, "The Ban-Horse-Plague indeed has great magic powers! Your unworthy warrior cannot prevail against him. Defeated, I have come to beg your pardon."

"This fellow has blunted our will to fight," said Devarāja Li angrily. "Take him out and have him executed!"

From the side came Prince Naṭa, who said, bowing deeply, “Let your anger subside, Father King, and pardon for the moment the guilt of Mighty-Spirit. Permit your child to go into battle once, and we shall know the long and short of the matter.”

The Devarāja heeded the admonition and ordered Mighty-Spirit to go back to his camp and await trial.

This Prince Naṭa, properly armed, leaped from his camp and dashed to the Water-Curtain Cave. Wukong was just dismissing his troops when he saw Naṭa approaching fiercely. Dear Prince!

Two boyish tufts barely cover his skull.
His flowing hair has yet to reach the shoulders.
A rare mind, alert and intelligent.
A noble frame, pure and elegant.
He is indeed the unicorn son from Heaven above,
Truly immortal as the phoenix of mist and smoke.
This seed of dragon has by nature uncommon features.
His tender age shows no relation to any worldly kin.
He carries on his body six kinds of magic weapons.
He flies, he leaps; he can change without restriction.
Now by the golden-mouth proclamation of the Jade Emperor
He is appointed to the Assembly: its name, the Three Platforms

Wukong drew near and asked, “Whose little brother are you, and what do you want, barging through my gate?”

“Lawless monstrous monkey!” shouted Naṭa. “Don’t you recognize me? I am Naṭa, third son of the Pagoda Bearer Devarāja. I am under the imperial commission of the Jade Emperor to come and arrest you.”

“Little prince,” said Wukong laughing, “your baby teeth haven’t even fallen out, and your natal hair is still damp! How dare you talk so big? I’m going to spare your life, and I won’t fight you. Just take a look at the words on my banner and report them to the Jade Emperor above. Grant me this title, and you won’t need to stir your forces. I will submit on my own. If you don’t satisfy my cravings, I will surely fight my way up to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists.” Lifting his head to look, Naṭa saw the words, “Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.”

“What great power does this monstrous monkey possess,” said Naṭa, “that he dares claim such a title? Fear not! Swallow my sword.”

“I’ll just stand here quietly,” said Wukong, “and you can take a few hacks at me with your sword.” Young Naṭa grew angry. “Change!” he yelled loudly, and he changed at once into a fearsome person having three heads and six arms. In his hands he held six kinds of weapons: a monster-stabbing sword, a monstercleaving scimitar, a monster-binding rope, a monster-taming club, an embroidered ball, and a fiery wheel. Brandishing these weapons, he mounted a frontal attack. “This little brother does know a few tricks!” said Wukong, somewhat alarmed by what he saw. “But don’t be rash. Watch my magic!”

Dear Great Sage! He shouted, “Change!” and he too transformed himself into a creature with three heads and six arms. One wave of the golden-hooped rod and it became three staffs, which were held with six hands. The conflict was truly earth-shaking and made the very mountains tremble. What a battle!

The six-armed Prince Naṭa.
The Heaven-born Handsome Stone Monkey King.
Meeting, each met his match
And found each to be from the same source.
One was consigned to come down to Earth.
The other in guile disturbed the universe.
The edge of the monster-stabbing sword was quick;
The keen, monster-cleaving scimitar alarmed demons and gods;
The monster-binding rope was like a flying snake;
The monster-taming club was like the head of a wolf;
The lightning-propelled fiery wheel was like darting flames;
Hither and thither the embroidered ball rotated.
The three compliant rods of the Great Sage
Protected the front and guarded the rear with care and skill.
A few rounds of bitter contest revealed no victor,
But the prince's mind would not so easily rest.
He ordered the six kinds of weapon to change
Into hundreds and thousands of millions, aiming for the head.
The Monkey King, undaunted, roared with laughter loud,
And wielded his iron rod with artful ease:
One turned to a thousand, a thousand to ten thousand,
Filling the sky as a swarm of dancing dragons,
And shocked the Monster Kings of sundry caves into shutting their doors.
Demons and monsters all over the mountain hid their heads.
The angry breath of divine soldiers was like oppressive clouds.
The golden-hooped iron rod whizzed like the wind.
On this side,
The battle cries of celestial fighters appalled every one;
On that side,
The banner-waving of monkey monsters startled each person.
Growing fierce, the two parties both willed a test of strength.
We know not who was stronger and who weaker.

Each displaying his divine powers, the Third Prince and Wukong battled for thirty rounds. The six weapons of that prince changed into a thousand and ten thousand pieces; the golden-hooped rod of Sun Wukong into ten thousand and a thousand. They clashed like raindrops and meteors in the air, but victory or defeat was not yet determined. Wukong, however, proved to be the one swifter of eye and hand. Right in the midst of the confusion, he plucked a piece of hair and shouted, "Change!" It changed into a copy of him, also wielding a rod in its hands and deceiving Naṭa. His real person leaped behind Naṭa and struck his left shoulder with the rod. Naṭa, still performing his magic, heard the rod whizzing through the air and tried desperately to dodge it. Unable to move quickly enough, he took the blow and fled in pain. Breaking off his magic and gathering up his six weapons, he returned to his camp in defeat.

Standing in front of his battle line, Devarāja Li saw what was happening and was about to go to his son's assistance. The prince, however, came to him first and gasped, "Father King! The Ban-Horse-Plague is truly powerful. Even your son of such magical strength is no match for him! He has wounded me in the shoulder."

"If this fellow is so powerful," said the Devarāja, turning pale with fright, "how can we beat him?"

The prince said, "In front of his cave he has set up a banner bearing the words, 'The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.' By his own mouth he boastfully asserted that if the Jade Emperor appointed him to such a title, all troubles would cease. If he were not given this name, he would surely fight his way up to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists!"

"If that's the case," said the Devarāja, "let's not fight with him for the moment. Let us return to the region above and report these words. There will be time then for us to send for more celestial soldiers and take this fellow on all sides."

The prince was in such pain that he could not do battle again; he therefore went back to Heaven with the Devarāja to report, of which we speak no further.

Look at that Monkey King returning to his mountain in triumph! The monster kings of seventy-two caves and the six sworn brothers all came to congratulate him, and they feasted jubilantly in the blessed cave dwelling.

He then said to the six brothers, "If little brother is now called the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, why don't all of you assume the title of Great Sage also?" "Our worthy brother's words are right!" shouted the Bull Monster King from their midst, "I'm going to be called the Great Sage, Parallel with Heaven." "I shall be called the Great Sage, Covering the Ocean," said the Dragon Monster King. "I shall be called the Great Sage, United with Heaven," said the Garuda Monster King. "I shall be called the Great Sage, Mover of Mountains," said the Giant Lynx King. "I shall be called the Telltale Great Sage," said the Macaque King. "And I shall be called the God-Routing Great Sage," said the Orangutan King. At that moment, the seven Great Sages had complete freedom to do as they pleased and to call themselves whatever titles they liked. They had fun for a whole day and then dispersed.

Now we return to the Devarāja Li and the Third Prince, who, leading the other commanders, went straight to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists to give this report:

"By your holy decree your subjects led the expeditionary force down to the Region Below to subdue the baneful immortal, Sun Wukong. We had no idea of his enormous power, and we could not prevail against him. We beseech Your Majesty to give us reinforcements to wipe him out."

"How powerful can we expect one baneful monkey to be," asked the Jade Emperor, "that reinforcements are needed?"

"May Your Majesty pardon us from an offense worthy of death!" said the prince, drawing closer. "That baneful monkey wielded an iron rod; he defeated first the Mighty-Spirit God and then wounded the shoulder of your subject. Outside the door of his cave he set up a banner bearing the words, 'The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.' He said that if he were given such a rank, he would lay down his arms and come to declare his allegiance. If not, he would fight his way up to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists."

"How dare this baneful monkey be so insolent!" exclaimed the Jade Emperor, astonished by what he had heard. "We must order the generals to have him executed at once!"

As he said this, the Gold Star of Venus came forward again from the ranks and said, "The baneful monkey knows how to make a speech, but he has no idea what's

appropriate and what isn't. Even if reinforcements are sent to fight him, I don't think he can be subdued right away without taxing our forces. It would be better if Your Majesty were greatly to extend your mercy and proclaim yet another decree of pacification. Let him indeed be made the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven; he will be given an empty title, in short, rank without compensation."

"What do you mean by rank without compensation?" said the Jade Emperor. The Gold Star said, "His name will be Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, but he will not be given any official duty or salary. We shall keep him here in Heaven so that we may put his perverse mind at rest and make him desist from his madness and arrogance. The universe will then be calm and the oceans tranquil again."

Hearing these words, the Jade Emperor said, "We shall follow the counsels of our minister."

He ordered the mandate to be made up and the Gold Star to bear it hence.

The Gold Star left through the South Heaven Gate once again and headed straight for the Flower-Fruit Mountain. Outside the Water-Curtain Cave things were quite different from the way they had been the previous time. He found the entire region filled with the awesome and bellicose presence of every conceivable kind of monster, each one of them clutching swords and spears, wielding scimitars and staffs. Growling and leaping about, they began to attack the Gold Star the moment they saw him. "You, chieftains, hear me," said the Gold Star, "let me trouble you to report this to your Great Sage. I am the Heavenly messenger sent by the Lord above, and I bear an imperial decree of invitation."

The various monsters ran inside to report, "There is an old man outside who says that he is a Heavenly messenger from the region above, bearing a decree of invitation for you."

"Welcome! Welcome!" said Wukong. "He must be that Gold Star of Venus who came here last time. Although it was a shabby position they gave me when he invited me up to the region above, I nevertheless made it to Heaven once and familiarized myself with the ins and outs of the celestial passages. He has come again this time undoubtedly with good intentions."

He commanded the various chieftains to wave the banners and beat the drums, and to draw up the troops in receiving order. Leading the rest of the monkeys, the Great Sage donned his cap and his cuirass, over which he tossed the red and yellow robe, and slipped on the cloud shoes. He ran to the mouth of the cave, bowed courteously, and said in a loud voice, "Please come in, Old Star! Forgive me for not coming out to meet you."

The Gold Star strode forward and entered the cave. He stood facing south and declared, "Now I inform the Great Sage. Because the Great Sage has objected to the meanness of his previous appointment and removed himself from the imperial stables, the officials of that department, both great and small, reported the matter to the Jade Emperor. The proclamation of the Jade Emperor said at first, 'All appointed officials advance from lowly positions to exalted ones. Why should he object to that arrangement?' This led to the campaign against you by Devarāja Li and Naṭa. They were ignorant of the Great Sage's power and therefore suffered defeat. They reported back to Heaven that you had set up a banner that made known your desire to be the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. The various martial officials still wanted to deny your request. It was this old man who, risking offense, pleaded the case of the Great Sage, so

that he might be invited to receive a new appointment, and without the use of force. The Jade Emperor accepted my suggestion; hence I am here to invite you."

"I caused you trouble last time," said Wukong, laughing, "and now I am again indebted to you for your kindness.

Thank you! Thank you! But is there really such a rank as the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, up there?"

"I made certain that this title was approved," said the Gold Star, "before I dared come with the decree. If there is any mishap, let this old man be held responsible." Wukong was highly pleased, but the Gold Star refused his earnest invitation to stay for a banquet. He therefore mounted the hallowed cloud with the Gold Star and went to the South Heaven Gate, where they were welcomed by the celestial generals and guardians with hands folded at their breasts. Going straight into the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists, the Gold Star prostrated himself and memorialized, "Your subject, by your decree, has summoned here Ban-Horse-Plague Sun Wukong."

"Have that Sun Wukong come forward," said the Jade Emperor. "I now proclaim you to be the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, a position of the highest rank. But you must indulge no more in your preposterous behavior."

Bowing deeply, the monkey uttered a great whoop of thanks. The Jade Emperor then ordered two building officials, Zhang and Lu, to erect the official residence of the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, to the right of the Garden of Immortal Peaches. Inside the mansion, two departments were established, named "Peace and Quiet" and "Serene Spirit," both of which were full of attending officials. The Jade Emperor also ordered the Star Spirits of Five Poles to accompany Wukong to assume his post. In addition, two bottles of imperial wine and ten clusters of golden flowers were bestowed on him, with the order that he must keep himself under control and make up his mind to indulge no more in preposterous behavior. The Monkey King obediently accepted the command and went that day with the Star Spirits to assume his post. He opened the bottles of wine and drank them all with his colleagues. After seeing the Star Spirits off to their own palaces, he settled down in complete contentment and delight to enjoy the pleasures of Heaven, without the slightest worry or care. Truly

His name divine, forever recorded in the Long- Life Book
And kept from falling into saṃsāra, will long be known.

We do not know what took place hereafter; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIVE

Disrupting the Peach Festival, the Great Sage steals elixir
With revolt in Heaven, many gods would seize the fiend

Now we must tell you that the Great Sage, after all, was a monkey monster; in truth, he had no knowledge of his title or rank, nor did he care for the size of his salary. He did nothing but place his name on the Register. At his official residence he was cared for night and day by the attending officials of the two departments. His sole concern was to eat three meals a day and to sleep soundly at night.

Having neither duties nor worries, he was free and content to tour the mansions and meet friends, to make new acquaintances and form new alliances at his leisure. When he met the Three Pure Ones, he addressed them as "Your Reverence"; and when he ran into the Four Thearchs, he would say, "Your Majesty."

As for the Nine Luminaries, the Generals of the Five Quarters, the Twenty-Eight Constellations, the Four Devarājas, the Twelve Horary Branches, the Five Elders of the Five Regions, the Star Spirits of the entire Heaven, and the numerous gods of the Milky Way, he called them all brother and treated them in a fraternal manner. Today he toured the east, and tomorrow he wandered west. Going and coming on the clouds, he had no specific itinerary.

Early one morning, when the Jade Emperor was holding court, the Daoist immortal Xu Jingyang stepped from the ranks and went forward to memorialize, kowtowing, "The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, has no duties at present and merely dawdles away his time.

He has become quite chummy with the various Stars and Constellations of Heaven, calling them his friends regardless of whether they are his superiors or subordinates, and I fear that his idleness may lead to roguery. It would be better to give him some assignment so that he will not grow mischievous." When the Jade Emperor heard these words, he sent for the Monkey King at once, who came amiably. "Your Majesty," he said, "what promotion or reward did you have in mind for old Monkey when you called him?"

"We perceive," said the Jade Emperor, "that your life is quite indolent, since you have nothing to do, and we have decided therefore to give you an assignment. You will temporarily take care of the Garden of Immortal Peaches. Be careful and diligent, morning and evening."

Delighted, the Great Sage bowed deeply and grunted his gratitude as he withdrew. He could not restrain himself from rushing immediately into the Garden of Immortal Peaches to inspect the place. A local spirit from the garden stopped him and asked, "Where is the Great Sage going?"

"I have been authorized by the Jade Emperor," said the Great Sage, "to look after the Garden of Immortal Peaches. I have come to conduct an inspection."

The local spirit hurriedly saluted him and then called together all the stewards in charge of hoeing, watering, tending peaches, and cleaning and sweeping. They all came to kowtow to the Great Sage and led him inside. There he saw

Radiantly young and lovely,
On every trunk and limb—

Radiantly young and lovely blossoms filling the trees,
And fruits on every trunk and limb weighing down the stems.
The fruits, weighing down the stems, hang like balls of gilt:
The blossoms, filling the trees, form tufts of rouge.
Ever they bloom, and ever fruit-bearing, they ripen in a thousand years;
Not knowing winter or summer, they lengthen out to ten thousand years.
Those that first ripen glow like faces reddened with wine,
While those half-grown ones
Are stalk-held and green-skinned.
Encased in smoke their flesh retains their green,
But sunlight reveals their cinnabar grace.
Beneath the trees are rare flowers and exotic grass
Which colors, unfading in four seasons, remain the same.
The towers, the terraces, and the studios left and right
Rise so high into the air that often cloud covers are seen.
Not planted by the vulgar or the worldly of the Dark City,
They are grown and tended by the Queen Mother of the Jade Pool.

The Great Sage enjoyed this sight for a long time and then asked the local spirit, "How many trees are there?"

"There are three thousand six hundred," said the local spirit. "In the front are one thousand two hundred trees with little flowers and small fruits. These ripen once every three thousand years, and after one taste of them a man will become an immortal enlightened in the Way, with healthy limbs and a lightweight body. In the middle are one thousand two hundred trees of layered flowers and sweet fruits. They ripen once every six thousand years. If a man eats them, he will ascend to Heaven with the mist and never grow old. At the back are one thousand two hundred trees with fruits of purple veins and pale yellow pits. These ripen once every nine thousand years and, if eaten, will make a man's age equal to that of Heaven and Earth, the sun and the moon."

Highly pleased by these words, the Great Sage that very day made thorough inspection of the trees and a listing of the arbors and pavilions before returning to his residence. From then on, he would go there to enjoy the scenery once every three or four days. He no longer consorted with his friends, nor did he take any more trips.

One day he saw that more than half of the peaches on the branches of the older trees had ripened, and he wanted very much to eat one and sample its novel taste. Closely followed, however, by the local spirit of the garden, the stewards, and the divine attendants of the Equal to Heaven Residence, he found it inconvenient to do so. He therefore devised a plan on the spur of the moment and said to them, "Why don't you all wait for me outside and let me rest a while in this arbor?"

The various immortals withdrew accordingly. That Monkey King then took off his cap and robe and climbed up onto a big tree. He selected the large peaches that were thoroughly ripened and, plucking many of them, ate to his heart's content right on the branches. Only after he had his fill did he jump down from the tree. Pinning back his cap and donning his robe, he called for his train of followers to return to the residence. After two or three days, he used the same device to steal peaches to gratify himself once again.

One day the Lady Queen Mother decided to open wide her treasure chamber and to give a banquet for the Grand Festival of Immortal Peaches, which was to be held in the Palace of the Jasper Pool. She ordered the various Immortal Maidens—Red Gown, Blue Gown, White Gown, Black Gown, Purple Gown, Yellow Gown, and Green Gown—to go with their flower baskets to the Garden of Immortal Peaches and pick the fruits for the festival. The seven maidens went to the gate of the garden and found it guarded by the local spirit, the stewards, and the ministers from the two departments of the Equal to Heaven Residence. The girls approached them, saying, "We have been ordered by the Queen Mother to pick some peaches for our banquet."

"Divine maidens," said the local spirit, "please wait a moment. This year is not quite the same as last year. The Jade Emperor has put in charge here the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, and we must report to him before we are allowed to open the gate."

"Where is the Great Sage?" asked the maidens. "He is in the garden," said the local spirit. "Because he is tired, he is sleeping alone in the arbor."

"If that's the case," said the maidens, "let us go and find him, for we cannot be late."

The local spirit went into the garden with them; they found their way to the arbor but saw no one.

Only the cap and the robe were left in the arbor, but there was no person to be seen. The Great Sage, you see, had played for a while and eaten a number of peaches. He had then changed himself into a figure only two inches high and, perching on the branch of a large tree, had fallen asleep under the cover of thick leaves. "Since we came by imperial decree," said the Seven-Gown Immortal Maidens, "how can we return empty-handed, even though we cannot locate the Great Sage?" One of the divine officials said from the side, "Since the divine maidens have come by decree, they should wait no longer. Our Great Sage has a habit of wandering off somewhere, and he must have left the garden to meet his friends. Go and pick your peaches now, and we shall report the matter for you."

The Immortal Maidens followed his suggestion and went into the grove to pick their peaches.

They gathered two basketfuls from the trees in front and filled three more baskets from the trees in the middle. When they went to the trees at the back of the grove, they found that the flowers were sparse and the fruits scanty. Only a few peaches with hairy stems and green skins were left, for the fact is that the Monkey King had eaten all the ripe ones. Looking this way and that, the Seven Immortal Maidens found on a branch pointing southward one single peach that was half white and half red. The Blue Gown Maiden pulled the branch down with her hand, and the Red Gown Maiden, after plucking the fruit, let the branch snap back up into its position.

This was the very branch on which the transformed Great Sage was sleeping. Startled by her, the Great Sage revealed his true form and whipped out from his ear the golden-hooped rod. One wave and it had the thickness of a rice bowl. "From what region have you come, monsters," he cried, "that you have the gall to steal my peaches?"

Terrified, the Seven Immortal Maidens knelt down together and pleaded, "Let the Great Sage calm himself! We are not monsters, but the Seven-Gown Immortal Maidens sent by the Lady Queen Mother to pluck the fruits needed for the Grand

Festival of Immortal Peaches, when the treasure chamber is opened wide. We just came here and first saw the local spirit of the garden, who could not find the Great Sage. Fearing that we might be delayed in fulfilling the command of the Queen Mother, we did not wait for the Great Sage but proceeded to pluck the peaches. We beg you to forgive us." When the Great Sage heard these words, his anger changed to delight. "Please arise, divine maidens," he said. "Who is invited to the banquet when the Queen Mother opens wide her treasure chamber?"

"The last festival had its own set of rules," said the Immortal Maidens, "and those invited were: the Buddha, the Bodhisattvas, the holy monks, and the arhats of the Western Heaven; Kuan-yin from the South Pole; the Holy Emperor of Great Mercy of the East; the Immortals of Ten Continents and Three Islands; the Dark Spirit of the North Pole; the Great Immortal of the Yellow Horn from the Imperial Center. These were the Elders from the Five Quarters. In addition, there were the Star Spirits of the Five Poles, the Three Pure Ones, the Four Deva Kings, the Heavenly Deva of the Great Monad, and the rest from the Upper Eight Caves. From the Middle Eight Caves there were the Jade Emperor, the Nine Heroes, the Immortals of the Seas and Mountains; and from the Lower Eight Caves, there were the Pope of Darkness and the Terrestrial Immortals.

The gods and devas, both great and small, of every palace and mansion, will be attending this happy Festival of the Immortal Peaches."

"Am I invited?" asked the Great Sage, laughing. "We haven't heard your name mentioned," said the Immortal Maidens. "I am the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven," said the Great Sage. "Why shouldn't I, old Monkey, be made an honored guest at the party?"

"Well, we told you the rule for the last festival," said the Immortal Maidens, "but we do not know what will happen this time."

"You are right," said the Great Sage, "and I don't blame you. You all just stand here and let old Monkey go and do a little detection to find out whether he's invited or not."

Dear Great Sage! He made a magic sign and recited a spell, saying to the various Immortal Maidens, "Stay! Stay! Stay!"

This was the magic of immobilization, the effect of which was that the Seven-Gown Immortal Maidens all stood wide-eyed and transfixed beneath the peach trees. Leaping out of the garden, the Great Sage mounted his hallowed cloud and headed straight for the Jasper Pool.

As he journeyed, he saw over there

A skyful of holy mist with sparkling light,
And five-colored clouds passing ceaselessly.
The cries of white cranes pierced the ninefold Heav'n;
Purple fungi bloomed through a thousand leaves.
Right in this midst an immortal appeared
With a natural, fair face and manner distinct.
His spirit glowed like a dancing rainbow;
A list of no birth or death hung from his waist.
His name, the Great Immortal of Naked Feet:
Attending the Peaches Feast he'd lengthen his age.

That Great Immortal of Naked Feet ran right into the Great Sage, who, his head bowed, was just devising a plan to deceive the real immortal. Since he wanted to go in secret to the festival, he asked, "Where is the Venerable Wisdom going?"

The Great Immortal said, "On the kind invitation of the Queen Mother, I am going to the happy Festival of Immortal Peaches."

"The Venerable Wisdom has not yet learned of what I'm about to say," said the Great Sage. "Because of the speed of my cloud somersault, the Jade Emperor has sent old Monkey out to all five thoroughfares to invite people to go first to the Hall of Perfect Light for a rehearsal of ceremonies before attending the banquet."

Being a sincere and honest man, the Great Immortal took the lie for the truth, though he protested, "In years past we rehearsed right at the Jasper Pool and expressed our gratitude there. Why do we have to go to the Hall of Perfect Light for rehearsal this time before attending the banquet?" Nonetheless, he had no choice but to change the direction of his hallowed cloud and go straight to the hall.

Treading the cloud, the Great Sage recited a spell and, with one shake of his body, changed into the form of the Great Immortal of Naked Feet. It did not take him very long before he reached the treasure chamber. He stopped his cloud and walked softly inside. There he found

Swirling waves of ambrosial fragrance,
Dense layers of holy mist,
A jade terrace decked with ornaments,
A chamber full of the life force,
Ethereal shapes of the phoenix soaring and the argus rising,
And undulant forms of gold blossoms with stems of jade.
Set upon there were the Screen of Nine Phoenixes in Twilight,
The Beacon Mound of Eight Treasures and Purple Mist,
A table inlaid with five-color gold,
And a green jade pot of a thousand flowers.
On the tables were dragon livers and phoenix marrow,
Bear paws and the lips of apes.
Most tempting was every one of the hundred delicacies,
And most succulent the hue of every kind of fruit and food.

Everything was laid out in an orderly fashion, but no deity had yet arrived for the feast. Our Great Sage could not make an end of staring at the scene when he suddenly felt the overpowering aroma of wine. Turning his head, he saw, in the long corridor to the right, several wine-making divine officials and grain-mashing stewards. They were giving directions to the few Daoists charged with carrying water and the boys who took care of the fire in washing out the barrels and scrubbing the jugs. For they had already finished making the wine, rich and mellow as the juices of jade. The Great Sage could not prevent the saliva from dripping out of the corner of his mouth, and he wanted to have a taste at once, except that the people were all standing there. He therefore resorted to magic.

Plucking a few hairs, he threw them into his mouth and chewed them to pieces before spitting them out. He recited a spell and cried "Change!"

They changed into many sleep-inducing insects, which landed on the people's faces. Look at them, how their hands grow weak, their heads droop, and their eyelids

sink down. They dropped their activities, and all fell sound asleep. The Great Sage then took some of the rare delicacies and choicest dainties and ran into the corridor. Standing beside the jars and leaning on the barrels, he abandoned himself to drinking. After feasting for a long time, he became thoroughly drunk, but he turned this over in his mind, "Bad! Bad! In a little while, when the invited guests arrive, won't they be indignant with me? What will happen to me once I'm caught? I'd better go back home now and sleep it off!"

Dear Great Sage! Reeling from side to side, he stumbled along solely on the strength of wine, and in a moment he lost his way. It was not the Equal to Heaven Residence that he went to, but the Tushita Palace. The moment he saw it, he realized his mistake. "The Tushita Palace is at the uppermost of the thirty-three Heavens," he said, "the Griefless Heaven, which is the home of the Most High Laozi. How did I get here? No matter, I've always wanted to see this old man but have never found the opportunity. Now that it's on my way, I might as well pay him a visit."

He straightened out his attire and pushed his way in, but Laozi was nowhere to be seen. In fact, there was not a trace of anyone. The fact of the matter was that Laozi, accompanied by the Aged Buddha Dīpaṁkara, was giving a lecture on the tall, three-storied Red Mound Elixir Platform. The various divine youths, commanders, and officials were all attending the lecture, standing on both sides of the platform. Searching around, our Great Sage went all the way to the alchemical room. He found no one but saw fire burning in an oven beside the hearth, and around the oven were five gourds in which finished elixir was stored. "This thing is the greatest treasure of immortals," said the Great Sage happily. "Since old Monkey has understood the Way and comprehended the mystery of the Internal's identity with the External, I have also wanted to produce some golden elixir on my own to benefit people. While I have been too busy at other times even to think about going home to enjoy myself, good fortune has met me at the door today and presented me with this! As long as Laozi is not around, I'll take a few tablets and try the taste of something new."

He poured out the contents of all the gourds and ate them like fried beans.

In a moment, the effect of the elixir had dispelled that of the wine, and he again thought to himself, "Bad! Bad! I have brought on myself calamity greater than Heaven! If the Jade Emperor has knowledge of this, it'll be difficult to preserve my life! Go! Go! Go! I'll go back to the Region Below to be a king."

He ran out of the Tushita Palace and, avoiding the former way, left by the West Heaven Gate, making himself invisible by the magic of body concealment. Lowering the direction of his cloud, he returned to the Flower-Fruit Mountain. There he was greeted by flashing banners and shining spears, for the four mighty commanders and the monster kings of seventy-two caves were engaging in a military exercise. "Little ones," the Great Sage called out loudly, "I have returned!"

The monsters dropped their weapons and knelt down, saying, "Great Sage! What laxity of mind! You left us for so long, and did not even once visit us to see how we were doing."

"It's not that long!" said the Great Sage. "It's not that long!"

They walked as they talked, and went deep inside the cave dwelling. After sweeping the place clean and preparing a place for him to rest, and after kowtowing and doing homage, the four mighty commanders said, "The Great Sage has been living for over a century in Heaven. May we ask what appointment he actually received?"

"I recall that it's been but half a year," said the Great Sage, laughing. "How can you talk of a century?"

"One day in Heaven," said the commanders, "is equal to one year on Earth."

The Great Sage said, "I am glad to say that the Jade Emperor this time was more favorably disposed toward me, and he did indeed appoint me Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. An official residence was built for me, and two departments—Peace and Quiet, and Serene Spirit—were established, with bodyguards and attendants in each department. Later, when it was found that I carried no responsibility, I was asked to take care of the Garden of Immortal Peaches. Recently the Lady Queen Mother gave the Grand Festival of Immortal Peaches, but she did not invite me. Without waiting for her invitation, I went first to the Jasper Pool and secretly consumed the food and wine. Leaving that place, I staggered into the palace of Laozi and finished up all the elixir stored in five gourds. I was afraid that the Jade Emperor would be offended, and so I decided to walk out of the Heaven Gate."

The various monsters were delighted by these words, and they prepared a banquet of fruits and wine to welcome him. A stone bowl was filled with coconut wine and presented to the Great Sage, who took a mouthful and then exclaimed with a grimace, "It tastes awful! Just awful!"

"The Great Sage," said Beng and Ba, the two commanders, "has grown accustomed to tasting divine wine and food in Heaven. Small wonder that coconut wine now seems hardly delectable. But the proverb says, 'Tasty or not, it's water from home!'" "And all of you are, 'related or not, people from home'!" said the Great Sage. "When I was enjoying myself this morning at the Jasper Pool, I saw many jars and jugs in the corridor full of the juices of jade, which you have never savored. Let me go back and steal a few bottles to bring down here. Just drink half a cup, and each one of you will live long without growing old."

The various monkeys could not contain their delight. The Great Sage immediately left the cave and, with one somersault, went directly back to the Festival of Immortal Peaches, again using the magic of body concealment. As he entered the doorway of the Palace of the Jasper Pool, he saw that the wine makers, the grain mashers, the water carriers, and the fire tenders were still asleep and snoring. He took two large bottles, one under each arm, and carried two more in his hands. Reversing the direction of his cloud, he returned to the monkeys in the cave. They held their own Festival of Immortal Wine, with each one drinking a few cups, which incident we shall relate no further.

Now we tell you about the Seven-Gown Immortal Maidens, who did not find a release from the Great Sage's magic of immobilization until a whole day had gone by. Each one of them then took her flower basket and reported to the Queen Mother, saying, "We are delayed because the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, imprisoned us with his magic."

"How many baskets of immortal peaches have you gathered?" asked the Queen Mother. "Only two baskets of small peaches, and three of medium-sized peaches," said the Immortal Maidens, "for when we went to the back of the grove, there was not even half a large one left! We think the Great Sage must have eaten them all. As we went looking for him, he unexpectedly made his appearance and threatened us with violence and beating.

He also questioned us about who had been invited to the banquet, and we gave him a thorough account of the last festival. It was then that he bound us with a spell, and we didn't know where he went. It was only a moment ago that we found release and so could come back here." When the Queen Mother heard these words, she went immediately to the Jade Emperor and presented him with a full account of what had taken place. Before she finished speaking, the group of wine makers together with the various divine officials also came to report:

"Someone unknown to us has vandalized the Festival of Immortal Peaches. The juice of jade, the eight dainties, and the hundred delicacies have all been stolen or eaten up."

Four royal preceptors then came up to announce, "The Supreme Patriarch of Dao has arrived."

The Jade Emperor went out with the Queen Mother to greet him. Having paid his respects to them, Laozi said, "There are, in the house of this old Daoist, some finished Golden Elixir of Nine Turns, which are reserved for the use of Your Majesty during the next Grand Festival of Cinnabar. Strange to say, they have been stolen by some thief, and I have come specifically to make this known to Your Majesty."

This report stunned the Jade Emperor. Presently the officials from the Equal to Heaven Residence came to announce, kowtowing, "The Great Sage Sun has not been discharging his duties of late. He went out yesterday and still has not yet returned. Moreover, we do not know where he went."

These words gave the Jade Emperor added anxiety.

Next came the Great Immortal of Naked Feet, who prostrated himself and said, "Yesterday, in response to the Queen Mother's invitation, your subject was on his way to attend the festival when he met by chance the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. The Sage said to your subject that Your Majesty had ordered him to send your subject first to the Hall of Perfect Light for a rehearsal of ceremonies before attending the banquet. Your subject followed his direction and duly went to the hall. But I did not see the dragon chariot and the phoenix carriage of Your Majesty, and therefore hastened to come here to wait upon you." More astounded than ever, the Jade Emperor said, "This fellow now falsifies imperial decrees and deceives my worthy ministers! Let the Divine Minister of Detection quickly locate his whereabouts!"

The minister received his order and left the palace to make a thorough investigation. After obtaining all the details, he returned presently to report, "The person who has so profoundly disturbed Heaven is none other than the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven."

He then gave a repeated account of all the previous incidents, and the Jade Emperor was furious. He at once commanded the Four Great Devarājas to assist Devarāja Li and Prince Naṭa. Together, they called up the Twenty-Eight Constellations, the Nine Luminaries, the Twelve Horary Branches, the Fearless Guards of Five Quarters, the Four Temporal Guardians, the Stars of East and West, the Gods of North and South, the Deities of the Five Mountains and the Four Rivers, the Star Spirits of the entire Heaven, and a hundred thousand celestial soldiers. They were ordered to set up eighteen sets of cosmic net, to journey to the Region Below, to encircle completely the Flower-Fruit Mountain, and to capture the rogue and bring him to justice. All the deities immediately alerted their troops and departed from the Heavenly Palace. As they left, this was the spectacle of the expedition:

Yellow with dust; the churning wind concealed the darkening sky:
Reddish with clay, the rising fog o'erlaid the dusky world.
Because an impish monkey insulted the Highest Lord,
The saints of all Heaven descended to this mortal Earth.
Those Four Great Devarājas,
Those Fearless Guards of Five Quarters—
Those Four Great Deva Kings made up the main command;
Those Fearless Guards of Five Quarters moved countless troops.
Li, the Pagoda Bearer, gave orders from the army's center,
With the fierce Naṭa as the captain of his vanward forces.
The Star of Rāhu, at the forefront, made the roll call;
The Star of Ketu, noble and tall, brought up the rear:
Sōma, the moon, displayed a spirit most eager;
Āditya, the sun, was all shining and radiant.
Heroes of special talents were the Stars of Five Phases.
The Nine Luminaries most relished a good battle.
The Horary Branches of Zi_1, Wu_7, Mao_4, and Yao_{10} —
They were all celestial guardians of titanic strength.
To the east and west, the Five Plagues and the Five Mountains!
To the left and right, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light!
Above and below, the Dragon Gods of the Four Rivers!
And in tightest formation, the Twenty- Eight Constellations!
Citrā, Svātī, Viśākhā, and Anurādhā were the captains.
Revatī, Aśvinī, Apabharaṇī, and Kṛttikā knew combat well.
Uttara- Aṣādhā, Abhijit, Śravaṇā, Śraviṣṭha, Pūrva- Proṣṭhapada, Uttara- Proṣṭhapada,
Rohiṇī, Mūlabarhaṇī, Pūrva- Aṣādhā—every one an able star!
Punarvasu, Tiṣya, Aśleṣā, Meghā, Pūrva- Phalgunī, Uttara- Phalgunī, and Hastā—
All brandished swords and spears to show their power.
Stopping the cloud and lowering the mist they came to this mortal world
And pitched their tents before the Mountain of Flower and Fruit.

The poem says:

The Heav'n-born Monkey King who can change a lot
Steals wine and elixir to joy in his mountain lair.
Since he spoiled the Feast of the Immortal Peach,
A hundred thousand Heaven troops spread the net of God.

Devarāja Li now gave the order for the celestial soldiers to pitch their tents, and a cordon was drawn so tightly around the Flower- Fruit Mountain that not even water could escape! Moreover, eighteen sets of cosmic net were spread out above and below the region, and the Nine Luminaries were then ordered to go into battle. They led their troops and advanced to the cave, in front of which they found a troop of monkeys, both great and small, prancing about playfully.

"Little monsters over there," cried one of the Star Spirits in a severe voice, "where is your Great Sage? We are Heavenly deities sent here from the Region Above to subdue your rebellious Great Sage. Tell him to come here quickly and surrender. If he but utters half a 'No,' all of you will be executed." Hastily the little monsters reported inside, "Great Sage, disaster! Disaster! Outside there are nine savage deities

who claim that they are sent from the Region Above to subdue the Great Sage." Our Great Sage was just sharing the Heavenly wine with the four mighty commanders and the monster kings of seventy-two caves. Hearing this announcement, he said in a most nonchalant manner,

"If you have wine today, get drunk today;
Mind not the troubles in front of your door!"

Scarcely had he uttered this proverb when another group of imps came leaping and said, "Those nine savage gods are trying to provoke battle with foul words and nasty language."

"Don't listen to them," said the Great Sage, laughing.

"Let us seek today's pleasure in poetry and wine,
And cease asking when we may achieve glory or fame."

Hardly had he finished speaking when still another flock of imps arrived to report, "Father, those nine savage gods have broken down the door, and are about to fight their way in!"

"These reckless, witless gods!" said the Great Sage angrily. "They really have no manners! I was not about to quarrel with them. Why are they abusing me to my face?" He gave the order for the One-Horn Demon King to lead the monster kings of seventy-two caves to battle, adding that old Monkey and the four mighty commanders would follow in the rear. The Demon King swiftly led his troops of ogres to go out to fight, but they were ambushed by the Nine Luminaries and pinned down right at the head of the sheet iron bridge.

At the height of the melee, the Great Sage arrived. "Make way!" he yelled, whipping out his iron rod. One wave of it and it was as thick as a rice bowl and about twelve feet long. The Great Sage plunged into battle, and none of the Nine Luminaries dared oppose him. In a moment, they were all beaten back.

When they regrouped themselves again in battle formation, the Nine Luminaries stood still and said, "You senseless Ban-Horse-Plague! You are guilty of the ten evils. You first stole peaches and then wine, utterly disrupting the Grand Festival of Immortal Peaches. You also robbed Laozi of his immortal elixir, and then you had the gall to plunder the imperial winery for your personal enjoyment. Don't you realize that you have piled up sin upon sin?"

"Indeed," said the Great Sage, "these several incidents did occur! But what do you intend to do now?"

The Nine Luminaries said, "We received the golden decree of the Jade Emperor to lead our troops here to subdue you. Submit at once, and spare these creatures from being slaughtered. If not, we shall level this mountain and overturn this cave!"

"How great is your magical power, silly gods," retorted the Great Sage angrily, "that you dare to mouth such foolhardy words? Don't go away! Have a taste of old Monkey's rod!"

The Nine Luminaries mounted a joint attack, but the Handsome Monkey King was not in the least intimidated. He wielded his golden-hooped rod, parrying left and right, and fought the Nine Luminaries until they were thoroughly exhausted. Every one of them turned around and fled, his weapons trailing behind him. Running into the tent at the center of their army, they said to the Pagoda Bearer Devarāja, "That Monkey

King is indeed an intrepid warrior! We cannot withstand him, and have returned defeated."

Devarāja Li then ordered the Four Great Devarājas and the Twenty-Eight Constellations to go out together to do battle. Without displaying the slightest panic, the Great Sage also ordered the One-Horn Demon King, the monster kings of seventy-two caves, and the four mighty commanders to range themselves in battle formation in front of the cave. Look at this all-out battle! It was truly terrifying with

The cold, soughing wind,
The dark, dreadful fog.
On one side, the colorful banners fluttered;
On the other, lances and halberds glimmered.
There were row upon row of shining helmets,
And coat upon coat of gleaming armor.
Row upon row of helmets shining in the sunlight
Resembled silver bells whose chimes echoed in the sky;
Coat upon coat of gleaming armor rising clifflike in layers
Seemed like glaciers crushing the earth.
The giant scimitars
Flew and flashed like lightning;
The mulberry-white spears,
Could pierce even mist and cloud!
The crosslike halberds
And tiger-eye lashes
Were arranged like thick rows of hemp;
The green swords of bronze
And four-sided shovels
Crowded together like trees in a dense forest.
Curved bows, crossbows, and stout arrows with eagle plumes,
Short staffs and snakelike lances—all could kill or maim.
That compliant rod, which the Great Sage owned,
Kept tossing and turning in this battle with gods.
They fought till the air was rid of birds flying by;
Wolves and tigers were driven from within the mount;
The planet was darkened by hurtling rocks and stones,
And the cosmos bedimmed by flying dust and dirt.
The clamor and clangor disturbed Heaven and Earth;
The scrap and scuffle alarmed both demons and gods.

Beginning with the battle formation at dawn, they fought until the sun sank down behind the western hills. The One-Horn Demon King and the monster kings of seventy-two caves were all taken captive by the forces of Heaven. Those who escaped were the four mighty commanders and the troop of monkeys, who hid themselves deep inside the Water-Curtain Cave. With his single rod, the Great Sage withstood in midair the Four Great Devarājas, Li the Pagoda Bearer, and Prince Naṭa, and battled with them for a long time. When he saw that evening was approaching, the Great Sage plucked a handful of hairs, threw them into his mouth, and chewed them to pieces.

He spat them out, crying, "Change!"

They changed at once into many thousands of Great Sages, each employing a golden-hooped rod! They beat back Prince Naṭa and defeated the Five Devarājas.

In triumph the Great Sage collected back his hairs and hurried back to his cave. Soon, at the head of the sheet iron bridge, he was met by the four mighty commanders leading the rest of the monkeys. As they kowtowed to receive him they cried three times, sobbing aloud, and then they laughed three times, hee-heeing and ho-hoing. The Great Sage said, "Why do you all laugh and cry when you see me?"

"When we fought with the Deva Kings this morning," said the four mighty commanders, "the monster kings of seventy-two caves and the One-Horn Demon King were all taken captive by the gods. We were the only ones who managed to escape alive, and that is why we cried. Now we see that the Great Sage has returned unharmed and triumphant, and so we laugh as well."

"Victory and defeat," said the Great Sage, "are the common experiences of a soldier. The ancient proverb says,

You may kill ten thousand of your enemies,
But you will lose three thousand of your allies!

Moreover, those chieftains who have been captured are tigers and leopards, wolves and insects, badgers and foxes, and the like. Not a single member of our own kind has been hurt. Why then should we be disconsolate? Although our adversaries have been beaten back by my magic of body division, they are still encamped at the foot of our mountain. Let us be most vigilant, therefore, in our defense.

Have a good meal, rest well, and conserve your energy. When morning comes, watch me perform a great magic and capture some of these generals from Heaven, so that our comrades may be avenged."

The four mighty commanders drank a few bowls of coconut wine with the host of monkeys and went to sleep peacefully. We shall speak no more of them.

When those Four Devarājas retired their troops and stopped their fighting, each one of the Heavenly commanders came to report his accomplishment. There were those who had captured lions and elephants and those who had apprehended wolves, crawling creatures, and foxes. Not a single monkey monster, however, had been seized. The camp was then secured, a great tent was pitched, and those commanders with meritorious services were rewarded. The soldiers in charge of the cosmic nets were ordered to carry bells and were given passwords. They encircled the Flower-Fruit Mountain to await the great battle of the next day, and each soldier everywhere diligently kept his watch. So this is the situation:

The fiendish monkey riots through Heaven and Earth,
But the net spreads open, ready night and day.

We do not know what took place after the next morning; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIX

Guanyin, attending the banquet, inquires into the cause
The Little Sage, exerting his power, subdues the Great Sage

For the moment we shall not tell you about the siege of the gods or the Great Sage at rest. We speak instead of the Great Compassionate Deliverer, the Efficacious Bodhisattva Guanyin from the Potalaka Mountain of the South Sea.

Invited by the Lady Queen Mother to attend the Grand Festival of Immortal Peaches, she arrived at the treasure chamber of the Jasper Pool with her senior disciple, Hui'an. There they found the whole place desolate and the banquet tables in utter disarray. Although several members of the Heavenly pantheon were present, none was seated. Instead, they were all engaged in vigorous exchanges and discussions. After the Bodhisattva had greeted the various deities, they told her what had occurred. "Since there will be no festival," said the Bodhisattva, "nor any raising of cups, all of you might as well come with this humble cleric to see the Jade Emperor."

The gods followed her gladly, and they went to the entrance to the Hall of Perfect Light. There the Bodhisattva was met by the Four Celestial Masters and the Immortal of Naked Feet, who recounted how the celestial soldiers, ordered by an enraged Jade Emperor to capture the monster, had not yet returned. The Bodhisattva said, "I would like to have an audience with the Jade Emperor. May I trouble one of you to announce my arrival?"

The Heavenly Preceptor Qiu Hongji went at once into the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists and, having made his report, invited Guanyin to enter. Laozi then took the upper seat with the Emperor, while the Lady Queen Mother was in attendance behind the throne.

The Bodhisattva led the crowd inside. After paying homage to the Jade Emperor, they also saluted Laozi and the Queen Mother.

When each of them was seated, she asked, "How is the Grand Festival of Immortal Peaches?"

"Every year when the festival has been given," said the Jade Emperor, "we have thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. This year it has been completely ruined by a baneful monkey, leaving us with nothing but an invitation to disappointment."

"Where did this baneful monkey come from?" asked the Bodhisattva.

"He was born of a stone egg on top of the Flower-Fruit Mountain of the Aolai Country of the East Pūrvavideha Continent," said the Jade Emperor. "At the moment of his birth, two beams of golden light flashed immediately from his eyes, reaching as far as the Palace of the Polestar. We did not think much of that, but he later became a monster, subduing the Dragon and taming the Tiger as well as eradicating his name from the Register of Death. When the Dragon Kings and the Kings of the Underworld brought the matter to our attention, we wanted to capture him. The Star of Long Life, however, observed that all the beings of the three regions that possessed the nine apertures could attain immortality. We therefore decided to educate and nurture the talented monkey and summoned him to the Region Above. He was appointed to the post of Bimawen at the imperial stables, but, taking offense at the lowliness of his position,

he left Heaven in rebellion. We then sent Devarāja Li and Prince Naṭa to ask for his submission by proclaiming a decree of pacification.

He was brought again to the Region Above and was appointed the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven—a rank without compensation. Since he had nothing to do but to wander east and west, we feared that he might cause further trouble. So he was asked to look after the Garden of Immortal Peaches. But he broke the law and ate all the large peaches from the oldest trees. By then, the banquet was about to be given. As a person without salary he was, of course, not invited; nonetheless, he plotted to deceive the Immortal of Naked Feet and managed to sneak into the banquet by assuming the Immortal's appearance. He finished off all the divine wine and food, after which he also stole Laozi's elixir and took away a considerable quantity of imperial wine for the enjoyment of his mountain monkeys.

Our mind has been sorely vexed by this, and we therefore sent a hundred thousand celestial soldiers with cosmic nets to capture him.

We haven't yet received today's report on how the battle is faring." When the Bodhisattva heard this, she said to Disciple Hui'an, "You must leave Heaven at once, go down to the Flower-Fruit Mountain, and inquire into the military situation. If the enemy is engaged, you can lend your assistance; in any event, you must bring back a factual report."

The Disciple Hui'an straightened out his attire and mounted the cloud to leave the palace, an iron rod in his hand. When he arrived at the mountain, he found layers of cosmic net drawn tightly and sentries at every gate holding bells and shouting passwords. The encirclement of the mountain was indeed watertight! Hui'an stood still and called out, "Heavenly sentinels, may I trouble you to announce my arrival? I am Prince Mokṣa, second son of Devarāja Li, and I am also Hui'an, senior disciple of Guanyin of South Sea. I have come to inquire about the military situation."

The divine soldiers of the Five Mountains at once reported this beyond the gate. The constellations Aquarius, Pleiades, Hydra, and Scorpio then conveyed the message to the central tent. Devarāja Li issued a directorial flag, which ordered the cosmic nets to be opened and entrance permitted for the visitor. Day was just dawning in the east as Hui'an followed the flag inside and prostrated himself before the Four Great Devarājas and Devarāja Li.

After he had finished his greetings, Devarāja Li said, "My child, where have you come from?"

"Your untutored son," said Hui'an, "accompanied the Bodhisattva to attend the Festival of Immortal Peaches. Seeing that the festival was desolate and the Jasper Pool laid waste, the Bodhisattva led the various deities and your untutored son to have an audience with the Jade Emperor. The Jade Emperor spoke at length about Father and King's expedition to the Region Below to subdue the baneful monkey. Since no report has returned for a whole day and neither victory nor defeat has been ascertained, the Bodhisattva ordered your untutored son to come here to find out how things stand."

"We came here yesterday to set up the encampment," said Devarāja Li, "and the Nine Luminaries were sent to provoke battle. But this fellow made a grand display of his magical powers, and the Nine Luminaries all returned defeated. After that, I led the troops personally to confront him, and the fellow also brought his forces into formation. Our hundred thousand celestial soldiers fought with him until evening, when he retreated from the battle by using the magic of body division. When we recalled the

troops and made our investigation, we found that we had captured some wolves, crawling creatures, tigers, leopards, and the like. But we did not even catch half a monkey monster! And today we have not yet gone into battle."

As he was saying all this, someone came from the gate of the camp to report, "That Great Sage, leading his band of monkey monsters, is shouting for battle outside."

The Four Devarājas, Devarāja Li, and the prince at once made plans to bring out the troops, when Mokṣa said, "Father King, your untutored son was told by the Bodhisattva to come down here to acquire information. She also told me to give you assistance should there be actual combat. Though I am not very talented, I volunteer to go out now and see what kind of a Great Sage this is!"

"Child," said the Devarāja, "since you have studied with the Bodhisattva for several years, you must, I suppose, have some powers! But do be careful!"

Dear prince! Grasping the iron rod with both hands, he tightened up his embroidered garment and leaped out of the gate. "Who is the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven?" he cried. Holding high his compliant rod, the Great Sage answered, "None other than old Monkey here! Who are you that you dare question me?"

"I am Mokṣa, the second prince of Devarāja Li," said Mokssa. "At present I am also the disciple of Bodhisattva Guanyin, a defender of the faith before her treasure throne. And my religious name is Hui'an."

"Why have you left your religious training at South Sea and come here to see me?" said the Great Sage. "I was sent by my master to inquire about the military situation," said Mokṣa. "Seeing what a nuisance you have made of yourself, I have come specifically to capture you."

"You dare to talk so big?" said the Great Sage. "But don't run away! Have a taste of old Monkey's rod!" Mokṣa was not at all frightened and met his opponent squarely with his own iron rod. The two of them stood before the gate of the camp at mid-mountain, and what a magnificent battle they fought!

Though one rod is pitted against another, the iron's quite different;
Though this weapon couples with the other, the persons are not the same.
This one's called the Great Sage, a wayward primordial god;
The other is Guanyin's disciple, a true hero and proud.
The all-iron rod has been pounded a thousand times,
Made by Six Gods of Darkness and Six Gods of Light.
The compliant rod sets the depth of Heaven's river,
A thing divine ruling the oceans with magic might.
The two of them in meeting have found their match;
Back and forth they battle in endless rounds.
From this one the rod of stealthy hands,
Savage and fierce,
Around the waist stabs and jabs swiftly as the wind;
From the other the rod, doubling as a spear
Driving and relentless,
Lets up not a moment its parrying left and right.
On this side the banners flare and flutter;
On the other the war drums roll and rattle.
Ten thousand celestial fighters circle round and round.

The monkey monsters of a whole cave stand in rows and rows.
Weird fog and dark cloud spread throughout the earth.
The fume and smoke of battle reach even Heaven's Home.
Yesterday's battle was something to behold.
Still more violent is the contest today.
Envy the truly able Monkey King:
Mokṣa's beaten—he is fleeing for life!

Our Great Sage battled Hui'an for fifty or sixty rounds until the prince's arms and shoulders were sore and numb and he could fight no longer. After one final, futile swing of his weapon, he fled in defeat. The Great Sage then gathered together his monkey troops and stationed them securely outside the entrance of the cave. At the camp of the Devarāja, the celestial soldiers could be seen receiving the prince and making way for him to enter the gate. Panting and puffing, he ran in and gasped out to the Four Devarājas, Pagoda Bearer Li, and Naṭa, "That Great Sage! What an ace! Great indeed is his magical power! Your son cannot overcome him and has returned defeated." Shocked by the sight, Devarāja Li at once wrote a memorial to the Throne to request further assistance. The demon king Mahābāli and Prince Mokṣa were sent to Heaven to present the document.

Not daring to linger, the two of them crashed out of the cosmic nets and mounted the holy mist and hallowed cloud. In a moment they reached the Hall of Perfect Light and met the Four Celestial Masters, who led them into the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists to present their memorial. Hui'an also saluted the Bodhisattva, who asked him, "What have you found out about the situation?"

"When I reached the Flower-Fruit Mountain by your order," said Hui'an, "I opened the cosmic nets by my call. Seeing my father, I told him of my master's intentions in sending me. Father King said, 'We fought a battle yesterday with that Monkey King but managed to take from him only tigers, leopards, lions, elephants, and the like. We did not catch a single one of his monkey monsters.' As we were talking, he again demanded battle. Your disciple used the iron rod to fight him for fifty or sixty rounds, but I could not prevail against him and returned to the camp defeated. Thus father had to send the demon king Mahābāli and your pupil to come here for help."

The Bodhisattva bowed her head and pondered.

We now tell you about the Jade Emperor, who opened the memorial and found a message asking for assistance. "This is rather absurd!" he said laughing. "Is this monkey monster such a wizard that not even a hundred thousand soldiers from Heaven can vanquish him? Devarāja Li is again asking for help. What division of divine warriors can we send to assist him?"

Hardly had he finished speaking when Guanyin folded her hands and said to him. "Your Majesty, let not your mind be troubled! This humble cleric will recommend a god who can capture the monkey."

"Which one would you recommend?" said the Jade Emperor. "Your Majesty's nephew," said the Bodhisattva, "the Immortal Master of Illustrious Sagacity Erlang, who is living at the mouth of the River of Libations in the Guan Prefecture and enjoying the incense and oblations offered to him from the Region Below. In former days he himself slew six monsters. Under his command are the Brothers of Plum Mountain and twelve hundred plant-headed deities, all possessing great magical powers. However, he will agree only to special assignments and will not obey any general summons. Your

Majesty may want to send an edict transferring his troops to the scene of the battle and requesting his assistance. Our monster will surely be captured." When the Jade Emperor heard this, he immediately issued such an edict and ordered the demon king Mahābāli to present it.

Having received the edict, the demon king mounted a cloud and went straight to the mouth of the River of Libations. It took him less than half an hour to reach the temple of the Immortal Master. Immediately the demon magistrates guarding the doors made this report inside:

"There is a messenger from Heaven outside who has arrived with an edict in his hand."

Erlang and his brothers came out to receive the edict, which was read before burning incense. The edict said:

The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, a monstrous monkey from the Flower-Fruit Mountain, is in revolt. At the Palace he stole peaches, wine, and elixir, and disrupted the Grand Festival of Immortal Peaches. A hundred thousand Heavenly soldiers with eighteen sets of cosmic nets were dispatched to surround the mountain and capture him, but victory has not yet been secured. We therefore make this special request of our worthy nephew and his sworn brothers to go to the Flower-Fruit Mountain and assist in destroying this monster. Following your success will be lofty elevation and abundant reward.

In great delight the Immortal Master said, "Let the messenger of Heaven go back. I will go at once to offer my assistance with drawn sword."

The demon king went back to report, but we shall speak no further of that.

This Immortal Master called together the Six Brothers of Plum Mountain: they were Kang, Zhang, Yao, and Li, the four grand marshals, and Guo Shen and Zhi Jian, the two generals. As they congregated before the court, he said to them, "The Jade Emperor just now sent us to the Flower-Fruit Mountain to capture a monstrous monkey. Let's get going!"

Delighted and willing, the brothers at once called out the divine soldiers under their command. With falcons mounted and dogs on leashes, with arrows ready and bows drawn, they left in a violent magic wind and crossed in a moment the great Eastern Ocean. As they landed on the Flower-Fruit Mountain, they saw their way blocked by dense layers of cosmic net. "Divine commanders guarding the cosmic nets, hear us," they shouted. "We are specially assigned by the Jade Emperor to capture the monstrous monkey. Open the gate of your camp quickly and let us through."

The various deities conveyed the message to the inside, level by level. The Four Devarājas and Devarāja Li then came out to the gate of the camp to receive them. After they had exchanged greetings, there were questions about the military situation, and the Devarāja gave them a thorough briefing. "Now that I, the Little Sage, have come," said the Immortal Master, laughing, "he will have to engage in a contest of transformations with his adversary. You gentlemen make sure that the cosmic nets are tightly drawn on all sides, but leave the top uncovered. Let me try my hand in this contest. If I lose, you gentlemen need not come to my assistance, for my own brothers will be there to support me. If I win, you gentlemen will not be needed in tying him up either; my own brothers will take care of that.

All I need is the Pagoda Bearer Devarāja to stand in midair with his imp-reflecting mirror. If the monster should be defeated, I fear that he may try to flee to a distant locality. Make sure that his image is clearly reflected in the mirror, so that we don't lose him."

The Devarājas set themselves up in the four directions, while the heavenly soldiers all lined up according to their planned formations.

With himself as the seventh brother, the Immortal Master led the four grand marshals and the two generals out of the camp to provoke battle. The other warriors were ordered to defend their encampment with vigilance, and the plant-headed deities were ordered to have the falcons and dogs ready for battle. The Immortal Master went to the front of the Water-Curtain Cave, where he saw a troop of monkeys neatly positioned in an array that resembled a coiled dragon. At the center of the array was the banner bearing the words "The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven."

"That audacious monster!" said the Immortal Master. "How dare he assume the rank 'Equal to Heaven'?"

"There's no time for praise or blame," said the Six Brothers of Plum Mountain. "Let's challenge him at once!" When the little monkeys in front of the camp saw the Immortal Master, they ran quickly to make their report. Seizing his golden-hooped rod, straightening out his golden cuirass, slipping on his cloud-treading shoes, and pressing down his red-gold cap, the Monkey King leaped out of the camp. He opened his eyes wide to stare at the Immortal Master, whose features were remarkably refined and whose attire was most elegant. Truly, he was a man of

Features most comely and most noble mien,
With shoulder-reaching ears and shining eyes.
His head wore the Three Mountains Phoenix cap,
His body donned a pale yellow goose-down robe.
Gold threaded boots matched coiling dragon socks.
Eight flower-like emblems his jade belt adorned.
From his waist hung the crescent pellet bow.
His hands held a lance of three points and two blades.
Once he cleaved Peach Mountain to save his mother.
His one pellet struck a tall tree's two phoenixes.
Slaying eight fiends flung far his fame
As bond brother midst Plum Mountain's Seven Saints.
His lofty mind scorned being high Heaven's kin;
His pride led him to dwell near Libations Stream.
From Chi City here's the kind heroic sage:
Of boundless epiphanies, he's named Erlang.

When the Great Sage saw him, he lifted high his golden-hooped rod with gales of laughter and called out, "What little warrior are you and where do you come from, that you dare present yourself here to provoke battle?"

"You must have eyes but no pupils," shouted the Immortal Master, "if you don't recognize me! I am the maternal nephew of the Jade Emperor, Erlang, the King of Illustrious Grace and Spirit by imperial appointment. I have received my order from above to arrest you, the rebellious Bimawen ape. Don't you know that your time has come?"

"I remember," said the Great Sage, "that the sister of the Jade Emperor some years ago became enamored of the Region Below; she married a man by the name of Yang and had a son by him.

Are you that boy who was reputed to have cleaved open the Peach Mountain with his ax? I would like to rebuke you roundly, but I have no grudge against you. I can hit you with this rod of mine too, but I'd like to spare your life! A little boy like you, why don't you hurry back and ask your Four Great Devarājas to come out?" When the Immortal Master heard this, he grew very angry and shouted, "Reckless ape! Don't you dare be so insolent! Take a sample of my blade!" Swerving to dodge the blow, the Great Sage quickly raised his golden-hooped rod to engage his opponent. What a fine fight there was between the two of them:

Erlang, the God of Illustrious Kindness,
And the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven!
This one, haughty and proud, defied the Handsome Monkey King.
That one, not knowing his man, would crush all stalwart foes.
Suddenly these two met,
And both desired a match—
They had never known which was the better man;
Today they'd learn who's strong and who's weak!
The iron rod seemed a flying dragon,
And the lance divine a dancing phoenix:
Left and right they struck,
Attacking both front and back.
The Plum Mountain Six Brothers' awesome presence filled one side,
While the four generals, like Ma and Liu, took command on the other.
All worked as one to wave flags and roll drums;
All helped the fight by cheers while beating the gong.
Two sharp weapons sought a chance to hurt,
But thrusts and parries did not slack one whit.
The golden-hooped rod, wonder of the sea,
Could change and fly to snare a victory.
A little lag and your life is over!
A tiny error and your luck runs out!

The Immortal Master fought the Great Sage for more than three hundred rounds, but the result still could not be determined. The Immortal Master, therefore, summoned all his magical powers; with a shake, he made his body a hundred thousand feet tall. Holding with both hands the divine lance of three points and two blades like the peaks that cap the Hua Mountain, this green-faced, sabertoothed figure with scarlet hair aimed a violent blow at the head of the Great Sage. But the Great Sage also exerted his magical power and changed himself into a figure having the features and height of Erlang. He wielded a compliant golden-hooped rod that resembled the Heaven-supporting pillar on top of Mount Kunlun to oppose the god Erlang. This vision so terrified the marshals, Ma and Liu, that they could no longer wave the flags, and so appalled the generals, Beng and Ba, that they could use neither scimitar nor sword. On the side of Erlang, the Brothers Kang, Zhang, Yao, Li, Guo Shen, and Zhi Jian gave the order to the plant-headed deities to let loose the falcons and dogs and to advance upon those monkeys in front of the Water-Curtain Cave with mounted arrows and drawn bows. The charge, alas,

Dispersed the four mighty commanders of monkey imps
And captured two or three thousand numinous fiends!

Those monkeys dropped their spears and abandoned their armor, forsook their swords, and threw away their lances. They scattered in all directions—running, screaming, scuttling up the mountain, or scrambling back to the cave. It was as if a cat at night had stolen upon resting birds: they darted up as stars to fill the sky. The Brothers thus gained a complete victory, of which we shall speak no further.

Now we were telling you about the Immortal Master and the Great Sage, who had changed themselves into forms which imitated Heaven and Earth. As they were doing battle, the Great Sage suddenly perceived that the monkeys of his camp were put to rout, and his heart grew faint. He changed out of his magic form, turned around, and fled, dragging his rod behind him. When the Immortal Master saw that he was running away, he chased him with great strides, saying, "Where you going? Surrender now, and your life will be spared!"

The Great Sage did not stop to fight anymore but ran as fast as he could. Near the cave's entrance, he ran right into Kang, Zhang, Yao, and Li, the four grand marshals, and Guo Shen and Zhi Jian, the two generals, who were at the head of an army blocking his way. "Lawless ape!" they cried, "where do you think you're going?" Quivering all over, the Great Sage squeezed his goldenhooped rod back into an embroidery needle and hid it in his ear. With a shake of his body, he changed himself into a small sparrow and flew to perch on top of a tree. In great agitation, the six Brothers searched all around but could not find him. "We've lost the monkey monster! We've lost the monkey monster!" they all cried.

As they were making all that clamor, the Immortal Master arrived and asked, "Brothers, where did you lose him in the chase?"

"We just had him boxed in here," said the gods, "but he simply vanished." Scanning the place with his phoenix eye wide open, Erlang at once discovered that the Great Sage had changed into a small sparrow perched on a tree. He changed out of his magic form and took off his pellet bow. With a shake of his body, he changed into a sparrow hawk with outstretched wings, ready to attack its prey. When the Great Sage saw this, he darted up with a flutter of his wings; changing himself into a cormorant, he headed straight for the open sky. When Erlang saw this, he quickly shook his feathers and changed into a huge ocean crane, which could penetrate the clouds to strike with its bill. The Great Sage therefore lowered his direction, changed into a small fish, and dove into a stream with a splash.

Erlang rushed to the edge of the water but could see no trace of him. He thought to himself, "This simian must have gone into the water and changed himself into a fish, a shrimp, or the like. I'll change again to catch him."

He duly changed into a fish hawk and skimmed downstream over the waves. After a while, the fish into which the Great Sage had changed was swimming along with the current. Suddenly he saw a bird that looked like a green kite though its feathers were not entirely green, like an egret though it had small feathers, and like an old crane though its feet were not red. "That must be the transformed Erlang waiting for me," he thought to himself. He swiftly turned around and swam away after releasing a few bubbles. When Erlang saw this, he said, "The fish that released the bubbles looks like a carp though its tail is not red, like a perch though there are no patterns on its scales, like a snake fish though there are no stars on its head, like a bream though its gills have no bristles. Why does it move away the moment it sees me? It must be the transformed monkey himself!"

He swooped toward the fish and snapped at it with his beak. The Great Sage shot out of the water and changed at once into a water snake; he swam toward shore and wriggled into the grass along the bank. When Erlang saw that he had snapped in vain and that a snake had darted away in the water with a splash, he knew that the Great Sage had changed again.

Turning around quickly, he changed into a scarlet-topped gray crane, which extended its beak like sharp iron pincers to devour the snake. With a bounce, the snake changed again into a spotted bustard standing by itself rather stupidly amid the water pepper along the bank. When Erlang saw that the monkey had changed into such a vulgar creature—for the spotted bustard is the basest and most promiscuous of birds, mating indiscriminately with phoenixes, hawks, or crows—he refused to approach him. Changing back into his true form, he went and stretched his bow to the fullest. With one pellet he sent the bird hurtling.

The Great Sage took advantage of this opportunity, nonetheless. Rolling down the mountain slope, he squatted there to change again —this time into a little temple for the local spirit. His wide-open mouth became the entrance, his teeth the doors, his tongue the Bodhisattva, and his eyes the windows. Only his tail he found to be troublesome, so he stuck it up in the back and changed it into a flagpole. The Immortal Master chased him down the slope, but instead of the bustard he had hit he found only a little temple. He opened his phoenix eye quickly and looked at it carefully. Seeing the flagpole behind it, he laughed and said, "It's the ape! Now he's trying to deceive me again! I have seen plenty of temples before but never one with a flagpole behind it. This must be another of that animal's tricks. Why should I let him lure me inside where he can bite me once I've entered? First I'll smash the windows with my fist! Then I'll kick down the doors!"

The Great Sage heard this and said in dismay, "How vicious! The doors are my teeth and the windows my eyes. What am I going to do with my eyes smashed and my teeth knocked out?" Leaping up like a tiger, he disappeared again into the air. The Immortal Master was looking all around for him when the four grand marshals and the two generals arrived together. "Elder Brother," they said, "have you caught the Great Sage?"

"A moment ago," said the Immortal Master laughing, "the monkey changed into a temple to trick me. I was about to smash the windows and kick down the doors when he vanished out of sight with a leap. It's all very strange! Very strange!"

The Brothers were astonished, but they could find no trace of him in any direction.

"Brothers," said the Immortal Master, "keep a lookout down here. Let me go up there to find him."

He swiftly mounted the clouds and rose up into the sky, where he saw Devarāja Li holding high the imp-reflecting mirror and standing on top of the clouds with Naṭa.

"Devarāja," said the Immortal Master, "have you seen the Monkey King?"

"He hasn't come up here," said the Devarāja, "I have been watching him in the mirror."

After telling them about the duel in magic and transformations and the captivity of the rest of the monkeys, the Immortal Master said, "He finally changed into a temple. Just as I was about to attack him, he got away." When Devarāja Li heard these words,

he turned the imp-reflecting mirror all the way around once more and looked into it. "Immortal Master," he said, roaring with laughter.

"Go quickly! Quickly! That monkey used his magic of body concealment to escape from the cordon and he's now heading for the mouth of your River of Libations." We now tell you about the Great Sage, who had arrived at the mouth of the River of Libations. With a shake of his body, he changed into the form of Holy Father Erlang. Lowering the direction of his cloud, he went straight into the temple, and the demon magistrates could not tell that he was not the real Erlang. Every one of them, in fact, kowtowed to receive him. He sat down in the middle and began to examine the various offerings; the three kinds of sacrificial meat brought by Li Hu, the votive offering of Zhang Long, the petition for a son by Zhao Jia, and the request for healing by Qian Bing. As he was looking at these, someone made the report, "Another Holy Father has arrived!"

The various demon magistrates went quickly to look and were terror-stricken, one and all. The Immortal Master asked, "Did a so-called Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, come here?"

"We haven't seen any Great Sage," said the demon magistrates. "But another Holy Father is in there examining the offerings."

The Immortal Master crashed through the door; seeing him, the Great Sage revealed his true form and said, "There's no need for the little boy to strive anymore! Sun is now the name of this temple!"

The Immortal Master lifted his divine lance of three points and two blades and struck, but the Monkey King with agile body was quick to move out of the way. He whipped out that embroidery needle of his, and with one wave caused it to take on the thickness of a rice bowl. Rushing forward, he engaged Erlang face to face. Starting at the door of the temple, the two combatants fought all the way back to the Flower-Fruit Mountain, treading on clouds and mists and shouting insults at each other. The Four Devarājas and their followers were so startled by their appearance that they stood guard with even greater vigilance, while the grand marshals joined the Immortal Master to surround the Handsome Monkey King. But we shall speak of them no more.

We tell you instead about the demon king Mahābāli, who, having requested the Immortal Master and his Six Brothers to lead their troops to subdue the monster, returned to the Region Above to make his report. Conversing with the Bodhisattva Guanyin, the Queen Mother, and the various divine officials in the Hall of Divine Mists, the Jade Emperor said, "If Erlang has already gone into battle, why has no further report come back today?"

Folding her hands, Guanyin said, "Permit this humble cleric to invite Your Majesty and the Patriarch of Dao to go outside the South Heaven Gate, so that you may find out personally how things are faring."

"That's a good suggestion," said the Jade Emperor. He at once sent for his imperial carriage and went with the Patriarch, Guanyin, the Queen Mother, and the various divine officials to the South Heaven Gate, where the cortege was met by celestial soldiers and guardians. They opened the gate and peered into the distance; there they saw cosmic nets on every side manned by celestial soldiers, Devarāja Li and Naṭa in midair holding high the impreflecting mirror, and the Immortal Master and his Brothers encircling the Great Sage in the middle and fighting fiercely. The Bodhisattva opened her mouth and addressed Laozi:

"What do you think of Erlang, whom this humble cleric recommended? He is certainly powerful enough to have the Great Sage surrounded, if not yet captured. I shall now help him to achieve his victory and make certain that the enemy will be taken prisoner."

"What weapon will the Bodhisattva use," asked Laozi, "and how will you assist him?"

"I shall throw down my immaculate vase that I use for holding my willow sprig," said the Bodhisattva. "When it hits that monkey, at least it will knock him over, even if it doesn't kill him. Erlang, the Little Sage, will then be able to capture him."

"That vase of yours," said Laozi, "is made of porcelain. It's all right if it hits him on the head. But if it crashed on the iron rod instead, won't it be shattered? You had better not raise your hands; let me help him win."

The Bodhisattva said, "Do you have any weapon?"

"I do, indeed," said Laozi. He rolled up his sleeve and took down from his left arm an armlet, saying, "This is a weapon made of red steel, brought into existence during my preparation of elixir and fully charged with theurgical forces. It can be made to transform at will; indestructible by fire or water, it can entrap many things. It's called the diamond cutter or the diamond snare. The year when I crossed the Hangu Pass, I depended on it a great deal for the conversion of the barbarians, for it was practically my bodyguard night and day. Let me throw it down and hit him."

After saying this, Laozi hurled the snare down from the Heaven Gate; it went tumbling down into the battlefield at the Flower-Fruit Mountain and landed smack on the Monkey King's head. The Monkey King was engaged in a bitter struggle with the Seven Sages and was completely unaware of this weapon, which had dropped from the sky and hit him on the crown of his head. No longer able to stand on his feet, he toppled over. He managed to scramble up again and was about to flee, when the Holy Father Erlang's small hound dashed forward and bit him in the calf. He was pulled down for the second time and lay on the ground cursing, "You brute! Why don't you go and do your master in, instead of coming to bite old Monkey?" Rolling over quickly, he tried to get up, but the Seven Sages all pounced on him and pinned him down. They bound him with ropes and punctured his breastbone with a knife, so that he could transform no further.

Laozi retrieved his diamond snare and requested the Jade Emperor to return to the Hall of Divine Mists with Guanyin, the Queen Mother, and the rest of the Immortals. Down below the Four Great Deva Kings and Devarāja Li all retired their troops, broke camp, and went forward to congratulate Erlang, saying, "This is indeed a magnificent accomplishment by the Little Sage!"

"This has been the great blessing of the Heavenly Devas," said the Little Sage, "and the proper exercise of their divine authority. What have I accomplished?"

The Brothers Kang, Zhang, Yao, and Li said, "Elder Brother need have no further discussion. Let us take this fellow up to the Jade Emperor to see what will be done with him."

"Worthy Brothers," said the Immortal Master, "you may not have a personal audience with the Jade Emperor because you have not received any divine appointment. Let the celestial guardians take him into custody. I shall go with the Devarāja to the Region Above to make our report, while all of you make a thorough search of the

mountain here. After you have cleaned it out, go back to the River of Libations. When I have our deeds recorded and received our rewards, I shall return to celebrate with you."

The four grand marshals and the two generals followed his bidding. The Immortal Master then mounted the clouds with the rest of the deities, and they began their triumphal journey back to Heaven, singing songs of victory all the way. In a little while, they reached the outer court of the Hall of Perfect Light, and the Heavenly preceptor went forward to memorialize to the Throne, saying, "The Four Great Devarājas have captured the monstrous monkey, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. They await the command of Your Majesty."

The Jade Emperor then gave the order that the demon king Mahābāli and the celestial guardians take the prisoner to the monster execution block, where he was to be cut to small pieces. Alas, this is what happens to

Fraud and impudence, now punished by the Law;
Heroics grand will fade in the briefest time!

We do not know what will become of the Monkey King; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVEN

From the Eight Trigrams Brazier the Great Sage escapes Beneath the Five Phases Mountain, Mind Monkey is still

Fame and fortune,
All predestined;
One must ever shun a guileful heart.
Rectitude and truth,
The fruits of virtue grow both long and deep.
A little presumption brings on Heaven's wrath:
Though yet unseen, it will surely come in time.
Ask the Lord of the East for why
Such pains and perils now appear:
Because pride has sought to scale the limits,
Ignoring hierarchy to flout the law.

We were telling you about the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who was taken by the celestial guardians to the monster execution block, where he was bound to the monster-subduing pillar. They then slashed him with a scimitar, hewed him with an ax, stabbed him with a spear, and hacked him with a sword, but they could not hurt his body in any way. Next, the Star Spirit of the South Pole ordered the various deities of the Fire Department to burn him with fire, but that, too, had little effect. The gods of the Thunder Department were then ordered to strike him with thunderbolts, but not a single one of his hairs was destroyed.

The demon king Mahābāli and the others therefore went back to report to the Throne, saying, "Your Majesty, we don't know where this Great Sage has acquired such power to protect his body. Your subjects slashed him with a scimitar and hewed him with an ax; we also struck him with thunder and burned him with fire. Not a single one of his hairs was destroyed. What shall we do?" When the Jade Emperor heard these words, he said, "What indeed can we do to a fellow like that, a creature of that sort?"

Laozi then came forward and said, "That monkey ate the immortal peaches and drank the imperial wine. Moreover, he stole the divine elixir and ate five gourdfuls of it, both raw and cooked. All this was probably refined in his stomach by the Samādhi fire to form a single solid mass. The union with his constitution gave him a diamond body, which cannot be quickly destroyed. It would be better, therefore, if this Daoist takes him away and places him in the Brazier of Eight Trigrams, where he will be smelted by high and low heat. When he is finally separated from my elixir, his body will certainly be reduced to ashes."

When the Jade Emperor heard these words, he told the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light to release the prisoner and hand him over to Laozi, who left in obedience to the divine decree. Meanwhile, the illustrious Sage Erlang was rewarded with a hundred gold blossoms, a hundred bottles of imperial wine, a hundred pellets of elixir, together with rare treasures, lustrous pearls, and brocades, which he was told to share with his brothers. After expressing his gratitude, the Immortal Master returned to the mouth of the River of Libations, and for the time being we shall speak of him no further.

Arriving at the Tushita Palace, Laozi loosened the ropes on the Great Sage, pulled out the weapon from his breastbone, and pushed him into the Brazier of Eight Trigrams. He then ordered the Daoist who watched over the brazier and the page boy in charge of the fire to blow up a strong flame for the smelting process. The brazier, you see, was of eight compartments corresponding to the eight trigrams of Qian, Kan, Gen, Zhen, Xun, Li, Kun, and Dui. The Great Sage crawled into the space beneath the compartment that corresponded to the Xun trigram. Now Xun symbolizes wind; where there is wind, there is no fire. However, wind could churn up smoke, which at that moment reddened his eyes, giving them a permanently inflamed condition. Hence they were sometimes called Fiery Eyes and Diamond Pupils.

Truly time passed swiftly, and the forty-ninth day arrived imperceptibly. The alchemical process of Laozi was perfected, and on that day he came to open the brazier to take out his elixir. The Great Sage at the time was covering his eyes with both hands, rubbing his face and shedding tears. He heard noises on top of the brazier and, opening his eyes, suddenly saw light. Unable to restrain himself, he leaped out of the brazier and kicked it over with a loud crash.

He began to walk straight out of the room, while a group of startled fire tenders and guardians tried desperately to grab hold of him. Every one of them was overthrown; he was as wild as a white brow tiger in a fit, a one-horned dragon with a fever. Laozi rushed up to clutch at him, only to be greeted by such a violent shove that he fell head over heels while the Great Sage escaped. Whipping the compliant rod out from his ear, he waved it once in the wind and it had the thickness of a rice bowl. Holding it in his hands, without regard for good or ill, he once more careened through the Heavenly Palace, fighting so fiercely that the Nine Luminaries all shut themselves in and the Four Devarājas disappeared from sight. Dear Monkey Monster! Here is a testimonial poem for him. The poem says:

This cosmic being fully fused with nature's gifts
Passes with ease through ten thousand toils and tests.
Vast and motionless like the One Great Void,
Perfect, quiescent, he's named the Primal Depth.
Long refined in the brazier, he's no mercury or lead,
Just the very immortal, living above all things.
Forever transforming, he changes still;
Three refuges and five commandments he all rejects.

Here is another poem:

A spirit beam filling the supreme void—
That's how the rod behaves accordingly.
It lengthens or shortens as one would wish;
Upright or prone, it grows or shrinks at will.

And another:

An ape's body of Dao weds the human mind.
Mind is a monkey—this meaning's profound.
The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, is no false thought.
How could the post of Ban-Horse justly show his gifts?
"Horse works with Monkey" means both Mind and Will
Need binding firmly. Don't seek them outside.
All things back to Nirvāṇa follow one truth—
To join Tathāgata beneath twin trees.

This time our Monkey King had no respect for persons great or small; he lashed out this way and that with his iron rod, and not a single deity could withstand him. He fought all the way into the Hall of Perfect Light and was approaching the Hall of Divine Mists, where fortunately Numinous Officer Wang, aide to the Immortal Master of Adjuvant Holiness, was on duty. He saw the Great Sage advancing recklessly and went forward to bar his way, holding high his golden whip. "Wanton monkey," he cried, "where are you going? I am here, so don't you dare be insolent!"

The Great Sage did not wait for further utterance; he raised his rod and struck at once, while Numinous Officer met him also with brandished whip. The two of them charged into each other in front of the Hall of Divine Mists. What a fight that was between

A red-blooded patriot of ample fame,
And a Heaven's rebel with notorious name!
The saint and sinner gladly tangle close
So that two brave fighters can test their skills.
Though the rod is fierce
And the whip is fleet,
How can the upright and just one forbear?
This one is a supreme god of judgment with thunderous voice;
The other, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, a monstrous ape.
The golden whip and the iron rod used by the two
Are both divine weapons from the House of God.
At Divine Mists Treasure Hall they show their might today,
Each displaying his prowess winningly.
This one brashly seeks to take the Big Dipper Palace;
The other with all his strength defends the sacred realm.
In bitter strife relentless they show their power;
Moving back and forth, whip or rod has yet to score.

The two of them fought for some time, and neither victory nor defeat could yet be determined. The Immortal Master of Adjuvant Holiness, however, had already sent word to the Thunder Department, and thirty-six thunder deities were summoned to the scene. They surrounded the Great Sage and plunged into a fierce battle. The Great Sage was not in the least intimidated; wielding his compliant rod, he parried left and right and met his attackers to the front and to the rear. In a moment he saw that the scimitars, lances, swords, halberds, whips, maces, hammers, axes, gilt bludgeons, sickles, and spades of the thunder deities were coming thick and fast. So with one shake of his body he changed into a creature with six arms and three heads. One wave of the compliant rod and it turned into three; his six arms wielded the three rods like a spinning wheel, whirling and dancing in their midst. The various thunder deities could not approach him at all. Truly his form was

Tumbling round and round,
Bright and luminous;
A form everlasting, how imitated by men?
He cannot be burned by fire.
Can he ever be drowned in water?
A lustrous pearl of mani he is indeed,
Immune to all the spears and the swords.
He could be good;

He could be bad;
Present good and evil he could do at will.
He'd be an immortal, a Buddha, if he's good;
Wickedness would cloak him with hair and horn.
Endlessly changing he runs amok in Heaven,
Not to be seized by fighting lords or thunder gods.

At the time the various deities had the Great Sage surrounded, but they could not close in on him. All the hustle and bustle soon disturbed the Jade Emperor, who at once sent the Wandering Minister of Inspection and the Immortal Master of Blessed Wings to go to the Western Region and invite the aged Buddha to come and subdue the monster.

The two sages received the decree and went straight to the Spirit Mountain. After they had greeted the Four Vajra-Buddhas and the Eight Bodhisattvas in front of the Treasure Temple of Thunderclap, they asked them to announce their arrival. The deities therefore went before the Treasure Lotus Platform and made their report. Tathāgata at once invited them to appear before him, and the two sages made obeisance to the Buddha three times before standing in attendance beneath the platform. Tathāgata asked, "What causes the Jade Emperor to trouble the two sages to come here?"

The two sages explained as follows:

"Some time ago there was born on the Flower-Fruit Mountain a monkey who exercised his magic powers and gathered to himself a troop of monkeys to disturb the world. The Jade Emperor threw down a decree of pacification and appointed him a Bimawen, but he despised the lowliness of that position and left in rebellion. Devarāja Li and Prince Naṭa were sent to capture him, but they were unsuccessful, and another proclamation of amnesty was given to him. He was then made the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, a rank without compensation. After a while he was given the temporary job of looking after the Garden of Immortal Peaches, where almost immediately he stole the peaches. He also went to the Jasper Pool and made off with the food and wine, devastating the Grand Festival. Half-drunk, he went secretly into the Tushita Palace, stole the elixir of Laozi, and then left the Celestial Palace in revolt. Again the Jade Emperor sent a hundred thousand Heavenly soldiers, but he was not to be subdued.

Thereafter Guanyin sent for the Immortal Master Erlang and his sworn brothers, who fought and pursued him. Even then he knew many tricks of transformation, and only after he was hit by Laozi's diamond snare could Erlang finally capture him. Taken before the Throne, he was condemned to be executed; but, though slashed by a scimitar and hewn by an ax, burned by fire and struck by thunder, he was not hurt at all. After Laozi had received royal permission to take him away, he was refined by fire, and the brazier was not opened until the forty-ninth day. Immediately he jumped out of the Brazier of Eight Trigrams and beat back the celestial guardians.

He penetrated into the Hall of Perfect Light and was approaching the Hall of Divine Mists when Numinous Officer Wang, aide to the Immortal Master of Adjuvant Holiness, met and fought with him bitterly. Thirty-six thunder generals were ordered to encircle him completely, but they could never get near him. The situation is desperate, and for this reason, the Jade Emperor sent a special request for you to defend the Throne." When Tathāgata heard this, he said to the various bodhisattvas, "All of you remain steadfast here in the chief temple, and let no one relax his meditative posture. I have to go exorcise a demon and defend the Throne."

Tathāgata then called Ānanda and Kāśyapa, his two venerable disciples, to follow him. They left the Thunderclap Temple and arrived at the gate of the Hall of Divine Mists, where they were met by deafening shouts and yells. There the Great Sage was being beset by the thirty-six thunder deities. The Buddhist Patriarch gave the dharma-order:

"Let the thunder deities lower their arms and break up their encirclement. Ask the Great Sage to come out here and let me ask him what sort of divine power he has."

The various warriors retreated immediately, and the Great Sage also threw off his magical appearance. Changing back into his true form, he approached angrily and shouted with ill humor, "What region are you from, monk, that you dare stop the battle and question me?"

Tathāgata laughed and said, "I am Śākyamuni, the Venerable One from the Western Region of Ultimate Bliss. I have heard just now about your audacity, your wildness, and your repeated acts of rebellion against Heaven. Where were you born, and in which year did you succeed in acquiring the Way? Why are you so violent and unruly?"

The Great Sage said, "I was

Born of Earth and Heaven, immortal divinely fused,
An old monkey hailing from the Flower- Fruit Mount.
I made my home in the Water-Curtain Cave;
Seeking friend and teacher, I learned the Great Mystery.
Perfected in the many arts of ageless life,
I learned to change in ways boundless and vast.
Too narrow the space I found on that mortal earth:
I set my mind to live in the Green-jade Sky.
In Divine Mists Hall none should long reside,
For king may follow king in the reign of man.
If might is honor, let them yield to me.
He only is hero who dares to fight and win!"

When the Buddhist Patriarch heard these words, he laughed aloud in scorn. "A fellow like you," he said, "is only a monkey who happened to become a spirit. How dare you be so presumptuous as to want to seize the honored throne of the Exalted Jade Emperor? He began practicing religion when he was very young, and he has gone through the bitter experience of one thousand seven hundred and fifty kalpas, with each kalpa lasting a hundred and twenty-nine thousand six hundred years. Figure out yourself how many years it took him to rise to the enjoyment of his great and limitless position! You are merely a beast who has just attained human form in this incarnation. How dare you make such a boast? Blasphemy! This is sheer blasphemy, and it will surely shorten your allotted age.

Repent while there's still time and cease your idle talk! Be wary that you don't encounter such peril that you will be cut down in an instant, and all your original gifts will be wasted."

"Even if the Jade Emperor has practiced religion from childhood," said the Great Sage, "he should not be allowed to remain here forever. The proverb says,

Many are the turns of kingship:
By next year the turn will be mine!

Tell him to move out at once and hand over the Celestial Palace to me. That'll be the end of the matter. If not, I shall continue to cause disturbances and there'll never be peace!"

"Besides your immortality and your transformations," said the Buddhist Patriarch, "what other powers do you have that you dare to usurp this hallowed region of Heaven?"

"I've plenty of them!" said the Great Sage. "Indeed, I know seventy-two transformations and a life that does not grow old through ten thousand kalpas. I know also how to cloud somersault, and one leap will take me one hundred and eight thousand miles. Why can't I sit on the Heavenly throne?"

The Buddhist Patriarch said, "Let me make a wager with you. If you have the ability to somersault clear of this right palm of mine, I shall consider you the winner. You need not raise your weapon in battle then, for I shall ask the Jade Emperor to go live with me in the West and let you have the Celestial Palace. If you cannot somersault out of my hand, you can go back to the Region Below and be a monster. Work through a few more kalpas before you return to cause more trouble." When the Great Sage heard this, he said to himself, snickering, "What a fool this Tathāgata is! A single somersault of mine can carry old Monkey one hundred and eight thousand miles, yet his palm is not even one foot across. How could I possibly not jump clear of it?"

He asked quickly, "You're certain that your decision will stand?"

"Certainly it will," said Tathāgata. He stretched out his right hand, which was about the size of a lotus leaf. Our Great Sage put away his compliant rod and, summoning his power, leaped up and stood right in the center of the Patriarch's hand. He said simply, "I'm off!" and he was gone—all but invisible like a streak of light in the clouds. Training the eye of wisdom on him, the Buddhist Patriarch saw that the Monkey King was hurtling along relentlessly like a whirligig.

As the Great Sage advanced, he suddenly saw five flesh-pink pillars supporting a mass of green air. "This must be the end of the road," he said. "When I go back presently, Tathāgata will be my witness and I shall certainly take up residence in the Palace of Divine Mists."

But he thought to himself, "Wait a moment! I'd better leave some kind of memento if I'm going to negotiate with Tathāgata."

He plucked a hair and blew a mouthful of magic breath onto it, crying, "Change!" It changed into a writing brush with extra thick hair soaked in heavy ink. On the middle pillar he then wrote in large letters the following line:

"The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, has made a tour of this place." When he had finished writing, he retrieved his hair, and with a total lack of respect he left a bubbling pool of monkey urine at the base of the first pillar. He reversed his cloud somersault and went back to where he had started. Standing on Tathāgata's palm, he said, "I left, and now I'm back. Tell the Jade Emperor to give me the Celestial Palace."

"You pisshead ape!" scolded Tathāgata. "Since when did you ever leave the palm of my hand?"

The Great Sage said, "You are just ignorant! I went to the edge of Heaven, and I found five flesh-pink pillars supporting a mass of green air. I left a memento there. Do you dare go with me to have a look at the place?"

"No need to go there," said Tathāgata. "Just lower your head and take a look." When the Great Sage stared down with his fiery eyes and diamond pupils, he found written on the middle finger of the Buddhist Patriarch's right hand the sentence, "The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, has made a tour of this place."

A pungent whiff of monkey urine came from the fork between the thumb and the first finger. Astonished, the Great Sage said, "Could this really happen? Could this really happen? I wrote those words on the pillars supporting the sky. How is it that they now appear on his finger? Could it be that he is exercising the magic power of foreknowledge without divination? I won't believe it! I won't believe it! Let me go there once more!"

Dear Great Sage! Quickly he crouched and was about to jump up again, when the Buddhist Patriarch flipped his hand over and tossed the Monkey King out of the West Heaven Gate. The five fingers were transformed into the Five Phases of metal, wood, water, fire, and earth. They became, in fact, five connected mountains, named Five-Phases Mountain, which pinned him down with just enough pressure to keep him there. The thunder deities, Ānanda, and Kāśyapa all folded their hands and cried in acclamation:

Praise be to virtue! Praise be to virtue!

He learned to be human, born from an egg that year,
And aimed to reap the authentic Way's fruit.
He lived in a fine place by kalpas untouched.
One day he changed, expending vim and strength.
Craving high place, he flouted Heaven's reign,
Mocked saints and stole pills, breaking great relations.
Evil, full to the brim, now meets retribution.
We know not when he may find release.

After the Buddhist Patriarch Tathāgata had vanquished the monstrous monkey, he at once called Ānanda and Kāśyapa to return with him to the Western Paradise. At that moment, however, Tianpeng and Tianyou, two celestial messengers, came running out of the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists and said, "We beg Tathāgata to wait a moment, please! Our Lord's grand carriage will arrive momentarily." When the Buddhist Patriarch heard these words, he turned around and waited with reverence. In a moment he did indeed see a chariot drawn by eight colorful phoenixes and covered by a canopy adorned with nine luminous jewels.

The entire cortege was accompanied by the sound of wondrous songs and melodies, chanted by a vast celestial choir. Scattering precious blossoms and diffusing fragrant incense, it came up to the Buddha, and the Jade Emperor offered his thanks, saying, "We are truly indebted to your mighty dharma for vanquishing that monster. We beseech Tathāgata to remain for one brief day, so that we may invite the immortals to join us in giving you a banquet of thanks." Not daring to refuse, Tathāgata folded his hands to thank the Jade Emperor, saying, "Your old monk came here at your command, Most Honorable Deva. Of what power may I boast, really? I owe my success entirely to the excellent fortune of Your Majesty and the various deities. How can I be worthy of your thanks?"

The Jade Emperor then ordered the various deities from the Thunder Department to send invitations abroad to the Three Pure Ones, the Four Ministers, the Five Elders, the Six Women Officials, the Seven Stars, the Eight Poles, the Nine Luminaries, and

the Ten Capitals. Together with a thousand immortals and ten thousand sages, they were to come to the thanksgiving banquet given for the Buddhist Patriarch. The Four Great Imperial Preceptors and the Divine Maidens of Nine Heavens were told to open wide the golden gates of the Jade Capital, the Treasure Palace of Primal Secret, and the Five Lodges of Penetrating Brightness. Tathāgata was asked to be seated high on the Numinous Terrace of Seven Treasures, and the rest of the deities were then seated according to rank and age before a banquet of dragon livers, phoenix marrow, juices of jade, and immortal peaches.

In a little while, the Jade-Pure Celestial Worthy of Commencement, the Highest-Pure Celestial Worthy of Numinous Treasure, the Great-Pure Celestial Worthy of Moral Virtue, the Immortal Masters of Five Influences, the Star Spirits of Five Constellations, the Three Ministers, the Four Sages, the Nine Luminaries, the Left and Right Assistants, the Devarāja, and Prince Naṭa all marched in leading a train of flags and canopies in pairs. They were all holding rare treasures and lustrous pearls, fruits of longevity and exotic flowers to be presented to the Buddha. As they bowed before him, they said, "We are most grateful for the unfathomable power of Tathāgata, who has subdued the monstrous monkey. We are grateful, too, to the Most Honorable Deva, who is having this banquet and asked us to come here to offer our thanks. May we beseech Tathāgata to give this banquet a name?" Responding to the petition of the various deities, Tathāgata said, "If a name is desired, let this be called 'The Great Banquet for Peace in Heaven.'" "What a magnificent name!" the various Immortals cried in unison. "Indeed, it shall be the Great Banquet for Peace in Heaven." When they finished speaking, they took their seats separately, and there was the pouring of wine and exchanging of cups, pinning of corsages and playing of zithers. It was indeed a magnificent banquet, for which we have a testimonial poem. The poem says:

That Immortal Peach Feast the ape disturbed
Is topped by this Banquet for Peace in Heav'n.
Dragon flags and phoenix carts glow in halos bright;
Blazing signs and banners whirl in hallowed light.
The tunes and songs divine are sweet and fair;
Phoenix pipes and jade flutes both loudly play.
Fragrant incense shrouds this assembly of saints.
All the world's tranquil to praise the Holy Court.

As all of them were feasting merrily, the Lady Queen Mother also led a host of divine maidens and immortal singing girls to come before the Buddha, dancing with nimble feet. They bowed to him, and she said, "Our Festival of Immortal Peaches was ruined by that monstrous monkey. We are beholden to the mighty power of Tathāgata for the enchainment of this mischievous ape. In the celebration during this Great Banquet for Peace in Heaven, we have little to offer as a token of our thanks. Please accept, however, these few immortal peaches plucked from the large trees by our own hands." They were truly

Half red, half green, and spouting aroma sweet,
These luscious divine roots of ten thousand years.
Pity those fruits planted at Wuling Spring!
How could they match the marvels of Heaven's home:
Those tender ones of purple veins so rare in the world,
And those peerlessly sweet of pale yellow pits?
They lengthen age, prolong life, and change your frame.

He who's lucky to eat them will ne'er be the same.

After the Buddhist Patriarch had pressed together his hands to thank the Queen Mother, she ordered the immortal singing girls and the divine maidens to sing and dance. All the immortals at the banquet applauded enthusiastically. Truly there were

Whorls of Heavenly incense filling the seats,
And profuse array of divine petals and stems.
Jade capital and golden arches in what great splendor!
How priceless, too, the strange goods and rare treasures!
Every pair had the same age as Heaven.
Every set increased through ten thousand kalpas.
Mulberry fields or vast oceans, let them shift and change.
He who lives here has neither grief nor fear.

The Queen Mother commanded the immortal maidens to sing and dance, as wine cups and goblets clinked together steadily. After a little while, suddenly

A wondrous fragrance came to meet the nose,
Rousing Stars and Planets in that great hall.
The gods and the Buddha put down their cups.
Raising his head, each waited with his eyes.
There in the air appeared an aged man,
Holding a most luxuriant long-life plant.
His gourd had elixir often thousand years.
His book listed names twelve millennia old.
Sky and earth in his cave knew no constraint.
Sun and moon were perfected in his vase.
He roamed the Four Seas in joy serene,
And made the Ten Islets his tranquil home.
Getting drunk often at the Peaches Feast
He woke; the moon shone brightly as of old.
He had a long head, short frame, and large ears.
His name: Star of Long Life from South Pole.

After the Star of Long Life arrived and greeted the Jade Emperor, he also went up to thank Tathāgata, saying, "When I first heard that the baneful monkey was being led by Laozi to the Tushita Palace to be refined by alchemical fire, I thought peace was surely secured. I never suspected that he could still escape, and it was fortunate that Tathāgata in his goodness had subdued this monster. When I got word of the thanksgiving banquet, I came at once. I have no other gifts to present to you but these purple agaric, jasper plant, jade green lotus root, and golden elixir."

The poem says:

Jade-green lotus and golden drug are given to Śākya.
Like the sands of Ganges is the age of Tathāgata.
The brocade of the three wains is calm, eternal bliss.
The nine-grade garland is a wholesome, endless life.
The true master of the Mādhyamika School
Dwells in the Heaven of both form and emptiness.
The great earth and cosmos all call him Lord.
His sixteen-foot diamond frame's great in blessing and age.

Tathāgata accepted the thanks cheerfully, and the Star of Long Life went to his seat. Again there was pouring of wine and exchanging of cups. The Great Immortal of Naked Feet also arrived. After prostrating himself before the Jade Emperor, he too went to thank the Buddhist Patriarch, saying, "I am profoundly grateful for your dharma, which subdued the baneful monkey. I have no other things to convey my respect but two magic pears and some lire dates, which I now present to you."

The poem says:

The Naked- Feet Immortal brought fragrant pears and dates
To give to Amitābha, whose count of years is long.
Firm as a hill is his Lotus Platform of Seven Treasures;
Brocadelike is his Flower Seat of Thousand Gold adorned.
No false speech is this—his age equals Heaven and Earth;
Nor is this a lie—his luck is great as the sea.
Blessing and long life reach in him their fullest scope,
Dwelling in that Western Region of calm, eternal bliss.

Tathāgata again thanked him and asked Ānanda and Kāśyapa to put away the gifts one by one before approaching the Jade Emperor to express his gratitude for the banquet. By now, everyone was somewhat tipsy. A Spirit Minister of Inspection then arrived to make the report, "The Great Sage is sticking out his head!"

"No need to worry," said the Buddhist Patriarch. He took from his sleeve a tag on which were written in gold letters the words *Oṁ maṇi padme hūṁ*. Handing it over to Ānanda, he told him to stick it on the top of the mountain. This deva received the tag, took it out of the Heaven Gate, and stuck it tightly on a square piece of rock at the top of the Mountain of Five Phases. The mountain immediately struck root and grew together at the seams, though there was enough space for breathing and for the prisoner's hands to crawl out and move around a bit. Ānanda then returned to report, "The tag is tightly attached."

Tathāgata then took leave of the Jade Emperor and the deities, and went with the two devas out of the Heaven Gate. Moved by compassion, he recited a divine spell and called together a local spirit and the Fearless Guards of Five Quarters to stand watch over the Five-Phases Mountain. They were told to feed the prisoner with iron pellets when he was hungry and to give him melted copper to drink when he was thirsty. When the time of his chastisement was fulfilled, they were told, someone would be coming to deliver him. So it is that

The brash, baneful monkey in revolt against Heaven
Is brought to submission by Tathāgata.
He drinks melted copper to endure the seasons,
And feeds on iron pellets to pass the time.
Tried by this bitter misfortune sent from the Sky,
He's glad to be living, though in a piteous lot.
If this hero is allowed to struggle anew,
He'll serve Buddha in future and go to the West.

Another poem says:

Prideful of his power once the time was ripe,
He tamed dragon and tiger, flaunting wily might.
Stealing peaches and wine, he roamed Heaven's House.

He found trust and grace in the City of Jade.
He's now bound, for his evil's full to the brim.
By good stock unfailing his breath will rise again.
If he's indeed to flee Tathāgata's hands,
He must await from Tang court the holy monk.

We do not know in what month or year hereafter the days of his penance will be fulfilled; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHT

Our Buddha makes scriptures to impart ultimate bliss
Guanyin receives the decree to go up to Chang'an

Ask at meditation-pass
Why even countless queries
Would lead just to empty old age!
Shine bricks to make mirrors?
Hoard snow for foodstuff?
How many youths are thus deceived;
A feather swallows the great ocean?
A mustard seed holds the Sumeru?
Golden Dhūta is gently smiling.
The enlightened transcends the ten stops and three wains
Sluggards must join the four beasts and six ways.
Who can hear below the Thoughtless Cliff,
Beneath the Shadowless Tree,
The cuckoo's one call for the dawn of spring?
Roads at Caoxi, perilous;
Clouds on Vulture's Peak, dense;
Here an old friend's voice turns mute.
At a ten thousand-foot waterfall
Where a five-petal lotus unfolds,
Incense wraps an old temple's drapes.
In that hour,
Once you break through to the source,
The Dragon King's three jewels you'll see.

The tune of this lyric is named *"Su Wu at Slow Pace."*

We shall now tell you about our Sovereign Buddha Tathāgata, who took leave of the Jade Emperor and returned to the Treasure Monastery of Thunderclap. All the three thousand buddhas, the five hundred arhats, the eight diamond kings, and the countless bodhisattvas held temple pennants, embroidered canopies, rare treasures, and immortal flowers, forming an orderly array before the Spirit Mountain and beneath the two Śāla Trees to welcome him. Tathāgata stopped his hallowed cloud and said to them:

I have
With deepest prajñā
Looked through the three realms.
All fundamental nature
Will end in extinction
Like empty phenomena
Existing as nothing.
The wily ape's extirpation,
This, none can comprehend.
Name, birth, death, and origin
Of all forms appear thus.

When he had finished speaking, he beamed forth the śārī light, which filled the air with forty-two white rainbows, connected end to end from north to south. Seeing this, the crowd bowed down and worshipped.

In a little while, Tathāgata gathered together the holy clouds and blessed fog, ascended the lotus platform of the highest rank, and sat down solemnly. Those three thousand buddhas, five hundred arhats, eight diamond kings, and four bodhisattvas folded their hands and drew near. After bowing down, they asked, "The one who caused disturbance in Heaven and ruined the Peach Festival, who was he?"

"That fellow," said Tathāgata, "was a baneful monkey born in the Flower-Fruit Mountain. His wickedness was beyond all bounds and defied description. The divine warriors of the entire Heaven could not bring him to submission. Though Erlang caught him and Laozi tried to refine him with fire, they could not hurt him at all. When I arrived, he was just making an exhibition of his might and prowess in the midst of the thunder deities. When I stopped the fighting and asked about his antecedents, he said that he had magic powers, knowing how to transform himself and how to cloud somersault, which would carry him one hundred and eight thousand miles at a time. I made a wager with him to see whether he could leap clear of my hand. I then grabbed hold of him while my fingers changed into the Mountain of Five Phases, which had him firmly pinned down. The Jade Emperor opened wide the golden doors of the Jade Palace, invited me to sit at the head table, and gave a Banquet for Peace in Heaven to thank me. It was only a short while ago that I took leave of the throne to come back here."

All were delighted by these words. After they had expressed their highest praise for the Buddha, they withdrew according to their ranks; they went back to their several duties and enjoyed the *bhūtatathatā.* Truly it is the scene of

Holy mist encompassing Tianzhu,
Rainbow light enclosing the Honored One,
Who is called the First in the West,
The King of the Formlessness School.
Often black apes are seen presenting fruits.
Tailed-deer holding flowers in their mouths,
Blue phoenixes dancing,
Colorful birds singing,
The spirit tortoise boasting of his age,
And the divine crane picking agaric.
They enjoy in peace the Pure Land's Jetavana,
The Dragon Palace, and worlds vast as Ganges' sands.
Every day the flowers bloom;
Every hour the fruits ripen.
They work silence to reach perfection.
They meditate to bear the right fruit.
They do not die nor are they born.
No growth is there, nor any decrease.
Mist and smoke wraithlike may come and go.
No seasons intrude, nor are years recalled.

The poem says:

To go or come is casual and free;

Of fear or sorrow there's not one degree.
Fields of Ultimate Bliss are flat and wide.
In this great world no four seasons abide.

As the Buddhist Patriarch lived in the Treasure Monastery of the Thunderclap in the Spirit Mountain, he called together one day the various buddhas, arhats, guardians, bodhisattvas, diamond kings, and mendicant monks and nuns and said to them, "We do not know how much time has passed here since I subdued the wily monkey and pacified Heaven, but I suppose at least half a millennium has gone by in the worldly realm. As this is the fifteenth day of the first month of autumn, I have prepared a treasure bowl filled with a hundred varieties of exotic flowers and a thousand kinds of rare fruit. I would like to share them with all of you in celebration of the Feast of the Ullambana Bowl. How about it?" Every one of them folded his hands and paid obeisance to the Buddha three times to receive the festival. Tathāgata then ordered Ānanda to take the flowers and fruits from the treasure bowl, and Kāśyapa was asked to distribute them. All were thankful, and they presented poems to express their gratitude.

The poem of blessing says:

The star of blessing shines before Lokajyeṣṭha,
Who enjoys blessing lasting and immense.
His blessing's boundless virtue endures as Earth.
His blessing's source is gladly linked to Heaven.
His blessing's fields, far planted, prosper each year.
His blessing's sea, huge and deep, is ever strong.
His blessing fills the world and all will be blessed.
May his blessing increase, endless and complete.

The poem of wealth says:

His wealth weighs a mountain where the phoenix sings.
His wealth trails the seasons to wish him long life.
He gains wealth in huge sums as his body health.
He joys in wealth abundant as the world in peace.
His wealth's reach equals Heaven is ever safe.
His wealth's name is sealike but even more pure.
His wealth's grace far-reaching is sought by all.
His wealth is boundless, enriching countless lands.

The poem of long life says:

The Star of Long Life gives gifts to Tathāgata,
From whom light of long life begins now to shine.
The long life fruits fill the bowls with hues divine.
The long life blooms, newly plucked, deck the lotus throne.
The long life verse, how elegant and finely wrought.
The long life songs are scored by gifted minds.
The long life's length matches the sun and moon's.
Long life, like sea and mountain, is twice as long!

After the bodhisattvas had presented their poems, they invited Tathāgata to disclose the origin and elucidate the source. Tathāgata gently opened his benevolent mouth to expound the great dharma and to proclaim the truth. He lectured on the wondrous doctrines of the three vehicles, the five skandhas, and the *Śūrangamā Sūtra*.

As he did so, celestial dragons were seen circling above and flowers descended like rain in abundance. It was truly thus:

The Chan mind shines bright like a thousand rivers' moon;
True nature's pure and great as an unclouded sky.

When Tathāgata had finished his lecture, he said to the congregation, "I have "watched the Four Great Continents, and the morality of their inhabitants varies from place to place. Those living on the East Pūrvavideha revere Heaven and Earth, and they are straightforward and peaceful. Those on the North Uttarakuru, though they love to destroy life, do so out of the necessity of making a livelihood. Moreover, they are rather dull of mind and lethargic in spirit, and they are not likely to do much harm. Those of our West Aparagodānīya are neither covetous nor prone to kill; they control their humor and temper their spirit. There is, to be sure, no illuminate of the first order, but everyone is certain to attain longevity. Those who reside in the South Jambūdvīpa, however, are prone to practice lechery and delight in evildoing, indulging in much slaughter and strife. Indeed, they are all caught in the treacherous field of tongue and mouth, in the wicked sea of slander and malice. However, I have three baskets of true scriptures which can persuade man to do good." Upon hearing these words, the various bodhisattvas folded their hands and bowed down. "What are the three baskets of authentic scriptures," they asked, "that Tathāgata possesses?"

Tathāgata said, "I have one collection of vinaya, which speaks of Heaven; one collection of śāstras, which tells of the Earth; and one collection of sūtras, which redeems the damned. Altogether the three collections of scriptures contain thirty-five divisions written in fifteen thousand one hundred forty-four scrolls. They are the scriptures for the cultivation of immortality; they are the gate to ultimate virtue. I myself would like to send these to the Land of the East; but the creatures in that region are so stupid and so scornful of the truth that they ignore the weighty elements of our Law and mock the true sect of Yoga. Somehow we need a person with power to go to the Land of the East and find a virtuous believer. He will be asked to experience the bitter travail of passing through a thousand mountains and ten thousand waters to come here in quest of the authentic scriptures, so that they may be forever implanted in the east to enlighten the people. This will provide a source of blessings great as a mountain and deep as the sea. Which one of you is willing to make such a trip?"

At that moment, the Bodhisattva Guanyin came near the lotus platform and paid obeisance three times to the Buddha, saying, "Though your disciple is untalented, she is willing to go to the Land of the East to find a scripture pilgrim." Lifting their heads to look, the various buddhas saw that the Bodhisattva had

A mind perfected in the four virtues,
A golden body filled with wisdom,
Fringes of dangling pearls and jade,
Scented bracelets set with lustrous treasures,
Dark hair piled smartly in a coiled-dragon bun,
And brocade sashes fluttering as phoenix quills.
Her green jade buttons
And white silk robe
Bathed in holy light;
Her velvet skirt
And golden cords
Wrapped by hallowed air.

With brows of new moon shape
And eyes like two bright stars,
Her jadelike face beams natural joy,
And her ruddy lips seem a flash of red.
Her immaculate vase overflows with nectar from year to year,
Holding sprigs of weeping willow green from age to age.
She disperses the eight woes;
She redeems the multitude;
She has great compassion;
Thus she rules the Tai Mountain
And lives at the South Sea.
She saves the poor, searching for their voices,
Ever heedful and solicitous,
Ever wise and efficacious.
Her orchid heart delights in green bamboos;
Her chaste nature loves the wisteria.
She is the merciful lord of the Potalaka Mountain,
The Living Guanyin from the Cave of Tidal Sound.

When Tathāgata saw her, he was most delighted and said to her, "No other person is qualified to make this journey. It must be the Honorable Guanyin of mighty magic powers—she's the one to do it!"

"As your disciple departs for the east," said the Bodhisattva, "do you have any instructions?"

"As you travel," said Tathāgata, "you are to examine the way carefully. Do not journey high in the air, but remain at an altitude halfway between mist and cloud so that you can see the mountains and waters and remember the exact distance. You will then be able to instruct closely the scripture pilgrim. Since he may still find the journey difficult, I shall also give you five talismans." Ordering Ānanda and Kāśyapa to bring out an embroidered cassock and a nine-ring priestly staff, he said to the Bodhisattva, "You may give this cassock and this staff to the scripture pilgrim. If he is firm in his intention to come here, he may put on the cassock and it will protect him from falling back into the wheel of transmigration. When he holds the staff, it will keep him from meeting poison or harm."

The Bodhisattva bowed low to receive the gifts. Tathāgata then took out also three fillets and handed them to the Bodhisattva, saying, "These treasures are called the tightening fillets, and though they are all alike, their uses are not the same. I have a separate spell for each of them: the Golden, the Constrictive, and the Prohibitive Spell. If you encounter on the way any monster who possesses great magic powers, you must persuade him to learn to be good and to follow the scripture pilgrim as his disciple. If he is disobedient, this fillet may be put on his head, and it will strike root the moment it comes into contact with the flesh. Recite the particular spell which belongs to the fillet and it will cause the head to swell and ache so painfully that he will think his brains are bursting. That will persuade him to come within our fold."

After the Bodhisattva had bowed to the Buddha and taken her leave, she called Disciple Hui'an to follow her. This Hui'an, you see, carried a huge iron rod that weighed a thousand pounds. He followed the Bodhisattva closely and served her as a powerful bodyguard.

The Bodhisattva made the embroidered cassock into a bundle and placed it on his back; she hid the golden fillets, took up the priestly staff, and went down the Spirit Mountain. Lo, this one journey will result in

A Buddha son returning to keep his primal vow.
The Gold Cicada Elder will clasp the candana.

The Bodhisattva went to the bottom of the hill, where she was received at the door of the Jade Perfection Daoist Abbey by the Great Immortal of Golden Head. The Bodhisattva was presented with tea, but she did not dare linger long, saying, "I have received the dharma-decree of Tathāgata to look for a scripture pilgrim in the Land of the East."

The Great Immortal said, "When do you expect the scripture pilgrim to arrive?"

"I'm not sure," said the Bodhisattva. "Perhaps in two or three years' time he'll be able to get here." So she took leave of the Great Immortal and traveled at an altitude halfway between cloud and mist in order that she might remember the way and the distance. We have a testimonial poem for her that says:

A search through ten thousand miles—no need to say!
To state who will be found is no easy thing.
Has not seeking someone been just like this?
What's been my whole life, was that a mere chance?
We preach the Dao, our method turns foolish
When saying meets no belief; we preach in vain.
To find some percipient I'd yield liver and gall.
There's affinity, I think, lying straight ahead.

As the mentor and her disciple journeyed, they suddenly came upon a large body of Weak Water, for this was the region of the Flowing Sand River.

"My disciple," said the Bodhisattva, "this place is difficult to cross. The scripture pilgrim will be of temporal bones and mortal stock. How will he be able to get across?"

"Teacher," said Hui'an, "how wide do you suppose this river is?"

The Bodhisattva stopped her cloud to take a look, and she saw that

In the east it touches the sandy coast;
In the west it joins the barbaric states;
In the south it reaches even Wuyi;
In the north it comes near the Tartars.
Its width is eight hundred miles,
And its length must measure many thousand more.
The water flows as if Earth is heaving its frame.
The current rises like a mountain rearing its back.
Outspread and immense;
Vast and interminable.
The sound of its towering billows reaches distant ears.
The raft of a god cannot come here,
Nor can a leaf of the lotus stay afloat.
Lifeless grass in the twilight drifts along the crooked banks.
Yellow clouds conceal the sun to darken the long dikes.

Where can one find the traffic of merchants?
Has there been ever a shelter for fishermen?
On the flat sand no wild geese descend;
From distant shores comes the crying of apes.
Only the red smartweed flowers know this scene,
Basking in the white duckweed's fragile scent.

The Bodhisattva was looking over the river when suddenly a loud splash was heard, and from the midst of the waves leaped an ugly and ferocious monster. He appeared to have

A green, though not too green,
And black, though not too black,
Face of gloomy complexion;
A long, though not too long,
And short, though not too short,
Sinewy body with naked feet.
His gleaming eyes
Shone like two lights beneath the stove.
His mouth, forked at the corners,
Was like a butcher's bloody bowl.
With teeth protruding like swords and knives,
And red hair all disheveled,
He bellowed once and it sounded like thunder,
While his legs sprinted like whirling wind.

Holding in his hands a priestly staff, that fiendish creature ran up the bank and tried to seize the Bodhisattva. He was opposed, however, by Hui'an, who wielded his iron rod, crying, "Stop!", but the fiendish creature raised his staff to meet him. So the two of them engaged in a fierce battle beside the Flowing Sand River, which was truly terrifying.

The iron rod of Mokṣa[1]
Displays its power to defend the Law;
The monster-taming staff of the creature
Labors to show its heroic might.
Two silver pythons dance along the river's bank.
A pair of godlike monks charge each other on the shore.
This one plies his talents as the forceful lord of Flowing Sand.
That one, to attain great merit, protects Guanyin by strength.
This one churns up foam and stirs up waves.
That one belches fog and spits out wind.
The stirred-up foams and waves darken Heaven and Earth.
The spat-out fog and wind make dim both sun and moon.
The monster-taming staff of this one
Is like a white tiger emerging from the mountain;
The iron rod of that one
Is like a yellow dragon lying on the way.

1. In Hinduism and Janaism "moksha or moksa" refers to the release from the cycle of rebirth. In Janism also the liberation of the soul from evil and whose symbolism has moksa as situated at the crown of the head of the Cosmic Giant.

When used by one,
This weapon spreads open the grass and finds the snake.
When let loose by the other,
That weapon knocks down the kite and splits the pine.
They fight until the darkness thickens
Save for the glittering stars,
And the fog looms up
To obscure both sky and land.
This one, long a dweller in the Weak Water, is uniquely fierce.
That one, newly leaving the Spirit Mountain, seeks his first win.

Back and forth along the river the two of them fought for twenty or thirty rounds without either prevailing, when the fiendish creature stilled the other's iron rod and asked, "What region do you come from, monk, that you dare oppose me?"

"I'm the second son of the Pagoda Bearer Devarāja," said Mokṣa, "Mokṣa, Disciple Hui'an. I am serving as the guardian of my mentor, who is looking for a scripture pilgrim in the Land of the East. What kind of monster are you that you dare block our way?"

"I remember," said the monster, suddenly recognizing his opponent, "that you used to follow the Guanyin of the South Sea and practice austerities there in the bamboo grove. How did you get to this place?"

"Don't you realize," said Mokṣa, "that she is my mentor—the one over there on the shore?" When the monster heard these words, he apologized repeatedly. Putting away his staff, he allowed Mokṣa to grasp him by the collar and lead him away. He lowered his head and bowed low to Guanyin, saying, "Bodhisattva, please forgive me and let me submit my explanation. I am no monster; rather, I am the Curtain-Raising General who waits upon the phoenix chariot of the Jade Emperor at the Divine Mists Hall. Because I carelessly broke a crystal cup at one of the Festivals of Immortal Peaches, the Jade Emperor gave me eight hundred lashes, banished me to the Region Below, and changed me into my present shape. Every seventh day he sends a flying sword to stab my breast and side more than a hundred times before it leaves me. Hence my present wretchedness! Moreover, the hunger and cold are unbearable, and I am driven every few days to come out of the waves and find a traveler for food. I certainly did not expect that my ignorance would today lead me to offend the great, merciful Bodhisattva."

"Because of your sin in Heaven," said the Bodhisattva, "you were banished. Yet the taking of life in your present manner surely is adding sin to sin. By the decree of Buddha, I am on my way to the Land of the East to find a scripture pilgrim. Why don't you come into my fold, take refuge in good works, and follow the scripture pilgrim as his disciple when he goes to the Western Heaven to ask Buddha for the scriptures? I'll order the flying sword to stop piercing you. At the time when you achieve merit, your sin will be expiated and you will be restored to your former position. How do you feel about that?"

"I'm willing," said the monster, "to seek refuge in right action."

He said also, "Bodhisattva, I have devoured countless human beings at this place. There have even been a number of scripture pilgrims here, and I ate all of them. The heads of those I devoured I threw into the Flowing Sand, and they sank to the bottom, for such is the nature of this water that not even goose down can float on it. But

the skulls of the nine pilgrims floated on the water and would not sink. Regarding them as something unusual, I chained them together with a rope and played with them at my leisure. If this becomes known, I fear that no other scripture pilgrim will want to come this way. Won't it jeopardize my future?"

"Not come this way? How absurd!" said the Bodhisattva. "You may take the skulls and hang them round your neck. When the scripture pilgrim arrives, there will be a use for them."

"If that's the case," said the monster, "I'm now willing to receive your instructions." The Bodhisattva then touched the top of his head and gave him the commandments. The sand was taken to be a sign, and he was given the surname "Sha" and the religious name "Wujing," and that was how he entered the Gate of Sand. After he had seen the Bodhisattva on her way, he washed his heart and purified himself; he never took life again but waited attentively for the arrival of the scripture pilgrim.

So the Bodhisattva parted with him and went with Mokṣa toward the Land of the East. They traveled for a long time and came upon a high mountain, which was covered by miasma so foul that they could not ascend it on foot. They were just about to mount the clouds and pass over it when a sudden blast of violent wind brought into view another monster of most ferocious appearance. Look at his

Lips curled and twisted like dried lotus leaves;
Ears like rush-leaf fans and hard, gleaming eyes;
Gaping teeth as sharp as a fine steel file's;
A long mouth wide open like a fire pot.
A gold cap is fastened with bands by the cheek.
Straps on his armor seem like scaleless snakes.
He holds a rake—a dragon's outstretched claws;
From his waist hangs a bow of half-moon shape.
His awesome presence and his prideful mien
Defy the deities and daunt the gods.

He rushed up toward the two travelers and, without regard for good or ill, lifted the rake and brought it down hard on the Bodhisattva. But he was met by Disciple Hui'an, who cried with a loud voice, "Reckless monster! Desist from this insolence! Look out for my rod!"

"This monk," said the monster, "doesn't know any better! Look out for my rake!" The two of them clashed together at the foot of the mountain to discover who was to be the victor. It was a magnificent battle!

The monster is fierce.
Hui'an is powerful.
The iron rod jabs at the heart;
The muckrake swipes at the face.
Spraying mud and splattering dust darken Heaven and Earth;
Flying sand and hurling rocks scare demons and gods.
The nine-teeth rake,
All burnished,
Loudly jingles with double rings;
The single rod,
Black throughout,
Leaps and flies in both hands.

This one is the prince of a Devarāja;
That one is the spirit of a grand marshal.
This one defends the faith at Potalaka;
That one lives in a cave as a monster.
Meeting this time they rush to fight,
Not knowing who shall lose and who shall win.

At the very height of their battle, Guanyin threw down some lotus flowers from midair, separating the rod from the rake. Alarmed by what he saw, the fiendish creature asked, "What region are you from, monk, that you dare to play this 'flower-in-the-eye' trick on me?"

"Cursed beast of fleshly eyes and mortal stock!" said Mokṣa. "I am the disciple of the Bodhisattva from South Sea, and these are lotus flowers thrown down by my mentor. Don't you recognize them?"

"The Bodhisattva from South Sea?" asked the fiend. "Is she Guanyin who sweeps away the three calamities and rescues us from the eight disasters?"

"Who else," said Mokṣa, "if not she?"

The fiend threw away his muckrake, lowered his head, and bowed, saying, "Venerable brother! Where is the Bodhisattva? Please be so good as to introduce me to her." Mokṣa raised his head and pointed upward, saying, "Isn't she up there?"

"Bodhisattva!" the fiend kowtowed toward her and cried with a loud voice, "Pardon my sin! Pardon my sin!"

Guanyin lowered the direction of her cloud and came to ask him, "What region are you from, wild boar who has become a spirit or old sow who has become a fiend, that you dare bar my way?"

"I am neither a wild boar," said the fiend, "nor am I an old sow! I was originally the Marshal of the Heavenly Reeds in the Heavenly River. Because I got drunk and dallied with the Goddess of the Moon, the Jade Emperor had me beaten with a mallet two thousand times and banished me to the world of dust. My true spirit was seeking the proper home for my next incarnation when I lost my way, passed through the womb of an old sow, and ended up with a shape like this! Having bitten the sow to death and killed the rest of the litter, I took over this mountain ranch and passed my days eating people. Little did I expect to run into the Bodhisattva. Save me, I implore you! Save me!"

"What is the name of this mountain?" asked the Bodhisattva.

"It's called the Mountain of the Blessed Mound," said the fiendish creature, "and there is a cave in it by the name of Cloudy Paths. There was a Second Elder Sister Egg originally in the cave. She saw that I knew something of the martial art and therefore asked me to be the head of the family, following the so-called practice of 'standing backward in the door.' After less than a year, she died, leaving me to enjoy the possession of her entire cave. I have spent many days and years at this place, but I know no means of supporting myself and I pass the time eating people. I implore the Bodhisattva to pardon my sin."

The Bodhisattva said, "There is an old saying:

If you want to have a future,
Don't act heedless of the future.

You have already transgressed in the Region Above, and yet you have not changed your violent ways but indulge in the taking of life. Don't you know that both crimes will be punished?"

"The future! The future!" said the fiend. "If I listen to you, I might as well feed on the wind! The proverb says,

you follow the law of the court, you'll be beaten to death;
If you follow the law of Buddha, you'll be starved to death!

Let me go! Let me go! I would much prefer catching a few travelers and munching on the plump and juicy lady of the family. Why should I care about two crimes, three crimes, a thousand crimes, or ten thousand crimes?"

"There is a saying," said the Bodhisattva,

A man with good intent
Will win Heaven's assent.

If you are willing to return to the fruits of truth, there will be means to sustain your body. There are five kinds of grain in this world and they all can relieve hunger. Why do you need to pass the time by devouring humans?" When the fiend heard these words, he was like one who woke from a dream, and he said to the Bodhisattva, "I would very much like to follow the truth. But 'since I have offended Heaven, even my prayers are of little avail.'"

"I have received the decree from Buddha to go to the Land of the East to find a scripture pilgrim," said the Bodhisattva. "You can follow him as his disciple and make a trip to the Western Heaven; your merit will cancel out your sins, and you will surely be delivered from your calamities."

"I'm willing. I'm willing," promised the fiend with enthusiasm. The Bodhisattva then touched his head and gave him the instructions. Pointing to his body as a sign, she gave him the surname "Zhu" and the religious name "Wuneng."

From that moment on, he accepted the commandment to return to the real. He fasted and ate only a vegetable diet, abstaining from the five forbidden viands and the three undesirable foods so as to wait single-mindedly for the scripture pilgrim.

The Bodhisattva and Mokṣa took leave of Wuneng and proceeded again halfway between cloud and mist. As they were journeying, they saw in midair a young dragon calling for help. The Bodhisattva drew near and asked, "What dragon are you, and why are you suffering here?"

The dragon said, "I am the son of Aorun, Dragon King of the Western Ocean. Because I inadvertently set fire to the palace and burned some of the pearls therein, my father the king memorialized to the Court of Heaven and charged me with grave disobedience. The Jade Emperor hung me in the sky and gave me three hundred lashes, and I shall be executed in a few days. I beg the Bodhisattva to save me."

When Guanyin heard these words, she rushed with Mokṣa up to the South Heaven Gate. She was received by Qiu and Zhang, the two Celestial Masters, who asked her, "Where are you going?"

"This humble cleric needs to have an audience with the Jade Emperor," said the Bodhisattva. The two Celestial Masters promptly made the report, and the Jade Emperor left the hall to receive her. After presenting her greetings, the Bodhisattva said, "By the decree of Buddha, this humble cleric is journeying to the Land of the East to find a

scripture pilgrim. On the way I met a mischievous dragon hanging in the sky. I have come specially to beg you to spare his life and grant him to me. He can be a good means of transportation for the scripture pilgrim." When the Jade Emperor heard these words, he at once gave the decree of pardon, ordering the Heavenly sentinels to release the dragon to the Bodhisattva.

The Bodhisattva thanked the Emperor, while the young dragon also kowtowed to the Bodhisattva to thank her for saving his life and pledged obedience to her command. The Bodhisattva then sent him to live in a deep mountain stream with the instruction that when the scripture pilgrim should arrive, he was to change into a white horse and go to the Western Heaven. The young dragon obeyed the order and hid himself, and we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

The Bodhisattva then led Mokṣa past the mountain, and they headed again toward the Land of the East. They had not traveled long before they suddenly came upon ten thousand shafts of golden light and a thousand layers of radiant vapor. "Teacher," said Mokṣa, "that luminous place must be the Mountain of Five Phases. I can see the tag of Tathāgata imprinted on it."

"So, beneath this place," said the Bodhisattva, "is where the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who disturbed Heaven and the Festival of Immortal Peaches, is being imprisoned."

"Yes, indeed," said Mokṣa. The mentor and her disciple ascended the mountain and looked at the tag, on which was inscribed the divine words *Oṁ mani padme hūṁ*. When the Bodhisattva saw this, she could not help sighing, and composed the following poem:

I rue the impish ape not heeding the Law,
Who let loose wild heroics in bygone years.
His mind puffed up, he wrecked the Peach Banquet
And boldly stole in Tushita Palace.
He found no worthy match in ten thousand troops;
Through Ninefold Heaven he displayed his power.
Imprisoned now by Sovereign Tathāgata,
When will he be free to show once more his might?

As mentor and disciple were speaking, they disturbed the Great Sage, who shouted from the base of the mountain, "Who is up there on the mountain composing verses to expose my faults?" When the Bodhisattva heard those words, she came down the mountain to take a look. There beneath the rocky ledges were the local spirit, the mountain god, and the Heavenly sentinels guarding the Great Sage. They all came and bowed to receive the Bodhisattva, leading her before the Great Sage. She looked and saw that he was pinned down in a kind of stone box: though he could speak, he could not move his body. "You whose name is Sun," said the Bodhisattva, "do you recognize me?"

The Great Sage opened wide his fiery eyes and diamond pupils and nodded. "How could I not recognize you?" he cried. "You are the Mighty Deliverer, the Great Compassionate Bodhisattva Guanyin from the Potalaka Mountain of the South Sea. Thank you, thank you for coming to see me! At this place every day is like a year, for not a single acquaintance has ever come to visit me. Where did you come from?"

"I have received the decree from Buddha," said the Bodhisattva, "to go to the Land of the East to find a scripture pilgrim. Since I was passing through here, I rested my steps briefly to see you."

"Tathāgata deceived me," said the Great Sage, "and imprisoned me beneath this mountain. For over five hundred years already I have not been able to move. I implore the Bodhisattva to show a little mercy and rescue old Monkey!"

"Your sinful karma is very deep," said the Bodhisattva. "If I rescue you, I fear that you will again perpetrate violence, and that will be bad indeed."

"Now I know the meaning of penitence," said the Great Sage. "So I entreat the Great Compassion to show me the proper path, for I am willing to practice cultivation."

Truly it is that

One wish born in the heart of man
Is known throughout Heaven and Earth.
If vice or virtue lacks reward,
Unjust must be the universe.

When the Bodhisattva heard those words from the prisoner, she was filled with pleasure and said to the Great Sage, "The scripture says,

When a good word is spoken,
An answer will come from beyond a thousand miles;
When an evil word is spoken,
Opposition will hail from beyond a thousand miles.

If you have such a purpose, wait until I reach the Great Tang Nation in the Land of the East and find the scripture pilgrim. He will be told to come and rescue you, and you can follow him as a disciple. You shall keep the teachings and hold the rosary to enter our gate of Buddha, so that you may again cultivate the fruits of righteousness. Will you do that?"

"I'm willing, I'm willing," said the Great Sage repeatedly.

"If you are indeed seeking the fruits of virtue," said the Bodhisattva, "let me give you a religious name."

"I have one already," said the Great Sage, "and I'm called Sun Wukong."

"There were two persons before you who came into our faith," said the delighted Bodhisattva, "and their names, too, are built on the word 'Wu.' Your name will agree with theirs perfectly, and that is splendid indeed.

I need not give you any more instruction, for I must be going." So our Great Sage, with manifest nature and enlightened mind, returned to the Buddhist faith, while our Bodhisattva, with attention and diligence, sought the divine monk.

She left the place with Mokṣa and proceeded straight to the east; in a few days they reached Chang'an of the Great Tang Nation.

Forsaking the mist and abandoning the cloud, mentor and disciple changed themselves into two wandering monks covered with scabby sores and went into the city. It was already dusk. As they walked through one of the main streets, they saw a temple of the local spirit.

They both went straight in, alarming the spirit and the demon guards, who recognized the Bodhisattva. They kowtowed to receive her, and the local spirit then ran quickly to report to the city's guardian deity, the god of the soil, and the spirits of various temples of Chang'an. When they learned that it was the Bodhisattva, they all came to pay homage, saying, "Bodhisattva, please pardon us for being tardy in our reception."

"None of you," said the Bodhisattva, "should let a word of this leak out! I came here by the special decree of Buddha to look for a scripture pilgrim. I would like to stay just for a few days in one of your temples, and I shall depart when the true monk is found."

The various deities went back to their own places, but they sent the local spirit off to the residence of the city's guardian deity so that the teacher and the disciple could remain incognito in the spirit's temple. We do not know what sort of scripture pilgrim was found. Let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINE

Chen Guangrui, going to his post, meets disaster
Monk River Float, avenging his parents, repays his roots

We now tell you about the city of Chang'an in the great nation's Shaanxi Province, which was the place that kings and emperors from generation to generation had made their capital. Since the periods of Zhou, Qin, and Han,

Three counties of flowers bloomed like brocade,
And eight rivers flowed encircling the city.

It was truly a land of great scenic beauty. At this time the emperor Taizong of the Great Tang dynasty was on the throne, and the name of his reign was Zhenguan. He had been ruling now for thirteen years, and the cyclical name of the year was Jisi.

The whole land was at peace: people came bearing tributes from eight directions, and the inhabitants of the whole world called themselves his subjects.

One day Taizong ascended his throne and assembled his civil and military officials. After they had paid him homage, the prime minister Wei Zheng left the ranks and came forward to memorialize to the Throne, saying, "Since the world now is at peace and tranquility reigns everywhere, we should follow the ancient custom and establish sites for civil examinations, so that we may invite worthy scholars to come here and select those talents who will best serve the work of administration and government."

"Our worthy subject has voiced a sound principle in his memorial," said Taizong. He therefore issued a summons to be proclaimed throughout the empire: in every prefecture, county, and town, those who were learned in the Confucian classics, who could write with ease and lucidity, and who had passed the three sessions of examination, regardless of whether they were soldiers or peasants, would be invited to go to Chang'an to take the imperial examination.

This summons reached the place Haizhou, where it was seen by a certain man named Chen E (with the courtesy name of Guangrui), who then went straight home to talk to his mother, whose maiden name was Zhang. "The court," he said, "has sent a yellow summons, declaring in these southern provinces that there will be examinations for the selection of the worthy and the talented. Your child wishes to try out at such an examination, for if I manage to acquire an appointment, or even half a post, I would become more of a credit to my parents, magnify our name, give my wife a title, benefit my son, and bring glory to this house of ours. Such is the aspiration of your son:

I wish to tell my mother plainly before I leave."

"My son," said she of the Zhang family, "an educated person 'learns when he is young, but leaves when he is grown.' You should indeed follow this maxim. But as you go to the examination, you must be careful on the way, and, when you have secured a post, come home quickly." So Guangrui gave instructions for his family page to pack his bags, took leave of his mother, and began his journey. When he reached Chang'an, the examination site had just been opened, and he went straight in. He took the preliminary tests, passed them, and went to the court examination, where in three sessions on administrative policy he took first place, receiving the title "zhuangyuan,"

the certificate of which was signed by the Tang emperor's own hand. As was the custom, he was led through the streets on horseback for three days.

The procession at one point passed by the house of the chief minister, Yin Kaishan, who had a daughter named Wenjiao, nicknamed Mantangjiao (A Hall of Loveliness). She was not yet married, and at this time she was just about to throw down an embroidered ball from high up on a festooned tower in order to select her spouse. It happened that Chen Guangrui was passing below the tower. When the young maiden saw Guangrui's outstanding appearance and knew that he was the recent zhuangyuan of the examinations, she was very pleased. She threw down the embroidered ball, which just happened to hit the black gauze hat of Guangrui. Immediately, lively music of pipes and flutes could be heard throughout the area as scores of maids and serving-girls ran down from the tower, took hold of the bridle of Guangrui's horse, and led him into the residence of the chief minister for the wedding. The chief minister and his wife at once came out of their chambers, called together the guests and the master of ceremonies, and gave the girl to Guangrui as his bride.

Together, they bowed to Heaven and Earth; then husband and wife bowed to each other, before bowing to the father- and mother-inlaw.

The chief minister then gave a big banquet and everyone feasted merrily for a whole evening, after which the two of them walked hand in hand into the bridal chamber.

At the fifth watch early next morning, Taizong took his seat in the Treasure Hall of Golden Chimes as civil and military officials attended the court. Taizong asked, "What appointment should the new zhuangyuan receive?"

The prime minister Wei Zheng said, "Your subject has discovered that within our territory there is a vacancy at Jiangzhou. I beg my Lord to grant him this post."

Taizong at once made him governor of Jiangzhou and ordered him to leave without delay. After thanking the emperor and leaving the court, Guangrui went back to the house of the chief minister to inform his wife. He took leave of his father- and mother-in-law and proceeded with his wife to the new post at Jiangzhou.

As they left Chang'an and went on their journey, the season was late spring:

A soft wind blew to green the willows;
A fine rain spotted to redden the flowers.

As his home was on the way, Guangrui returned to his house where husband and wife bowed together to his mother, Lady Zhang.

"Congratulations, my son," said she of the Zhang family, "you even came back with a wife!"

"Your child," said Guangrui, "relied on the power of your blessing and was able to attain the undeserved honor of zhuangyuan. By imperial command I was making a tour of the streets when, as I passed by the mansion of Chief Minister Yin, I was hit by an embroidered ball. The chief minister kindly gave his daughter to your child to be his wife, and His Majesty appointed him governor of Jiangzhou. I have returned to take you with me to the post." She of the Zhang family was delighted and packed at once for the journey.

They had been on the road for a few days when they came to stay at the Inn of Ten Thousand Flowers, kept by a certain Liu Xiaoer.

She of the Zhang family suddenly became ill and said to Guangrui, “I don’t feel well at all. Let’s rest here for a day or two before we journey again.”

Guangrui obeyed. Next morning there was a man outside the inn holding a golden carp for sale, which Guangrui bought for a string of coins. He was about to have it cooked for his mother when he saw that the carp was blinking its eyes vigorously.

In astonishment, Guangrui said, “I have heard that when a fish or a snake blinks its eyes in this manner, that’s the sure sign that it’s not an ordinary creature!”

He therefore asked the fisherman, “Where did you catch this fish?”

“I caught it,” said the fisherman, “from the river Hong, some fifteen miles from this district.”

Accordingly, Guangrui sent the live fish back to the river and returned to the inn to tell his mother about it. “It is a good deed to release living creatures from captivity,” said she of the Zhang family. “I am very pleased.”

“We have stayed in this inn now for three days,” said Guangrui. “The imperial command is an urgent one. Your child intends to leave tomorrow, but he would like to know whether mother has fully recovered.” She of the Zhang family said, “I’m still not well, and the heat on the journey at this time of year, I fear, will only add to my illness. Why don’t you rent a house for me to stay here temporarily and leave me an allowance? The two of you can proceed to your new post. By autumn, when it’s cool, you can come fetch me.”

Guangrui discussed the matter with his wife; they duly rented a house for her and left some cash with her, after which they took leave and left.

They felt the fatigue of traveling, journeying by day and resting by night, and they soon came to the crossing of the Hong River, where two boatmen, Liu Hong and Li Biao, took them into their boat. It happened that Guangrui was destined in his previous incarnation to meet this calamity, and so he had to come upon these fated enemies of his. After ordering the houseboy to put the luggage on the boat, Guangrui and his wife were just about to embark when Liu Hong noticed the beauty of Lady Yin, who had a face like a full moon, eyes like autumnal water, a small, cherrylike mouth, and a tiny, willowlike waist. Her features were striking enough to sink fishes and drop wild geese, and her complexion would cause the moon to hide and put the flowers to shame. Stirred at once to cruelty, he plotted with Li Biao; together they punted the boat to an isolated area and waited until the middle of the night. They killed the houseboy first, and then they beat Guangrui to death, pushing both bodies into the water. When the lady saw that they had killed her husband, she made a dive for the water, but Liu Hong threw his arms around her and caught her. “If you consent to my demand,” he said, “everything will be all right. If you do not, this knife will cut you in two!” Unable to think of any better plan, the lady had to give her consent for the time being and yielded herself to Liu Hong. The thief took the boat to the south bank, where he turned the boat over to the care of Li Biao. He himself put on Guangrui’s cap and robe, took his credentials, and proceeded with the lady to the post at Jiangzhou.

We should now tell you that the body of the houseboy killed by Liu Hong drifted away with the current. The body of Chen Guangrui, however, sank to the bottom of the water and stayed there. A yakṣ on patrol at the mouth of the Hong River saw it and rushed into the Dragon Palace. The Dragon King was just holding court when the yakṣ entered to report, saying, “A scholar has been beaten to death at the mouth of the

Hong River by some unknown person, and his body is now lying at the bottom of the water."

The Dragon King had the corpse brought in and laid before him. He took a careful look at it and said, "But this man was my benefactor! How could he have been murdered? As the common saying goes, 'Kindness should be paid by kindness.' I must save his life today so that I may repay the kindness of yesterday."

He at once issued an official dispatch, sending a yakṣ to deliver it to the municipal deity and local spirit of Hongzhou, and asked for the soul of the scholar so that his life might be saved. The municipal deity and the local spirit in turn ordered the little demons to hand over the soul of Chen Guangrui to the yakṣ, who led the soul back to the Water Crystal Palace for an audience with the Dragon King.

"Scholar," asked the Dragon King, "what is your name? Where did you come from? Why did you come here, and for what reason were you beaten to death?"

Guangrui saluted him and said, "This lowly student is named Chen E, and my courtesy name is Guangrui. I am from the Hongnong district of Haizhou. As the unworthy zhuangyuan of the recent session of examination, I was appointed by the court to be governor of Jiangzhou, and I was going to my post with my wife. When I took a boat at the river, I did not expect the boatman, Liu Hong, to covet my wife and plot against me. He beat me to death and tossed out my body. I beg the Great King to save me."

Hearing these words, the Dragon King said, "So, that's it! Good sir, the golden carp that you released earlier was myself. You are my benefactor. You may be in dire difficulty at the moment, but is there any reason why I should not come to your assistance?"

He therefore laid the body of Guangrui to one side, and put a preservative pearl in his mouth so that his body would not deteriorate but be reunited with his soul to avenge himself in the future. He also said, "Your true soul may remain temporarily in my Water Bureau as an officer."

Guangrui kowtowed to thank him, and the Dragon King prepared a banquet to entertain him, but we shall say no more about that. We now tell you that Lady Yin hated the bandit Liu so bitterly that she wished she could devour his flesh and sleep on his skin! But because she was with child and did not know whether it would be a boy or a girl, she had no alternative but to yield reluctantly to her captor. In a little while they arrived at Zhiangzhou; the clerks and the lictors all came to meet them, and all the subordinate officials gave a banquet for them at the governor's mansion. Liu Hong said, "Having come here, a student like me is utterly dependent on the support and assistance of you gentlemen."

"Your Honor," replied the officials, "is first in the examinations and a major talent. You will, of course, regard your people as your children; your public declarations will be as simple as your settlement of litigation is fair. We subordinates are all dependent on your leadership, so why should you be unduly modest?" When the official banquet ended, the people all left.

Time passed by swiftly. One day, Liu Hong went far away on official business, while Lady Yin at the mansion was thinking of her mother-in-law and her husband and sighing in the garden pavilion. Suddenly she was seized by tremendous fatigue and

sharp pains in her belly. Falling unconscious to the ground, she gave birth to a son. Presently she heard someone whispering in her ear:

"Mantangjiao, listen carefully to what I have to say. I am the Star Spirit of South Pole, who sends you this son by the express command of the Bodhisattva Guanyin. One day his name will be known far and wide, for he is not to be compared with an ordinary mortal. But when the bandit Liu returns, he will surely try to harm the child, and you must take care to protect him. Your husband has been rescued by the Dragon King; in the future both of you will meet again even as son and mother will be reunited. A day will come when wrongs will be redressed and crimes punished. Remember my words! Wake up! Wake up!"

The voice ceased and departed. The lady woke up and remembered every word; she clasped her son tightly to her but could devise no plan to protect him. Liu Hong then returned and wanted to have the child killed by drowning the moment he saw him. The lady said, "Today it's late already. Allow him to live till tomorrow and then have him thrown into the river." It was fortunate that Liu Hong was called away by urgent business the next morning. The lady thought to herself:

"If this child is here when that bandit returns, his life is finished! I might as well abandon him now to the river, and let life or death take its own course. Perhaps Heaven, taking pity on him, will send someone to his rescue and to have him cared for. Then we may have a chance to meet again." She was afraid, however, that future recognition would be difficult; so she bit her finger and wrote a letter with her blood, stating in detail the names of the parents, the family history, and the reason for the child's abandonment. She also bit off a little toe from the child's left foot to establish a mark of his identity. Taking one of her own inner garments she wrapped the child and took him out of the mansion when no one was watching. Fortunately the mansion was not far from the river. Reaching the bank, the lady burst into tears and wailed long and loud. She was about to toss the child into the river when she caught sight of a plank floating by the river bank. At once she prayed to Heaven, after which she placed the child on the plank and tied him securely to it with some rope. She fastened the letter written in blood to his chest, pushed the plank out into the water, and let it drift away. With tears in her eyes, the lady went back to the mansion, but we shall say no more of that.

Now we shall tell you about the boy on the plank, which floated with the current until it came to a standstill just beneath the Temple of Gold Mountain. The abbot of this temple was called Monk Faming. In the cultivation of perfection and comprehension of truth, he had attained already the wondrous secret of birthlessness. He was sitting in meditation when all at once he heard an infant crying.

Moved by this, he went quickly down to the river to have a look, and discovered the baby lying there on a plank at the edge of the water. The abbot quickly lifted him out of the water. When he read the letter in blood fastened to his chest, he learned of the child's origin. He then gave him the baby name River Float and arranged for someone to nurse and care for him, while he himself kept the letter written in blood safely hidden. Time passed by like an arrow, and the seasons like a weaver's shuttle; River Float soon reached his eighteenth year. The abbot had his hair shaved and asked him to join in the practice of austerities, giving him the religious name Xuanzang. Having had his head touched and having received the commandments, Xuanzang pursued the Way with great determination.

One day in late spring, the various monks gathered in the shade of pine trees were discussing the canons of Chan and debating the fine points of the mysteries. One

feckless monk, who happened to have been completely outwitted by Xuanzang's questions, shouted angrily, "You damnable beast! You don't even know your own name, and you are ignorant of your own parents! Why are you still hanging around here playing tricks on people?" When Xuanzang heard such language of rebuke, he went into the temple and knelt before the master, saying with tears flowing from his eyes, "Though a human being born into this world receives his natural endowments from the forces of yin and yang and from the Five Phases, he is always nurtured by his parents. How can there be a person in this world who has no father or mother?" Repeatedly and piteously he begged for the names of his parents. The abbot said, "If you truly wish to seek your parents, you may follow me to my cell." Xuanzang duly followed him to his cell, where, from the top of a heavy crossbeam, the abbot took down a small box. Opening the box, he took out a letter written in blood and an inner garment and gave them to Xuanzang. Only after he had unfolded the letter and read it did Xuanzang learn the names of his parents and understand in detail the wrongs that had been done them.

When Xuanzang finished reading, he fell weeping to the floor, saying, "How can anyone be worthy to bear the name of man if he cannot avenge the wrongs done to his parents? For eighteen years, I have been ignorant of my true parents, and only this day have I learned that I have a mother! And yet, would I have even reached this day if my master had not saved me and cared for me? Permit your disciple to go seek my mother. Thereafter, I will rebuild this temple with an incense bowl on my head, and repay the profound kindness of my teacher."

"If you desire to seek your mother," said the master, "you may take this letter in blood and the inner garment with you. Go as a mendicant monk to the private quarters at the governor's mansion of Jiangzhou. You will then be able to meet your mother." Xuanzang followed the words of his master and went to Jiangzhou as a mendicant monk. It happened that Liu Hong was out on business, for Heaven had planned that mother and child should meet. Xuanzang went straight to the door of the private quarters of the governor's mansion to beg for alms. Lady Yin, you see, had had a dream the night before in which she saw a waning moon become full again. She thought to herself, "I have no news from my mother-in-law; my husband was murdered by this bandit; my son was thrown into the river. If by chance someone rescued him and had him cared for, he must be eighteen by now. Perhaps Heaven wished us to be reunited today. Who can tell?"

As she was pondering the matter in her heart, she suddenly heard someone reciting the scriptures outside her residence and crying repeatedly, "Alms! Alms!"

At a convenient moment, the lady slipped out and asked him, "Where did you come from?"

"Your poor monk," said Xuanzang, "is the disciple of Faming, abbot of the Temple of Gold Mountain."

"So you are the disciple of the abbot of that temple?" she asked and invited him into the mansion and served him some vegetables and rice. Watching him closely, she noticed that in speech and manner he bore a remarkable resemblance to her husband. The lady sent her maid away and then asked, "Young master! Did you leave your family as a child or when you grew up? What are your given name and your surname? Do you have any parents?"

"I did not leave my family when I was young," replied Xuanzang, "nor did I do so when I grew up. To tell you the truth, I have a wrong to avenge great as the sky, an

enmity deep as the sea. My father was a murder victim, and my mother was taken by force.

My master the abbot Faming told me to seek my mother in the governor's mansion of Jiangzhou."

"What is your mother's surname?" asked the lady. "My mother's surname is Yin," said Xuanzang, "and her given name is Wenjiao.

My father's surname is Chen and his given name is Guangrui. My nickname is River Float, but my religious name is Xuanzang."

"I am Wenjiao," said the lady, "but what proof have you of your identity?" When Xuanzang heard that she was his mother, he fell to his knees and wept most grievously. "If my own mother doesn't believe me," he said, "you may see the proof in this letter written in blood and this inner garment." Wenjiao took them in her hands, and one look told her that they were the real things. Mother and child embraced each other and wept.

Lady Yin then cried, "My son, leave at once!"

"For eighteen years I have not known my true parents," said Xuanzang, "and I've seen my mother for the first time only this morning. How could your son bear so swift a separation?"

"My son," said the lady, "leave at once, as if you were on fire! If that bandit Liu returns, he will surely take your life. I shall pretend to be ill tomorrow and say that I must go to your temple and fulfill a vow I made in a previous year to donate a hundred pairs of monk shoes. At that time I shall have more to say to you." Xuanzang followed her bidding and bowed to take leave of her.

We were speaking of Lady Yin, who, having seen her son, was filled with both anxiety and joy. The next day, under the pretext of being sick, she lay on her bed and would take neither tea nor rice. Liu Hong returned to the mansion and questioned her. "When I was young," said Lady Yin, "I vowed to donate a hundred pairs of monk shoes. Five days ago, I dreamed that a monk demanded those shoes of me, holding a knife in his hand. From then on, I did not feel well."

"Such a small matter!" said Liu Hong. "Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

He at once went up to the governor's hall and gave the order to his stewards Wang and Li that a hundred families of the city were each to bring in a pair of monk shoes within five days. The families obeyed and completed their presentations. "Now that we have the shoes," said Lady Yin to Liu Hong, "what kind of temple do we have nearby that I can go to fulfill my vow?" Liu Hong said, "There is a Temple of Gold Mountain here in Jiangzhou as well as a Temple of Burned Mountain. You may go to whichever one you choose."

"I have long heard," said the lady, "that the Temple of Gold Mountain is avery good one. I shall go there." Liu Hong at once gave the order to his stewards Wang and Li to prepare a boat. Lady Yin took a trusted companion with her and boarded the boat.

The boatmen poled it away from the shore and headed for the Temple of Gold Mountain.

We now tell you about Xuanzang, who returned to the temple and told the abbot Faming what had happened. The next day, a young housemaid arrived to announce that her mistress was coming to the temple to fulfill a vow she had made. All the monks

came out of the temple to receive her. The lady went straight inside to worship the Bodhisattva and to give a great vegetarian banquet. She ordered the housemaid to put the monk shoes and stockings in trays and have them brought into the main ceremonial hall. After the lady had again worshipped with extreme devoutness, she asked the abbot Faming to distribute the gifts to the various monks before they dispersed. When Xuanzang saw that all the monks had left and that there was no one else in the hall, he drew near and knelt down. The lady asked him to remove his shoes and stockings, and she saw that there was, indeed, a small toe missing from his left foot. Once again, the two of them embraced and wept. They also thanked the abbot for his kindness in fostering the youth.

Faming said, "I fear that the present meeting of mother and child may become known to that wily bandit. You must leave speedily so that you may avoid any harm."

"My son," the lady said, "let me give you an incense ring. Go to Hongzhou, about fifteen hundred miles northwest of here, where you will find the Ten Thousand Flowers Inn. Earlier we left an aged woman there whose maiden name is Zhang and who is the true mother of your father. I have also written a letter for you to take to the capital of the Tang emperor. To the left of the Golden Palace is the house of Chief Minister Yin, who is the true father of your mother. Give my letter to your maternal grandfather, and ask him to request the Tang emperor to dispatch men and horses to have this bandit arrested and executed, so that your father may be avenged. Only then will you be able to rescue your old mother. I dare not linger now, for I fear that knave may be offended by my returning late." She went out of the temple, boarded the boat, and left.

Xuanzang returned weeping to the temple. He told his master everything and bowed to take leave of him immediately. Going straight to Hongzhou, he came to the Ten Thousand Flowers Inn and addressed the innkeeper, Liu Xiaoer, saying, "In a previous year there was an honored guest here by the name of Chen whose mother remained at your inn. How is she now?"

"Originally," said Liu Xiaoer, "she stayed in my inn. Afterwards she went blind, and for three or four years did not pay me any rent. She now lives in a dilapidated potter's kiln near the Southern Gate, and every day she goes begging on the streets. Once that honored guest had left, he was gone for a long time, and even now there is no news of him whatever. I can't understand it." When Xuanzang heard this, he went at once to the dilapidated potter's kiln at the Southern Gate and found his grandmother. The grandmother said, "Your voice sounds very much like that of my son Chen Guangrui."

"I'm not Chen Guangrui," said Xuanzang, "but only his son! Lady Wenjiao is my mother."

"Why didn't your father and mother come back?" asked the grandmother. "My father was beaten to death by bandits," said Xuanzang, "and one of them forced my mother to be his wife."

"How did you know where to find me?" asked the grandmother. "It was my mother," answered Xuanzang, "who told me to seek my grandmother. There's a letter from mother here and there's also an incense ring."

The grandmother took the letter and the incense ring and wept without restraint. "For merit and reputation," she said, "my son came to this! I thought that he had turned his back on righteousness and had forgotten parental kindness. How should I know that

he was murdered? Fortunately, Heaven remembered me at least in pity, and this day a grandson has come to seek me out."

"Grandmother," asked Xuanzang, "how did you go blind?"

"Because I thought so often about your father," said the grandmother. "I waited for him daily, but he did not return. I wept until I was blind in both eyes." Xuanzang knelt down and prayed to Heaven, saying, "Have regard of Xuanzang who, at the age of eighteen, has not yet avenged the wrong done to his parents. By the command of my mother, I came this day to find my grandmother. If Heaven would take pity on my sincerity, grant that the eyes of my grandmother regain their sight." When he finished his petition, he licked the eyes of his grandmother with the tip of his tongue. In a moment, both eyes were licked open and they were as of old. When the grandmother saw the youthful monk, she said, "You're indeed my grandson! Why, you are just like my son Guangrui!" She felt both happy and sad. Xuanzang led his grandmother out of the kiln and went back to Liu Xiaoer's inn, where he rented a room for her to stay. He also gave her some money, saying, "In a little more than a month's time, I'll be back."

Taking leave of his grandmother, he went straight to the capital and found his way to the house of the chief minister Yin on the eastern street of the imperial city. He said to the porter, "This little monk is a kinsman who has come to visit the chief minister."

The porter made the report to the chief minister, who replied, "I'm not related to any monk!"

But his wife said, "I dreamed last night that my daughter Mantangjiao came home. Could it be that our son-in-law has sent us a letter?"

The chief minister therefore had the little monk shown to the living room. When he saw the chief minister and his wife, he fell weeping to the floor. Taking a letter from within the folds of his robe, he handed it over to the chief minister. The chief minister opened it, read it from beginning to end, and wept without restraint. "Your Excellency, what is the matter?" asked his wife. "This monk," said the chief minister, "is our grandson. Our son-in-law, Chen Guangrui, was murdered by bandits, and Mantangjiao was made the wife of the murderer by force." When the wife heard this, she too wept inconsolably.

"Let our lady restrain her grief," said the chief minister. "Tomorrow morning I shall present a memorial to our Lord. I shall lead the troops myself to avenge our son-in-law."

The next day, the chief minister went into court to present his memorial to the Tang emperor, which read:

The son-in-law of your subject, the zhuangyuan Chen Guangrui, was proceeding to his post at Jiangzhou with members of his family. He was beaten to death by the boatman Liu Hong, who then took our daughter by force to be his wife. He pretended to be the son-in-law of your subject and usurped his post for many years. This is indeed a shocking and tragic incident. I beg Your Majesty to dispatch horses and men at once to exterminate the bandits.

The Tang emperor saw the memorial and became exceedingly angry. He immediately called up sixty thousand imperial soldiers and ordered the chief minister Yin to lead them forth. The chief minister took the decree and left the court to make the roll call for the troops at the barracks. They proceeded immediately toward Jiangzhou, journeying by day and resting by night, and they soon reached the place. Horses and men pitched camps on the north shore, and that very night, the chief minister summoned

with golden tablets the Subprefect and County Judge of Jiangzhou to his camp. He explained to the two of them the reason for the expedition and asked for their military assistance. They then crossed the river and, before the sky was light, had the mansion of Liu Hong completely surrounded. Liu Hong was still in his dreams when at the shot of a single cannon and the unisonous roll of drums, the soldiers broke into the private quarters of the mansion. Liu Hong was seized before he could offer any resistance. The chief minister had him and the rest of the prisoners bound and taken to the field of execution, while the rest of the soldiers pitched camp outside the city.

Taking a seat in the great hall of the mansion, the chief minister invited the lady to come out to meet him. She was about to do so but was overcome by shame at seeing her father again, and wanted to hang herself right there. Xuanzang learned of this and rushed inside to save his mother. Falling to his knees, he said to her, "Your son and his grandfather led the troops here to avenge father. The bandit has already been captured. Why does mother want to die now? If mother were dead, how could your son possibly remain alive?"

The chief minister also went inside to offer his consolation. "I have heard," said the lady, "that a woman follows her spouse to the grave.

My husband was murdered by this bandit, causing me dreadful grief. How could I yield so shamefully to the thief? The child I was carrying—that was my sole lease on life that helped me bear my humiliation! Now that my son is grown and my old father has led troops to avenge our wrong, I who am the daughter have little face left for my reunion. I can only die to repay my husband!"

"My child," said the chief minister, "you did not alter your virtue according to prosperity or adversity. You had no choice! How can this be regarded as shame?"

Father and daughter embraced, weeping; Xuanzang also could not contain his emotion. Wiping away his tears, the chief minister said, "The two of you must sorrow no more. I have already captured the culprit, and I must now dispose of him."

He got up and went to the execution site, and it happened that the Subprefect of Jiangzhou had also apprehended the pirate Li Biao, who was brought by sentinels to the same place. Highly pleased, the chief minister ordered Liu Hong and Li Biao to be flogged a hundred times with large canes. Each signed an affidavit, giving a thorough account of the murder of Chen Guangrui. First Li Biao was nailed to a wooden ass, and after it had been pushed to the marketplace, he was cut to pieces and his head exposed on a pole for all to see. Liu Hong was then taken to the crossing at the Hong River, to the exact spot where he had beaten Chen Guangrui to death. The chief minister, the lady, and Xuanzang all went to the bank of the river, and as libations they offered the heart and liver of Liu Hong, which had been gouged out from him live. Finally, an essay eulogizing the deceased was burned.

Facing the river the three persons wept without restraint, and their sobs were heard down below in the water region. A yakṣa patrolling the waters brought the essay in its spirit form to the Dragon King, who read it and at once sent a turtle marshal to fetch Guangrui. "Sir," said the king, "Congratulations! Congratulations! At this moment, your wife, your son, and your father-in-law are offering sacrifices to you at the bank of the river. I am now letting your soul go so that you may return to life. We are also presenting you with a pearl of wish fulfillment, two rolling-pan pearls, ten bales of mermaid silk, and a jade belt with lustrous pearls. Today you will enjoy the reunion of husband and wife, mother and son."

After Guangrui had given thanks repeatedly, the Dragon King ordered a yakṣa to escort his body to the mouth of the river and there to return his soul. The yakṣa followed the order and left.

We tell you now about Lady Yin, who, having wept for some time for her husband, would have killed herself again by plunging into the water if Xuanzang had not desperately held on to her. They were struggling pitifully when they saw a dead body floating toward the river bank. The lady hurriedly went forward to look at it. Recognizing it as her husband's body, she burst into even louder wailing.

As the other people gathered around to look, they suddenly saw Guangrui unclasping his fists and stretching his legs. The entire body began to stir, and in a moment he clambered up to the bank and sat down, to the infinite amazement of everyone. Guangrui opened his eyes and saw Lady Yin, the chief minister Yin, his father-in-law, and a youthful monk, all weeping around him. "Why are you all here?" said Guangrui.

"It all began," said Lady Yin, "when you were beaten to death by bandits. Afterwards your unworthy wife gave birth to this son, who is fortunate enough to have been brought up by the abbot of the Gold Mountain Temple. The abbot sent him to meet me, and I told him to go seek his maternal grandfather. When father heard this, he made it known to the court and led troops here to arrest the bandits.

Just now we took out the culprit's liver and heart live to offer to you as libations, but I would like to know how my husband's soul is able to return to give him life."

Guangrui said, "That's all on account of our buying the golden carp, when you and I were staying at the Inn of Ten Thousand Flowers. I released that carp, not knowing that it was none other than the Dragon King of this place. When the bandits pushed me into the river afterward, he was the one who came to my rescue. Just now he was also the one who gave me back my soul as well as many precious gifts, which I have here with me. I never even knew that you had given birth to this boy, and I am grateful that my father-in-law has avenged me. Indeed, bitterness has passed and sweetness has come! What unsurpassable joy!" When the various officials heard about this, they all came to tender their congratulations. The chief minister then ordered a great banquet to thank his subordinates, after which the troops and horses on the very same day began their march homeward. When they came to the Inn of Ten Thousand Flowers, the chief minister gave order to pitch camp. Guangrui went with Xuanzang to the Inn of Liu to seek the grandmother, who happened to have dreamed the night before that a withered tree had blossomed. Magpies behind her house were chattering incessantly as well. She thought to herself, "Could it be that my grandson is coming?"

Before she had finished talking to herself, father and son arrived together. The youthful monk pointed to her and said, "Isn't this my grandmother?" When Guangrui saw his aged mother, he bowed in haste; mother and son embraced and wept without restraint for a while. After recounting to each other what had happened, they paid the innkeeper his bill and set out again for the capital. When they reached the chief minister's residence, Guangrui, his wife, and his mother all went to greet the chief minister's wife, who was overjoyed. She ordered her servants to prepare a huge banquet to celebrate the occasion. The chief minister said, "This banquet today may be named the Festival of Reunion, for truly our whole family is rejoicing."

Early the next morning, the Tang emperor held court, during which time the chief minister Yin left the ranks to give a careful report on what had taken place. He

also recommended that a talent like Guangrui's be used in some important capacity. The Tang emperor approved the memorial, and ordered that Chen E be promoted to Subchancellor of the Grand Secretariat so that he could accompany the court and carry out its policies. Xuanzang, determined to follow the way of Zen, was sent to practice austerities at the Temple of Infinite Blessing. Some time after this, Lady Yin calmly committed suicide after all, and Xuanzang went back to the Gold Mountain Temple to repay the kindness of abbot Faming. We do not know how things went thereafter; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TEN

The Old Dragon King's foolish schemes transgress Heaven's decrees
Prime Minister Wei's letter seeks help from an official of the dead

For the time being, we shall make no mention of Guangrui serving in his post and Xuanzang practicing austerities. We tell you now about two worthies who lived on the banks of the river Jing outside the city of Chang'an: a fisherman by the name of Zhang Shao and a woodman by the name of Li Ding.

The two of them were scholars who had passed no official examination, mountain folks who knew how to read. One day in the city of Chang'an, after they had sold the wood on the one's back and the carp in the other's basket, they went into a small inn and drank until they were slightly tipsy. Each carrying a bottle, they followed the bank of the Jing River and walked slowly back.

"Brother Li," said Zhang Shao, "in my opinion those who strive for fame will lose their lives on account of fame; those who live in quest of fortune will perish because of riches; those who have titles sleep embracing a tiger; and those who receive official favors walk with snakes in their sleeves. When you think of it, their lives cannot compare with our carefree existence, close to the blue mountains and fair waters. We cherish poverty and pass our days without having to quarrel with fate."

"Brother Zhang," said Li Ding, "there's a great deal of truth in what you say. But your fair waters cannot match my blue mountains."

"On the contrary," said Zhang Shao, "your blue mountains cannot match my fair waters, in testimony of which I offer a lyric to the tune of 'Butterflies Enamored of Flowers' that says:

In a small boat o'er ten thousand miles of misty waves
I lean to the silent, single sail,
Circled by sounds of the mermaid-fish.
My mind cleansed, my care purged, here lacks wealth or fame;
Leisurely I pick stems of bulrushes and reeds.
Counting the seagulls is pleasure to be told!
At willowed banks and reeded bays
My wife and son join my joyous laugh.
I sleep most soundly as wind and wave recede;
No shame, no glory, nor any misery."

Li Ding said, "Your fair waters are not as good as my blue mountains. I also have as testimony a lyric poem to the tune of 'Butterflies Enamored of Flowers' that says:

At a dense forest's pine-seeded corner
I hear, wordless, the oriole—
Its deft tongue's a tuneful pipe.
Pale reds and bright greens announce the warmth of spring;
Summer comes abruptly; so passes time.
Then autumn arrives (for it's an easy change)
With fragrant golden flowers
Most worthy of our joy;

And cold winter descends, swift as a finger snaps.
Ruled by no one, I'm free in all four climes."

The fisherman said, "Your blue mountains are not as good as my fair waters, which offer me some fine things to enjoy. As testimony I have here a lyric to the tune of 'The Partridge Sky'":

The fairy land cloud and water do suffice:
Boat adrift, oars accumbent—this is my home.
I split fishes live and cook green turtles;
I steam purple crabs and boil red shrimps.
Green reed-shoots,
Water-plant sprouts;
Better still the 'chicken heads,' the walter caltrops,
Lotus roots, old or young, the tender celery leaves,
Arrowheads, white caltrops, and niaoying flowers."

The woodman said, "Your fair waters are not as good as my blue mountains, which offer me some fine things to enjoy. As testimony I too have a lyric to the tune of 'The Partridge Sky':

On tall, craggy peaks that touch heaven's edge
A grass house, a straw hut would make up my home.
Cured fowls, smoked geese surpass turles or crabs;
Hares, antelopes, and deer best fishes or shrimps.
The scented chun *leaves;*
The yellow lian *sprouts;*
Bamboo shoots and mountain tea are even better!
Purple plums, red peaches, prunes and apricots ripe,
Sweet pears, sour dates, and cassia flowers."

The fisherman said, "Your blue mountains are truly not as good as my fair waters. I have another lyric to the tune of 'The Heavenly Immortal':

One leaflike skiff goes where'er I choose to stay.
I fear not ten thousand folds of wave or mist.
I drop hooks and cast nets to catch fresh fish:
With no sauce or fat,
It's tastier yet.
Old wife and young son complete my home.
When fishes are plenty, I leave for Chang'an marts
And barter them for wine I drink till drunk.
A coir coat shrouds me, on autumnal stream I lie;
Snoring, asleep,
No fret or care—
I love not the glory or the pomp of man."

The woodman said, "Your fair waters are still not as good as my blue mountains. I too have a poem to the tune of 'The Heavenly Immortal':

A few straw houses built beneath a hill.
Pines, orchids, plums, bamboos—lovable all!
Passing groves, climbing mountains, I seek dried woods.
With none to chide,

I sell as I wish:
How much, how little, depends on my yield.
I use the cash to buy wine as I please.
Earthen crocks, clay flagons—both put me at ease.
Sodden with wine, in the pine shade I lie:
No anxious thoughts;
No gain or loss;
No care for this world's failure or success."

The fisherman said, "Brother Li, your moutain life is not as pleasing as my livelihood on the waters. As testimony, I have a lyric to the tune of 'Moon Over West River':

Red smartweeds's thick blooms glow in moonlight;
Yellow rush-leaves tousled, wind-shaken.
The blue sky, clean and distant, in empty Chu River:
Drawing my lines, I stir a deep pool of stars.
In rank and file big fishes enter the net;
Teams of tiny perches swallow the hooks.
Their taste is special when they're caught and cooked.
My laughter presides over rivers and lakes."

The woodman says, "Brother Zhang, your life on the waters is not as pleasing as my livelihood in the mountains. As testimony, I also have a lyric to the tune of 'Moon Over West River':

Dead leaves, parched creepers choking the road;
Snapped poles, aged bamboos crowding the hill;
Dried tendrils and sedges in disheveled growth
I break and take; my ropes truss the load.
Willow trunks hollowed by insects,
Pine branches clipped off by wind,
I gather and stockpile, ready for winter's cold.
Change them for wine or cash as I wish."

The fisherman said, "Though your life in the mountains is not bad, it is still not as charming and graceful as mine is on the fair waters. As testimony, I have a lyric to the tune of 'Immortal by the River':

Falling tide moves my one boat away;
I rest my oars, my song comes with the night.
The coir coat, the waning moon—how charming they are!
No seagull darts up from fright
As rosy clouds spread through the sky.
I sleep without care at reeded isles,
Still snoozing when the sun is high.
I work after my own plans and desires.
Vassals in cold nights tending court,
Could theirs match my pleasure and peace?"

The woodman said, "The charm and grace of your fair waters cannot be compared with those of my blue mountains. I too have a testimony to the tune of 'Immortal by the River':

I walk autumn's frosty paths dragging my ax;
In night's cool I pole back my load,
Stranger still with temples stuck with flowers.
I push clouds to find my way out;
Moon-stuck I call open my gate.
Rustic wife and young son greet me with smiles;
On straw bed and wooden pillow I lie.
Steamed pears and cooked millet are soon prepared.
The urn's brew newly mellowed
Will add to my secret joys."

The fisherman said, "All these things in our poems have to do with our livelihood, the occupations with which we support ourselves.

But your life not as good as those leisurely moments of mine, for which I have as testimony a regulated poem. The poem says:

Idly I watch the blue sky's white cranes fly.
My boat stops stream-side, my door's half-closed.
By the sail my son's taught to knot fishing threads;
Rowing stops, I join my wife to dry the nets.
My mind is still: thus I know the water's calm.
My self's secure: hence I feel the wind is light.
I freely don my green coir and bamboo hat:
That beats wearing a robe with purple sash.

The woodman said, "Your leisurely moments are not as good as mine, for which I also have a regulated poem as a testimony. The poem says:

Idly I watch billows of white clouds fly,
Or sit in my thatched hut's closed bamboo gates.
I open leisurely books to teach my son;
At times I face guests to play circling chess.
My cane strolls with my songs through floral paths;
Aroused, I climb green mountains, lute in hand.
Straw sandals, hemp sashes, and coarse cloth quilts
All beat silk garments when your heart is free!"

Zhang Shao said, "Li Ding, the two of us indeed are

Lucky to have light songs to amuse us.
We don't need castanets or flasks of gold.

But the poems we have recited thus far are occasional pieces, hardly anything unusual. Why don't we attempt a long poem in the linking-verse manner, and see how fares the conversation between the fisherman and the woodman?" Li Ding said, "That's a marvelous proposal, Brother Zhang! Please begin.

My boat rests on the green water's mist and wave.
My home's deep in mountains and open plains.
I love the streams and bridges as spring tide swells;
care for ridges veiled by the clouds of dawn.
My fresh carps from Longmen are often cooked;
My dried woods, worm-rotted, are daily burnt.
Nets of many kinds will support my age.

Both pole and rope will see me to the end.
I lie in a skiff and watch wild geese fly;
I sprawl on grassy paths when wild swans cry.
I have no stake in fields of mouth and tongue;
Through seas of scandal I've not made my way.
Hung-dried by the stream my net's like brocade;
Polished new on rocks, my ax shows a fine blade.
Beneath autumn's moon I oft fish alone;
In spring hills all quiet I meet no one.
Fishes are changed for wine for me and wife to drink;
Firewood is used to buy a bottle for my son.
I sing and freely pour on my heart's desire;
In songs and sighs there's none to restrain me.
I call fellow boatmen to come as brothers;
With friends we join the codgers of the wilds.
We make rules, play games, and exchange the cups;
We break words, remake them, when we pass the mugs.
Cooked shrimps, boiled crabs are my daily feasts;
I'm daily fed by smoked fowls and fried ducks.
My unlettered wife makes tea languidly;
My mountain wife cooks rice most leisurely.
When dawn comes, I lift my staff to stir the waves;
At sunrise I pole my wood to cross big roads.
I don coir coat after rain to catch live carps;
Wind-blown I wield my ax to cut dried pines.
Hiding tracks to flee the world, I'm like a fool;
Blotting name and surname, I play deaf and dumb.

Zhang Shao said, "Brother Li, just now I presumed to take the lead and began with the first line of the poem. Why don't you begin this time and I shall follow you.

A rustic who feigns to be romantic;
An oldie taking pride in streams and lakes.
My lot is leisure, I seek laxity and ease.
Shunning talk and gossip, I love my peace.
In moonlit nights I sleep in safe straw huts;
When sky dims I'm draped with light coir cape.
I befriend with ardor both pines and plums;
I'm pleased to mingle with egrets and gulls.
My mind has no plans for fortune or fame;
My ears are deaf to the din of spear and drum.
At any time I'd pour my fragrant wine;
My day's three meals are soups of leafy greens.
My living rests on two bundles of wood;
My trade is my pole fit with hooks and lines.
I call our young son to sharpen my ax;
I tell my small rogue he should mend our nets.
Spring comes, I love to watch the willows green;
Warm days gladden the sight of rushes and reeds.
To flee summer's heat I plant new bamboos;

I pick young lotus to cool myself in June.
When Frost Descends the fatted fowls are slain;
By Double Ninth

I'd cook the roe-filled crabs.
I sleep deep in winter though the sun is high;
When the sky's tall and hazy, I'd not fry!
Throughout the year I roam free in the hills;
In all four climes I sail the lakes at will.
Gathering wood I own the immortals' feel;
Dropping my rod, I sport no worldly form.
My door's wild blossoms are fragrant and bright;
My stem's green water flows calm and serene.
Content, I seek not the Three Dukes' seats.
Like a ten-mile city my nature's firm.
Cities, though tall, must resist a siege;
Dukes, though of high rank, must the summon heed.
Delight in hills and streams is truly rare.
Thank Heaven, thank Earth, let's thank the gods!

The two of them thus recited poems and songs and composed linking-verses. Arriving at the place where their ways parted, they bowed to take leave of each other. "Elder Brother Li," said Zhang Shao, "take care as you go on your way. When you climb the mountains, be wary of the tiger. If you were harmed, I would find, as the saying goes,

one friend missing on the street tomorrow."

When Li Ding heard these words, he grew very angry saying, "What a scoundrel you are! Good friends would even die for each other! But you, why do you say such unlucky things to me? If I'm to be harmed by a tiger, your boat will surely capsize in the river."

"I'll never capsize my boat in the river," said Zhang Shao. Li Ding said, "As

There are unexpected storms in the sky
So there is sudden weal or woe with man.

What makes you so sure that you won't have an accident?"

"Elder Brother Li," said Zhang Shao, "you say this because you have no idea what may befall you in your business, whereas I can predict what'll happen in my kind of business. And I assure you that I won't have any accident."

"The kind of living you pick up on the waters," said Li Ding, "is an exceedingly treacherous business. You have to take chances all the time. How can you be so certain about your future?"

"Here's something you don't know about," said Zhang Shao. "In this city of Chang'an, there's a fortune teller who plies his trade on the West Gate Street. Every day I give him a golden carp as a present, and he consults the sticks in his sleeve for me. I follow his instructions when I lower my nets, and I've never missed in a hundred times. Today I went again to buy his prediction; he told me to set my nets at the east bend of the Jing River and to cast my line from the west bank. I know I'll come back with a fine

catch of fishes and shrimps. When I go up to the city tomorrow, I'll sell my catch and buy some wine, and then I'll get together with you again, old brother."

The two men then parted.

There is, however, a proverb:

"What is said on the road is heard in the grass."

For you see, it happened that a yakṣa on patrol in the Jing River overheard the part of the conversation about not having missed a hundred times. He dashed back to the Water Crystal Palace and hastily reported to the Dragon King, shouting, "Disaster! Disaster!"

"What sort of disaster?" asked the Dragon King.

"Your subject," said the yakṣa, "was patrolling the river and overheard a conversation between a woodman and a fisherman. Before they parted, they said something terrible. According to the fisherman, there is a fortune teller on West Gate Street in the city of Chang'an who is most accurate in his calculations. Every day the fisherman gives him a carp, and he then consults the sticks in his sleeve, with the result that the fisherman has not missed once in a hundred times when he casts his line! If such accurate calculations continue, will not all our water kin be exterminated? Where will you find any more inhabitants for the watery region who will toss and leap in the waves to enhance the majesty of the Great King?"

The Dragon King became so angry that he wanted to take the sword and go at once up to Chang'an to slay the fortune teller. But his dragon sons and grandsons, the shrimp and crab ministers, the samli counselor, the perch Subdirector of the Minor Court, and the carp President of the Board of Civil Office all came from the side and said to him, "Let the Great King restrain his anger. The proverb says, 'Don't believe everything you hear.' If the Great King goes forth like this, the clouds will accompany you and the rains will follow you. We fear that the people of Chang'an will be terrified and Heaven will be offended. Since the Great King has the power to appear or disappear suddenly and to transform into many shapes and sizes, let him change into a scholar. Then go to the city of Chang'an and investigate the matter. If there is indeed such a person, you can slay him without delay; but if there is no such person, there is no need to harm innocent people."

The Dragon King accepted their suggestion; he abandoned his sword and dismissed the clouds and the rains.

Reaching the river bank, he shook his body and changed into a white-robed scholar, truly with

Features most virile,
A stature towering;
A stride most stately—
So orderly and firm.
His speech exalts Kong and Meng;
His manner embodies Zhou and Wen.
He wears a silk robe of the color of jade;
His casual head-wrap's shaped like the letter one.

Coming out of the water, the Dragon King strode to the West Gate Street in the city of Chang'an. There he found a noisy crowd surrounding someone who was saying

in a lofty and self-assured manner, “Those born under the Dragon will follow their fate; those under the Tiger will collide with their physiognomies. The branches Yin$_3$, Chen$_5$, Si$_6$, and Hai$_{12}$ may be said to fit into the grand scheme, but I fear your birthday may clash with the Planet Jupiter.”

When the Dragon King heard this, he knew that he had come upon the fortune-teller’s place. Walking up to it and pushing the people apart, he peered inside to see

Four walls of exquisite writings;
A room full of brocaded paintings;
Smoke unending from the treasure duck;
And such pure water in a porcelain vase.
On both sides are mounted Wang Wei’s paintings;
High above his seat hangs the Guigu form.
The ink slab from Duanxi,
The golden smoke ink,
Both match the great brush of frostiest hair;
The crystal balls,
Guo Pu’s numbers,
Neatly face new classics of soothsaying.
He knows the hexagrams well;
He’s mastered the eight trigrams;
He perceives the laws of Heaven and Earth;
He discerns the ways of demons and gods.
One tray before him fixes the cosmic hours;
His mind clearly orders all planets and stars.
Truly those things to come
And those things past
He beholds as in a mirror;
Which house will rise
And which will fall
He foresees like a god.
He knows evil and decrees the good;
He prescribes death and predicts life.
His pronouncements quicken the wind and rain;
His brush alarms both spirits and gods.
His shop sign has letters to declare his name;
This divine diviner, Yuan Shoucheng.

Who was this man? He was actually the uncle of Yuan Tiankang, president of the Imperial Board of Astronomy in the present dynasty. The gentle man was truly a man of extraordinary appearance and elegant features; his name was known throughout the great country and his art was considered the highest in Chang’an. The Dragon King went inside the door and met the Master; after exchanging greetings, he was invited to take the seat of honor while a boy served him tea. The Master asked, “What would you like to know?”

The Dragon King said, “Please forecast the weather.”

The Master consulted his sticks and made his judgment:

Clouds hide the hilltop

And fog shrouds the tree.
The rain you'd divine
Tomorrow you'll see.

"At what hour will it rain tomorrow, and how much rain will there be?" asked the Dragon King. "At the hour of the Dragon the clouds will gather," said the Master, "and thunder will be heard at the hour of the Serpent. Rain will come at the hour of the Horse and reach its limit at the hour of the Sheep.

There will be altogether three feet, three inches, and forty-eight drops of rain."

"You had better not be joking now," said the Dragon King, laughing. "If it rains tomorrow and if it is in accordance with the time and the amount you prophesied, I shall present you with fifty taels of gold as my thanks. But if it does not rain, or if the amount and the hours are incorrect, I tell you truly that I shall come and break your front door to pieces and tear down your shop sign. You will be chased out of Chang'an at once so that you may no longer seduce the multitude."

"You may certainly do that," said the Master amiably. "Good-bye for now. Please come again tomorrow after the rain."

The Dragon King took leave and returned to his water residence. He was received by various aquatic deities, who asked, "How was the Great King's visit to the soothsayer?"

"Yes, yes, yes," said the Dragon King, "there is indeed such a person, but he's a garrulous fortune-teller. I asked him when it would rain, and he said tomorrow; I asked him again about the time and the amount, and he told me that clouds would gather at the hour of the Dragon, thunder would be heard at the hour of the Serpent, and that rain would come at the hour of the Horse and would reach its limit at the hour of the Sheep. Altogether there would be three feet, three inches, and forty-eight drops of water. I made a wager with him: if it is as he said, I'll reward him with fifty taels of gold. If there is the slightest error, I'll break down his shop and chase him away, so that he will not be permitted to seduce the multitude at Chang'an."

"The Great King is the supreme commander of the eight rivers," said the water kin, laughing, "the great Dragon Deity in charge of rain. Whether there is going to be rain or not, only the Great King knows that. How dare he speak so foolishly? That soothsayer is sure to lose!" While the dragon sons and grandsons were laughing at the matter with the fish and crab officials, a voice was heard suddenly in midair announcing, "Dragon King of the Jing River, receive the imperial command."

They raised their heads to look and saw a goldenrobed guardian holding the decree of the Jade Emperor and heading straight for the water residence. The Dragon King hastily straightened out his attire and burned incense to receive the decree. After he made his delivery, the guardian rose into the air and left.

The Dragon King opened the decree, which said:

We bid the Eight- Rivers Prince
To call up thunder and rain;
Pour out tomorrow your grace
To benefit Chang'an's race.

The instructions regarding the hours and the amount of rain written on the decree did not even differ in the slightest from the soothsayer's prediction. So overwhelmed was the Dragon King that his spirit left him and his soul fled, and only

after awhile did he regain consciousness. He said to his water kinsmen, “There is indeed an intelligent creature in the world of dust! How well he comprehends the laws of Heaven and Earth! I’m bound to lose to him!”

“Let the Great King calm himself,” said the samli counselor. “Is it so difficult to get the better of the fortune-teller? Your subject here has a little plan that will silence that fellow for good.” When the Dragon King asked what the plan was, the counselor said, “If the rain tomorrow misses the timing and the amount specified by a mere fraction, it will mean that his prediction is not accurate. Won’t you have won? What’s there to stop you then from tearing up his shop sign and putting him on the road?”

The Dragon King took his counsel and stopped worrying.

The next day he ordered the Duke of Wind, the Lord of Thunder, the Boy of Clouds, and the Mother of Lightning to go with him to the sky above Chang’an. He waited until the hour of the Serpent before spreading the clouds, the hour of the Horse before letting loose the thunder, the hour of the Sheep before releasing the rain, and only by the hour of the Monkey did the rain stop.

There were only three feet and forty drops of water, since the times were altered by an hour and the amount was changed by three inches and eight drops.

After the rain, the Dragon King dismissed his followers and came down from the clouds, transformed once again into a scholar dressed in white. He went to the West Gate Street and barged into Yuan Shoucheng’s shop. Without a word of explanation, he began to smash the shop sign, the brushes, and the ink slab to pieces. The Master, however, sat on his chair and remained unmoved, so the Dragon King unhinged the door and threatened to hit him with it, crying, “You’re nothing but a bogus prophet of good and evil, an imposter who deludes the minds of the people! Your predictions are incorrect; your words are patently false! What you told me about the time and quantity of today’s rain was utterly inaccurate, and yet you dare sit so smugly and so high on your seat? Leave here at once before you are executed!” Still Yuan Shoucheng was not at all intimidated. He lifted up his head and laughed scornfully. “I’m not afraid!” he said. “Not in the least! I’m not guilty of death, but I fear that you have committed a mortal crime. You can fool other people, but you can’t fool me! I recognize you, all right: you are not a white-robed scholar but the Dragon King of the Jing River. By altering the times and holding back the quantity of rain, you have disobeyed the decree of the Jade Emperor and transgressed the law of Heaven. On the dragon execution block you won’t escape the knife! And here you are, railing at me!” When the Dragon King heard these words, his heart trembled and his hair stood on end. He dropped the door quickly, tidied his clothes, and knelt before the Master saying, “I beg the Master not to take offense. My previous words were spoken in jest; little did I realize that my prank would turn out to be such a serious crime. Now I have indeed transgressed the law of Heaven. What am I to do? I beseech the Master to save me. If you won’t, I’ll never let you go!”

“I can’t save you,” said Shoucheng, “I can only point out to you what may be a way of life.”

“I’m willing to be instructed,” said the Dragon.

The Master said, “You are to be executed tomorrow by the human judge, Wei Zheng, at the third quarter past the hour of noon. If you want to preserve your life, you must go quickly to plead your case before the present emperor Tang Taizong, for Wei

Zheng is the prime minister before his throne. If you can win the emperor's favor, you'll be spared."

Hearing this, the Dragon took leave with tears in his eyes. Soon the red sun sank down and the moon arose. You see

Smoke thickens on purple mountains as homing crows tire;
Travelers on distant journeys head for inns;
Young wild geese at fords rest on field and sand.
The silver stream appears
To hasten the time float.
Lights fare in a lone village from dying fames:
Wind sweeps the burner to clear Daoist yard of smoke
As man fades away in the butterfly dream.
The moon moves floral shadows up the garden's rails.
The stars are rife
As water clocks strike;
So swiftly the gloom deepens that it's midnight.

Our Dragon King of the Jing River did not even return to his water home; he waited in the air until it was about the hour of the Rat, when he descended from the clouds and mists and came to the gate of the palace. At this time the Tang emperor was just having a dream about taking a walk outside the palace in the moonlight, beneath the shades of flowers. The Dragon suddenly assumed the form of a human being and went up to him. Kneeling, he cried out, "Your Majesty, save me, save me!"

"Who are you?" asked Taizong. "We would be glad to save you."

"Your Majesty is the true dragon," said the Dragon King, "but I am an accursed one. Because I have disobeyed the decree of Heaven, I am to be executed by a worthy subject of Your Majesty, the human judge Wei Zheng. I have therefore come here to plead with you to save me."

"If Wei Zheng is to be the executioner," said Taizong, "we can certainly save you. You may leave and not worry."

The Dragon King was delighted and left after expressing his gratitude.

We tell you now about Taizong, who, having awakened, was still turning over in his mind what he had dreamed. Soon it was threefifths past the hour of the fifth watch, and Taizong held court for his ministers, both civil and martial. You see

Smoke shrouding the phoenix arches;
Incense clouding the dragon domes;
Light shimmering as the silk screens move;
Clouds brushing the feather-trimmed flags;
Rulers and lords harmonious as Yao and Shun;
Rituals and music solemn as Han's and Zhou's.
The attendant lamps,
The court-maiden fans
Show their colors in pairs;
From peacock screens
And unicorn halls
Light radiates every where.

Three cheers for long life!
A wish for reign everlasting!
When a whip cracks three times,
The caps and robes will bow to the Crown.
Brilliant palatial blooms, endued by Heaven's scent;
Pliant bank willows, sung and praised by court music.
The screens of pearl,
The screens of jade,
Are drawn high by golden hooks:
The dragon-phoenix fan,
The mountain-river fan,
Rest on top of the royal carriage.
The civil lords are noble and refined;
The martial lords, strong and valiant.
The imperial path divides the ranks:
The vermilion court aligns the grades.
The golden seal and purple sashes bearing the three signs
Will last for millions of years as Heaven and Earth.

After the ministers had paid their homage, they all went back to standing in rows according to their rank. The Tang emperor opened his dragon eyes to look at them one by one: among the civil officials were Fang Xuanling, Du Ruhui, Xu Shizhi, Xu Jingzong, and Wang Guei; and among the military officials were Ma Sanbao, Duan Zhixian, Yin Kaishan, Cheng Yaojin, Liu Hongzhi, Hu Jingde, and Qin Shubao. Each one of them was standing there in a most solemn manner, but the prime minister Wei Zheng was not to be seen anywhere. The Tang emperor asked Xu Shizhi to come forward and said to him, "We had a strange dream last night: there was a man who paid homage to us, calling himself the Dragon King of the Jing River. He said that he had disobeyed the command of Heaven and was supposed to be executed by the human judge Wei Zheng. He implored us to save him, and we gave our consent. Today only Wei Zheng is absent from the ranks. Why is that?"

"This dream may indeed come true," answered Shizhi, "and Wei Zheng must be summoned to court immediately. Once he arrives, let Your Majesty keep him here for a whole day and not permit him to leave. After this day, the dragon in the dream will be saved."

The Tang emperor was most delighted: he gave the order at once to have Wei Zheng summoned to court.

We speak now of prime minister Wei Zheng, who studied the movement of the stars and burned incense at his home that evening. He heard the cries of cranes in the air and saw there a Heavenly messenger holding the golden decree of the Jade Emperor, which ordered him to execute in his dream the old dragon of the Jing River at precisely the third quarter past the noon hour. Having thanked the Heavenly grace, our prime minister prepared himself in his residence by bathing himself and abstaining from food; he was also sharpening his magic sword and exercising his spirit, and therefore he did not attend court. He was terribly flustered when he saw the royal officer on duty arriving with the summons. Not daring, however, to disobey the emperor's command, he had to dress quickly and follow the summons into court, kowtowing and asking for pardon before the throne. The Tang emperor said, "We pardoned indeed our worthy subject."

At that time the various ministers had not yet retired from the court, and only after Wei Zheng's arrival was the curtain drawn up for the court's dismissal. Wei Zheng alone was asked to remain; he rode the golden carriage with the emperor to enter the chamber for relaxation, where he discussed with the emperor tactics for making the empire secure and other affairs of state. When it was just about midway between the hour of the Serpent and the hour of the Horse, the emperor asked the royal attendants to bring out a large chess set, saying, "We shall have a game with our worthy subject."

The various concubines took out the chessboard and set it on the imperial table. After expressing his gratitude, Wei Zheng set out to play chess with the Tang emperor, both of them moving the pieces step by step into positions. It was completely in accordance with the instruction of the *Classic of Chess:*

> The way of chess exalts discipline and caution; the most powerful pieces should remain in the center, the weakest ones at the flanks, and the less powerful ones at the corners. This is a familiar law of the chess player. The law says: "You should rather lose a piece than an advantage. When you strike on the left, you must guard your right; when you attack in the rear, you must watch your front. Only when you have a secure front will you also have a rear, and only if you have a secure rear will you maintain your front. The two ends cannot be separated, and yet both must remain flexible and not be encumbered. Abroad formation should not be too loose, while a tight position should not be constricted.
>
> Rather than clinging on to save a single piece, it is better to sacrifice it in order to win; rather than moving without purpose, it is better to remain stationary in order to be self-supportive. When your adversary outnumbers you, your first concern is to survive; when you outnumber your adversary, you must strive to exploit your force. He who knows how to win will not prolong his fight; he who is a master of positions will not engage in direct combat; he who knows how to fight will not suffer defeat; and he who knows how to lose will not panic. For chess begins with proper engagement but ends in unexpected victory. If your enemy, even without being threatened, is bringing up his reinforcement, it is a sign of his intention to attack; if he deserts a small piece without trying to save it, he may be stalking a bigger piece. If he moves in a casual manner, he is a man without thoughts; response without thought is the way to defeat. The *Classic of Poetry* says:
>
> *Approach with extreme caution*
> *As if facing a deep canyon.*
>
> Such is the meaning thereof.
> The poem says:
>
> *The chessboard's the earth; the pieces are the sky;*
> *The colors are light and dark as the whole universe.*
> *When playing reaches that skillful, subtle stage,*
> *Boast and laugh with the old Immortal of Chess.*

The two of them, emperor and subject, played chess until three quarters past the noon hour, but the game was not yet finished. Suddenly Wei Zheng put his head on the table and fell fast asleep. Taizong laughed and said, "Our worthy subject truly has worn himself out for the state and exhausted his strength on behalf of the empire. He has therefore fallen asleep in spite of himself."

Taizong allowed him to sleep on and did not arouse him. In a little while, Wei Zheng awoke and prostrated himself on the ground saying, "Your subject deserves ten thousand deaths! Your subject deserves ten thousand deaths! Just now I lost consciousness for no reason at all. I beg Your Majesty's pardon for such insult against the emperor."

"What insult is there?" said Taizong. "Arise! Let us forget the old game and start a new one instead." Wei Zheng expressed his gratitude. As he put his hand on a piece, a loud clamor was heard outside the gate. It was occasioned by the ministers Qin Shubao and Xu Mougong, who arrived with a dragon head dripping with blood. Throwing it in front of the emperor, they said, "Your Majesty, we have seen seas turn shallow and rivers run dry, but a thing as strange as this we have never even heard of."

Taizong arose with Wei Zheng and said, "Where did this thing come from?"

"South of the Thousand-Step Corridor," replied Shubao and Mougong, "at the crossroads, this dragon head fell from the clouds. Your lowly subjects dare not withhold it from you." In alarm, the Tang emperor asked Wei Zheng, "What's the meaning of this?"

Turning to kowtow to him, Wei Zheng said, "This dragon was executed just now by your subject in his dream." When the Tang emperor heard this, he was seized with fear and said, "When our worthy minister was sleeping, I did not see any movement of body or limb, nor did I perceive any scimitar or sword. How could you have executed this dragon?" Wei Zheng replied, "My lord, although

My body was before my master,
I left Your Majesty in my dream;
My body before my master faced the unfinished game,
With dim eyes fully closed;
I left Your Majesty in my dream to ride the blessed cloud,
With spirit most eager and alert.
That dragon on the dragon execution block
Was bound up there by celestial hosts.
Your subject said,
For breaking Heaven's law,
You are worthy of death.
Now by Heaven's command,
I end your wretched life.'
The dragon listened in grief;
Your subject bestirred his spirit;
The dragon listened in grief,
Retrieving claws and scales to await his death;
Your subject bestirred his spirit,
Lifting robe and taking step to hold high his blade.
With one loud crack the knife descended;
And thus the head of the dragon fell from the sky."

When Taizong heard these words, he was filled with both sadness and delight. The delight was caused by his pride in having a minister as good as Wei Zheng. If he had worthies of this kind in his court, he thought, need he worry about the security of his empire? He was saddened, however, by the fact that he had promised in his dream to save the dragon, and he had not anticipated that the creature would be killed in this manner. He had to force himself to give the order to Shubao that the dragon head be hung on display at the market, so that the populace of Chang'an might be informed. Meanwhile, he rewarded Wei Zheng, after which the various ministers dispersed.

That night he returned to his palace in deep depression, for he kept remembering the dragon in the dream crying and begging for his life. Little did he expect that the turn

of events would be such that the dragon still could not escape calamity. Having thought about the matter for a long time, he became physically and mentally drained. At about the hour of the second watch, the sound of weeping was heard outside the door of the palace, and Taizong became even more fearful. He was sleeping fitfully when he saw our Dragon King of the Jing River holding his head dripping with blood in his hand, and crying in a loud voice:

"Tang Taizong! Give me back my life! Give me back my life! Last night you were full of promises to save me. Why did you order a human judge in the daytime to have me executed? Come out, come out! I am going to argue this case with you before the King of the Underworld."

He seized Taizong and would neither let go nor desist from his protestation. Taizong could not say a word; he could only struggle until perspiration covered his entire body. Just at the moment when it seemed that nothing could separate them, fragrant clouds and colorful mists appeared from the south. A Daoist priestess came forward and waved a willow twig. That headless dragon, still mourning and weeping, left at once toward the northwest. For you see, this was none other than the Bodhisattva Guanyin, who by the decree of Buddha was seeking a scripture pilgrim in the Land of the East. She was staying in the temple of the local spirit at the city of Chang'an when she heard in the night the weeping of demons and the crying of spirits. So she came specially to drive the accursed dragon away and to rescue the emperor. That dragon went directly to the court of the Underworld to file suit, of which we shall say no more.

We now tell you about Taizong, who, when he awoke, could only yell aloud, "Ghost! Ghost!"

He so terrified the queens of three palaces, the concubines of six chambers, and the attending eunuchs that they remained sleepless for the entire night. Soon it was the fifth watch, and all the officials of the court, both civil and military, were waiting for an audience outside the gate. They waited until dawn, but the emperor did not appear, and every one of them became apprehensive and restless. Only after the sun was high in the sky did a proclamation come out saying, "We are not feeling too well. The ministers are excused from court."

Five or six days went by swiftly, and the various officials became so anxious that they were about to enter the court without summons and inquire after the throne. Just then the queen mother gave the order to have the physician brought into the palace, and so the multitude waited at the gate of the court for some news. In a little while, the physician came out and he was questioned about the emperor's illness. "The pulse of His Majesty is irregular," said the physician, "for it is weak as well as rapid. He blabbers about seeing ghosts. I also perceive that there were ten movements and one rest, but there is no breath left in his viscera. I am afraid that he will pass away within seven days." When the various ministers heard this statement, they paled with fright.

In this state of alarm, they again heard that Taizong had summoned Xu Mougong, Huguo Gong, and Yuchi Gong to appear before him. The three ministers hurried into the auxiliary palace, where they prostrated themselves. Speaking somberly and with great effort, Taizong said, "My worthy subjects, since the age of nineteen I have been leading my army in expeditions to the four corners of the Earth. I have experienced much hardship throughout the years, but I have never encountered any kind of strange or weird thing. This day, however, I have seen ghosts!"

"When you established your empire," said Yuchi Gong, "you had to kill countless people. Why should you fear ghosts?"

"You may not believe it," said Taizong, "but outside this bedroom of mine at night, there are bricks thrown and spirits screaming to a degree that is truly unmanageable. In the daytime it's not too bad, but it's intolerable at night!"

"Let Your Majesty be relieved," said Shubao, "for this evening your subject and Jingde will stand guard at the palace gate. We shall see what sort of ghostly business there is."

Taizong agreed to the proposal, and Mougong and the other ministers retired after expressing their gratitude.

That evening the two ministers, in full battle dress and holding golden bludgeon and battle-ax, stood guard outside the palace gate.

Dear generals! Look how they are attired:

They wore on their heads bright glimmering golden helmets,
And on their bodies cuirasses of dragon scales.
Their jeweled breastplates glow like hallowed clouds:
With lion knots tightly drawn,
And silk sashes newly spun.
This one had phoenix eyes facing the sky to frighten the stars:
The other had brown eyes glowering like lightning and the shining moon.
They were once warriors of the greatest merit;
But now they've become
For all time the guardians of the gates,
In all ages the protectors of the home.

The two generals stood beside the door for the entire night and did not see the slightest disturbance. That night Taizong rested peacefully in the palace; when morning came he summoned the two generals before him and thanked them profusely, saying, "Since falling ill, I haven't been able to sleep for days, and only last night did I manage to get some rest because of your presence. Let our worthy ministers retire now for some rest so that we may count on your protection once again at night."

The two generals left after expressing their gratitude, and for the following two or three nights their standing guard brought continued peace. However, the royal appetite diminished and the illness became more severe. Taizong, moreover, could not bear to see the two generals overworked. So once again he called Shubao, Jingde, the ministers Du and Fang into the palace, saying to them, "Though I got some rest these past two days, I have imposed on the two generals the hardship of staying up all night. I wish to have portraits made of both of them by a skilled painter and have these pasted on the door, so that the two generals will be spared any further labor. How about it?"

The various ministers obeyed; they selected two portrait painters, who made pictures of the two generals in their proper battle attire. The portraits were then mounted near the gate, and no incident occurred during the night.

So it was for two or three days, until the loud rattling of bricks and tiles was again heard at the rear gate of the palace. At dawn the emperor called together the various ministers, saying to them, "For the past few days there have been, happily, no incidents at the front of the palace, but last night the noises at the back door were such that they nearly frightened me to death." Mougong stepped forward and said, "The

disturbances at the front door were driven off by Jingde and Shubao. If there is disturbance at the rear gate, then Wei Zheng ought to stand guard."

Taizong approved the suggestion and ordered Wei Zheng to guard the rear door that night. Accepting the charge, Wei donned his full court regalia that evening; holding the sword with which he had slain the dragon, he stood at attention before the rear gate of the palace. What splendid heroic stature! Look how he is attired:

Green satin turban swaths his brow:
The silk robe's jade belt is waist-hung;
Windblown, craned-down sleeves fly like drifting snow.
He bests Lü and Shu's divine looks.
His feet wear black boots most supple;
His hands hold a blade sharp and fierce.
With glaring eyes he stared at all four sides.
Which deviant god dares approach?

A whole night went by and no ghost appeared. But though there were no incidents at either the front or the rear gate, the emperor's condition worsened. One day the queen mother sent for all the ministers to discuss funeral arrangements. Taizong himself also summoned Xu Mougong to his bedside to entrust to him the affairs of state, committing the crown prince to the minister's care as Liu Bei did to Zhuge Liang.

When he had finished speaking, he bathed and changed his garments, waiting for his time to come. Wei Zheng then stepped out from the side and tugged the royal garment with his hand, saying, "Let Your Majesty be relieved. Your subject knows something that will guarantee long life for Your Majesty."

"My illness," said Taizong, "has reached the irremediable stage; my life is in danger. How can you preserve it?"

"Your subject has a letter here," said Wei, "which I submit to Your Majesty to take with you to Hell and give to the Judge of the Underworld, Jue."

"Who is Cui Jue?" asked Taizong.

"Cui Jue," said Wei, "was the subject of the deceased emperor, your father: at first he was the district magistrate of Cizhou, and subsequently he was promoted to vice president of the Board of Rites. When he was alive, he was an intimate friend and sworn brother of your subject. Now that he is dead, he has become a judge in the capital of the Underworld, having in his charge the chronicles of life and death in the region of darkness. He meets with me frequently, however, in my dreams. If you go there presently and hand this letter to him, he will certainly remember his obligation toward your lowly subject and allow Your Majesty to return here. Surely your soul will return to the human world, and your royal countenance will once more grace the capital." When Taizong heard these words, he took the letter in his hands and put it in his sleeve; with that, he closed his eyes and died. Those queens and concubines from three palaces and six chambers, the crown prince and the two rows of civil and military officials, all put on their mourning garb to mourn him, as the imperial coffin lay in state at the Hall of the White Tiger, but we shall say no more about that. We do not know how the soul of Taizong came back; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

ELEVEN

Having toured the Underworld, Taizong returns to life
Having presented melons and fruits, Liu Quan marries again

The poem says:

A hundred years pass by like flowing streams;
Like froth and foam a lifetime's work now seems.
Yesterday faces had a peach's glow;
Today the temples float up flakes of snow.
Termites disband—illusion then you'll learn!
Cuckoos call gravely for your early return.
Secret good works will always life prolong.
Virtue's not needy for Heav'n's care is strong.

We now tell you about Taizong, whose soul drifted out of the Tower of Five Phoenixes. Everything was blurred and indistinct. It seemed to him that a company of imperial guardsmen was inviting him to a hunting party, to which Taizong gladly gave his consent and went off with them. They had journeyed for a long time when suddenly all the men and horses vanished from sight. He was left alone, walking the deserted fields and desolate plains. As he anxiously tried to find his way back, he heard someone from beyond calling in a loud voice:

"Great Tang Emperor, come over here! Come over here!"

Taizong heard this and looked up. He saw that the man had

A black gauze cap on his head;
Rhinoceros horns around his waist.
His head's black gauze hat dangled pliant bands:
His waist's rhino horns displayed plates of gold.
He held an ivory plaque sheathed in hallowed mist;
He wore a silk robe circled by holy light.
His feet put on a pair of white-soled boots
For treading cloud and climbing fog;
He grasped by his heart a book of life and death,
Which determined one's fate.
His hair, luxuriant, flew above his ears:
His beard fluttered and danced around his jaws.
He was once a prime minister of Tang:
Now he judged cases to serve Yama King.

Taizong walked toward him, and the man, kneeling at the side of the road, said to him, "Your Majesty, please pardon your subject for neglecting to meet you at a greater distance."

"Who are you," asked Taizong, "and for what reason did you come to meet me?"

The man said, "Half a month ago, your lowly subject met in the Halls of Darkness the Dragon Ghost of the Jing River, who was filing suit against Your Majesty for having him executed after promising to save him. So the great king Qinguang of the

first chamber immediately sent demon messengers to arrest you and bring you to trial before the Three Tribunes. Your subject learned of this and therefore came here to receive you. I did not expect to come late today, and I beg you to forgive me."

"What is your name," said Taizong, "and what is your rank?"

"When your lowly subject was alive," said that man, "he served on Earth before the previous emperor as the district magistrate of Cizhou. Afterwards I was appointed vice president of the Board of Rites.

My surname is Cui and my given name is Jue. In the Region of Darkness I hold a judgeship in the Capital of Death."

Taizong was very glad; he went forward and held out his royal hands to raise the man up, saying, "I am sorry to have inconvenienced you. Wei Zheng, who serves before my throne, has a letter for you. I'm glad that we have a chance to meet here."

The judge expressed his gratitude and asked where the letter was. Taizong took it out of his sleeve and handed it over to Cui Jue, who received it, bowing, and then opened it and read:

Your unworthily beloved brother Wei Zheng sends with bowed head this letter to the Great Judge, my sworn brother the Honorable Mr. Cui. I recall our former goodly society, and both your voice and your countenance seem to be present with me. Several years have hastened by since I last heard your lofty discourse. I could only prepare a few vegetables and fruits to offer to you as sacrifices during the festive times of the year, though I do not know whether you have enjoyed them or not. I am grateful, however, that you have not forgotten me, and that you have revealed to me in my dreams that you, my elder brother, have ascended to an even higher office. Unfortunately, the worlds of Light and Darkness are separated by a gulf wide as the Heavens, so that we cannot meet face to face. The reason that I am writing you now is the sudden demise of my emperor, the accomplished Taizong, whose case, I suppose, will be reviewed by the Three Tribunes, so that he will certainly be given the opportunity to meet you. I earnestly beseech you to remember our friendship while you were living and grant me the small favor of allowing His Majesty to return to life. This will be a very great favor to me, for which I thank you once more.

After reading the letter, the judge said with great delight, "The execution of the old dragon the other day by the human judge Wei is already known to your subject, who greatly admires him for this deed. I am, moreover, indebted to him for looking after my children.

Since he has written such a letter now, Your Majesty need have no further concern. Your lowly subject will make certain that you will be returned to life, to ascend once more your throne of jade."

Taizong thanked him.

As the two of them were speaking, they saw in the distance two young boys in blue robes holding banners and flags and calling out, "The King of the Underworld has an invitation for you."

Taizong went forward with Judge Cui and the two boys. He suddenly saw a huge city, and on a large plaque above the city gate was the inscription in gold letters, "The Region of Darkness, The Gate of Spirits." Waving the banners, the blue robes led Taizong into the city. As they walked along, they saw at the side of the street the emperor's predecessor Li Yuan, his elder brother Jiancheng, and his deceased brother Yuanji, who came toward them, shouting, "Here comes Shimin!

Here comes Shimin!"

The brothers clutched at Taizong and began beating him and threatening vengeance. Having no place to dodge, the emperor fell into their clutch; and only when

Judge Cui called a blue-faced, hook-tusked demon to drive them away could he escape and continue his journey.

They had traveled no more than a few miles when they arrived at a towering edifice with green tiles. This building was truly magnificent. You see

Lightly ten thousand folds of colored mists pile high;
Dimly a thousand strands of crimson brume appear.
Heads of wild beasts rear up from the eaves aglow.
Pairs of lambent roof tiles rise in tiers of five.
Rows of red-gold nails bore deeply into doors;
Crosswise, slabs of white jade make up the rails.
Windows near the lights release morning smoke.
The screens, the curtains, flash like fiery bolts.
High-rising towers reach to the azure sky.
Criss-crossing hallways join the treasure rooms.
Fragrance from beast-shaped tripods line royal robes;
Scarlet silk lanterns brighten the portals' leaves.
On the left, hordes of fierce Bull-heads stand;
On the right, gruesome Horse-faces line up.
Gold placards turn to greet the ghosts of the dead;
White silk descends to lead the deceased souls.
It bears this name: The Central Gate of Hell,
The Darkness Hall of the Princes of Hades.

As Taizong was looking at the place, there came from within the tinkling of girdle jade, the mysterious fragrance of divine incense, and two pairs of torch candles followed by the Ten Kings of the Underworld coming down the steps. The Ten Kings were:

King Qinguang, King of the Beginning River, King of the Song Emperor, King of Avenging Ministers, King Yama, King of Equal Ranks, King of the Tai Mountain, King of City Markets, King of Complete Change, and King of the Turning Wheel. Coming out of the Treasure Hall of Darkness, they bowed to receive Taizong, who, feigning modesty, declined to lead the way. The Ten Kings said, "Your Majesty is the emperor of men in the World of Light, whereas we are but the kings of spirits in the World of Darkness. Such are indeed our appointed stations, so why should you defer to us?"

"I'm afraid that I have offended all of you," said Taizong, "so how can I dare to speak of observing the etiquette of ghosts and men, of Light and Darkness?" Only after much protestation did Taizong proceed into the Hall of Darkness. After he had greeted the Ten Kings properly, they sat down according to the places assigned to hosts and guests.

After a little while, King Qinguang folded his hands in front of him and came forward, saying, "The Dragon Spirit of the Jing River accuses Your Majesty of having him slain after promising to save him. Why?"

"I did promise him that nothing would happen," said Taizong, "when the old dragon appealed to me in my dream at night. He was guilty, you know, and was condemned to be executed by the human judge Wei Zheng. It was to save him that I invited Wei Zheng to play chess with me, not anticipating that Wei Zheng could have performed the execution in his dream! That was indeed a miraculous stratagem devised

by the human judge, and, after all, the dragon was also guilty of a mortal offense. I fail to see how I am to blame." When the Ten Kings heard these words, they replied, bowing, "Even before that dragon was born, it was already written on the Book of Death held by the Star of South Pole that he should be slain by a human judge. We have known this all along, but the dragon lodged his complaint here and insisted that Your Majesty be brought down so that his case might be reviewed by the Three Tribunes. We have already sent him on his way to his next incarnation through the Wheel of Transmigration. We regret, however, that we have caused Your Majesty the inconvenience of this journey, and we beg your pardon for pressing you to come here." When they had finished speaking, they ordered the judge in charge of the Books of Life and Death to bring out the records quickly so that they could ascertain what the allotted time of the emperor was to be. Judge Cui went at once to his chamber and examined, one by one, the ages preordained for all the kings in the world that were inscribed in the books. Startled when he saw that the Great Tang Emperor Taizong of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent was destined to die in the thirteenth year of the period Zhenguan, he quickly dipped his big brush in thick ink and added two strokes before presenting the book. The Ten Kings took one look and saw that "thirtythree years" was written beneath the name Taizong. They asked in alarm, "How long has it been since Your Majesty was enthroned?"

"It has been thirteen years," said Taizong. "Your Majesty need have no worry," said King Yama, "for you still have twenty years of life. Now that your case has been clearly reviewed, we can send you back to the World of Light." When Taizong heard this, he bowed to express his gratitude as the Ten Kings ordered Judge Cui and Grand Marshal Chu to accompany him back to life.

Taizong walked out of the Hall of Darkness and asked, saluting the Ten Kings once again, "What's going to happen to those living in my palace?"

"Everyone will be safe," said the Ten Kings, "except your younger sister. It appears that she will not live long."

"When I return to the World of Light," said Taizong, bowing again to thank them, "I have very little that I can present you as a token of my gratitude. Perhaps I can send you some melons or other kinds of fruit?" Delighted, the Ten Kings said, "We have eastern and western melons here, but we lack southern melons." "The moment I get back," said Taizong, "I shall send you some." They bowed to each other with hands folded, and parted.

The marshal took the lead, holding a flag for guiding souls, while Judge Cui followed behind to protect Taizong. They walked out of the Region of Darkness, and Taizong saw that it was not the same road. He asked the judge, "Are we going on the wrong way?"

"No," said the judge, "for this is how it is in the Region of Darkness: there is away for you to come, but there is no way out. Now we must send Your Majesty off from the region of the Wheel of Transmigration, so that you can make a tour of Hell as well as be sent on your way to reincarnation." Taizong had little alternative but to follow their lead.

They had gone only a few miles when they came upon a tall mountain. Dark clouds touched the ground around it, and black mists shrouded the sky. "Mr. Cui," said Taizong, "what mountain is this?" The judge said, "It's the Mountain of Perpetual Shade in the Region of Darkness."

"How can we go there?" asked Taizong fearfully. "Your Majesty need not worry," said the judge, "for your subjects are here to guide you." Shaking and quaking, Taizong followed the two of them and ascended the slope. He raised his head to look around and saw that

Its shape was both craggy and curvate,
And its form was even more tortuous.
Rugged like the Shu peaks;
Tall like the Lu summits;
It was not a famed mountain in the World of Light,
But a treacherous place in the Region of Darkness.
Thickets of thorns sheltered monsters;
Tiers of stone ridges harbored demons.
No sound of fowl or beast came to one's ears;
Only ghosts or griffins walked before one's eyes.
The howling cold wind;
The endless black mist—
The howling cold wind was the huffing of infernal hosts;
The endless black mist was the puffing of demonic troops.
There was no scenic splendor though one looked high and low;
All was desolation when one stared left and right.
At that place there were mountains
And peaks,
And summits,
And caves,
And streams;
Only no grass grew on the mountains;
No peaks punctured the sky;
No travelers scaled the summits;
No caves ever harbored the clouds;
No water flowed in the streams.
They were all specters on the shores,
And bogies beneath the cliffs.
The phantoms huddled in the caves,
And lost souls hid on stream-floors.
All around the mountain,
Bull-heads and Horse-faces wildly clamored;
Half hidden and half in sight,
Hungry ghosts and needy souls often wept.
The judge in quest of souls,
In haste and fury delivered his summons;
The guard who chased the spirits,
Snorted and shouted to present his papers.
The Swift of Foot:
A boiling cyclone!
The Soul Snatcher:
A spreading dark mist!

Had he not trusted in the judge's protection, Taizong would have never made it across this Mountain of Perpetual Shade.

As they proceeded, they came to a place where there were many halls and chambers; everywhere they turned, melancholy cries blasted their ears and grotesque sights struck terror in their hearts. "What is this place?" asked Taizong again. "The Eighteenfold Hell behind the Mountain of Perpetual Shade," said the judge. "What is that?" said Taizong. The judge replied, "Listen to what I have to say:

The Hell of the Rack,
The Hell of Gloomy Guilt,
The Hell of the Fiery Pit:
All such sorrow,
All such desolation,
Are caused by a thousand sins committed in the life before;
They all come to suffer after they die.
The Hell of Hades,
The Hell of Tongue- Pulling,
The Hell of Skin- Shredding:
All those weeping and wailing,
All those pining and mourning,
Await the traitors, the rebels, and the Heaven baiters;
He of Buddha-mouth and serpent-heart will end up here.
The Hell of Grinding,
The Hell of Pounding,
The Hell of Crushing;
With frayed skin and torn flesh,
Gaping mouths and grinding teeth,
These are they who cheat and lie to work injustice,
Who fawn and flatter to deceive.
The Hell of Ice,
The Hell of Mutilation,
The Hell of Evisceration:
With grimy face and matted hair,
Knitted brow and doleful look,
These are they who fleece the simple with weights unjust,
And so bring ruin upon themselves.
The Hell of Boiling Oil,
The Hell of Grim Darkness,
The Hell of the Sword Mountain:
They shake and quake;
They sorrow and pine:
For oppressing the righteous by violence and fraud
They now must cower in their lonely pain.
The Hell of the Pool of Blood,
The Hell of Avīci.
The Hell of Scales and Weights:
All the skins peeled and bones exposed,
The limbs cut and the tendons severed,
Are caused by murder stemming from greed,

The taking of life of both humans and beasts.
Their fall has no reversal in a thousand years—
Eternal perdition without release.
Each is firmly bound and tightly tied,
Shackled by both ropes and cords.
The slightest move brings on the Red-hair demons,
The Black-face demons,
With long spears and sharp swords;
The Bull-head demons,
The Horse-face demons,
With iron spikes and bronze gavels,
They strike till faces contort and blood flows down,
But cries to Earth and Heaven find no response.
So it is that man ought not his own conscience betray,
For gods have knowledge, who could get away?
Thus vice and virtue will at last be paid:
It differs only in coming soon or late."

When Taizong heard these words, he was terror-stricken. They went on for a little while and came upon a group of demon soldiers, each holding banners and flags and kneeling beside the road. "The Guards of the Bridges have come to receive you," they said. The judge ordered them to make way and proceeded to lead Taizong across a golden bridge. Looking to one side, Taizong saw another silver bridge, on which there were several travelers who seemed to be persons of principle and rectitude, justice and honesty. They too were led by banners and flags. On the other side was another bridge, with icy wind churning around it and bloody waves seething below. The continuous sound of weeping and wailing could be heard. "What is the name of that bridge?" asked Taizong. "Your Majesty," said the judge, "it is the No-Option Bridge. When you reach the World of Light, you must have this recorded for posterity.

For below the bridge there is nothing but

A vast body of surging water;
A strait and treacherous path;
Like bales of raw silk flowing down the Long River,
Or the Pit of Fire floating up to Earth,
This cold air, oppressive, this bone-piercing chill;
This foul stench both irksome and nauseous.
The waves roll and swirl;
No boat comes or goes to ferry men across;
With naked feet and tangled hair
Those moving here and there are all damned spirits.
The bridge is a few miles long
But only three spans wide.
Its height measures a hundred feet;
Below, a thousand fathoms deep.
On top are no railways for hands to hold;
Beneath you have man-seizing savage fiends
Who, bound by cangues and locks,
Fight to flee No- Option's parlous path.
Look at those ferocious guardians beside the bridge

And those damned souls in the river—how truly wretched!
On branches and twigs
Clothes of green, red, yellow, and purple silk hang;
Below the precipice
Strumpets crouch for having abused their own in-laws.
Iron dogs and brass serpents will strive to feed on them.
Their fall's eternal—there is no way out."

The poem says:

Ghosts are heard wailing; demons often cry
As waves of blood rise ten thousand feet high.
Horse-faces and Bull-heads by countless scores
This No- Option Bridge grimly fortify.

While Taizong and his guides were speaking, the several Guardians of the Bridge went back to their station. Terrified by his vision, Taizong could only nod his head in silent horror. He followed the judge and the grand marshal across the malicious water of the No- Option River and the bitter Realm of the Bloody Bowl. Soon they arrived at the City of the Dead, where clamoring voices were heard proclaiming distinctly, "Li Shimin has come! Li Shimin has come!" When Taizong heard all this shouting, his heart shook and his gall quivered. Then he saw a throng of spirits, some with backs broken by the rack, some with severed limbs, and some headless, who barred his way and shouted together, "Give us back our lives! Give us back our lives!" In terror Taizong tried desperately to flee and hide, at the same time crying, "Mr. Cui, save me! Mr. Cui, save me!"

"Your Majesty," said the judge, "these are the spirits of various princes and their underlings, of brigands and robbers from sundry places. Through works of injustice, both theirs and others', they perished and are now cut off from salvation because there is none to receive them or care for them. Since they have no money or belongings, they are ghosts abandoned to hunger and cold. Only if Your Majesty can give them some money will I be able to offer you deliverance."

"I came here," said Taizong, "with empty hands. Where can I get money?"

"Your Majesty," said the judge, "there is in the World of the Living a man who has deposited great sums of gold and silver in our Region of Darkness. You can use your name for a loan, and your lowly judge will serve as your voucher; we shall borrow a roomful of money from him and distribute it among the hungry ghosts. You will then be able to get past them."

"Who is this man?" asked Taizong. "He's a man from the Kaifeng District in Henan Province," said the judge. "His given name is Liang and his surname is Xiang. He has thirteen rooms of gold and silver down here. If Your Majesty borrows from him, you can repay him when you return to the World of Light."

Highly pleased and more than willing to use his name for the loan, Taizong at once signed a note for the judge. He borrowed a roomful of gold and silver, and the grand marshal was asked to distribute the money among the ghosts. The judge also instructed them, saying, "You may divide up these pieces of silver and gold among yourselves and use them accordingly. Let the Great Tang Father pass, for he still has a long time to live. By the solemn word of the Ten Kings I am accompanying him to return to life. When he reaches the world of the living, he has been instructed to hold a Grand Mass of Land and Water for your salvation. So don't start any more trouble."

When the ghosts heard these words and received the silver and gold, they obeyed and turned back. The judge ordered the grand marshal to wave the flag for guiding souls, and led Taizong out of the City of the Dead. They set out again on a broad and level path, leaving quickly with light, airy steps.

They traveled for a long time and arrived at the junction of the Sixfold Path of Transmigration. They saw some people who rode the clouds wearing embroidered capes, and some with Daoist amulets of gold fish dangling from their waists; there were in fact monks, nuns, Daoists, and secular persons, and all varieties of beasts and fowls, ghosts and spirits. In an unending stream they all ran beneath the Wheel of Transmigration to enter each into a predestined path. "What is the meaning of this?" asked the Tang emperor. "Your Majesty," said the judge, "as your mind is enlightened to perceive the pervasive immanence of the Buddha-nature in all things, you must remember this and proclaim it in the World of the Living. This is called the Sixfold Path of Transmigration. Those who perform good works will ascend to the way of the immortals; those who remain patriotic to the end will advance to the way of nobility; those who practice filial piety will be born again into the way of blessing; those who are just and honest will enter once more into the way of humans; those who cherish virtue will proceed to the way of riches; those who are vicious and violent will fall back into the way of demons." When the Tang emperor heard this, he nodded his head and sighed, saying,

"Ah, how truly good is goodness!
To do good will never bring illness!
In a good heart always abide.
On a good way your door fling wide.
Let no evil thoughts arise,
And all mischief you must despise.
Don't say there's no retribution,
For gods have their disposition."

The judge accompanied the Tang emperor up to the very entrance to the way of nobility before he prostrated himself and called out, "Your Majesty, this is where you must proceed, and here your humble judge will take leave of you. I am asking Grand Marshal Zhu to accompany you a little further."

The Tang emperor thanked him, saying, "I'm sorry, sir, that you have had to travel such great distance on my account."

"When Your Majesty returns to the World of Light," said the judge, "be very certain that you celebrate the Grand Mass of Land and Water so that those wretched, homeless souls may be delivered. Please do not forget! Only if there is no murmuring for vengeance in the Region of Darkness will there be the prosperity of peace in your World of Light. If there are any wicked ways in your life, you must change them one by one, and you must teach your subjects far and wide to do good. You may be assured then that your empire will be firmly established, and that your fame will go down to posterity."

The Tang emperor promised to grant each one of the judge's requests.

Having parted from Judge Cui, he followed Grand Marshal Zhu and entered the gate. The grand marshal saw inside a black-maned bay horse complete with rein and saddle. Lending the emperor assistance from left and right, he quickly helped him mount it. The horse shot forward like an arrow, and soon they reached the bank of the

Wei River, where a pair of golden carps could be seen frolicking on top of the waves. Pleased by what he saw, the Tang emperor reined in his horse and stopped to watch. "Your Majesty," said the grand marshal, "let's hurry and get you back into your city while there is still time."

But the emperor persisted in his indulgence and refused to go forward. The grand marshal grabbed one of his legs and shouted, "You still won't move? What are you waiting for?" With a loud splash, he was pushed off his horse into the Wei River, and thus he left the Region of Darkness and returned to the World of Light.

We shall now tell you about those who served before the Throne in the Tang dynasty. Xu Mougong, Qin Shubao, Hu Jingde, Duan Zhixian, Ma Sanbao, Cheng Yaojin, Gao Shilian, Li Shiji, Fang Xuanling, Du Ruhui, Xiao Yu, Fu Yi, Zhang Daoyuan, Zhang Shiheng, and Wang Guei constituted the two groups of civil and military officials. They gathered with the crown prince of the Eastern Palace, the queen, the ladies of the court, and the chief steward in the Hall of the White Tiger for the imperial mourning. At the same time, they discussed issuing the obituary proclamation for the whole empire and crowning the prince as emperor. From one side of the hall, Wei Zheng stepped forward and said, "All of you, please refrain from doing anything hasty. If you alarm the various districts and cities, you may bring about something undesirable and unexpected. Let's wait here for another day, for our lord will surely come back to life."

"What nonsense you are talking, Prime Minister Wei," said Xu Jingzong, coming from below, "for the ancient proverb says, 'Just as spilled water cannot be retrieved, so a dead man can never return!' Why do you mouth such empty words to vex our minds? What reason do you have for this?"

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Xu," said Wei Zheng, "I have been instructed since my youth in the arts of immortality. My calculations are most accurate, and I promise you that His Majesty will not die."

As they were talking, they suddenly heard a loud voice crying in the coffin, "You've drowned me! You've drowned me!" It so startled the civil and military officials, and so terrified the queen and the ladies, that every one of them had

A face brown as autumnal mulberry leaves,
A body limp as the willow of early spring.
The legs of the crown prince buckled,
He could not hold the mourning staff to finish his rites.
The soul of the steward left him,
He could not wear the mourning cap to show his grief
The matrons collapsed;
The ladies pitched sideways;
The matrons collapsed
Like weak hibiscus blasted by savage wind.
The ladies pitched sideways
Like lilies overwhelmed by sudden rain.
The petrified lords—
Their bones and tendons feeble—
Trembled and shook,
All dumb and awestruck.
The whole White Tiger Hall was like a bridge with broken beams;

The funeral stage resembled a temple wrecked.

Every person attending the court ran away, and no one dared approach the coffin. Only the upright Xu Mougong, the rational Prime Minister Wei, the courageous Qin Qiong, and the impulsive Jingde came forward and took hold of the coffin. "Your Majesty," they cried, "if there's something bothering you, tell us about it. Don't play ghost and terrify your relatives!"

Then, however, Wei Zheng said, "He's not playing ghost. His Majesty is coming back to life! Get some tools, quick!"

They opened the top of the coffin and saw indeed that Taizong was sitting up inside, still shouting, "You've drowned me! Who bailed me out?" Mougong and the rest of them went forward to lift him up, saying, "Don't be afraid, Your Majesty, and wake up. Your subjects are here to protect you." Only then did the Tang emperor open his eyes and say, "How I suffered just now! I barely escaped attack by spiteful demons from the Region of Darkness, only to encounter death by drowning!"

"Have no fear, Your Majesty," said the ministers. "What kind of calamity occurred in the water?"

"I was riding a horse," the Tang emperor said, "when we came near the Wei River where two fishes were playing. That deceitful Grand Marshal Zhu pushed me off my horse into the river, and I was almost drowned."

"His Majesty is still not entirely free from the influences of the dead," said Wei Zheng. He quickly ordered from the imperial dispensary medicinal broth designed to calm his spirit and fortify his soul. They also prepared some rice gruel, and only after taking such nourishments once or twice did he become his old self again, fully regaining his living senses. A quick calculation revealed that the Tang emperor had been dead for three days and nights and then returned to life to rule again. We have thus a testimonial poem:

From ancient times how oft the world has changed!
History is full of kingdoms that rise and fall.
Countless were the wonders of Zhou, Han, and Jin.
Which could match King Tang's from death to life recall?

By then it was dusk; the various ministers withdrew after they had seen the emperor retire. The next day, they took off their mourning garb and changed into their court attire: everyone had on his red robe and black cap, his purple sash and gold medal, waiting outside the gate to be summoned to court. We now tell you about Taizong, who, having received the medicine prescribed for calming his spirit and fortifying his soul, and having taken the rice broth several times, was carried into his bedchamber by his attendants. He slept soundly that whole night, and when he arose at dawn, his spirit was fully revived. Look how he was attired:

He donned a tall, royal cap;
He wore a dark ocher robe;
He put on a belt of green jade from Blue Mountain;
He trod a pair of empire-building carefree boots.
His stunning looks
Surpassed anyone in court:
With power to spare
He resumed his reign.

What a great Tang emperor of justice and truth,
The Majestic Li who rose again from the dead!

The Tang emperor went up to the Treasure Hall of the Golden Carriage and gathered together the two groups of civil and military officials, who, after shouting "Long live the emperor" three times, stood in attention according to rank and file. Then they heard this loud announcement:

"If there is any business, come forth and make your memorial; if there is no business, you are dismissed from court."

From the east came the row of civil officials and from the west came the row of military officials; they all went forward and prostrated themselves before the steps of white jade. "Your Majesty," they said, "may we inquire how you awoke from your slumber, which lasted so long?"

"On that day, after we had received the letter from Wei Zheng," said Taizong, "we felt that our soul had departed from these halls, having been invited by the imperial guardsmen to join a hunting party. As we were traveling, the men and horses both disappeared, whereupon my father, the former emperor, and my deceased brothers came to hassle us. We would not have been able to escape them had it not been for the arrival of someone in black cap and robe; this man happened to be the judge Cui Jue, who managed to send my deceased brothers away. We handed Wei Zheng's letter over to him, and as he was reading it, some boys in blue came to lead us with flags and banners to the Hall of Darkness, where we were met by the Ten Kings of the Underworld. They told us of the Jing River Dragon, who accused us of having him slain after promising to save him. We in turn explained to them what happened, and they assured us that our case had been jointly reviewed by the Three Tribunes. Then they asked for the Chronicles of Life and Death to examine what was to be our allotted age. Judge Cui presented his books, and King Yama, after checking them, said that Heaven had assigned us a portion of thirty-three years. Since we had ruled for only thirteen years, we were entitled to twenty more years of living.

So Grand Marshal Zhu and Judge Cui were ordered to send us back here. We took leave of the Ten Kings and promised to thank them with gifts of melons and other fruits. After our departure from the Hall of Darkness, we encountered in the Underworld all those who were treasonous to the state and disloyal to their parents, those who practiced neither virtue nor righteousness, those who squandered the five grains, those who cheated openly or in secret, those who indulged in unjust weights and measurements—in sum, the rapists, the thieves, the liars, the hypocrites, the wantons, the deviates, the connivers, and the lawbreakers. They were all suffering from various tortures by grinding, burning, pounding, sawing, frying, boiling, hanging, and skinning. There were tens of thousands of them, and we could not make an end of this ghastly sight.

Thereafter we passed by the City of the Dead, filled with the souls of brigands and bandits from all over the Earth, who came to block our path. Fortunately, Judge Cui was willing to vouch for us, and we could then borrow a roomful of gold and silver from Old Man Xiang of Henan to buy off the spirits before we could proceed once more. We finally parted after Judge Cui had repeatedly instructed us that when we returned to the World of Light we were to celebrate a Grand Mass of Land and Water for the salvation of those orphaned spirits. After leaving the Sixfold Path of Transmigration, Grand Marshal Zhu asked us to mount a horse so swift it seemed to be flying, and brought me to the bank of the Wei River. As we were enjoying the sight of

two fishes playing in the water, he grabbed our legs and pushed us into the river. Only then did we come back to life." When the various ministers heard these words, they all praised and congratulated the emperor. A notice was also sent out to every town and district in the empire, and all the officials presented gratulatory memorials, which we shall mention no further.

We shall now tell you about Taizong, who proclaimed a general amnesty for the prisoners in the empire. Moreover, he asked for an inventory of those convicted of capital crimes, and the judge from the Board of Justice submitted some four hundred names of those awaiting death by beheading or hanging. Taizong granted them one year's leave to return to their families, so that they could settle their affairs and put their property in order before going to the marketplace to receive their just deserts. The prisoners all thanked him for such grace before departing. After issuing another edict for the care and welfare of orphans, Taizong also released some three thousand court maidens and concubines from the palace and married them off to worthy military officers. From that time on, his reign was truly a virtuous one, to which we have a testimonial poem:

Great is the virtue of the Great Tang Ruler!
Surpassing Sage Kings, he makes his people prosper.
Five hundred convicts may now leave the prison;
Three thousand maidens find release from the palace.
The empire's officials all wish him long life.
The ministers at court all give him high praise.
Such good heart, once stirred, the Heavens should bless,
And pass such weal to seventeen generations.

After releasing the court maidens and convicts, Taizong also issued another proclamation to be posted throughout the empire. The proclamation read:

The cosmos, though vast,
Is brightly surveyed by the sun and the moon;
The world, though immense,
Approves not villains in Heaven or on Earth.
If your intent is trickery,
Even this life will bring retribution;
If your giving exceeds receiving,
There's blessing not only in the life hereafter.
A thousand clever designs
Are not as living according to one's duties;
Ten thousand men of violence
Cannot compare with one frugal and content.
If you're bent on good works and mercy,
Need you read the sūtras with diligence?
If you intend to harm others,
Even the learning of Buddha is vain!

From that time on, there was not a single person in the empire who did not practice virtue.

Meanwhile, another notice was posted asking for a volunteer to take the melons and other fruits to the Region of Darkness. At the same time, a roomful of gold and silver from the treasury was sent with the Imperial Duke of Khotan, Hu Jingde, to the

Kaifeng District of Henan so that the debt to Xiang Liang could be repaid. After the notice had been posted for some days, a worthy came forth to volunteer his life for the mission. He was originally from Zunzhou; his surname was Liu and his given name Quan, and he belonged to a family of great wealth. The reason he came forward was that his wife, Li Cuilian, happened to have given a gold hairpin from her head, by way of alms, to a monk in front of their house.

When Liu Quan chided her for her indiscretion in flaunting herself outside their home, Li became so upset that she promptly hanged herself, leaving behind her a pair of young children, who wept piteously day and night. Liu Quan was so filled with remorse by the sight of them that he was willing to leave life and property to take the melons to hell. He therefore took down the royal notice and came to see the Tang emperor. The emperor ordered him to go to the Lodge of the Golden Pavilion, where a pair of southern melons were put on his head, some money in his sleeve, and some medicine in his mouth.

So Liu Quan died by taking poison. His soul, still bearing the fruits on his head, arrived at the Gate of Spirits. The demon guardian at the door shouted, "Who are you that you dare to come here?"

"By the imperial command of the Great Tang Emperor Taizong," said Liu Quan, "I came here especially to present melons and other fruits for the enjoyment of the Ten Kings of the Underworld."

The demon guardian received him amiably and led him to the Treasure Hall of Darkness. When he saw King Yama, he presented the melons, saying, "By order of the Tang emperor, I came from afar to present these melons as a token of thanks for the gracious hospitality of the Ten Kings."

Highly pleased, King Yama said, "That Emperor Taizong is certainly a man of his word!"

He accepted the melons and proceeded to ask the messenger about his name and his home. "Your humble servant," said Liu Quan, "resided originally in Junzhou; my surname is Liu and my given name is Quan. Because my wife hanged herself, leaving no one to care for our children, I decided to leave home and children and sacrifice my life for the country by helping my emperor to take these melons here as a thank offering." When the Ten Kings heard these words, they asked at once for Li, the wife of Liu Quan; she was brought in by the demon guardian, and wife and husband had a reunion before the Hall of Darkness. They conversed about what had happened and also thanked the Ten Kings for this meeting. King Yama, moreover, examined the Books of Life and Death and found that both husband and wife were supposed to live to a ripe old age. He quickly ordered the demon guardian to take them back to life, but the guardian said, "Since Li Cuilian has been back in the World of Darkness for many days, her body no longer exists. To whom should her soul attach herself?"

"The emperor's sister, Li Yuying," said King Yama, "is destined to die very soon. Borrow her body right away so that this woman can return to life."

The demon guardian obeyed the order and led Liu Quan and his wife out of the Region of Darkness to return to life.

We do not know how the two of them returned to life; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWELVE

The Tang emperor, firmly sincere, convenes a Grand Mass Guanyin, in epiphany, converts Gold Cicada

We were telling you about the demon guardian who was leading Liu Quan and his wife out of the Region of Darkness. Accompanied by a swirling dark wind, they went directly back to Chang'an of the great nation. The demon pushed the soul of Liu Quan into the Golden Court Pavilion Lodge, but the soul of Cuilian was brought into the inner court of the royal palace. Just then the Princess Yuying was walking beneath the shadows of flowers along a path covered with green moss. The demon guardian crashed right into her and pushed her to the ground; her living soul was snatched away and the soul of Cuilian was pushed into Yuying's body instead. The demon guardian then returned to the Region of Darkness, and we shall say no more about that.

We now tell you that the maidservants of the palace, both young and old, when they saw that Yuying had fallen and died, ran quickly to the Hall of the Golden Chimes and reported the incident to the queen, saying, "The princess has fallen and died!"

Horrified, the queen reported it to Taizong.

When Taizong heard the news, he nodded, sighing, and said, "So this has come to pass indeed! We did ask the King of Darkness whether the old and young of our family would be safe or not. He said, 'They will all be safe, but I fear that your royal sister will not live long.' Now his word is fulfilled."

All the inhabitants of the palace came to mourn her, but when they reached the spot where she had fallen, they saw that the princess was breathing.

"Stop weeping! Stop weeping!" said the Tang emperor. "Don't startle her!"

He went forward and lifted her head with the royal hand, crying out, "Wake up, royal sister!" Our princess suddenly turned over and cried, "Husband, walk slowly! Wait for me!"

"Sister," said Taizong, "we are all here." Lifting her head and opening her eyes to look around, the princess said, "Who are you that you dare touch me?"

"This is your royal brother," said Taizong, "and your sister in-law."

"Where do I have any royal brother and sister-in-law?" asked the princess. "My family is Li, and my maiden name is Li Cuilian. My husband's surname is Liu and his given name is Quan. Both of us are from Junzhou. Because I pulled a golden hairpin to give to a monk outside our home as alms three months ago, my husband rebuked me for walking indiscreetly out of our doors and thus violating the etiquette appropriate to a woman. He scolded me, and I became so enraged that I hanged myself with a white silk cord, leaving behind a pair of children who wept night and day. On account of my husband, who was sent by the Tang emperor to the Region of Darkness to present melons, King Yama took pity on us and allowed us both to return to life. He was walking ahead; I could not keep up with him, tripped, and fell. How rude you all are! Not knowing my name, how dare you touch me!" When Taizong heard these words, he said to his attendants, "I suppose my sister was knocked senseless by the fall. She's babbling!"

He ordered that Yuying be helped into the palace and medicine be brought in from the court dispensary.

As the Tang emperor went back to the court, one of his assistants came forward to report, saying, “Your Majesty, the man Liu Quan, who went to present the melons, has returned to life. He is now outside the gate, awaiting your order.”

Greatly startled, the Tang emperor at once gave the order for Liu Quan to be brought in, who then prostrated himself before the redlacquered courtyard. Taizong asked him, “How did the presentation of melons come off?”

“Your subject,” said Liu Quan, “bore the melons on his head and went straight to the Gate of Spirits. I was led to the Hall of Darkness, where I met the Ten Kings of the Underworld. I presented the melons and spoke at length about the sincere gratitude of my lord. King Yama was most delighted, and he complimented Your Majesty profusely, saying, ‘That Taizong emperor is indeed a man of virtue and a man of his word!’” “What did you happen to see in the Region of Darkness?” asked the Tang emperor. “Your subject did not travel far,” said Liu Quan, “and I did not see much. I only heard King Yama questioning me on my native village and my name.

Your subject therefore gave him a full account of how I abandoned home and children because of my wife’s suicide and volunteered for the mission. He quickly sent for a demon guardian, who brought in my wife, and we were reunited at the Hall of Darkness.

Meanwhile, they also examined the Books of Life and Death and told us that we both should live to a ripe old age. The demon guardian was dispatched to see us back to life. Your subject walked ahead, but my wife fell behind. I am grateful that I am now returned to life, but I do not know where my wife has gone.”

Alarmed, the Tang emperor asked, “Did King Yama say anything about your wife?”

“He didn’t say much,” said Liu Quan. “I only heard the demon guardian’s exclamation that Li Cuilian had been dead for so long that her body no longer existed. King Yama said, ‘The royal sister, Li Yuying, should die shortly. Let Cuilian borrow the body of Yuying so that she may return to life.’ Your subject has no knowledge of who that royal sister is and where she resides, nor has he made any attempt to locate her.” When the Tang emperor heard this report, he was filled with delight and said to the many officials around him, “When we took leave of King Yama, we questioned him with regard to the inhabitants of the palace. He said that the old and the young would all be safe, though he feared that our sister would not live long. Just now our sister Yuying fell dying beneath the flowers. When we went to her assistance, she regained her consciousness momentarily, crying, ‘Husband, walk slowly! Wait for me!’ We thought that her fall had knocked her senseless, as she was babbling like that. But when we questioned her carefully, she said exactly what Liu Quan now tells us.”

“If Her Royal Highness passed away momentarily, only to say these things after she regained consciousness,” said Wei Zheng, “this means that there is a real possibility that Liu Quan’s wife has returned to life by borrowing another person’s body. Let us invite the princess to come out, and see what she has to tell us.”

“We just asked the court dispensary to send in some medicine,” said the Tang emperor, “for we don’t know what’s happening.” Some ladies of the court went to fetch the princess, and they found her inside, screaming, “Why do I need to take any

medicine? How could this be my house? Ours is a clean, cool house of tiles, not like this one, yellow as if it had jaundice, and with such gaudy appointments! Let me out! Let me out!" She was still shouting when four or five ladies and two or three eunuchs took hold of her and led her outside to the court.

The Tang emperor said, "Do you recognize your husband?"

"What are you talking about?" said Yuying. "The two of us were pledged to each other since childhood as husband and wife. I bore him a boy and a girl. How could I not recognize him?"

The Tang emperor asked one of the palatial officials to help her go down from the Treasure Hall. The princess went right before the steps of white jade, and when she saw Liu Quan, she grabbed him, saying, "Husband, where have you been? You didn't even wait for me! I tripped and fell, and then I was surrounded by all these crazy people, talking nonsense! What do you have to say to this?" Liu Quan heard that she was speaking like his wife, but the person he saw certainly did not resemble her, and he dared not acknowledge her to be his own. The Tang emperor said,

"Indeed,
Men have seen mountains cracking, or the gaping of earth;
But none has seen the living exchanged for the dead!"

What a just and kindly ruler! He took his sister's toilet boxes, garments, and jewelry and bestowed them all on Liu Quan; it was as if the man was provided with a dowry. He was, moreover, exempted forever from having to engage in any compulsory service to the Crown, and was told to take the royal sister back to his home. So, husband and wife together expressed their gratitude before the steps and returned happily to their village. We have a testimonial poem:

How long, how short—man has his span of years;
He lives and dies, each foreordained by fate.
Liu Quan presented melons and returned to life;
In someone's body so did Li, his mate.

The two of them took leave of the emperor, went directly back to Junzhou, and saw that both house and children were in good order. They never ceased thereafter to proclaim the rewards of virtue, but we shall speak of them no further.

We now tell you about Yuchi Gong, who took a huge load of gold and silver and went to see Xiang Liang at the Kaifeng District in Henan. It turned out that the man made his living by selling water, while his wife, whose surname was Zhang, sold pottery in front of their home. Whatever money they made, they kept only enough for their subsistence, giving all the rest either as alms to the monks or as gifts to the dead by purchasing paper money and burning it.

They thus built up enormous merit; for though they were poor folks in the World of Light, they were, in fact, leading citizens for whom jade and gold were laid up in the other world. When Yuchi Gong came to their door with the gold and silver, Papa Xiang and Mama Xiang were terror-stricken. And when they also saw the district officials with their horses and carriages assembling outside their thatched hut, the aged couple were dumbfounded. They knelt on the floor and kowtowed without ceasing. "Old folks, please arise," said Yuchi Gong. "Though I am an imperial official, I came here with this gold and silver to repay you by order of my king." Shaking and quaking, the man said, "Your lowly servant has never lent money to others. How dare we accept such inexplicable wealth?"

"I have found out," said Yuchi Gong, "that you are indeed a poor fellow. But you have also given alms to feed the monks. Whatever exceeds your necessities you have used to purchase paper money, which you burned in dedication to the Region of Darkness. You have thus accumulated a vast fortune down below. Our emperor, Taizong, returned to life after being dead for three days; he borrowed a roomful of gold and silver from you while he was in the Region of Darkness, and we are returning the exact sum to you. Please count your money accordingly so that we may make our report back to the emperor." Xiang Liang and his wife, however, remained adamant.

They raised their hands to Heaven and cried, "If your lowly servants accepted this gold and silver, we should die quickly. We might have been given credit for burning paper cash, but this is a secret unknown to us. Moreover, what evidence do we have that our Father, His Majesty, borrowed our money in some other world? We simply dare not accept this."

"His Majesty told us," said Yuchi Gong, "that he received the loan from you because Judge Cui vouched for him, and he could bear testimony. So please accept this."

"Even if I were to die," said Xiang Liang, "I could not accept the gift." Seeing that they persisted in their refusal, Yuchi Gong had no alternative but to send someone back to report to the Throne. When Taizong saw the report and learned that Xiang Liang had refused to accept the gold and silver, he said, "They are truly virtuous elders!"

He issued a decree at once that Hu Jingde should use the money to erect a temple, to build a shrine, and to support the religious services that would be performed in them. The old couple, in other words, would be repaid in this manner. The decree went out to Jingde, who, having expressed his gratitude, facing the capital, proclaimed its content for all to know. He used the money to purchase a lot of about fifty acres not needed either by the military authorities or the people. A temple was erected on this piece of land and named the Royal Xiangguo Temple.

To the left of it there was also a shrine dedicated to Papa and Mama Xiang, with a stone inscription stating that the buildings were erected under the supervision of Yuchi Gong. This is the Great Xiangguo Temple still standing today.

The work was finished and reported; Taizong was exceedingly pleased. He then gathered many officials together in order that a public notice be issued to invite monks for the celebration of the Grand Mass of Land and Water, so that those orphaned souls in the Region of Darkness might find salvation. The notice went throughout the empire, and officials of all regions were asked to recommend monks illustrious for their holiness to go to Chang'an for the Mass. In less than a month's time, various monks from the empire had arrived. The Tang emperor ordered the court historian, Fu Yi, to select an illustrious priest to take charge of the ceremonies. When Fu Yi received the order, however, he presented a memorial to the Throne that attempted to dispute the worth of Buddha.

The memorial said:

The teachings of the Western Territory deny the relations of ruler and subject, of father and son. With the doctrines of the Three Ways and the Sixfold Path, they beguile and seduce the foolish and the simpleminded. They emphasize the sins of the past in order to ensure the felicities of the future. By chanting in Sanskrit, they seek a way of escape. We submit, however, that birth, death, and the length of one's life are ordered by nature; but the conditions of public disgrace or honor are determined by human volition. These phenomena are not, as some philistines would now maintain, ordained by Buddha. The teachings of Buddha did not exist in the time of the Five Thearchs and the Three Kings, and yet those

rulers were wise, their subjects loyal, and their reigns long-lasting. It was not until the period of Emperor Ming in the Han dynasty that the worship of foreign gods was established, but this meant only that priests of the Western Territory were permitted to propagate their faith. The event, in fact, represented a foreign intrusion in China, and the teachings are hardly worthy to be believed.

When Taizong saw the memorial, he had it distributed among the various officials for discussion. At that time the prime minister Xiao Yu came forward and prostrated himself to address the throne, saying, "The teachings of Buddha, which have flourished in several previous dynasties, seek to exalt the good and to restrain what is evil. In this way they are covertly an aid to the nation, and there is no reason why they should be rejected. For Buddha after all is also a sage, and he who spurns a sage is himself lawless. I urge that the dissenter be severely punished."

Taking up the debate with Xiao Yu, Fu Yi contended that propriety had its foundation in service to one's parents and ruler. Yet Buddha forsook his parents and left his family; indeed, he defied the Son of Heaven all by himself, just as he used an inherited body to rebel against his parents. Xiao Yu, Fu Yi went on to say, was not born in the wilds, but by his adherence to this doctrine of parental denial, he confirmed the saying that an unfilial son had in fact no parents. Xiao Yu, however, folded his hands in front of him and declared, "Hell was established precisely for people of this kind."

Taizong thereupon called on the Lord High Chamberlain, Zhang Daoyuan, and the President of the Grand Secretariat, Zhang Shiheng, and asked how efficacious the Buddhist exercises were in the procurement of blessings. The two officials replied, "The emphasis of Buddha is on purity, benevolence, compassion, the proper fruits, and the unreality of things. It was Emperor Wu of the Northern Zhou dynasty who set the Three Religions in order.

The Chan Master, Da Hui, also had extolled those concepts of the dark and the distant. Generations of people revered such saints as the Fifth Patriarch, who became man, or the Bodhidharma, who appeared in his sacred form; none of them proved to be inconspicuous in grace and power. Moreover, it has been held since antiquity that the Three Religions are most honorable, not to be destroyed or abolished. We beseech, therefore, Your Majesty to exercise your clear and sagacious judgment."

Highly pleased, Taizong said, "The words of our worthy subjects are not unreasonable. Anyone who disputes them further will be punished."

He thereupon ordered Wei Zheng, Xiao Yu, and Zhang Daoyuan to invite the various Buddhist priests to prepare the site for the Grand Mass and to select from among them someone of great merit and virtue to serve as the altar master. All the officials then bowed their heads to the ground to thank the emperor before withdrawing. From that time also came the law that any person who denounces a monk or Buddhism will have his arms broken.

The next day the three court officials began the process of selection at the Mountain-River Altar, and from among the priests gathered there they chose an illustrious monk of great merit. "Who is this person?" you ask.

Gold Cicada was his former divine name.
As heedless he was of the Buddha's talk,
He had to suffer in this world of dust,
To fall in the net by being born a man.
He met misfortune as he came to Earth,
And evildoers even before his birth.

His father: Chen, a zhuangyuan from Haizhou.
His mother's sire: chief of this dynasty's court.
Fated by his natal star to fall in the stream,
He followed tide and current, chased by mighty waves.
At Gold Mountain, the island, he had great luck,
For the abbot, Qian'an, raised him up.
He met his true mother at age eighteen,
And called on her father at the capital.
A great army was sent by Chief Kaishan
To stamp out at Hongzhou the vivious crew.
The zhuangyuan Guangrui escaped his doom:
Son rejoined sire—how worthy of praise!
They saw the emperor to receive his grace;
Their names resounded in Lingyan Tower.
Declining office, he chose a monk's life
At Hongfu Temple to seek the true Way,
This old Buddha-child, nicknamed River Float,
With a religious name of Chen Xuanzang.

So that very day the multitude selected the priest Xuanzang, a man who had been a monk since childhood, who maintained a vegetarian diet, and who had received the commandments the moment he left his mother's womb. His maternal grandfather was Yin Kaishan, one of the chief army commanders of the present dynasty. His father, Chen Guangrui, had taken the prize of zhuangyuan and was appointed Grand Secretary of the Wenyuan Chamber. Xuanzang, however, had no love for glory or wealth, being dedicated wholly to the pursuit of Nirvāṇa. Their investigations revealed that he had an excellent family background and the highest moral character. Not one of the thousands of classics and sūtras had he failed to master; none of the Buddhist chants and hymns was unknown to him. The three officials led Xuanzang before the throne. After going through elaborate court ritual, they bowed to report, "Your subjects, in obedience to your holy decree, have selected an illustrious monk by the name of Chen Xuanzang."

Hearing the name, Taizong thought silently for a long time and said, "Can Xuanzang be the son of Grand Secretary Chen Guangrui?"

Child River Float kowtowed and replied, "That is indeed your subject."

"This is a most appropriate choice," said Taizong, delighted. "You are truly a monk of great virtue and possessing the mind of Chan. We therefore appoint you the Grand Expositor of the Faith, Supreme Vicar of Priests." Xuanzang touched his forehead to the ground to express his gratitude and to receive his appointment.

He was given, furthermore, a cassock of knitted gold and five colors, a Vairocana hat, and the instruction diligently to seek out all worthy monks and to rank all these ācāryas in order. They were to follow the imperial decree and proceed to the Temple of Transformation, where they would begin the ritual after selecting a propitious day and hour.

Xuanzang bowed again to receive the decree and left. He went to the Temple of Transformation and gathered many monks together; they made ready the beds, built the platforms, and rehearsed the music. A total of one thousand two hundred worthy monks, young and old, were chosen, who were then further separated into three divisions occupying the rear, middle, and front portions of the hall. All the preparations were

completed and everything was put in order before the Buddhas. The third day of the ninth month of that same year was selected as the lucky day, when a Grand Mass of Land and Water lasting forty-nine days (in accordance with the number seven times seven) would begin. A memorial was presented to Taizong, who went with all his relatives and officials, both civil and military, to the Mass on that day to burn incense and listen to the lecture. We have a poem as testimony. The poem says:

When the year-star of Zhenguan reached thirteen,
The king called his people to hear the Sacred Books.
The boundless Law was performed at a plot of truth;
Cloud, fog, and light filled the Great Promise Hall.
By grace the king decreed this grand temple's rite;
Shell-shed Gold Cicada sought wealth of the West.
He spread wide the good works to save the damned
And held his faith to preach the Three Modes of Life.

In the thirteenth year of the Zhenguan period, when the year stood at *jisi* and the ninth month at *jiaxu*, on the third day and at the auspicious hour of *gueimao*, Chen Xuanzang, the Great Expositor-Priest, gathered together one thousand two hundred illustrious monks. They met at the Temple of Transformation in the city of Chang'an to expound the various holy sūtras. After holding court early that morning, the emperor led many officials both military and civil and left the Treasure Hall of Golden Chimes by phoenix carriages and dragon chariots. They came to the temple to listen to the lectures and raise incense. How does the imperial cortege appear? Truly it comes with

A sky full of blessed air,
Countless shafts of hallowed light.
The favorable wind blows gently;
The omnific sun shines brightly.
A thousand lords with girdle-jade walk in front and rear.
The many flags of guardsmen stand both left and right.
Those holding gilt bludgeons,
And halberds and axes,
March in pairs and pairs;
The red silk lanterns,
The royal incense urn,
Move in solemnity.
The dragons fly and the phoenixes dance;
The falcons soar and the eagles take wing.
This Son of Heaven's an upright sage;
The righteous ministers are good.
They increase our bliss by a thousand years, surpassing Yu and Shun;
They secure peace of ten thousand ages, rivaling Yao and Tang.
We also see the curve-handled umbrella,
And robes with rolling dragons—
Their glare lighting up each other;
The jade joined-rings,
The phoenix fans,
Waving through holy mist.
Those caps of pearls and belts of jade;
The purple sashes and medals of gold.

A thousand rows of soldiers protect the Throne;
Two lines of marshals uphold the carriage.
This emperor, cleansed and sincere, bows to the Buddha,
Glad to raise incense and seek virtue's fruit.

The grand cortege of the Tang emperor soon arrived in front of the temple. The emperor ordered a halt to the music, left the carriages, and led many officials in the worship of Buddha by taking up burning incense sticks in their hands. After bowing three times holding the incense, they raised their heads and looked around them. This was indeed a splendid religious hall. You see

Dancing flags and banners;
Bright, gleaming sunshades.
Dancing flags and banners
Fill the air with strands of flashing colored mists.
Bright, gleaming sunshades
Glow in the sun as fiery bolts.
Imposing, the gold image of Lokājyeṣṭha;
Most awesome, the jade features of the arhats.
Divine flowers fill the vases.
Sandalwood incense burn in the urns.
The divine flowers filling the vases
Adorn the temple with a brilliant forest of brocade.
The sandalwood incense burning in the urns
Covers the clear sky with waves of fragrant clouds.
Piled high on red trays are fruits in season.
On colored counters, mounds of cakes and sweets rest.
Rows of noble priests chant the holy sūtras
To save from their travails those orphaned souls.

Taizong and his officials each lifted the incense; they also worshipped the golden body of the Buddha and paid homage to the arhats.

Thereafter, the Master of the Law, Chen Xuanzang, the Grand Expositor of the Faith, led the various monks to greet the Tang emperor.

After the ceremony, they went back to their seats according to their rank and station. The priest then presented Taizong with the proclamation for the deliverance of the orphaned souls. It read:

The supreme virtue is vast and endless, for Buddhism is founded upon Nirvāṇa. The spirit of the pure and the clean circulates freely and flows everywhere in the Three Regions. There are a thousand changes and ten thousand transformations, all regulated by the forces of yin and yang. Boundless and vast indeed are the substance, the function, the true nature, and the permanence of such phenomena.

But look at those orphaned souls, how worthy they are of our pity and commiseration! Now by the holy command of Taizong, we have selected and assembled various priests, who will engage in meditation and in the proclamation of the Law. Flinging wide the gates of salvation and setting in motion many vessels of mercy, we would deliver you, the multitudes, from the Sea of Woe and save you from perdition and from the Sixfold Path. You will be led to return to the way of truth and to enjoy the bliss of Heaven. Whether it be by motion, rest, or nonactivity, you will be united with, and become, pure essences. Therefore make use of this noble occasion, for you are invited to the pleasures of the celestial city. Take advantage of our Grand Mass so that you may find release from Hell's confinement, ascend quickly and freely to ultimate bliss, and travel without restraint in the Region of the West.

The poem says:

An urn of immortal incense.
Some scrolls of salvific power.
As we proclaim this boundless Law,
Receive now Heaven's endless grace.
All your guilt and crime abolished,
You lost souls may leave your prison.
May our nation be firmly blessed
With peace long and all-embracing.

Highly pleased by what he read, Taizong said to the monks, "Be firm, all of you, in your devotion, and do not slack in your service to Buddha. After the achievement of merit and after each has received his blessing, we shall reward you handsomely. Be assured that you will not have labored in vain."

The twelve hundred monks all touched their foreheads to the ground to express their gratitude.

After the three vegetarian meals of the day, the Tang emperor returned to the palace to wait for the formal celebration of the mass seven days hence, when he would again be invited to raise incense. As dusk was about to fall, the various officials all retired. What sort of evening was this? Look at

The long stretch of clear sky as twilight dims,
As specks of jackdaw drop to their perch late.
People grow quiet, the city full of lights:
Now's the time for Chan monks to meditate.

We have told you about the scenery of the night. The next morning the Master of the Law again ascended his seat and gathered the monks to recite their sūtras, but we shall say no more about that.

We shall now tell you about the Bodhisattva Guanyin of the Potalaka Mountain in the South Sea, who, since receiving the command of Tathāgata, was searching in the city of Chang'an for a worthy person to be the seeker of scriptures. For a long time, however, she did not encounter anyone truly virtuous. Then she learned that Taizong was extolling merit and virtue and selecting illustrious monks to hold the Grand Mass. When she discovered, moreover, that the chief priest and celebrant was the monk Child River Float, who was a child of Buddha born from paradise and who happened also to be the very elder whom she had sent to this incarnation, the Bodhisattva was exceedingly pleased. She immediately took the treasures bestowed by Buddha and carried them out with Mokṣa to sell them on the main streets of the city. "What were these treasures?" you ask. They were the embroidered cassock with rare jewels and the nine-ring priestly staff. But she kept hidden the Golden, the Constrictive, and the Prohibitive Fillets for use in a later time, putting up for sale only the cassock and the priestly staff.

Now in the city of Chang'an there was one of those foolish monks who had not been selected to participate in the Grand Mass but who happened to possess a few strands of pelf. Seeing the Bodhisattva, who had changed herself into a monk covered with scabs and sores, barefooted and bareheaded, dressed in rags, and holding up for sale the glowing cassock, he approached and asked, "You filthy monk, how much do you want for your cassock?"

"The price of the cassock," said the Bodhisattva, "is five thousand taels of silver; for the staff, two thousand."

The foolish monk laughed and said, “This filthy monk is mad! A lunatic! You want seven thousand taels of silver for two such common articles? They are not worth that much even if wearing them would make you immortal or turn you into a buddha. Take them away! You’ll never be able to sell them!”

The Bodhisattva did not bother to argue with him; she walked away and proceeded on her journey with Mokṣa.

After a long while, they came to the Eastern Flower Gate and ran right into the chief minister Xiao Yu, who was just returning from court. His outriders were shouting to clear the streets, but the Bodhisattva boldly refused to step aside. She stood on the street holding the cassock and met the chief minister head on. The chief minister pulled in his reins to look at this bright, luminous cassock, and asked his subordinates to inquire about the price of the garment. “I want five thousand taels for the cassock,” said the Bodhisattva, “and two thousand for the staff.”

“What is so good about them,” asked Xiao Yu, “that they should be so expensive?”

“This cassock,” said the Bodhisattva, “has something good about it, and something bad, too. For some people it may be very expensive, but for others it may cost nothing at all.”

“What’s good about it,” asked Xiao Yu, “and what’s bad about it?”

“He who wears my cassock,” replied the Bodhisattva, “will not fall into perdition, will not suffer in Hell, will not encounter violence, and will not meet tigers and wolves. That’s how good it is! But if the person happens to be a foolish monk who relishes pleasures and rejoices in iniquities, or a priest who obeys neither the dietary laws nor the commandments, or a worldly fellow who attacks the sūtras and slanders the Buddha, he will never even get to see my cassock. That’s what’s bad about it!”

The chief minister asked again, “What do you mean, it will be expensive for some and not expensive for others?”

“He who does not follow the Law of Buddha,” said the Bodhisattva, “or revere the Three Jewels will be required to pay seven thousand taels if he insists on buying my cassock and my staff. That’s how expensive it’ll be! But if he honors the Three Jewels, rejoices in doing good deeds, and obeys our Buddha, he is a person worthy of these things. I shall willingly give him the cassock and the staff to establish an affinity of goodness with him. That’s what I meant when I said that for some it would cost nothing.” When Xiao Yu heard these words, his face could not hide his pleasure, for he knew that this was a good person. He dismounted at once and greeted the Bodhisattva ceremoniously, saying, “Your Holy Eminence, please pardon whatever offense Xiao Yu might have caused. Our Great Tang Emperor is a most religious person, and all the officials of his court are like-minded. In fact, we have just begun a Grand Mass of Land and Water, and this cassock will be most appropriate for the use of Chen Xuanzang, the Grand Expositor of the Faith. Let me go with you to have an audience with the Throne.”

The Bodhisattva was happy to comply with the suggestion. They turned around and went into the Eastern Flower Gate. The Custodian of the Yellow Door went inside to make the report, and they were summoned to the Treasure Hall, where Xiao Yu and the two monks covered with scabs and sores stood below the steps. “What does Xiao Yu want to report to us?” asked the Tang emperor.

Prostrating himself before the steps, Xiao Yu said, “Your subject going out of the Eastern Flower Gate met by chance these two monks, selling a cassock and a priestly staff. I thought of the priest, Xuanzang, who might wear this garment. For this reason, we asked to have an audience with Your Majesty.”

Highly pleased, Taizong asked for the price of the cassock. The Bodhisattva and Mokṣa stood at the foot of the steps but did not bow at all. When asked the price of the cassock, the Bodhisattva replied, “Five thousand taels for the cassock and two thousand for the priestly staff.”

“What’s so good about the cassock,” said Taizong, “that it should cost so much?”

The Bodhisattva said:

“Of this cassock,
A dragon which wears but one shred
Will miss the woe of being devoured by the great roc;
Or a crane on which one thread is hung
Will transcend this world and reach the place of the gods.
Sit in it:
Ten thousand gods will salute you!
Move with it:
Seven Buddhas will follow you!
This cassock was made of silk drawn from ice silkworm
And threads spun by skilled craftsmen.
Immortal girls did the weaving;
Divine maidens helped at the loom.
Bit by bit, the parts were sewn and embroidered.
Stitch by stitch, it arose—a brocade from the heddle,
Its pellucid weave finer than ornate blooms.
Its colors, brilliant, emit precious light.
Wear it, and crimson mist will surround your frame.
Doff it, and see the colored clouds take flight.
Outside the Three Heavens’ door its primal light was seen;
Before the Five Mountains its magic aura grew.
Inlaid are layers of lotus from the West,
And hanging pearls shine like planets and stars.
On four corners are pearls that glow at night;
On top stays fastened an emerald.
Though lacking the all-seeing primal form,
It’s held by Eight Treasures all aglow.
This cassock
You keep folded at leisure;
You wear it to meet sages.
When it’s kept folded at leisure,
Its rainbowlike hues cut through a thousand wrappings.
When you wear it to meet sages,
All Heaven takes fright—both demons and gods!
On top are the ṛddhi pearl,
The māṇi pearl,

The dust-clearing pearl,
The wind-stopping pearl.
There are also the red cornelian,
The purple coral,
The luminescent pearl,
The Śārīputra.
They rob the moon of its whiteness;
They match the sun in its redness.
In waves its divine aura imbues the sky;
In flashes its brightness lifts up its perfection.
In waves its divine aura imbues the sky,
Flooding the Gate of Heaven.
In flashes its brightness lifts up its perfection,
Lighting up the whole world.
Shining upon the mountains and the streams,
It wakens tigers and leopards;
Lighting up the isles and the seas,
It moves dragons and fishes.
Along its edges hang two chains of melted gold,
And joins the collars a ring of snow-white jade.

The poem says:

The august Three Jewels' most noble truths
Judge all Four Creatures on the Sixfold Path.
The mind brightened feeds on God's Law and man's;
The nature perceived transmits the wisdom lamp.
Solemn Vajradhātu guards one's body
When a mind's pure like ice in flasks of jade.
Since Buddha caused this cassock to be made,
Which ten thousand kalpas could harm a monk?"

When the Tang emperor, who was up in the Treasure Hall, heard these words, he was highly pleased. "Tell me, priest," he asked again, "What's so good about the nine-ring priestly staff?"

"My staff," said the Bodhisattva, "has on it

Nine joined-rings made of iron and set in bronze,
And nine joints of vine immortal ever young.
When held, it scorns the sight of aging bones;
It leaves the mount to return with fleecy clouds.
It roamed through Heaven with the Fifth Patriarch;
It broke Hell's gate where Luo Bo sought his Mom.
Not soiled by the filth of this red-dust world,
It gladly trails the god-monk up Mount Jade."

When the Tang emperor heard these words, he gave the order to have the cassock spread open so that he might examine it carefully from top to bottom. It was indeed a marvelous thing! "Venerable Elder of the Great Law," he said, "we shall not deceive you. At this very moment we have exalted the Religion of Mercy and planted abundantly in the fields of blessing. You may see many priests assembled in the Temple

of Transformation to perform the Law and the sūtras. In their midst is a man of great merit and virtue, whose religious name is Xuanzang. We wish, therefore, to purchase these two treasure objects from you to give them to him. How much do you really want for these things?"

Hearing these words, the Bodhisattva and Mokṣa folded their hands and gave praise to the Buddha.

"If he is a man of virtue and merit," she said to the Throne, bowing, "this humble cleric is willing to give them to him. I shall not accept any money." She finished speaking and turned at once to leave. The Tang emperor quickly asked Xiao Yu to hold her back.

Standing up in the Hall, he bowed low before saying, "Previously you claimed that the cassock was worth five thousand taels of silver, and the staff two thousand. Now that you see we want to buy them, you refuse to accept payment. Are you implying that we would bank on our position and take your possession by force? That's absurd! We shall pay you according to the original sum you asked for; please do not refuse it." Raising her hands for a salutation, the Bodhisattva said, "This humble cleric made a vow before, stating that anyone who reveres the Three Treasures, rejoices in virtue, and submits to our Buddha will be given these treasures free. Since it is clear that Your Majesty is eager to magnify virtue, to rest in excellence, and to honor our Buddhist faith by having an illustrious monk proclaim the Great Law, it is my duty to present these gifts to you. I shall take no money for them. They will be left here and this humble cleric will take leave of you." When the Tang emperor saw that she was so insistent, he was very pleased. He ordered the Court of Banquets to prepare a huge vegetarian feast to thank the Bodhisattva, who firmly declined that also. She left amiably and went back to her hiding place at the Temple of the Local Spirit, which we shall mention no further.

We tell you now about Taizong, who held a noon court and asked Wei Zheng to summon Xuanzang to an audience. That Master of the Law was just leading the monks in chanting sūtras and reciting *geyas.*

When he heard the emperor's decree, he left the platform immediately and followed Wei Zheng to come before the Throne. "We have greatly troubled our Master," said Taizong, "to render exemplary good works, for which we have hardly anything to offer you in thanks. This morning Xiao Yu came upon two monks who were willing to present us with a brocaded cassock with rare treasures and a nine-ring priestly staff. We therefore call specially for you so that you may receive them for your enjoyment and use." Xuanzang kowtowed to express his thanks.

"If our Master of the Law is willing," said Taizong, "please put the garment on for us to have a look."

The priest accordingly shook open the cassock and draped it on his body, holding the staff in his hands. As he stood before the steps, ruler and subjects were all delighted. Here was a true child of Tathāgata! Look at him:

His looks imposing, how elegant and fine!
This robe of Buddha fits him like a glove!
Its most lustrous splendor spills o'er the world;
Its bright colors imbue the universe.
Up and down are set rows of shining pearls;
Back and front thread layers of golden cords.
Brocade gilds the robe's edges all around,

With patterns embroidered most varied and rare.
Shaped like Eight Treasures are the thread-made frogs.
A gold ring joins the collars with velvet loops.
It shows on top and bottom Heaven's ranks,
And stars, great and small, are placed left and right.
Great is the fortune of Xuanzang, the priest,
Now most deserving of this precious thing.
He seems a living arhat from the West,
Or even better than its true elite.
He holds his staff and all its nine rings clang,
Benefic in his Vairocana hat.
A true Buddha-child, it's no idle tale,
He matches the Bodhi and that's no lie!

The various officials, both civil and military, stood before the steps and shouted "Bravo!"

Taizong could not have been more pleased, and he told the Master of the Law to keep his cassock on and the staff in his hands. Two regiments of honor guards were ordered to accompany him along with many other officials. They left the gate of the court and proceeded on the main streets toward the temple, and the whole entourage gave the impression that a zhuangyuan was making a tour of the city. The procession was a stirring sight indeed!

The merchants and tradesmen in the city of Chang'an, the princes and noblemen, the men of ink and letters, the grown men and the little girls—they all vied to get a good view. Everyone exclaimed, "What a priest! He is truly a living arhat descended to Earth, a live bodhisattva coming to the world!" Xuanzang went right to the temple where he was met by all the monks leaving their seats. The moment they saw him wearing that cassock and holding the staff, they all said that King Kṣitigarbha had arrived! Everyone bowed to him and waited on him left and right. Going up to the main hall, Xuanzang lighted incense to honor the Buddha, after which he spoke of the emperor's favor to the multitude. Thereafter, each went back to his assigned seat, and soon the fiery orb sank westward.

So it was

Sunset: mist hid trees and grasses;
The capital's first chimes rang out.
Zheng-zheng they struck thrice, and human traffic ceased;
Streets back and front soon grew quiet.
Though lights burned bright at First Temple,
The lone village was hush and mute.
The monk focused to tend the sūtras still—
Time to smelt demons, to nurse his spirit.

Time went by like the snapping of fingers, and the formal celebration of the Grand Mass on the seventh day was to take place. Xuanzang presented the Tang emperor with a memorial, inviting him to raise the incense. News of these good works was circulating throughout the empire. Upon receiving the notice, Taizong sent for his carriage and led many of his officials, both civil and military, as well as his relatives and the ladies of the court, to the temple. All the people of the city—young and old, nobles and commoners—went along also to hear the preaching. At the same time, the

Bodhisattva said to Mokṣa, “Today is the formal celebration of the Grand Mass, the first seventh of seven such occasions. It’s about time for you and me to join the crowd. First, we want to see how the mass is going; second, we want to find out whether Gold Cicada is worthy of my treasures; and third, we can discover what division of Buddhism he is preaching about.” The two of them thereupon went to the temple; and so it is that

Affinity will help old comrades meet
As perfection returns to this holy seat.

As they walked inside the temple to look around, they discovered that such a place in the capital of a great nation indeed surpassed the Ṣaḍ-varṣa, or even the Jetavana Garden of the Śrāvastī. It was truly a lofty temple of Caturdiśgaḥ, resounding with divine music and Buddhist chants. Our Bodhisattva went directly to the side of the platform of many treasures and beheld a form truly resembling the enlightened Gold Cicada. The poem says:

All things were pure with not a spot of dust.
Xuanzang of the Great Law sat high onstage.
Lost souls, redeemed, approached the place unseen;
The city’s highborn came to hear the Law.
You give when time’s ripe: this intent’s far-reaching.
You die as you please, the Canon door’s open.
As they heard him rehearse the Boundless Law,
Young and old were glad and comforted.

Another poem says:

Since she made a tour of this holy site,
She met a friend unlike all other men.
They spoke of the present and of countless things—
Of merit and trial in this world of dust.
The cloud of Law extends to shroud the hills;
The net of Truth spread wide to fill all space.
Asses your lives and return to good thoughts,
For Heaven’s grace is rife as falling blooms.

On the platform, that Master of the Law recited for a while the *Sūtra of Life and Deliverance for the Dead*; he then lectured for a while on the *Heavenly Treasure Chronicle for Peace in the Nation*, after which he preached for a while on the *Scroll on Merit and Self-Cultivation.*

The Bodhisattva drew near and thumped her hands on the platform, calling out in a loud voice, “Hey, monk! You only know how to talk about the teachings of the Little Vehicle. Don’t you know anything about the Great Vehicle?” When Xuanzang heard this question, he was filled with delight. He turned and leaped down from the platform, raised his hands and saluted the Bodhisattva, saying, “Venerable Teacher, please pardon your pupil for much disrespect. I only know that the priests who came before me all talk about the teachings of the Little Vehicle. I have no idea what the Great Vehicle teaches.”

“The doctrines of your Little Vehicle,” said the Bodhisattva, “cannot save the damned by leading them up to Heaven; they can only mislead and confuse mortals. I have in my possession Tripitaka, three collections of the Great Vehicle Laws of Buddha, which are able to send the lost to Heaven, to deliver the afflicted from their sufferings, to fashion ageless bodies, and to break the cycles of coming and going.”

As they were speaking, the officer in charge of incense and the inspection of halls reported to the emperor, "The Master was just in the process of lecturing on the wondrous Law when he was pulled down by two scabby mendicants, babbling some kind of nonsense."

The king ordered them to be arrested, and the two monks were taken by many people and pushed into the hall in the rear. When the monk saw Taizong, she neither raised her hands nor made a bow; instead, she lifted her face and said, "What do you want of me, Your Majesty?" Recognizing her, the Tang emperor said, "Aren't you the monk who brought us the cassock the other day?"

"I am," said the Bodhisattva. "If you have come to listen to the lecture," said Taizong, "you may as well take some vegetarian food. Why indulge in this wanton discussion with our Master and disturb the lecture hall, delaying our religious service?"

"What that Master of yours was lecturing on," said the Bodhisattva, "happens to be the teachings of the Little Vehicle, which cannot lead the lost up to Heaven. In my possession is the Tripitaka, the Great Vehicle Law of Buddha, which is able to save the damned, deliver the afflicted, and fashion the indestructible body."

Delighted, Taizong asked eagerly, "Where is your Great Vehicle Law of Buddha?"

"At the place of our lord, Tathāgata," said the Bodhisattva, "in the Great Temple of Thunderclap, located in India of the Great Western Heaven. It can untie the knot of a hundred enmities; it can dispel unexpected misfortunes."

"Can you remember any of it?" said Taizong. "Certainly," said the Bodhisattva. Taizong was overjoyed and said, "Let the Master lead this monk to the platform to begin a lecture at once." Our Bodhisattva led Mokṣa and flew up onto the high platform. She then trod on the hallowed clouds to rise up into the air and revealed her true salvific form, holding the pure vase with the willow branch. At her left stood the virile figure of Mokṣa carrying the rod. The Tang emperor was so overcome that he bowed to the sky and worshipped, as civil and military officials all knelt on the ground and burned incense. Throughout the temple, there was not one of the monks, nuns, Daoists, secular persons, scholars, craftsmen, and merchants, who did not bow down and exclaim, "Dear Bodhisattva! Dear Bodhisattva!" We have a song as a testimony.

They saw only

Auspicious mist in diffusion
And dharmakāya *veiled by holy light.*
In the bright air of ninefold Heaven
A lady immortal appeared.
That Bodhisattva
Wore on her head a cap
Fastened by leaves of gold
And set with flowers of jade,
With tassels of dangling pearls,
All aglow with golden light.
On her body she had
A robe of fine blue silk,
Lightly colored
And simply fretted

By circling dragons
And soaring phoenixes.
Down in front was hung
A pair of fragrant girdle-jade,
Which glowed with the moon
And danced with the wind,
Overlaid with precious pearls
And with imperial jade.
Around her waist was tied
An embroidered velvet skirt
Of ice worm silk
And piped in gold,
In which she topped the colored clouds
And crossed the jasper sea.
Before her she led
A cockatoo with red beak and yellow plumes,
Which had roamed the Eastern Ocean
And throughout the world
To foster deeds of mercy and filial piety.
She held in her hands
A grace-dispensing and world-sustaining precious vase,
In which was planted
A twig of pliant willow,
That could moisten the blue sky,
And sweep aside all evil—
All clinging fog and smoke.
Her jade rings joined embroidered loops;
Gold lotus grew beneath her feet.
For three days oft she came and went:
This very Guanshiyin who saves from pain and woe.

So pleased by the vision was Tang Taizong that he forgot about his empire; so enthralled were the civil and military officials that they completely ignored court etiquette. Everyone was chanting, "Namo Bodhisattva Guanshiyin!"

Taizong at once gave the order for a skilled painter to sketch the true form of the Bodhisattva. No sooner had he spoken than a certain Wu Daozi was selected, who could portray gods and sages and was a master of the noble perspective and lofty vision. (This man, in fact, was the one who would later paint the portraits of meritorious officials in the Lingyan Tower.) Immediately he opened up his magnificent brush to record the true form. The hallowed clouds of the Bodhisattva gradually drifted away, and in a little while the golden light disappeared. From midair came floating down a slip of paper on which were plainly written several lines in the style of the *gāthā:*

We greet the great Ruler of Tang
With scripts most sublime of the West.
The way: a hundred and eight thousand miles.
This Mahāyāna seek earnestly.
These Books, when they reach your fair state,
Can redeem damned spirits from Hell.

If someone is willing to go,
He'll become a Buddha of gold.

When Taizong saw the *gāthā*, he said to the various monks:

"Let's stop the Mass. Wait until I have sent someone to bring back the scriptures of the Great Vehicle. We shall then renew our sincere effort to cultivate the fruits of virtue." Not one of the officials disagreed with the emperor, who then asked in the temple, "Who is willing to accept our commission to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven?"

Hardly had he finished speaking when the Master of the Law stepped from the side and saluted him, saying, "Though your poor monk has no talents, he is ready to perform the service of a dog and a horse. I shall seek these true scriptures on behalf of Your Majesty, that the empire of our king may be firm and everlasting."

Highly pleased, the Tang emperor went forward to raise up the monk with his royal hands, saying, "If the Master is willing to express his loyalty this way, undaunted by the great distance or by the journey over mountains and streams, we are willing to become bond brothers with you." Xuanzang touched his forehead to the ground to express his gratitude. Being indeed a righteous man, the Tang emperor went at once before Buddha's image in the temple and bowed to Xuanzang four times, addressing him as "our brother and holy monk."

Deeply moved, Xuanzang said, "Your Majesty, what ability and what virtue does your poor monk possess that he should merit such affection from your Heavenly Grace? I shall not spare myself in this journey, but I shall proceed with all diligence until I reach the Western Heaven. If I do not attain my goal, or the true scriptures, I shall not return to our land even if I have to die. I would rather fall into eternal perdition in Hell."

He thereupon lifted the incense before Buddha and made that his vow. Highly pleased, the Tang emperor ordered his carriage back to the palace to wait for the auspicious day and hour, when official documents could be issued for the journey to begin. And so the Throne withdrew as everyone dispersed.

Xuanzang also went back to the Temple of Great Blessing. The many monks of that temple and his several disciples, who had heard about the quest for the scriptures, all came to see him. They asked, "Is it true that you have vowed to go to the Western Heaven?"

"It is," said Xuanzang. "O Master," one of his disciples said, "I have heard people say that the way to the Western Heaven is long, filled with tigers, leopards, and all kinds of monsters. I fear that there will be departure but no return for you, as it will be difficult to safeguard your life."

"I have already made a great vow and a profound promise," said Xuanzang, "that if I do not acquire the true scriptures, I shall fall into eternal perdition in Hell. Since I have received such grace and favor from the king, I have no alternative but to serve my country to the utmost of my loyalty. It is true, of course, that I have no knowledge of how I shall fare on this journey or whether good or evil awaits me."

He said to them again, "My disciples, after I leave, wait for two or three years, or six or seven years. If you see the branches of the pine trees within our gate pointing eastward, you will know that I am about to return. If not, I shall not be coming back."

The disciples all committed his words firmly to memory.

The next morning Taizong held court and gathered all the officials together. They wrote up the formal rescript stating the intent to acquire scriptures and stamped it with the seal of free passage. The President of the Imperial Board of Astronomy then came with the report, "Today the positions of the planets are especially favorable for men to make a journey of great length."

The Tang emperor was most delighted. Thereafter the Custodian of the Yellow Gate also made a report, saying, "The Master of the Law awaits your pleasure outside the court."

The emperor summoned him up to the treasure hall and said, "Royal Brother, today is an auspicious day for the journey, and your rescript for free passage is ready. We also present you with a bowl made of purple gold for you to collect alms on your way. Two attendants have been selected to accompany you, and a horse will be your means of travel. You may begin your journey at once."

Highly pleased, Xuanzang expressed his gratitude and received his gifts, not displaying the least desire to linger. The Tang emperor called for his carriage and led many officials outside the city gate to see him off. The monks in the Temple of Great Blessing and the disciples were already waiting there with Xuanzang's winter and summer clothing. When the emperor saw them, he ordered the bags to be packed on the horses first, and then asked an officer to bring a pitcher of wine. Taizong lifted his cup to toast the pilgrim, saying, "What is the byname of our Royal Brother?"

"Your poor monk," said Xuanzang, "is a person who has left the family. He dares not assume a byname."

"The Bodhisattva said earlier," said Taizong, "that there were three collections of scriptures in the Western Heaven.

Our Brother can take that as a byname and call himself Tripitaka. How about it?"

Thanking him, Xuanzang accepted the wine and said, "Your Majesty, wine is the first prohibition of priesthood. Your poor monk has practiced abstinence since birth."

"Today's journey," said Taizong, "is not to be compared with any ordinary event. Please drink one cup of this dietary wine, and accept our good wishes that go along with the toast." Xuanzang dared not refuse; he took the wine and was about to drink, when he saw Taizong stoop down to scoop up a handful of dirt with his fingers and sprinkle it in the wine. Tripitaka had no idea what this gesture meant.

"Dear Brother," said Taizong, laughing, "how long will it take you to come back from this trip to the Western Heaven?"

"Probably in three years time," said Tripitaka, "I'll be returning to our noble nation."

"The years are long and the journey is great," said Taizong.

"Drink this, Royal Brother, and remember:

Treasure a handful of dirt from your home,
But love not ten thousand taels of foreign gold."

Then Tripitaka understood the meaning of the handful of dirt sprinkled in his cup; he thanked the emperor once more and drained the cup. He went out of the gate

and left, as the Tang emperor returned in his carriage. We do not know what will happen to him on this journey; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTEEN

In the den of tigers, the Gold Star brings deliverance
At Double-Fork Ridge, Boqin detains the monk

The rich Tang ruler issued a decree,
Deputing Xuanzang to seek the source of Chan.
He bent his mind to find the Dragon Den,
With firm resolve to climb the Vulture Peak.
Through how many states did he roam beyond his own?
Through clouds and hills he passed ten thousand times.
He now leaves the throne to go to the West;
He'll keep law and faith to reach the Great Void.

We shall now tell you about Tripitaka, who, on the third day before the fifteenth of the ninth month in the thirteenth year of the period Zhenguan, was sent off by the Tang emperor and many officials from outside the gate of Chang'an. For a couple of days his horse trotted without ceasing, and soon they reached the Temple of the Law Gate. The abbot of that temple led some five hundred monks on both sides to receive him and took him inside. As they met, tea was served, after which a vegetarian meal was presented.

Soon after the meal, dusk fell, and thus

Shadows moved to the Star River's nearing pulse;
The moon was bright without a speck of dust.
The wild geese called from the distant sky,
And washing flails beat from nearby homes.
As birds returned to perch on withered trees,
The Chan monks conversed in their Sanskrit tones.
On rush mats placed upon a single bunk,
They sat until halfway through the night.

Beneath the lamps the various monks discussed Buddhist doctrines and the purpose of seeking scriptures in the Western Heaven.

Some pointed out that the waters were wide and the mountains very high; others mentioned that the roads were crowded with tigers and leopards; still others maintained that the precipitous peaks were difficult to scale; and another group insisted that the vicious monsters were hard to subdue. Tripitaka, however, kept his mouth shut tightly, but he pointed with his finger to his own heart and nodded his head several times. Not perceiving what he meant, the various monks folded their hands and asked, "Why did the Master of the Law point to his heart and nod his head?"

"When the mind is active,"

Tripitaka replied, "all kinds of *māra* come into existence; when the mind is extinguished, all kinds of *māra* will be extinguished. This disciple has already made an important vow before Buddha in the Temple of Transformation, and he has no alternative but to fulfill it with his whole heart. If I go, I shall not turn aside until I have reached the Western Heaven, seen Buddha, and acquired the scriptures so that the Wheel of the Law will be turned to us and the kingdom of our lord will be secured forever." When the various monks heard this statement, everyone congratulated and

commended him, saying, “A loyal and valiant master!” They praised him unceasingly as they escorted him to bed.

Soon

The bamboos struck down the setting moon
And the cocks crowed to gather the clouds of dawn.

The various monks arose and prepared some tea and the morning meal. Xuanzang put on his cassock and went to worship Buddha in the main hall. “Your disciple, Chen Xuanzang,” he said, “is on his way to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. But my fleshly eyes are dim and unperceptive and do not recognize the true form of the living Buddha. Now I wish to make a vow: that throughout this journey I shall burn incense whenever I come upon a temple, I shall worship Buddha whenever I meet a Buddha, and I shall sweep a pagoda whenever I reach a pagoda. May our Buddha be merciful and soon reveal to me his Diamond Body sixteen feet tall. May he grant me the true scriptures so that they may be preserved in the Land of the East.”

He finished his prayer and went back to the hall for the vegetarian meal, after which his two attendants made ready the saddle and urged him to begin his journey. Going out of the temple’s gate, Tripitaka took leave of the monks, who grieved to see him go. They accompanied him for ten miles before turning back, tears in their eyes, as Tripitaka proceeded directly toward the West. It was the time of late autumn. You see

Trees growing bare in hamlets as rush petals break;
From every maple column the red leaves fall.
Trekkers through paths of mist and rain are few.
The fair chrysanthemums,
The sharp mountain rocks,
Cold streams and cracked lilies all make one sad.
Snow falls from a frosty sky on rushes and reeds.
One duck at dusk descends in the distant void.
Clouds o’er the wilds move through the gathering gloom.
The swallows depart;
The wild geese appear—
Their cries, though loud, are halting and forlorn.

After traveling for several days, master and disciples arrived at the city of Gongzhou. They were met at once by the various municipal officials of that city, where they spent the night. The next morning they set off again, taking food and drink along the way, resting by night and journeying by day. In two or three days, they arrived at the District of Hezhou, which formed the border of the Great Tang Empire. When the garrison commander of the border as well as the local monks and priests heard that the Master of the Law, a bond brother of the emperor, was on his way to the Western Heaven to see Buddha by royal commission, they received the travelers with due reverence. Some chief priests then invited them to spend the night at Fuyuan Temple, where every resident cleric came to pay respect to the pilgrims. Dinner was served, after which the two attendants were told to feed the horses well, for the Master wanted to leave before dawn. At the first crowing of the cock, he called for his attendants and aroused the monks of that temple. They hastened to prepare tea and breakfast, after which the pilgrims departed from the border.

Because he was somewhat impatient to get going, the Master arose a trifle too early. The fact is that this was late autumn, when cocks crow rather early—at about the

time of the fourth watch. Facing the clear frost and the bright moon, the three of them (the horse made up the fourth member of the team) journeyed for some twenty or thirty miles, when they came upon a mountain range. It soon became exceedingly difficult for them to find their way. As they had to poke around in the grass to look for a path, they began to worry that they might be heading in the wrong direction. In that very anxious moment, they suddenly tripped; all three of them as well as the horse tumbled into a deep pit. Tripitaka was terrified; his companions all shook with fear. They were still trembling when they heard voices shouting, "Seize them! Seize them!"

A violent wind swept by, and a mob of fifty or sixty ogres appeared, who seized Tripitaka with his companions and hauled them out of the pit. Quivering and shivering, the Master of the Law stole a glance around and saw a ferocious Monster King seated up on high. Truly he had

A figure most awesomely bold,
A face most distinctly fierce.
Light flashed from his lightninglike eyes;
All quaked at his thunderous voice.
His sawlike teeth jutted outward,
Like fangs they emerged from his jaws.
Brocade wrapped his body around,
And coiling stripes covered his spine.
They saw flesh through sparse, steely whiskers.
Keen-edged were his claws like sharp swords.
Even Huang Gong of East Sea would fear
This white-browed King of Mount South.

Tripitaka was so frightened that his spirit left him, while the bones of his followers grew weak and their tendons turned numb.

The Monster King shouted for them to be bound, and the various ogres tied up all three of them with ropes. They were being prepared to be eaten when a clamor was heard outside the camp. Someone came in to report:

"The Bear Mountain Lord and the Steer Hermit have arrived."

Hearing this, Tripitaka looked up. The first one to come in was a swarthy fellow. "How did he look?" you ask.

He seemed valiant and courageous,
With body both tough and brawny.
His great strength could ford the waters.
He prowled the woods, flaunting his power.
Ever a good omen in dreams,
He showed now his forceful features.
He could break or climb the green trees,
And predicted when winter was near.
Truly he was most clever.
Hence Mountain Lord was his name.

Following behind him was another husky fellow. "How did he look?" you ask.

A cap of twin horns rugged,
And a humpback most majestic.
His green robe showed his calm nature,

He walked with a slumberous gait.
He came from a father named Bull;
His mother's proper name was Cow.
A great boon to people who plowed,
He was thus called the Steer Hermit.

The two of them swaggered in, and the Monster King hurried out to receive them. The Bear Mountain Lord said, "You are in top form, General Yin. Congratulations! Congratulations!"

"General Yin looks better than ever," said the Steer Hermit. "It's marvelous! It's marvelous!"

"And you two gentlemen, how have you been these days?" asked the Monster King. "Just maintaining my idleness," said the Mountain Lord. "Just keeping up with the times," said the Hermit. After these exchanges, they sat down to chat some more.

Meanwhile, one of Tripitaka's attendants was bound so tightly that he began to moan pitifully. "How did these three get here?" asked the swarthy fellow. "They practically presented themselves at the door!" said the Monster King. "Can they be used for the guests' dinner?" asked the Hermit, laughing. "By all means!" said the Monster King. "Let's not finish them all up," said the Mountain Lord.

"We'll dine on two of them and leave one over."

The Monster King agreed. He called his subordinates at once to have the attendants eviscerated and their carcasses carved up; their heads, hearts, and livers were to be presented to the guests, the limbs to the host, and the remaining portions of flesh and bone to the rest of the ogres. The moment the order was given, the ogres pounced on the attendants like tigers preying on sheep: munching and crunching, they devoured them in no time at all. The priest nearly died of fear, for this, you see, was his first bitter ordeal since his departure from Chang'an.

As he was nursing his horror, light began to grow in the east. The two monsters did not retire until dawn. Saying, "We're beholden to your generous hospitality today. Permit us to repay in kind in another time," they left together. Soon the sun rose high in the sky, but Tripitaka was still in a stupor, unable to discern which way was north, south, east, or west. In that half-dead condition, he suddenly saw an old man approaching, holding a staff in his hands. Walking up to Tripitaka, the man waved his hands and all the ropes snapped. He then blew on Tripitaka, and the monk began to revive. Falling on the ground, he said, "I thank the aged father for saving the life of this poor monk!"

"Get up," the old man said, returning his salute, "have you lost anything?"

"The followers of your poor monk," said Tripitaka, "have been eaten by the monsters. I have no idea where my horse is or my luggage."

"Isn't that your horse over there with the two bundles?" asked the old man, pointing with his staff. Tripitaka turned around and discovered that his belongings had indeed remained untouched. Somewhat relieved, he asked the old man, "Aged father, what is this place? How do you happen to be here?"

"It is called the Double-Fork Ridge, a place infested with tigers and wolves. How did you manage to get here?"

"At the first crow of the cock," said Tripitaka, "your poor monk left the District of Hezhou. Little did I realize that we had risen too early, and we lost our way tramping through fog and dew. We came upon this Monster King so exceedingly ferocious that he captured me and my two followers. There was also a swarthy fellow called the Bear Mountain Lord and a husky fellow called the Steer Hermit. They arrived and addressed the Monster King as General Yin. All three of them devoured my two followers and retired only at dawn. I have no idea where I accrued the fortune and merit that caused the aged father to rescue me here."

"That Steer Hermit," said the old man, "is a wild bull spirit; the Mountain Lord, a bear spirit; and General Yin, a tiger spirit. The various ogres are all demons of mountains and trees, spirits of strange beasts and wolves. Because of the primal purity of your nature, they cannot devour you. Follow me now, and I shall lead you on your way."

Tripitaka could not be more thankful. Fastening the bundles on the saddle and leading his horse, he followed the old man out of the pit and walked toward the main road. He tied the horse to the bushes beside the path and turned to thank the aged father. At that moment a gentle breeze swept by, and the old man rose into the air and left, riding on a white crane with a crimson head. As the wind subsided, a slip of paper fluttered down, with four lines of verse written on it:

I am the Planet Venus from the West,
Who came to save you by special request,
Some pupils divine will come to your aid.
Blame not the scriptures for hardships ahead.

When Tripitaka read this, he bowed toward the sky saying, "I thank the Gold Star for seeing me through this ordeal."

After that, he led his horse off again on his lonely and melancholy journey.

On this ridge truly you have

Cold and soughing, the wind of the rainforest;
Purling and gurgling, the water of the brooklets;
Fragrant and musky, wildflowers in bloom;
In clutters and clumps, rough rocks piled high;
Chattering and clattering, the apes and the deer;
In rank and file, the musk and the fallow deer.
Chirping and cooing, birds frequently call.
Silent and still, not one man is in sight.
That master
Shivers and quivers to his anxious mind.
This dear horse,
Scared and nervous, can barely raise his legs.

Ready to abandon his body and sacrifice his life, Tripitaka started up that rugged mountain. He journeyed for half a day, but not a single human being or dwelling was in sight. He was gnawed by hunger and disheartened by the rough road. In that desperate moment, he saw two fierce tigers growling in front of him and several huge snakes circling behind him; vicious creatures appeared on his left and strange beasts on his right. As he was all by himself, Tripitaka had little alternative but to submit himself to the will of Heaven. As if to complete his helplessness, his horse's back was sagging and

its legs were buckling; it went to its knees and soon lay prostrate on the ground. He could budge it neither by beating nor by tugging. With hardly an inch of space to stand on, our Master of the Law was in the depths of despair, thinking that certain death would be his fate. We can tell you, however, that though he was in danger, help was on its way. For just as he thought he was about to expire, the vicious creatures began to scatter and the monstrous beasts fled; the fierce tigers vanished and the huge snakes disappeared. When Tripitaka looked further ahead, he saw a man coming over the mountain slope with a steel trident in his hands and bow and arrows at his waist. He was indeed a valiant figure! Look at him:

He had on his head a cap
Of leopard skin, spotted and artemisia white;
He wore on his body a robe
Of lamb's wool with dark silk brocade.
Around his waist was tied a lion king belt,
And on his feet he wore tall boots of suede.
His eyes would bulge like those of someone hung.
His beard curled wildly like a fierce god's!
A bow and poisoned arrows hung on him.
He held a huge trident of finest steel.
His voice like thunder appalled mountain cats,
And wild pheasants quaked at his truculence.

When Tripitaka saw him draw near, he knelt at the side of the path and called out, his hands clasped in front of him, "Great king, save me! Great king, save me!"

The fellow came up to Tripitaka and put down his trident. Raising up the monk with his hands, he said, "Don't be afraid, Elder, for I'm not a wicked man. I'm a hunter living in this mountain; my surname is Liu and my given name is Boqin. I also go by the nickname of Senior Guardian of the Mountain. I came here to find some animals to eat, not expecting to run into you. I hope I didn't scare you."

"Your poor monk," said Tripitaka, "is a cleric who has been sent by his Majesty, the Tang emperor, to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven. When I arrived here a few moments ago, I was surrounded by tigers, wolves, and snakes, so that I could not proceed. But when the creatures saw you coming they all scattered, and you have thus saved my life. Many thanks! Many thanks!"

"Since I live here and my livelihood depends on killing a few tigers and wolves," said Boqin, "or catching a few snakes and reptiles, I usually frighten the wild beasts away. If you have come from the Tang empire, you are actually a native here, for this is still Tang territory and I am a Tang subject. You and I both live off the land belonging to the emperor so that we are in truth citizens of the same nation. Don't be afraid. Follow me. You may rest your horse at my place, and I shall see you off in the morning."

Tripitaka was filled with delight when he heard these words, and he led his horse to follow the hunter.

They passed the slope and again heard the howling of the wind. "Sit here, Elder," said Boqin, "and don't move. The sound of that wind tells me that a mountain cat is approaching. I'll take him home so that I can make a meal of him for you." When Tripitaka heard this, his heart hammered and his gall quivered and he became rooted to the ground. Grasping his trident, that Guardian strode forward and came face to face

with a great striped tiger. Seeing Boqin, he turned and fled. Like a crack of thunder, the Guardian bellowed, “Cursed beast! Where will you flee?” When the tiger saw him pressing near, he turned with flailing claws to spring at him, only to be met by the Guardian with uplifted trident. Tripitaka was so terrified that he lay paralyzed on the grass. Since leaving his mother’s belly, when had he ever witnessed such violent and dangerous goings-on? The Guardian went after that tiger to the foot of the slope, and it was a magnificent battle between man and beast. You see

Raging resentment,
And churning whirlwind.
In raging resentment
The potent Guardian’s hair pushed up his cap;
Like churning whirlwind
The striped prince belched dust, displaying his might.
This one bared its teeth and wielded its paws;
That one stepped sideways, yet turning to fight.
The trident reached skyward, reflecting the sun.
The striped tail stirred up both fog and cloud.
This one stabbed madly at the breast of his foe;
That one, facing him would swallow him whole.
Stay away and you may live out your years.
Join the fray and you’ll meet Yama, the king!
You hear the roar of the striped prince
And the harsh cries of the Guardian.
The roar of the striped prince
Shook mountains and streams to frighten birds and beasts;
The harsh cries of the Guardian
Unlocked the Heavens to make the stars appear.
The gold eyeballs of this one protruded,
And wrath burst from the bold heart of that one.
Lovable was Liu the Mountain Guardian;
Praiseworthy was this king of the wild beasts.
So tiger and man fought, each craving life—
A little slower, and one forfeits his soul!

The two of them fought for about an hour, and as the paws of the tiger began to slow and his torso to slacken, he was downed by the Guardian’s trident stabbing him through the chest. A pitiful sight it was! The points of the trident pierced the heart, and at once the ground was covered with blood.

The Guardian then dragged the beast by the ear up the road. What a man! He hardly panted, nor did his face change color. He said to Tripitaka, “We’re lucky! We’re lucky! This mountain cat should be sufficient for a day’s food for the elder.”

Applauding him unceasingly, Tripitaka said, “The Guardian is truly a mountain god!”

“What ability do I have,” said Boqin, “that I merit such acclaim? This is really the good fortune of the father. Let’s go. I’d like to skin him quickly so that I can cook some of his meat to entertain you.”

He held the trident in one hand and dragged the tiger with the other, leading the way while Tripitaka followed him with his horse. They walked together past the slope and all at once came upon a mountain village, in front of which were

Old trees soaring skyward,
Roads filled with wild creepers.
In countless canyons the wind was cool;
On many ridges came strange sounds and sights.
One path's wild blooms, their scent clung to one's body;
A few poles of bamboo, what enduring green!
The portal of grass,
The wattle-fenced yard—
A picture to paint or sketch.
The stone-slab bridge,
The white-earth walls—
How charming indeed, and rare!
Now in the wistful face of autumn,
The air was cool and brisk,
By the wayside yellow leaves fell;
Over the peaks the white clouds drifted.
In thinly-grown woods the wild fowls twittered,
And young dogs yelped outside the village gate.

When Boqin reached the door of his house, he threw down the dead tiger and called, "Little ones, where are you?" Out came three or four houseboys, all looking rather unattractive and mean, who hauled the tiger inside. Boqin told them to skin it quickly and prepare it for the guest. He then turned around to welcome Tripitaka into his dwelling, and as they greeted each other, Tripitaka thanked him again for the great favor of saving his life. "We are fellow countrymen," said Boqin, "and there's little need for you to thank me."

After they had sat down and drunk tea, an old woman with someone who appeared to be her daughter-in-law came out to greet Tripitaka.

"This is my mother, and this my wife," said Boqin. "Pray ask your parent to take the honored seat," said Tripitaka, "and let your poor monk pay his respects."

"Father is a guest coming from great distance," said the old woman. "Please relax and don't stand on ceremony."

"Mother," said Boqin, "he has been sent by the Tang emperor to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven. He met your son just now at the ridge. Since we are fellow countrymen, I invited him to the house to rest his horse. Tomorrow I shall see him on his way." When she heard these words, the old woman was very pleased. "Good! Good! Good!" she said. "The timing couldn't be better, even if we had planned to invite him. For tomorrow happens to be the anniversary of your late father's death. Let us invite the elder to perform some good deeds and recite an appropriate passage of scripture. We shall see him off day after tomorrow."

Although he was a tiger slayer, a so-called "Guardian of the Mountain," our Liu Boqin had a good deal of filial feeling for his mother. When he heard what she said, he immediately wanted to prepare the incense and the paper money, so that Tripitaka might be asked to stay.

As they talked, the sky began to darken. The servants brought chairs and a table and set out several dishes of well-cooked tiger meat, steaming hot. Boqin invited Tripitaka to begin, telling him that rice would follow. "O dear!" said Tripitaka, his hands folded. "To tell you the truth, I have been a monk since leaving my mother's womb, and I have never eaten any meat."

Hearing this, Boqin reflected awhile. He then said, "Elder, for generations this humble family has never kept a vegetarian diet. We could, I suppose, find some bamboo shoots and wood ears and prepare some dried vegetables and bean cakes, but they would all be cooked with the fat of deer or tigers. Even our pots and pans are grease-soaked! What am I to do? I must ask the elder's pardon."

"Don't fret," said Tripitaka. "Enjoy the food yourself. Even if I were not to eat for three or four days, I could bear the hunger. But I dare not break the dietary commandment."

"Suppose you starve to death," said Boqin, "what then?"

"I am indebted to the Heavenly kindness of the Guardian," said Tripitaka, "for saving me from the packs of tigers and wolves. Starving to death is better than being food for a tiger." When Boqin's mother heard this, she cried, "Son, stop such idle talk with the elder. Let me prepare a vegetarian dish to serve him."

"Where would you get such a dish?" said Boqin. "Never mind. I'll fix it," said his mother. She asked her daughter-in-law to take down a small cooking pan and heat it until much of the grease had burned off. They washed and scrubbed the pan again and again and then put it back on the stove and boiled some water in it. Taking some elm leaves from the mountain, they made soup with it, after which they cooked some rice with yellow millet mixed with Indian corn. They also prepared two bowls of dried vegetables and brought it all out to the table. "Elder," the aged mother said to Tripitaka, "please have some. This is the cleanest and purest food that my daughter-inlaw and I have ever prepared."

Tripitaka left his seat to thank her before sitting down again. Boqin removed himself to another place; dishes and bowls full of unsauced and unsalted tiger meat, musk deer meat, serpent meat, fox flesh, rabbit, and strips of cured venison were set before him. To keep Tripitaka company, he sat down and was about to pick up his chopsticks when he saw Tripitaka fold his hands and begin to recite something. Startled, Boqin dared not touch his chopsticks; he jumped up instead and stood to one side.

Having uttered no more than a few phrases, Tripitaka said to him, "Please eat."

"You are a priest who likes to recite short scriptures," said Boqin. "That was not scripture," said Tripitaka, "only a prayer to be said before meals."

"You people who leave your families," said Boqin, "are particular about everything! Even for a meal you have to mumble something!"

They ate their dinner and the dishes and bowls were taken away. Evening was setting in when Boqin led Tripitaka out of the main hall to go for a walk at the back of the dwelling. They passed through a corridor and arrived at a straw shed. Pushing open the door, they walked inside, where they found several heavy bows and some quivers of arrows hanging on the walls. Two pieces of tiger skin, stinking and bloodstained, were draped over the cross beams, and a number of spears, knives, tridents, and rods were stuck into the ground at one corner. There were two seats in the middle of the shed, and Boqin invited Tripitaka to sit for a moment. Seeing that the place was so gruesome and

putrid, Tripitaka dared not linger. They soon left the shed and walked further back to a huge garden, where there seemed to be no end of thick clumps of chrysanthemum piling their gold and stands of maple hoisting their crimson. With a loud rustle, more than a dozen fat deer and a large herd of musk deer jumped out. Calm and mild-mannered, they were not at all frightened at the sight of human beings. Tripitaka said, "You must have tamed these animals."

"Like the people in your city of Chang'an," said Boqin, "where the affluent store up wealth and treasures and the landlords gather rice and grain, so we hunters must keep some of these wild beasts to prepare against dark days. That's all!"

As they walked and conversed, it grew dark, and they returned to the house to rest. As soon as the members of the family, young and old, arose next morning, they went to prepare vegetarian food to serve to the priest, who was then asked to begin his recitations. Having first washed his hands, the priest went to the ancestral hall with the Guardian to burn incense. Only after he had bowed to the house shrine did Tripitaka beat on his wooden fish and recite first the true sentences for the purification of the mouth, and then the divine formula for the purification of mind and body. He went on to the *Sūtra*

for the Salvation of the Dead, after which Boqin requested him to compose in writing a specific prayer for the deliverance of the deceased. He then took up the *Diamond Sūtra* and the *Guanyin Sūtra*, each of which was given a loud and clear recitation. After lunch, he recited several sections from the *Lotus Sūtra* and the *Amitāyus Sūtra*, before finishing with the *Peacock Sūtra* and a brief recounting of the story of Buddha healing a bhikṣu.

Soon it was evening again. All kinds of incense were burned together with the various paper horses, images of the deities, and the prayer for the deliverance of the deceased. The Buddhist service was thus completed, and each person retired.

We shall now tell you about the soul of Boqin's father, verily a ghost redeemed from perdition, who came to his own house and appeared to all the members of his family in a dream. "It was difficult," he said, "for me to escape my bitter ordeals in the Region of Darkness, and for a long time I could not attain salvation. Fortunately, the holy monk's recitations have now expiated my sins. King Yama has ordered someone to send me to the rich land of China, where I may assume my next incarnation in a noble family. All of you, therefore, must take care to thank the elder, and see that you are not negligent in any way. Now I leave you." So it is that

There is, in all things, a solemn purpose:
To save the dead from perdition and pain.

When the whole family awoke from the dream, the sun was already rising in the east. The wife of Boqin said, "Guardian, I dreamed last night that father came to the house. He said that it was difficult for him to escape his bitter ordeals in the Region of Darkness, and that for a long time he could not attain salvation. Fortunately, the holy monk's recitations have now expiated his sins, and King Yama has ordered someone to send him to the rich land of China where he may assume his next incarnation in a noble family. He told us to take care to thank the elder and not be negligent in any way. After he had finished speaking, he drifted away, despite my plea for him to stay. I woke up and it was all a dream!"

"I had a dream also," said Boqin, "one exactly like yours! Let's get up and talk to mother about this."

The two of them were about to do so when they heard the old mother calling, “Boqin, come here. I want to talk to you.”

They went in and found the mother sitting up in bed. “Son,” she said, “I had a happy dream last night. I dreamed that your father came to the house saying that, thanks to the redemptive work of the elder, his sins had been expiated. He is on his way to the rich land of China, where he will assume his next incarnation in a noble family.”

Husband and wife laughed uproariously.

Boqin said, “Your daughter-in-law and I both had this dream, and we were just coming to tell you. Little did we expect that mother’s call also had to do with this dream.”

They therefore called on every member of the family to express their gratitude and prepare the monk’s horse for travel. They came bowing before the priest and said, “We thank the elder for providing life and deliverance for our deceased father, for which we can never repay you sufficiently.”

“What has this poor monk accomplished,” said Tripitaka, “that merits such gratitude?”

Boqin gave a thorough account of the dream that the three of them had, and Tripitaka was also very pleased. A vegetarian meal was again served, and a tael of silver was presented as a token of their gratitude.

Tripitaka refused to accept so much as a penny, though the whole family begged him earnestly. He only said, “If, in compassion, you can escort me on the first part of my way, I shall ever be grateful for such kindness.”

Boqin and his mother and wife had little alternative but hastily to prepare some biscuits from unrefined flour, which Tripitaka was glad to accept. Boqin was told to escort him as far as possible. Obeying his mother’s bidding, the Guardian also ordered several houseboys to join them, each bringing hunting equipment and weapons. They walked to the main road, and there seemed to be no end to the scenic splendor of the mountains and peaks.

When they had traveled for half a day, they came upon a huge mountain so tall and rugged that it truly seemed to touch the blue sky.

In a little while the whole company reached the foot of the mountain, and the Guardian began to ascend it as if he were walking on level ground. Halfway up, Boqin turned around and stood still at the side of the road, saying, “Elder, please go on yourself. I must now take leave of you and turn back.” When Tripitaka heard these words, he rolled down from his saddle and said, “I beg you to escort me a little further.”

“You do not realize, Elder,” said Boqin, “that this mountain is called the Mountain of Two Frontiers; the eastern half belongs to our Great Tang domain, but the western half is the territory of the Tartars. The tigers and wolves over there are not my subjects, nor should I cross the border. You must proceed by yourself.”

Tripitaka became fearful; he stretched out his hands and clutched at the sleeves of the hunter, tears pouring from his eyes.

It was at this tender moment of farewell that there came from beneath the mountain a thunderous voice crying, “My master has come! My master has come!”

Tripitaka was dumbfounded, and Boqin trembled. We do not know who was crying; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FOURTEEN

Mind Monkey returns to the Right
The Six Robbers vanish from sight

Mind is the Buddha and the Buddha is Mind;
Both Mind and Buddha are important things.
If you perceive there's neither Mind nor Thing,
Yours is the dharmakāya of True Mind.
The dharmakāya
Has no shape or form:
One pearl-like radiance holding myriad things.
The bodiless body is the body true,
And real form is that form which has no form.
There's no form, no void, no no-emptiness;
No coming, no leaving, no pariṇāmanā;
No contrast, no sameness, no being or nonbeing:
No giving, no taking, no hopeful craving.
Light efficacious is in and out the same.
Buddha's whole realm is in a grain of sand.
A grain of sand the chiliocosm holds;
One mind or body's like ten thousand things.
To know this you must grasp the No-mind Spell;
Unclogged and taintless is the karma pure.
Don't do the many acts of good or ill:
This is true submission to Śākyamuni.

We were telling you about Tripitaka and Boqin, who, in fear and alarm, again heard the cry, "My Master has come!" The various houseboys said, "It must be the old ape in that stone box beneath the mountain who is shouting."

"It's he! It's he!" said the Guardian. Tripitaka asked, "Who is this old ape?"

"The ancient name of this mountain," said the Guardian, "was the Mountain of Five Phases. It was changed to the Mountain of the Two Frontiers as a result of our Great Tang ruler's western campaigns to secure his empire. A few years ago, I heard from my elders that during the time when Wang Mang usurped the throne of the Han emperor, this mountain fell from Heaven with a divine monkey clamped beneath it. He feared neither heat nor cold, and he took neither food nor drink. He had been watched and guarded by the spirits of the Earth, who fed him iron balls when he was hungry and juices of bronze when he was thirsty. He has lasted from that time until now, surviving both cold and hunger. He must be the one who is making all this noise. Don't be afraid, Elder. Let's go down the mountain to take a look."

Tripitaka had to agree and led his horse down the mountain. They had traveled only a few miles when they came upon a stone box in which there was indeed a monkey who, with his head sticking out, was waving his hands wildly and crying, "Master, why have you taken so long to get here? Welcome! Welcome! Get me out, and I'll protect you on your way to the Western Heaven!"

The priest went forward to look more closely at him. “How does he look?” you ask.

A pointed mouth and hollow cheeks;
Two diamond pupils and fiery eyes.
Lichens had piled on his head;
Wisteria grew in his ears.
By his temples was more green grass than hair;
Beneath his chin, moss instead of a beard.
With mud on his brow,
And earth in his nose,
He looked most desperate!
His fingers coarse
And calloused palms
Were caked in filth and dirt!
Luckily, his eyes could still roll about,
And the apish tongue, articulate.
Though in speech he had great ease,
His body he could not move.
He was the Great Sage Sun of five hundred years ago.
Today his ordeal ends, he leaves Heaven’s net.

Undeniably a courageous person, that Guardian Liu went up to the creature and pulled away some of the grass at his temples and some of the moss beneath his chin. He asked, “What do you have to say?”

“Nothing to you,” said the monkey, “but ask that master to come up here. I have a question for him.”

“What’s your question?” asked Tripitaka. “Are you someone sent by the great king of the Land of the East to go seek scriptures in the Western Heaven?” asked the monkey. “I am,” said Tripitaka. “Why do you ask?”

“I am the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven,” said the monkey, “who greatly disturbed the Heavenly Palace five hundred years ago.

Because of my sin of rebellion and disobedience, I was imprisoned here by the Buddha. Some time ago, a certain Bodhisattva Guanyin had received the decree of Buddha to go to the Land of the East in quest of a scripture pilgrim. I asked her to give me some help, and she persuaded me not to engage again in violence. I was told to believe in the Law of Buddha and faithfully to protect the scripture pilgrim on his way to worship Buddha in the West, for there would be a goodly reward reserved for me when such merit is achieved. I have therefore been maintaining my vigilance night and day, waiting for the Master to come to rescue me. I’m willing to protect you in your quest of scriptures and become your disciple.” When Tripitaka heard these words, he was filled with delight and said, “Though you have this good intention, thanks to the Bodhisattva’s instruction, of entering our Buddhist fold, I have neither ax nor drill. How can I free you?”

“No need for ax or drill,” said the monkey. “If you are willing to rescue me, I’ll be able to get out.”

Tripitaka said, “I’m willing, but how can you get out?”

"On top of this mountain," said the monkey, "there is a tag stamped with the golden letters of our Buddha Tathāgata. Go up there and lift up the tag. Then I'll come out."

Tripitaka agreed and turned to Boqin, imploring him, "Guardian, come with me up the mountain."

"Do you think he's speaking the truth?" asked Boqin. "It's the truth!" the monkey shouted. "I dare not lie!"

Boqin had no choice but to call his houseboys to lead the horses. He himself supported Tripitaka with his hands, and they again started up the tall mountain. Tugging at creepers and vines, they finally arrived at the highest peak, where they beheld ten thousand shafts of golden light and a thousand folds of hallowed air. There was a huge square slab of stone, on which was taped a seal with the golden letters, *Oṁ maṇi padme hūṁ*. Tripitaka approached the stone and knelt down; he looked at the golden letters and kowtowed several times to the stone. Then, facing the West, he prayed:

"Your disciple, Chen Xuanzang, was specifically commanded to seek scriptures from you. If it is so ordained that he should be my disciple, let me lift up those golden letters so that the divine monkey may find release and join me at the Spirit Mountain. If he is not predestined to be my disciple, if he is only a cruel monster trying to deceive me and to bring misfortune to our enterprise, let me not lift up this tape."

He kowtowed again after he had prayed. Going forward, with the greatest of ease he took down the golden letters. A fragrant wind swept by immediately and blew the tag out of his hands into the air as a voice called out, "I am the prison guard of the Great Sage. Today his ordeal is completed, and my colleagues and I are returning this seal to Tathāgata." Tripitaka, Boqin, and their followers were so terrified that they fell on the ground and bowed toward the sky.They then descended from the tall mountain and came back to the stone box, saying to the monkey, "The tag has been lifted. You may come out."

Delighted, the monkey said, "Master, you had better walk away from here so that I can come out. I don't want to frighten you." When Boqin heard this, he led Tripitaka and the rest of the company to walk back eastward for five or six miles. Again they heard the monkey yelling, "Further still! Further still!" So Tripitaka and the others went still further until they had left the mountain. All at once came a crash so loud that it was as if the mountain was cracking and the earth splitting wide open; everyone was awestruck. The next moment the monkey was already in front of Tripitaka's horse; completely naked, he knelt down and cried, "Master, I'm out!"

He bowed four times toward Tripitaka, and then, jumping up, he said to Boqin respectfully, "I thank Elder Brother for taking the trouble of escorting my master. I'm grateful also for your shaving the grass from my face."

Having thanked him, he went at once to put the luggage in order so that it could be tied onto the horse's back. When the horse saw him, its torso slackened and its legs stiffened. In fear and trembling, it could hardly stand up. For you see, that monkey had been a Ban-Horse-Plague, who used to look after dragon horses in the celestial stables. His authority was such that horses of this world inevitably would fear him when they saw him.

When Tripitaka saw that the monkey was truly a person of good intentions, someone who truly resembled those who had embraced the Buddhist faith, he called to him, "Disciple, what is your surname?"

"My surname is Sun," said the Monkey King. "Let me give you a religious name," said Tripitaka, "so that it will be convenient to address you."

"This noble thought of the master is deeply appreciated," said the Monkey King, "but I already have a religious name. I'm called Sun Wukong."

"It exactly fits the emphasis of our denomination," said Tripitaka, delighted. "But look at you, you look rather like a little *dhūta*. Let me give you a nickname and call you Pilgrim Sun. How's that?"

"Good! Good!" said Wukong. So from then on, he was also called Pilgrim Sun.

When Boqin saw that Pilgrim Sun was definitely preparing to leave, he turned to speak respectfully to Tripitaka, saying, "Elder, you are fortunate to have made an excellent disciple here. Congratulations! This person should be most fit to accompany you. I must take leave of you now."

Bowing to thank him, Tripitaka said, "I cannot thank you enough for all your kindness. Please be certain to thank your dear mother and wife when you return to your house. I have caused you all great inconvenience, and I shall thank you again on my way back."

Boqin returned his salutation, and they parted.

We shall now tell you about Pilgrim Sun, who asked Tripitaka to mount his horse. He himself, stark naked, carried the luggage on his back and led the way. In a little while, as they were passing the Mountain of Two Frontiers, they saw a fierce tiger approaching, growling and waving its tail. Tripitaka, sitting on his horse, became alarmed, but Pilgrim, walking at the side of the road, was delighted. "Don't be afraid, Master," he said, "for he's here to present me with some clothes."

He put down the luggage and took a tiny needle out of his ears. One wave of it facing the wind, and it became an iron rod with the thickness of a rice bowl. He held it in his hands and laughed, saying, "I haven't used this treasure for over five hundred years! Today I'm taking it out to bag a little garment for myself." Look at him! He strode right up to the tiger, crying, "Cursed beast! Where do you think you're going?"

Crouching low, the tiger lay prone on the dust and dared not move. Pilgrim Sun aimed the rod at its head, and one stroke caused its brain to burst out like ten thousand red petals of peach blossoms, and the teeth to fly out like so many pieces of white jade. So terrified was our Chen Xuanzang that he fell off his horse. "O God! O God!" he cried, biting his fingers. "When Guardian Liu overcame that striped tiger the other day, he had to do battle with him for almost half a day. But without even fighting today, Sun Wukong reduces the tiger to pulp with one blow of his rod. How true is the saying, 'For the strong, there's always someone stronger!'" "Master," said Pilgrim as he returned dragging the tiger, "sit down for awhile, and wait till I have stripped him of his clothes. When I put them on, we'll start off again."

"Where does he have any clothes?" asked Tripitaka. "Don't mind me, Master," said Pilgrim, "I have my own plan."

Dear Monkey King! He pulled off one strand of hair and blew a mouthful of magic breath onto it, crying, "Change!" It changed into a sharp, curved knife, with

which he ripped open the tiger's chest. Slitting the skin straight down, he then ripped it off in one piece. He chopped away the paws and the head, cutting the skin into one square piece. He picked it up and tried it for size, and then said, "It's a bit too large; one piece can be made into two."

He took the knife and cut it again into two pieces; he put one of these away and wrapped the other around his waist. Ripping off a strand of rattan from the side of the road, he firmly tied on this covering for the lower part of his body. "Master," he said, "let's go! Let's go! When we reach someone's house, we will have sufficient time to borrow some threads and a needle to sew this up."

He gave his iron rod a squeeze and it changed back into a tiny needle, which he stored in his ear. Throwing the luggage on his back, he asked his Master to mount the horse. As they set off, the monk asked him, "Wukong, how is it that the iron rod you used to slay the tiger has disappeared?"

"Master," said Pilgrim laughing, "you have no idea what that rod of mine really is. It was acquired originally from the Dragon Palace in the Eastern Ocean. It's called the Precious Divine Iron for Guarding the Heavenly River, and another name of it is the Compliant Golden-Hooped Rod. At the time when I revolted against Heaven, I depended on it a great deal; for it could change into any shape or form, great or small, according to my wish. Just now I had it changed into a tiny embroidery needle, and it's stored that way in my ear. When I need it, I'll take it out." Secretly pleased by what he heard, Tripitaka asked another question:

"Why did that tiger become completely motionless when it saw you? How do you explain the fact that it simply let you hit it?"

"To tell you the truth," said Wukong, "even a dragon, let alone this tiger, would behave itself if it had seen me! I, old Monkey, possess the ability to subdue dragons and tame tigers, and the power to overturn rivers and stir up oceans. I can look at a person's countenance and discern his character; I can listen merely to sounds and discover the truth. If I want to be big, I can fill the universe; if I want to be small, I can be smaller than a piece of hair. In sum, I have boundless ways of transformation and incalculable means of becoming visible or invisible. What's so strange, then, about my skinning a tiger? Wait till we come to some real difficulties—you'll see my talents then!" When Tripitaka heard these words, he was more relieved than ever and urged his horse forward. So master and disciple, the two of them, chatted as they journeyed, and soon the sun sank in the west. You see

Soft glow of the fading twilight,
And distant clouds slowly returning.
On every hill swells the chorus of birds,
Flocking to shelter in the woods.
The wild beasts in couples and pairs,
In packs and groups they trek homeward.
The new moon, hooklike, breaks the spreading gloom
With ten thousand stars luminous.

Pilgrim said, "Master, let's move along, for it's getting late. There are dense clumps of trees over there, and I suppose there must be a house or village too. Let's hurry over there and ask for lodging." Urging his horse forward, Tripitaka went straight up to a house and dismounted. Pilgrim threw down the bag and went to the door, crying, "Open up! Open up!"

An old man came to the door, leaning on a cane. When he pulled open the creaking door, he was panic-stricken by the hideous appearance of Pilgrim, who had the tiger skin around his waist and looked like a thunder god. He began to shout, "A ghost! A ghost!" and other such foolish words. Tripitaka drew near and took hold of him, saying, "Old Patron, don't be afraid. He is my disciple, not a ghost." Only when he looked up and saw the handsome features of Tripitaka did the old man stand still. "Which temple are you from," he asked, "and why are you bringing such a nasty character to my door?"

"I am a poor monk from the Tang court," said Tripitaka, "on my way to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven. We were passing through here and it was getting late; that is why we made so bold as to approach your great mansion and beg you for a night's lodging. We plan to leave tomorrow before it's light, and we beseech you not to deny our request."

"Though you may be a Tang man," the old man said, "that nasty character is certainly no Tang man!"

"Old fellow!" cried Wukong in a loud voice, "you really can't see, can you? The Tang man is my master, and I am his disciple. Of course, I'm no sugar man or honey man! I am the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven! The members of your family should recognize me. Moreover, I have seen you before."

"Where have you seen me before?"

"When you were young," said Wukong, "didn't you gather firewood before my eyes? Didn't you haul vegetables before my face?"

The old man said, "That's nonsense! Where did you live? And where was I, that I should have gathered firewood and hauled vegetables before your eyes?"

"Only my son would talk nonsense!" said Wukong. "You really don't recognize me! Take a closer look! I am the Great Sage in the stone box of this Mountain of Two Frontiers."

"You do look somewhat like him," said the old man, half recognizing the figure before him, "but how did you get out?" Wukong thereupon gave a thorough account of how the Bodhisattva had converted him and how she had asked him to wait for the Tang Monk to lift the tag for his deliverance.

After that, the old man bowed deeply and invited Tripitaka in, calling for his aged wife and his children to come out and meet the guests. When he told them what had happened, everyone was delighted. Tea was then served, after which the old man asked Wukong, "How old are you, Great Sage?"

"And how old are you?" asked Wukong. "I have lived foolishly for one hundred and thirty years!" said the old man. "You are still my great-great-great-great-grandson!" said Pilgrim. "I can't remember when I was born, but I have spent over five hundred years underneath this mountain."

"Yes, yes," said the old man. "I remember my great-grandfather saying that when this mountain dropped from the sky, it had a divine ape clamped underneath it. To think that you should have waited until now for your freedom! When I saw you in my childhood, you had grass on your head and mud on your face, but I wasn't afraid of you then.

Now without mud on your face and grass on your head, you seem a bit thinner. And with that huge piece of tiger skin draped around your waist, what great difference is there between you and a demon?" When the members of his family heard this remark, they all roared with laughter. Being a rather decent fellow, that old man at once ordered a vegetarian meal to be prepared. Afterwards Wukong said, "What is your family name?"

"Our humble family," said the old man, "goes by the name of Chen." When Tripitaka heard this, he left his seat to salute him, saying, "Old Patron, you and I share the same illustrious clan."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "your surname is Tang. How can it be that you and he share the same illustrious ancestors?"

Tripitaka said, "The surname of my secular family is also Chen, and I come from the Juxian Village, in the Hongnong District of Haizhou in the Tang domain. My religious name is Chen Xuanzang. Because our Great Tang Emperor Taizong made me his brother by decree, I took the name Tripitaka and used Tang as my surname. Hence I'm called the Tang Monk."

The old man was very pleased to hear that they had the same surname.

"Old Chen," said Pilgrim, "I must trouble your family some more, for I haven't taken a bath for five hundred years! Please go and boil some water so that my master and I, his disciple, can wash ourselves. We shall thank you all the more when we leave."

The old man at once gave the order for water to be boiled and basins to be brought in with several lamps. As master and disciple sat before the lamps after their baths, Pilgrim said, "Old Chen, I still have one more favor to ask of you. Can you lend me a needle and some thread?"

"Of course, of course," replied the old man. One of the amahs was told to fetch the needle and thread, which were then handed over to Pilgrim. Pilgrim, you see, had the keenest sight; he noticed that Tripitaka had taken off a shirt made of white cloth and had not put it on again after his bath. Pilgrim grabbed it and put it on himself. Taking off his tiger skin, he sewed the hems together using a "horse-face fold" and fastened it round his waist again with the strand of rattan. He paraded in front of his master saying, "How does old Monkey look today compared with the way he looked yesterday?"

"Very good," said Tripitaka, "very good! Now you do look like a pilgrim! If you don't think that the shirt is too worn or old, you may keep it."

"Thanks for the gift!" said Wukong respectfully. He then went out to find some hay to feed the horse, after which master and disciple both retired with the old man and his household.

The next morning Wukong arose and woke up his master to get ready for the journey. Tripitaka dressed himself while Wukong put their luggage in order. They were about to leave when the old man brought in washing water and some vegetarian food, and so they did not set out until after the meal. Tripitaka rode his horse with Pilgrim leading the way; they journeyed by day and rested by night, taking food and drink according to their needs. Soon it was early winter. You see

Frost-blighted maples and the wizened trees;
Few verdant pine and cypress still on the ridge.
Budding plum blossoms spread their gentle scent.

The brief, warm day—
A Little Spring gift!
But dying lilies yield to the lush wild tea.
A cold bridge struggles against an old tree's bough,
And gurgling water flows in the winding brook.
Gray clouds, snow-laden, float throughout the sky.
The strong, cold wind
Tears at the sleeve!
How does one bear this chilly might of night?

Master and disciple had traveled for some time when suddenly six men jumped out from the side of the road with much clamor, all holding long spears and short swords, sharp blades and strong bows. "Stop, monk!" they cried. "Leave your horse and drop your bag at once, and we'll let you pass on alive!"

Tripitaka was so terrified that his soul left him and his spirit fled; he fell from his horse, unable to utter a word. But Pilgrim lifted him up, saying, "Don't be alarmed, Master. It's nothing really, just some people coming to give us clothes and a travel allowance!"

"Wukong," said Tripitaka, "you must be a little hard of hearing! They told us to leave our bag and our horse, and you want to ask them for clothes and a travel allowance?"

"You just stay here and watch our belongings," said Pilgrim, "and let old Monkey confront them. We'll see what happens."

Tripitaka said, "Even a good punch is no match for a pair of fists, and two fists can't cope with four hands! There are six big fellows over there, and you are such a tiny person. How can you have the nerve to confront them?"

As he always had been audacious, Pilgrim did not wait for further discussion. He walked forward with arms folded and saluted the six men, saying, "Sirs, for what reason are you blocking the path of this poor monk?"

"We are kings of the highway," said the men, "philanthropic mountain lords. Our fame has long been known, though you seem to be ignorant of it. Leave your belongings at once, and you will be allowed to pass. If you but utter half a no, you'll be chopped to pieces!"

"I have been also a great hereditary king and a mountain lord for centuries," said Pilgrim, "but I have yet to learn of your illustrious names."

"So you really don't know!" one of them said. "Let's tell you then: one of us is named Eye That Sees and Delights; another, Ear That Hears and Rages; another Nose That Smells and Loves; another, Tongue That Tastes and Desires; another, Mind That Perceives and Covets; and another, Body That Bears and Suffers."

"You are nothing but six hairy brigands," said Wukong laughing, "who have failed to recognize in me a person who has left the family, your proper master. How dare you bar my way? Bring out the treasures you have stolen so that you and I can divide them into seven portions. I'll spare you then!"

Hearing this, the robbers all reacted with rage and amusement, covetousness and fear, desire and anxiety. They rushed forward crying, "You reckless monk! You haven't a thing to offer us, and yet you want us to share our loot with you!" Wielding spears and

swords, they surrounded Pilgrim and hacked away at his head seventy or eighty times. Pilgrim stood in their midst and behaved as if nothing were happening.

"What a monk!" said one of the robbers. "He really does have a hard head!"

"Passably so!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "But your hands must be getting tired from all that exercise; it's about time for old Monkey to take out his needle for a little entertainment."

"This monk must be an acupuncture man in disguise," said the robber. "We're not sick! What's all this about using a needle?" Pilgrim reached into his ear and took out a tiny embroidery needle; one wave of it in the wind and it became an iron rod with the thickness of a rice bowl.

He held it in his hands, saying, "Don't run! Let old Monkey try his hand on you with this rod!"

The six robbers fled in all directions, but with great strides he caught up with them and rounded all of them up. He beat every one of them to death, stripped them of their clothes, and seized their valuables. Then Pilgrim came back smiling broadly and said, "You may proceed now, Master. Those robbers have been exterminated by old Monkey."

"That's a terrible thing you have done!" said Tripitaka. "They may have been strong men on the highway, but they would not have been sentenced to death even if they had been caught and tried. If you have such abilities, you should have chased them away. Why did you slay them all? How can you be a monk when you take life without cause? We who have left the family should

Keep ants out of harm's way when we sweep the floor,
And put shades on lamps for the love of moths.

How can you kill them just like that, without regard for black or white? You showed no mercy at all! It's a good thing that we are here in the mountains, where any further investigation will be unlikely. But suppose someone offends you when we reach a city and you perpetrate violence again, hitting people indiscriminately with that rod of yours—would I be able to remain innocent and get away scot-free?"

"Master," said Wukong, "if I hadn't killed them, they would have killed you!"

Tripitaka said, "As a priest, I would rather die than practice violence. If I were killed, there would be only one of me, but you slaughtered six persons. How can you justify that? If this matter were brought before a judge, and even if your old man were the judge, you certainly would not be able to justify your action."

"To tell you the truth, Master," said Pilgrim, "when I, old Monkey, was king on the Flower-Fruit Mountain five hundred years ago, I killed I don't know how many people. I would not have been a Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, if I had lived by what you are saying."

"It's precisely because you had neither scruples nor self-control," said Tripitaka, "unleashing your waywardness on Earth and spreading outrage in Heaven, that you had to undergo this ordeal of five hundred years. Now that you have entered the fold of Buddhism, if you still insist on practicing violence and indulge in the taking of life as before, you are not worthy to be a monk, nor can you go to the Western Heaven. You're wicked! You're just too wicked!" Now this monkey had never in all his life been able to tolerate scolding. When he heard Tripitaka's persistent reprimand, he could not suppress

the flames leaping up in his heart. “If that’s what you think,” he said. “If you think I’m not worthy to be a monk, nor can I go to the Western Heaven, you needn’t bother me further with your nagging! I’ll leave and go back!”

Before Tripitaka had time to reply, Pilgrim was already so enraged that he leaped into the air, crying only, “Old Monkey’s off!”

Tripitaka quickly raised his head to look, but the monkey had already disappeared, trailed only by a swishing sound fading fast toward the East. Left by himself, the priest could only shake his head and sigh, “That fellow! He’s so unwilling to be taught! I only said a few words to him. How could he vanish without a trace and go back just like that? Well, well, well! It must be also that I am destined not to have a disciple or any other companion, for now I couldn’t even call him or locate him if I wanted to. I might as well go on by myself!” So, he was prepared to

Lay down his life and go toward the West,
To be his own master and on none rely.

The elder had little alternative but to pack up his bag and put it on the horse, which he did not even bother to mount. Holding his staff in one hand and the reins in the other, he set off sadly toward the West. He had not traveled far when he saw an old woman before him on the mountain road, holding a silk garment and a cap with a floral design. When Tripitaka saw her approach, he hastened to pull his horse aside for her to pass. “Elder, where do you come from,” asked the old woman, “and why are you walking here all by yourself?”

Tripitaka replied, “Your child was sent by the Great King of the Land of the East to seek true scriptures from the living Buddha in the Western Heaven.”

“The Buddha of the West,” said the old woman, “lives in the Great Temple of Thunderclap in the territory of India, and the journey there is one hundred and eight thousand miles long. You are all by yourself, with neither a companion nor a disciple. How can you possibly think of going there?”

“A few days ago,” said Tripitaka, “I did pick up a disciple, a rather unruly and headstrong character. I scolded him a little, but he refused to be taught, and disappeared.”

The old woman said, “I have here a silk shirt and a flower cap inlaid with gold, which used to belong to my son. He had been a monk for only three days when unfortunately he died. I have just finished mourning him at the temple, where I was given these things by his master to be kept in his memory. Father, since you have a disciple, I’ll give the shirt and the cap to you.”

“I’m most grateful for your lavish gifts,” said Tripitaka, “but my disciple has left. I dare not take them.”

“Where did he go?” asked the old woman. Tripitaka replied, “I heard a swishing sound heading toward the east.”

“My home is not too far away in the east,” said the old woman, “and he may be going there.

I have a spell which is called the True Words for Controlling the Mind, or the Tight-Fillet Spell. You must memorize it secretly; commit it firmly to your memory, and don’t let anyone learn of it. I’ll try to catch up with him and persuade him to come back and follow you. When he returns, give him the shirt and the cap to wear; and if he

again refuses to obey you, recite the spell silently. He will not dare do violence or leave you again." On hearing these words, Tripitaka bowed his head to thank her. The old woman changed herself into a shaft of golden light and vanished toward the east. Then Tripitaka realized that it was the Bodhisattva Guanyin who had taught him the True Words; he hurriedly picked up a few pinches of earth with his fingers and scattered them like incense, bowing reverently toward the East. He then took the shirt and the cap and hid them in his bag. Sitting beside the road, he began to recite the True Words for Controlling the Mind.

After a few times, he knew it thoroughly by heart, but we shall speak no more of him for the time being.

We now tell you about Wukong, who, having left his master, headed straight toward the Eastern Ocean with a single cloud somersault. He stopped his cloud, opened up a path in the water, and went directly to the Water Crystal Palace. Learning of his arrival, the Dragon King came out to welcome him. After they had exchanged greetings and sat down, the Dragon King said, "I heard recently that the ordeal of the Great Sage had been completed, and I apologize for not having congratulated you yet. I suppose you have again taken occupancy in your immortal mountain and returned to the ancient cave."

"I was so inclined," said Wukong, "but I became a monk instead."

"What sort of a monk?" asked the Dragon King. "I was indebted to the Bodhisattva of South Sea," said Pilgrim, "who persuaded me to do good and seek the truth. I was to follow the Tang Monk from the Land of the East to go worship Buddha in the West. Since entering the fold of Buddhism, I was given also the name 'Pilgrim.'" "That is indeed praiseworthy!" said the Dragon King. "You have, as we say, left the wrong and followed the right; you have been created anew by setting your mind on goodness. But if that's the case, why are you not going toward the West, but are returning eastward instead?" Pilgrim laughed and said, "That Tang Monk knows nothing of human nature! There were a few ruffians who wanted to rob us, and I slew them all. But that Tang Monk couldn't stop nagging me, telling me over and over how wrong I was. Can you imagine old Monkey putting up with that sort of tedium? I just left him! I was on my way back to my mountain when I decided to come visit you and ask for a cup of tea."

"Thanks for coming! Thanks for coming!" exclaimed the Dragon King. At that moment, the Dragon sons and grandsons presented them with aromatic tea. When they finished the tea, Pilgrim happened to turn around and saw hanging behind him on the wall a painting on the "Presentation of Shoes at Yi Bridge."

"What's this all about?" asked Pilgrim. The Dragon King replied, "The incident depicted in the painting took place some time after you were born, and you may not recognize what it was—the threefold presentation of shoes at Yi Bridge."

"What do you mean by the threefold presentation of shoes?" asked Pilgrim.

"The immortal in the painting," said the Dragon King, "was named Huang Shigong, and the young man kneeling in front of him was called Zhang Liang.

Shigong was sitting on the Yi Bridge when suddenly one of his shoes fell off and dropped under the bridge.

He asked Zhang Liang to fetch it, and the young man quickly did so, putting it back on for him as he knelt there. This happened three times. Since Zhang Liang did not

display the slightest sign of pride or impatience, he won the affection of Shigong, who imparted to him that night a celestial manual and told him to support the house of Han. Afterwards, Zhang Liang ‘made his plans sitting in a military tent to achieve victories a thousand miles away.’

When the Han dynasty was established, he left his post and went into the mountains, where he followed the Daoist, Master Red Pine, and became enlightened in the way of immortality. Great Sage, if you do not accompany the Tang Monk, if you are unwilling to exercise diligence or to accept instruction, you will remain a bogus immortal after all. Don’t think that you’ll ever acquire the Fruits of Truth.” Wukong listened to these words and fell silent for some time. The Dragon King said, “Great Sage, you must make the decision yourself. It’s unwise to allow momentary comfort to jeopardize your future.”

“Not another word!” said Wukong. “Old Monkey will go back to accompany him, that’s all!”

Delighted, the Dragon King said, “If that’s your wish, I dare not detain you. Instead, I ask the Great Sage to show his mercy at once and not permit his master to wait any longer.” When Pilgrim heard this exhortation to leave, he bounded right out of the oceanic region; mounting the clouds, he left the Dragon King.

On his way he ran right into the Bodhisattva of South Sea. “Sun Wukong,” said the Bodhisattva, “why did you not listen to me and accompany the Tang Monk? What are you doing here?” Pilgrim was so taken aback that he saluted her on top of the clouds. “I’m most grateful for the kind words of the Bodhisattva,” he said. “A monk from the Tang court did appear, lifted the seal, and saved my life. I became his disciple, but he blamed me for being too violent. I walked out on him for a little while, but I’m going back right now to accompany him.”

“Go quickly then,” said the Bodhisattva, “before you change your mind again.”

They finished speaking and each went on his way. In a moment, our Pilgrim saw the Tang Monk sitting dejectedly at the side of the road. He approached him and said, “Master, why are you not on the road? What are you doing here?”

“Where have you been?” asked Tripitaka, looking up. “Your absence has forced me to sit here and wait for you, not daring to walk or move.” Pilgrim replied, “I just went to the home of the old Dragon King at the Eastern Ocean to ask for some tea.”

“Disciple,” said Tripitaka, “those who have left the family should not lie. It was less than an hour since you left me, and you claim to have had tea at the home of the Dragon King?”

“To tell you the truth,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “I know how to cloud somersault, and a single somersault will carry me one hundred and eight thousand miles. That’s why I can go and return in no time at all.”

Tripitaka said, “Because I spoke to you a little sharply, you were offended and left me in a rage. With your ability, you could go and ask for some tea, but a person like me has no other prospect but to sit here and endure hunger. Do you feel comfortable about that?”

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “if you’re hungry, I’ll go beg some food for you.”

“There’s no need to beg,” said Tripitaka, “for I still have in my bag some dried goods given to me by the mother of Guardian Liu. Fetch me some water in that bowl.

I'll eat some food and we can start out again." Pilgrim went to untie the bag and found some biscuits made of unrefined flour, which he took out and handed over to the master. He then saw light glowing from a silk shirt and a flower cap inlaid with gold. "Did you bring this garment and cap from the Land of the East?" he asked. "I wore these in my childhood," said Tripitaka nonchalantly. "If you wear the hat, you'll know how to recite scriptures without having to learn them; if you put on the garment, you'll know how to perform rituals without having to practice them."

"Dear Master," said Pilgrim, "let me put them on."

"They may not fit you," said Tripitaka, "but if they do, you may wear them." Pilgrim thereupon took off his old shirt made of white cloth and put on the silk shirt, which seemed to have been made especially for him. Then he put on the cap as well. When Tripitaka saw that he had put on the cap, he stopped eating the dried goods and began to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell silently.

"Oh, my head!" cried Pilgrim. "It hurts! It hurts!"

The master went through the recitation several times without ceasing, and the pain was so intense that Pilgrim was rolling on the ground, his hands gripping the flower cap inlaid with gold. Fearing that he might break the gold fillet, Tripitaka stopped reciting and the pain ceased. Pilgrim touched his head with his hand and felt that it was tightly bound by a thin metal band; it could be neither pulled off nor ripped apart, for it had, as it were, taken root on his head. Taking the needle out of his ear, he rammed it inside the fillet and started prying madly. Afraid that he might break the fillet with his prying, Tripitaka started his recitation again, and Pilgrim's head began to hurt once more. It was so painful that he did cartwheels and somersaults. His face and even his ears turned red, his eyes bulged, and his body grew weak. When the master saw his appearance, he was moved to break off his recitation, and the pain stopped as before. "My head," said Pilgrim, "the master has put a spell on it."

"I was just saying the Tight-Fillet Sūtra," said Tripitaka. "Since when did I put a spell on you?"

"Recite it some more and see what happens," said Pilgrim. Tripitaka accordingly began to recite, and the Pilgrim immediately started to hurt. "Stop! Stop!" he cried. "I hurt the moment you begin to recite.

How do you explain that?"

"Will you listen now to my instructions?" asked Tripitaka. "Yes, I will," replied Pilgrim. "And never be unruly again?"

"I dare not," said Pilgrim.

Although he said that with his mouth, Pilgrim's mind was still devising evil. One wave of the needle and it had the thickness of a rice bowl; he aimed it at the Tang Monk and was about to slam it down on him. The priest was so startled that he went through the recitation two or three more times. Falling to the ground, the monkey threw away the iron rod and could not even raise his hands.

"Master," he said, "I've learned my lesson! Stop! Please stop!"

"How dare you be so reckless," said Tripitaka, "that you should want to strike me?"

"I wouldn't dare strike you," said Pilgrim, "but let me ask you something. Who taught you this magic?"

"It was an old woman," said Tripitaka, "who imparted it to me a few moments ago."

Growing very angry, Pilgrim said, "You needn't say anything more! The old woman had to be that Guanshiyin! Why did she want me to suffer like this? I'm going to South Sea to beat her up!"

"If she had taught me this magic," said Tripitaka, "she had to know it even before I did. If you go looking for her, and she starts her recitation, won't you be dead?" Pilgrim saw the logic of this and dared not remove himself. Indeed, he had no alternative but to kneel in contrition and plead with Tripitaka, saying, "Master, this is her method of controlling me, allowing me no alternative but to follow you to the West. I'll not go to bother her, but you must not regard this spell as a plaything for frequent recitation either! I'm willing to accompany you without ever entertaining the thought of leaving again."

"If that's so," said Tripitaka, "help me onto the horse and let's get going."

At that point, Pilgrim gave up all thoughts of disobedience or rebellion. Eagerly he tugged at his silk shirt and went to gather the luggage together, and they headed again toward the West. We do not know what is to be told after their departure; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTEEN

At Serpent Coil Mountain, the gods give secret protection
At Eagle Grief Stream, the Horse of the Will is reined

We were telling you about Pilgrim, who ministered to the Tang Monk faithfully as they advanced toward the West. They traveled for several days under the frigid sky of midwinter; a cold wind blew fiercely, and slippery icicles hung everywhere. They traversed

A tortuous path of hanging gorges and cliffs,
A parlous range tiered with summits and peaks.

As Tripitaka was riding along on his horse, his ears caught the distant sound of a torrent. He turned to ask:

"Wukong, where is that sound coming from?" Pilgrim said, "The name of this place, I recall, is Serpent Coil Mountain, and there is an Eagle Grief Stream in it.

I suppose that's where it's coming from."

Before they had finished their conversation, they arrived at the bank of the stream. Tripitaka reined in his horse and looked around. He saw

A bubbling cold stream piercing through the clouds,
Its limpid current reddened by the sun.
Its splatter in night rain stirs quiet vales;
Its colors glow at dawn to fill the air.
Wave after wave seems like flying chips of jade,
Their deep roar resonant as the clear wind.
It flows to join one vast stretch of smoke and tide,
Where gulls are lost with egrets but no fishers bide.

Master and disciple were looking at the stream, when there was a loud splash in midstream and a dragon emerged. Churning the waters, it darted toward the bank and headed straight for the priest. Pilgrim was so startled that he threw away the luggage, hauled the master off his horse, and turned to flee with him at once. The dragon could not catch up with them, but it swallowed the white horse, harness and all, with one gulp before losing itself again in the water. Pilgrim carried his master to high ground and left the priest seated there; then he returned to fetch the horse and the luggage. The load of bags was still there, but the horse was nowhere to be seen.

Placing the luggage in front of his master, he said, "Master, there's not a trace of that cursed dragon, which has frightened away our horse."

"Disciple," said Tripitaka, "how can we find the horse again?"

"Relax! Relax!" said Pilgrim. "Let me go and have a look!"

He whistled once and leaped up into the air. Shading his fiery eyes and diamond pupils with his hand, he peered in all four directions, but there was not the slightest trace of the horse. Dropping down from the clouds, he made his report, saying, "Master, our horse must have been eaten by that dragon. It's nowhere to be seen!"

"Disciple," said Tripitaka, "how big a mouth does that creature have that he can swallow a horse, harness and all? It must have been frightened away instead, probably

still running loose somewhere in the valley. Please take another look." Pilgrim said, "You really have no conception of my ability. This pair of eyes of mine in daylight can discern good and evil within a thousand miles; at that distance, I can even see a dragonfly when it spreads its wings. How can I possibly miss something as big as a horse?"

"If it has been eaten," said Tripitaka, "how am I to proceed? Pity me! How can I walk through those thousand hills and ten thousand waters?"

As he spoke, tears began to fall like rain. When Pilgrim saw him crying, he became infuriated and began to shout:

"Master, stop behaving like a namby-pamby! Sit here! Just sit here! Let old Monkey find that creature and ask him to give us back our horse. That'll be the end of the matter."

Clutching at him, Tripitaka said, "Disciple, where do you have to go to find him? Wouldn't I be hurt if he should appear from somewhere after you are gone? How would it be then if both man and horse should perish?"

At these words, Pilgrim became even more enraged. "You're a weakling! Truly a weakling!" he thundered. "You want a horse to ride on, and yet you won't let me go. You want to sit here and grow old, watching our bags?"

As he was yelling angrily like this, he heard someone calling out in midair:

"Great Sage Sun, don't be annoyed. And stop crying, Royal Brother of Tang. We are a band of deities sent by the Bodhisattva Guanyin to give secret protection to the scripture pilgrim."

Hearing this, the priest hastily bowed to the ground. "Which divinities are you?" asked Pilgrim. "Tell me your names, so that I can check you off the roll."

"We are the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light," they said, "the Guardians of Five Points, the Four Sentinels, and the Eighteen Protectors of Monasteries. Every one of us waits upon you in rotation."

"Which one of you will begin today?" asked Pilgrim. "The Gods of Darkness and Light," they said, "to be followed by the Sentinels and the Protectors. We Guardians of Five Points, with the exception of the Golden-Headed Guardian, will be here somewhere night and day."

"That being the case," said Pilgrim, "those not on duty may retire, but the first Six Gods of Darkness, the Day Sentinel, and the Guardians should remain to protect my master. Let old Monkey go find that cursed dragon in the stream and ask him for our horse."

The various deities obeyed. Only then did Tripitaka feel somewhat relieved as he sat on the cliff and told Pilgrim to be careful. "Just don't worry," said Pilgrim. Dear Monkey King! He tightened the belt around his silk shirt, hitched up his tiger-skin kilt, and went straight toward the gorge of the stream holding the golden-hooped iron rod. Standing halfway between cloud and fog, he cried loudly on top of the water, "Lawless lizard! Return my horse! Return my horse!" We now tell you about the dragon, who, having eaten the white horse of Tripitaka, was lying on the bottom of the stream, subduing his spirit and nourishing his nature. When he heard someone demanding the horse with abusive language, however, he could not restrain the fire leaping up in his heart and he jumped up quickly. Churning the waves, he darted out of the water, saying,

"Who dares to insult me here with his big mouth?" Pilgrim saw him and cried ferociously, "Don't run away! Return my horse!" Wielding his rod, he aimed at the beast's head and struck, while the dragon attacked with open jaws and dancing claws. The battle between the two of them before the stream was indeed fierce. You see

The dragon extending sharp daws:
The monkey lifting his rod.
The whiskers of this one hung like white jade threads;
The eyes of that one shone like red-gold lamps.
The mouth beneath the whiskers of that one belched colored mists:
The iron rod in the hands of this one moved like a fierce wind.
That one was a cursed son who brought his parents grief;
This one was a monster who defied the gods on high.
Both had to suffer because of their plight.
They now want to win, so each displays his might.

Back and forth, round and round, they fought for a long time, until the dragon grew weak and could fight no longer. He turned and darted back into the water; plunging to the bottom of the stream, he refused to come out again. The Monkey King heaped insult upon insult, but the dragon only pretended to be deaf.

Pilgrim had little choice but to return to Tripitaka, saying, "Master, that monster made his appearance as a result of my tonguelashing.

He fought with me for a long time before taking fright and running. He's hiding in the water now and refuses to come out again."

"Do you know for certain that it was he who ate my horse?" asked Tripitaka. "Listen to the way you talk!" said Pilgrim. "If he hadn't eaten it, would he be willing to face me and answer me like that?"

"The time you killed the tiger," said Tripitaka, "you claimed that you had the ability to tame dragons and subdue tigers. Why can't you subdue this one today?"

As the monkey had a rather low tolerance for any kind of provocation, this single taunt of Tripitaka so aroused him that he said, "Not one word more! Let me go and show him who is master!" With great leaps, our Monkey King bounded right to the edge of the stream. Using his magic of overturning seas and rivers, he transformed the clear, limpid water of the Eagle Grief Stream into the muddy currents of the Yellow River during high tide. The cursed dragon in the depth of the stream could neither sit nor lie still for a single moment. He thought to himself:

"Just as 'Blessing never repeats itself, so misfortune never comes singly!' It has been barely a year since I escaped execution by Heaven and came to bide my time here, but now I have to run into this wretched monster who is trying to do me harm." Look at him! The more he thought about the matter, the more irritated he became. Unable to bear it any longer, he gritted his teeth and leaped out of the water, crying, "What kind of monster are you, and where do you come from, that you want to oppress me like this?"

"Never mind where I come from," said Pilgrim. "Just return the horse, and I'll spare your life."

"I've swallowed your horse into my stomach," said the dragon, "so how am I to throw it up? What are you going to do if I can't return it to you?" Pilgrim said, "If you don't give back the horse, just watch for this rod. Only when your life becomes a payment for my horse will there be an end to this matter!"

The two of them again waged a bitter struggle below the mountain ridge. After a few rounds, however, the little dragon just could not hold out any longer; shaking his body, he changed himself into a tiny water snake and wriggled into the marshes.

The Monkey King came rushing up with his rod and parted the grass to look for the snake, but there was not a trace of it. He was so exasperated that the spirits of the Three Worms in his body exploded and smoke began to appear from his seven apertures. He recited a spell beginning with the letter *oṃ* and summoned the local spirit and the mountain god of that region. The two of them knelt before him, saying, "The local spirit and the mountain god have come to see you."

"Stick out your shanks," said Pilgrim, "and I'll greet each of you with five strokes of my rod just to relieve my feelings."

"Great Sage," they pleaded, "please be more lenient and allow your humble subjects to tell you something."

"What have you got to say?" said Pilgrim. "The Great Sage has been in captivity for a long time," said the two deities, "and we had no knowledge of when you were released. That's why we have not been here to receive you, and we beg you to pardon us."

"All right," said Pilgrim, "I won't hit you. But let me ask you something. Where did that monstrous dragon in the Eagle Grief Stream come from, and why did he devour my master's white horse?"

"We have never known the Great Sage to have a master," the two deities said, "for you have always been a first-rank primordial immortal who submits neither to Heaven nor to Earth. What do you mean by your master's horse?" Pilgrim said, "Of course you didn't know about this. Because of my contemptuous behavior toward Heaven, I had to suffer for this five hundred years. I was converted by the kindly persuasion of Bodhisattva Guanyin, who had the true monk from the Tang court rescue me. As his disciple, I was to follow him to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from Buddha. We passed through this place, and my master's white horse was lost."

"So, that's how it is!" said the two deities. "There has never been anything evil about this stream, except that it is both broad and deep, and its water is so clear that you can see right to the bottom. Large fowls such as crows or eagles are hesitant to fly over it; for when they see their own reflections in the clear water, they are prone to mistake them for other birds of their own flock and throw themselves into the stream. Hence the name, the Steep Eagle Grief Stream. Some years ago, on her way to look for a scripture pilgrim, Bodhisattva Guanyin rescued a dragon and sent him here. He was told to wait for the scripture pilgrim and was forbidden to do any evil or violence. Only when he is hungry is he permitted to come up to the banks to feed on birds or antelopes. How could he be so ignorant as to offend the Great Sage!" Pilgrim said, "At first, he wanted to have a contest of strength with me and managed only a few bouts. Afterwards he would not come out even when I abused him. Only when I used the magic of overturning seas and rivers and stirred up the water did he appear again, and then he still wanted to fight. He really had no idea how heavy my rod was! When finally he couldn't hold out any longer, he changed himself into a water snake and wriggled into the grass. I rushed up there to look for him, but there was no trace of him."

"You may not know, Great Sage," said the local spirit, "that there are countless holes and crevices along these banks, through which the stream is connected with its many tributaries. The dragon could have crawled into any one of these. But there's no

need for the Great Sage to get angry trying to look for him. If you want to capture this creature, all you need do is to ask Guanshiyin to come here; then he'll certainly surrender." When Pilgrim heard this, he called the mountain god and the local spirit to go with him to see Tripitaka to give an account of what had happened. "If you need to send for the Bodhisattva," said Tripitaka, "when will you be able to return? How can this poor monk endure the cold and hunger?"

He had hardly finished speaking when the Golden-Headed Guardian called out from midair, "Great Sage, you needn't leave. Your humble subject will go fetch the Bodhisattva." Pilgrim was very pleased, shouting, "Thanks for taking all that trouble! Go quickly!"

The Guardian mounted the clouds swiftly and headed straight for South Sea; Pilgrim asked the mountain god and the local spirit to protect his master and the Day Sentinel to find some vegetarian food, while he himself went back to patrol the stream, and we shall say no more of that.

We now tell you about the Golden-Headed Guardian, who mounted the clouds and soon arrived at South Sea. Descending from the auspicious light, he went straight to the purple bamboo grove of the Potalaka Mountain, where he asked the various deities in golden armor and Mokṣa to announce his arrival. The Bodhisattva said, "What have you come for?"

"The Tang Monk lost his horse at the Eagle Grief Stream of the Serpent Coil Mountain," said the Guardian, "and the Great Sage Sun was placed in a terrible dilemma. He questioned the local deities, who claimed that a dragon sent by the Bodhisattva to that stream had eaten it. The Great Sage, therefore, sent me to request the Bodhisattva to go and subdue that cursed dragon, so that he might get back his horse."

Hearing this, the Bodhisattva said, "That creature was originally the son of Aorun of the Western Ocean. Because in his carelessness he set fire to the palace and destroyed the luminous pearls hanging there, his father accused him of subversion, and he was condemned to die by the Heavenly Tribunal. It was I who personally sought pardon from the Jade Emperor for him, so that he might serve as a means of transportation for the Tang Monk. I can't understand how he could swallow the monk's horse instead. But if that's what happened, I'll have to get over there myself."

The Bodhisattva left her lotus platform and went out of the divine cave. Mounting the auspicious luminosity with the Guardian, she crossed the South Sea. We have a testimonial poem that says:

Buddha proclaimed the Tripitaka Supreme
Which the Goddess declared throughout Chang'an:
Those great, wondrous truths could reach Heaven and Earth;
Those wise, true words could save the spirits damned.
They caused Gold Cicada to cast again his shell.
They moved Xuanzang to mend his ways anew.
By blocking his path at Eagle Grief Stream,
A dragon-prince in horse-form returns to the Real.

The Bodhisattva and the Guardian soon arrived at the Serpent Coil Mountain. They stopped the hallowed clouds in midair and saw Pilgrim Sun down below, shouting abuses at the bank of the stream. The Bodhisattva asked the Guardian to fetch him. Lowering his clouds, the Guardian went past Tripitaka and headed straight for the edge

of the stream, saying to Pilgrim, "The Bodhisattva has arrived." When Pilgrim heard this, he jumped quickly into the air and yelled at her:

"You, so-called Teacher of the Seven Buddhas and the Founder of the Faith of Mercy! Why did you have to use your tricks to harm me?"

"You impudent stableman, ignorant red-buttocks!" said the Bodhisattva. "I went to considerable effort to find a scripture pilgrim, whom I carefully instructed to save your life. Instead of thanking me, you are finding fault with me!"

"You saved me all right!" said Pilgrim. "If you truly wanted to deliver me, you should have allowed me to have a little fun with no strings attached. When you met me the other day above the ocean, you could have chastened me with a few words, telling me to serve the Tang Monk with diligence, and that would have been enough. Why did you have to give him a flower cap, and have him deceive me into wearing it so that I would suffer? Now the fillet has taken root on old Monkey's head. And you even taught him this so-called 'Tight-Fillet Spell,' which he recites again and again, causing endless pain in my head! You haven't harmed me, indeed!"

The Bodhisattva laughed and said, "O, Monkey! You are neither attentive to admonition nor willing to seek the fruit of truth. If you are not restrained like this, you'll probably mock the authority of Heaven again without regard for good or ill. If you create troubles as you did before, who will be able to control you? It's only through this bit of adversity that you will be willing to enter our gate of Yoga."

"All right," said Pilgrim, "I'll consider the matter my hard luck. But why did you take that condemned dragon and send him here so that he could become a spirit and swallow my master's horse? It's your fault, you know, if you allow an evildoer to perpetrate his villainies some more!"

"I went personally to plead with the Jade Emperor," said the Bodhisattva, "to have the dragon stationed here so that he could serve as a means of transportation for the scripture pilgrim. Those mortal horses from the Land of the East, do you think that they could walk through ten thousand waters and a thousand hills? How could they possibly hope to reach the Spirit Mountain, the land of Buddha? Only a dragon-horse could make that journey!"

"But right now he's so terribly afraid of me," said Pilgrim, "that he refuses to come out of his hiding place. What can we do?"

The Bodhisattva said to the Guardian, "Go to the edge of the stream and say, 'Come out, Third Prince Jade Dragon of the Dragon King Aorun. The Bodhisattva from South Sea is here.' He'll come out then."

The Guardian went at once to the edge of the stream and called out twice. Churning the waters and leaping across the waves, the little dragon appeared and changed at once into the form of a man. He stepped on the clouds and rose up into the air; saluting the Bodhisattva, he said, "I thank the Bodhisattva again for saving my life. I've waited here a long time, but I've heard no news of the scripture pilgrim." Pointing to Pilgrim, the Bodhisattva said, "Isn't he the eldest disciple of the scripture pilgrim?" When he saw him, the little dragon said, "Bodhisattva, he's my adversary. I was hungry yesterday and ate his horse. We fought over that, but he took advantage of his superior strength and defeated me; in fact, he so abused me that I dared not show myself again. But he has never mentioned a word about scripture seeking."

"You didn't bother to ask my name," said Pilgrim. "How did you expect me to tell you anything?"

The little dragon said, "Didn't I ask you, 'What kind of a monster are you and where do you come from?' But all you did was shout, 'Never mind where I come from; just return my horse!' Since when did you utter even half the word 'Tang'?"

"That monkey," said the Bodhisattva, "is always relying on his own abilities! When has he ever given any credit to other people? When you set off this time, remember that there are others who will join you. So when they ask you, by all means mention first the matter of scripture seeking; they will submit to you without causing you further trouble." Pilgrim received this word of counsel amiably. The Bodhisattva went up to the little dragon and plucked off the shining pearls hanging around his neck. She then dipped her willow branch into the sweet dew in her vase and sprinkled it all over his body; blowing a mouthful of magic breath on him, she cried, "Change!"

The dragon at once changed into a horse with hair of exactly the same color and quality as that of the horse he had swallowed. The Bodhisattva then told him, "You must overcome with utmost diligence all the cursed barriers. When your merit is achieved, you will no longer be an ordinary dragon; you will acquire the true fruit of a golden body."

Holding the bit in his mouth, the little dragon humbly accepted the instruction. The Bodhisattva told Wukong to lead him to Tripitaka, saying, "I'm returning across the ocean." Pilgrim took hold of her and refused to let go, saying, "I'm not going on! I'm not going on! The road to the West is so treacherous! If I have to accompany this mortal monk, when will I ever get there? If I have to endure all these miseries, I may well lose my life.

What sort of merit do you think I'll achieve? I'm not going! I'm not going!"

"In years past, before you reached the way of humanity," said the Bodhisattva, "you were most eager to seek enlightenment. Now that you have been delivered from the chastisement of Heaven, how could you become slothful again? The truth of Nirvāṇa in our teaching can never be realized without faith and perseverance. If on your journey you should come across any danger that threatens your life, I give you permission to call on Heaven, and Heaven will respond; to call on Earth, and Earth will prove efficacious. In the event of extreme difficulty, I myself will come to rescue you. Come closer, and I shall endow you with one more means of power." Plucking three leaves from her willow branch, the Bodhisattva placed them at the back of Pilgrim's head, crying, "Change!"

They changed at once into three hairs with lifesaving power. She said to him:

"When you find yourself in a helpless and hopeless situation, you may use these according to your needs, and they will deliver you from your particular affliction."

After Pilgrim had heard all these kind words, he thanked the Bodhisattva of Great Mercy and Compassion. With scented wind and colored mists swirling around her, the Bodhisattva returned to Potalaka.

Lowering the direction of his cloud, Pilgrim tugged at the mane of the horse and led him to Tripitaka, saying, "Master, we have a horse!"

Highly pleased by what he saw, Tripitaka said, "Disciple, how is it that the horse has grown a little fatter and stronger than before? Where did you find him?"

"Master, you are still dreaming!" said Pilgrim. "Just now the Golden-Headed Guardian managed to bring the Bodhisattva here, and she transformed the dragon of the stream into our white horse. Except for the missing harness, the color and hair are all the same, and old Monkey has pulled him here."

"Where is the Bodhisattva?" asked Tripitaka, greatly surprised.

"Let me go and thank her."

"By this time," said Pilgrim, "the Bodhisattva has probably arrived at South Sea; there's no need to bother about that." Picking up a few pinches of earth with his fingers and scattering them like incense, Tripitaka bowed reverently toward the South. He then got up and prepared to leave again with Pilgrim.

Having dismissed the mountain god and the local spirit and given instructions to the Guardians and the Sentinels, Pilgrim asked his master to mount. Tripitaka said, "How can I ride a horse without harness? Let's find a boat to cross this stream, and then we can decide what to do."

"This master of mine is truly impractical!" said Pilgrim. "In the wilds of this mountain, where will you find a boat? Since the horse has lived here for a long time, he must know the water's condition. Just ride him like a boat and we'll cross over."

Tripitaka had no choice but to follow his suggestion and climbed onto the barebacked horse; Pilgrim took up the luggage and they arrived at the edge of the stream. Then they saw an old fisherman punting downstream toward them in an old wooden raft. When Pilgrim caught sight of him, he waved his hands and called out:

"Old fisherman, come here! Come here! We come from the Land of the East to seek scriptures. It's difficult for my master to cross, so please take us over."

Hearing these words, the fisherman quickly punted the raft up to the bank. Asking his master to dismount, Pilgrim helped Tripitaka onto the raft before he embarked the horse and the luggage. That old fisher punted the raft away, and like an arrow in the wind, they crossed the steep Eagle Grief Stream swiftly and landed on the western shore. Tripitaka told Pilgrim to untie a bag and take out a few Tang pennies to give to the old fisherman. With a shove of his pole, the old fisherman pulled away, saying, "I don't want any money."

He drifted downstream and soon disappeared from sight. Feeling very much obliged, Tripitaka kept folding his hands to express his gratitude. "Master," said Pilgrim, "you needn't be so solicitous. Don't you recognize him? He is the Water God of this stream. Since he didn't come to pay his respects to old Monkey, he was about to get a beating. It's enough that he is now spared from that. Would he dare take any money!"

The Master only half-believed him when he climbed onto the barebacked horse once again; following Pilgrim, he went up to the main road and set off again toward the West. It would be like this that they

Through the vast Thusness reach the other shore,
And climb with hearts unfeigned the Spirit Mount.

Master and disciple journeyed on, and soon the fiery sun sank westward as the sky gradually darkened. You see

Clouds hazy and aimless,
A mountain moon dim and gloomy.

The sky, all frosty, builds the cold;
Howling wind around cuts through you.
One bird is lost midst the pale, wide sandbars,
As twilight glows where the distant hills are low.
A thousand trees roar in sparse woods;
One ape cries on a barren peak.
No traveler is seen on this long road
When boats from afar return for the night.

As Tripitaka, riding his horse, peered into the distance, he suddenly saw something like a hamlet beside the road. "Wukong," he said, "there's a house ahead of us. Let's ask for lodging there and travel again tomorrow." Raising his head to take a look, Pilgrim said, "Master, it's no ordinary house."

"Why not?" said Tripitaka. "If it were an ordinary house," said Pilgrim, "there would be no flying fishes or reclining beasts decorating the ridge of its roof. That must be a temple or an abbey." While they were speaking, master and disciple arrived at the gate of the building. Dismounting, Tripitaka saw on top of the gate three large characters:

Lishe Shrine. They walked inside, where they were met by an old man with some beads hanging around his neck. He came forward with hands folded, saying, "Master, please take a seat."

Tripitaka hastily returned his salutation and then went to the main hall to bow to the holy images.

The old man called a youth to serve tea, after which Tripitaka asked him, "Why is this shrine named Lishe?"

The old man said, "This region belongs to the Hamil Kingdom of the western barbarians. There is a village behind the shrine, which was built from the piety of all its families. The 'Li' refers to the land owned by the whole village, and the 'She' is the God of the Soil.

During the days of spring sowing, summer plowing, autumn harvesting, and winter storing, each of the families would bring the three beasts, flowers, and fruits to sacrifice at the shrine, so that they might be blessed with good luck in all four seasons, a rich harvest of the five grains, and prosperity in raising the six domestic creatures."

When Tripitaka heard these words, he nodded his head to show his approval, saying, "This is truly like the proverb:

'Even three miles from home there are customs entirely distinct.' The families in our region do not practice such good works."

Then the old man asked, "Where is the honorable home of the master?"

"Your poor monk," said Tripitaka, "happens to have been sent by the royal decree from the Great Tang Nation in the East to go to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven. It was getting rather late when I passed your esteemed edifice. I therefore came to your holy shrine to ask for a night's lodging. I'll leave as soon as it gets light."

The old man was delighted and kept saying, "Welcome! Welcome!"

He called the youth again to prepare a meal, which Tripitaka ate with gratitude.

As usual, Pilgrim was extremely observant. Noticing a rope for hanging laundry tied under the eaves, he walked over to it and pulled at it until it snapped in two. He then used the piece of rope to tie up the horse. "Where did you steal this horse?" asked the old man, laughing. "Old man," said Pilgrim angrily, "watch what you are saying! We are holy monks going to worship Buddha. How could we steal horses?"

"If you didn't steal it," laughed the old man, "why is there no saddle or rein, so that you have to rip up my clothesline?"

"This rascal is always so impulsive," said Tripitaka apologetically. "If you wanted to tie up the horse, why didn't you ask the old gentleman properly for a rope? Why did you have to rip up his clothesline? Sir, please don't be angry! Our horse, to tell you the truth, is not a stolen one. When we approached the Eagle Grief Stream yesterday from the east, I had a white horse complete with harness.

Little did we anticipate that there was a condemned dragon in the stream who had become a spirit, and who swallowed my horse in one gulp, harness and all. Fortunately, my disciple has some talents, and he was able to bring the Bodhisattva Guanyin to the stream to subdue the dragon. She told him to assume the form of my original white horse, so that he could carry me to worship Buddha in the Western Heaven. It has barely been one day since we crossed the stream and arrived at your holy shrine. We haven't had time to look for a harness."

"Master, you needn't worry," said the old man. "An old man like me loves to tease, but I had no idea your esteemed disciple was so serious about everything! When I was young, I had a little money, and I, too, loved to ride. But over the years I had my share of misfortunes: deaths in the family and fires in the household have not left me much. Thus I am reduced to being a caretaker here in the shrine, looking after the fires and incense, and dependent on the goodwill of the patrons in the village back there for a living. I still have in my possession a harness that I have always cherished, and that even in this poverty I couldn't bear to sell. But since hearing your story, how even the Bodhisattva delivered the divine dragon and made him change into a horse to carry you, I feel that I must not withhold from giving either. I shall bring the harness tomorrow and present it to the master, who, I hope, will be pleased to accept it." When Tripitaka heard this, he thanked him repeatedly. Before long, the youth brought in the evening meal, after which lamps were lit and the beds prepared. Everyone then retired.

Next morning, Pilgrim arose and said, "Master, that old caretaker promised last night to give us the harness. Ask him for it. Don't spare him."

He had hardly finished speaking when the old man came in with a saddle, together with pads, reins, and the like. Not a single item needed for riding a horse was lacking. He set them down in the corridor, saying, "Master, I am presenting you with this harness." When Tripitaka saw it, he accepted it with delight and asked Pilgrim to try the saddle on the horse. Going forward, Pilgrim took up the accoutrements and examined them piece by piece. They were indeed some magnificent articles, for which we have a testimonial poem. The poem says:

The carved saddle shines with studs of silver stars.
The precious seat glows with bright threads of gold.
The pads are stacks of fine-spun woolen quilts.
The reins are three bands of purple cords of silk.
The bridle's leather straps are shaped like flowers.
The flaps have gold-etched forms of dancing beasts.

The rings and bit are made of finest steel.
Waterproof tassels dangle on both sides.

Secretly pleased, Pilgrim put the saddle on the back of the horse, and it seemed to have been made to measure. Tripitaka bowed to thank the old man, who hastily raised him up, saying, "It's nothing! What do you need to thank me for?"

The old man did not ask them to stay any longer; instead, he urged Tripitaka to mount. The priest came out of the gate and climbed into the saddle, while Pilgrim followed, hauling the luggage. The old man then took a whip out from his sleeve, with a handle of rattan wrapped in strips of leather, and the strap knitted with cords made of tiger ligaments. He stood by the side of the road and presented it with hands uplifted, saying, "Holy Monk, I have a whip here that I may as well give you."

Tripitaka accepted it on his horse, saying, "Thanks for your donation! Thanks for your donation!"

Even as he was saying this, the old man vanished. The priest turned around to look at the Lishe Shrine, but it had become just a piece of level ground. From the sky came a voice saying, "Holy Monk, I'm sorry not to have given you a better reception! I am the local spirit of Potalaka Mountain, who was sent by the Bodhisattva to present you with the harness. You two must journey to the West with all diligence. Do not be slothful in any moment."

Tripitaka was so startled that he fell off his horse and bowed toward the sky, saying, "Your disciple is of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, and he does not recognize the holy visage of the deity. Please forgive me. I beseech you to convey my gratitude to the Bodhisattva." Look at him! All he could do was to kowtow toward the sky without bothering to count how many times! By the side of the road the Great Sage Sun reeled with laughter, the Handsome Monkey King broke up with hilarity. He came up and tugged at his master, saying, "Master, get up! He is long gone! He can't hear you, nor can he see your kowtowing. Why keep up this adoration?"

"Disciple," said the priest, "when I kowtowed like that, all you could do was to stand snickering by the side of the road, with not even a bow. Why?"

"You wouldn't know, would you?" said Pilgrim. "For playing a game of hide-and-seek like that with us, he really deserves a beating! But for the sake of the Bodhisattva, I'll spare him, and that's something already! You think he dares accept a bow from old Monkey? Old Monkey has been a hero since his youth, and he doesn't know how to bow to people! Even when I saw the Jade Emperor and Laozi, I just gave them my greeting, that's all!"

"Blasphemy!" said Tripitaka. "Stop this idle talk! Let's get going without further delay." So the priest got up and prepared to set off again toward the West.

After leaving that place, they had a peaceful journey for two months, for all they met were barbarians, Muslims, tigers, wolves, and leopards. Time went by swiftly, and it was again early spring. You could see jade green gilding the mountain forest, and green sprouts of grass appearing. The plum blossoms were all fallen and the willow-leaves gently budding. As master and disciple were admiring this scenery of spring, they saw the sun sinking westward again. Reining the horse, Tripitaka peered into the distance and saw at the fold of the hill the shadow of buildings and the dark silhouette of towers. "Wukong," said Tripitaka, "look at the buildings over there.

What sort of a place is that?" Stretching his neck to look, Pilgrim said, "It has to be either a temple or a monastery. Let's move along and ask for lodging over there."

Tripitaka was glad to follow this suggestion and urged his dragon-horse forward. We do not know what took place thereafter; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTEEN

At Guanyin Hall the monks plot for the treasure
At Black Wind Mountain a monster steals the cassock

We were telling you about the disciple and master, who urged the horse forward and arrived at the front gate of the building. They saw that it was indeed a monastery with

Tiers of towers and turrets,
And rows of quiet chambers.
Above the temple gate
Hung the august panoply of colored nimbus;
Before the Hall of Five Blessings
Whirled a thousand strands of bright red mists.
Two rows of pines and bamboos;
One grove of juniper and cypress;
Two rows of pines and bamboos
Revealed their fair virtue unspoiled by time;
One grove of juniper and cypress
Displayed its chaste beauty in comely hues.
They saw also the tall bell tower,
The pagoda rugged,
Monks in silent meditation
And birds on trees gently cooing.
A dustless seclusion was the real seclusion,
For the quiescence of Dao was truly quiescent.

The poem says:

This temple, like Jetavana, hides in a jade-green grove.
Its beauty surpasses even the Ṣaḍ-varṣa.
Pure land among mankind is rare indeed:
This world's famed mountains are mostly held by monks.

The priest dismounted, and Pilgrim laid down his load. They were about to walk through the gate when a monk came out. "How does he look?" you ask.

He wore a hat pinned to the left
And a robe most spotlessly pure.
Two brass rings hung from his ears;
A silk sash was wrapped round his waist.
His straw sandals moved sedately;
His hands carried a wooden fish.
His mouth recited constantly
The Wisdom he sought most humbly.

When Tripitaka saw him, he stood waiting by the gate and saluted with his palms pressed together in front of him. The monk returned the greeting at once and said laughing, "I'm sorry, but I don't know you!"

He then asked, "Where do you come from? Please come in for some tea."

"Your disciple," said Tripitaka, "has been sent by royal decree from the Land of the East to go to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Temple of Thunderclap. It was getting late when we arrived here, and we would like to ask for a night's lodging in your fair temple."

"Please take a seat inside," said the monk. Only then did Tripitaka call Pilgrim to lead the horse inside. When the monk caught sight of Pilgrim's face, he became somewhat afraid and asked, "What's that thing leading the horse?"

"Speak softly!" said Tripitaka. "He's easily provoked! If he hears you referring to him as a thing, he'll get mad. He happens to be my disciple." With a shiver, the monk bit his finger and said, "Such a hideous creature, and you made him your disciple!"

Tripitaka said, "You can't tell by mere appearance. He may be ugly, but he is very useful."

That monk had little choice but to accompany Tripitaka and Pilgrim as they entered the temple gate. Inside, above the main hall's entrance, the words "Guanyin Chan Hall" were written in large letters. Highly pleased, Tripitaka said, "This disciple has repeatedly benefited from the holy grace of the Bodhisattva, though he has had no opportunity to thank her. Now that we are at this Chan hall, it is as if we are meeting the Bodhisattva personally, and it is most proper that I should offer my thanks." When the monk heard this, he told one of the attendants to open wide the door of the hall and invited Tripitaka to worship. Pilgrim tied up the horse, dropped his luggage, and went with Tripitaka up the hall. Stretching his back and then flattening himself on the ground, Tripitaka kowtowed to the golden image as the monk went to beat the drum, and Pilgrim began to strike the bell. Prostrating himself before the seat of the deity, Tripitaka poured out his heart in prayer. When he finished, the monk stopped the drum, but Pilgrim continued to strike the bell without ceasing.

Now rapidly, now slowly, he persisted for a long time. The attendant said, "The service is over. Why are you still striking the bell?" Only then did Pilgrim throw away the hammer and say, laughing, "You wouldn't know this! I'm just living by the proverb:

'If you are a monk for a day, strike then the bell for a day!'"

By then, the monks young and old of the monastery and the elders of upper and lower chambers were all aroused by the unruly sound of the bell. They rushed out together crying, "Who is the maniac fooling with the bell?" Pilgrim leaped out of the hall and shouted, "Your Grandpa Sun sounded it to amuse himself!"

The moment the monks saw him, they were so frightened that they tumbled and rolled on the ground. Crawling around, they said, "Father Thunder!"

"He's only my great-grandson!" said Pilgrim. "Get up, get up! Don't be afraid. We are noble priests who have come from the Great Tang Nation in the east."

The various monks then bowed courteously to him, and when they saw Tripitaka, they were even more reassured. One of the monks, who was the abbot of the monastery, said, "Let the holy fathers come to the living room in the back so that we may offer them some tea." Untying the reins and leading the horse, they picked up the luggage and went past the main hall to the back of the monastery, where they sat down in orderly rows.

After serving tea, the abbot prepared a vegetarian meal, although it was still rather early for dinner. Tripitaka had not finished thanking him when an old monk emerged from the rear, supported by two boys. Look how he was attired:

He wore on his head a Vairocana hat
Topped by a precious, shining cat's-eye stone;
He wore on his body a brocaded woolen frock,
Piped brilliantly in gold and kingfisher feathers.
A pair of monk shoes on which Eight Treasures were set,
And a priestly staff encased with starry gems.
His face full of wrinkles,
He looked like the Old Witch of Li Mountain;
His eyes were dim-sighted,
Though he seemed a Dragon King of the Eastern Ocean.
Wind stabbed his mouth for his teeth had fallen,
And palsy had made crooked his aged back.

The various monks made the announcement:

"The Patriarch is here."

Tripitaka bowed to receive him, saying, "Old Abbot, your disciple bows to you."

The old monk returned the gesture, and they were both seated. "Just now I heard the little ones announcing," said the old monk, "that venerable fathers from the Tang court have arrived from the east. I came out specifically to meet you."

"Without knowing any better," said Tripitaka, "we intruded into your esteemed temple. Please pardon us!"

"Please, please!" said the old monk. "May I ask the holy father what the distance is between here and the Land of the East?"

"Since leaving the outskirts of Chang'an," said Tripitaka, "I traveled for some five thousand miles before passing the Mountain of Two Frontiers, where I picked up a little disciple. Moving on, we passed through the Hamil Kingdom of the western barbarians, and in two months we had traveled another five or six thousand miles. Only then did we arrive at your noble region."

"Well, you have covered the distance of ten thousand miles," said the old monk. "This disciple truly has spent his life in vain, for he has not even left the door of the temple. I have, as the saying goes, 'sat in the well to look at the sky.' A veritable piece of dead wood!"

Then Tripitaka asked, "What is the honorable age of the Old Abbot?"

"Foolishly I have reached my two hundred and seventieth year," said the old monk. When Pilgrim heard this, he said, "You are only my descendant of the ten-thousandth generation!"

"Careful!" said Tripitaka, looking at him sternly. "Don't offend people with your brashness!"

"And you, Elder," asked the old monk, "how old are you?"

"I dare not tell," said Pilgrim. That old monk thought it was just a foolish remark; he paid no further attention, nor did he ask again. Instead, he called for tea to be served, and a young cleric brought out a tray made of milk-white jade on which there

were three cloisonné cups with gold edges. Another youth brought out a white copper pot and poured three cups of scented tea, truly more colorful than camellia buds and more fragrant than cassia flowers. When Tripitaka saw these, he could not cease making compliments, saying, "What marvelous things! What marvelous things! A lovely drink, indeed, and lovely utensils!"

"Most disgraceful stuff!" said the old monk. "The holy father resides in the heavenly court of a great nation, and he has witnessed all kinds of rare treasures. Things like these are not worthy of your praise. Since you have come from a noble state, do you have any precious thing you can show me?"

"It's pathetic!" said Tripitaka. "We have no precious thing in the Land of the East; and even if we had, I could not bring it with me because of the distance."

From the side, Pilgrim said, "Master, I saw a cassock the other day in our bag. Isn't that a treasure? Why not take it out and show it to him?" When the other monks heard him mentioning a cassock, they all began to snicker. "What are you laughing at?" asked Pilgrim.

The abbot said, "To say that a cassock is a treasure, as you just did, is certainly laughable. If you want to talk about cassocks, priests like us would possess more than twenty or thirty such garments. Take the case of our Patriarch, who has been a monk here for some two hundred and fifty years. He has over seven hundred of them!"

He then made the suggestion:

"Why not take them out for these people to see?"

That old monk certainly thought it was his show this time! He asked the attendants to open up the storage room and the dhūtas to bring out the chests. They brought out twelve of them and set them down in the courtyard. The padlocks were unlocked; clothes racks were set up on both sides, and ropes were strung all around. One by one, the cassocks were shaken loose and hung up for Tripitaka to see. It was truly a roomful of embroidery, four walls of exquisite silk! Glancing at them one by one, Pilgrim saw that they were all pieces of fine silk intricately woven and delicately embroidered, splashed with gold. He laughed and said, "Fine! Fine! Fine! Now pack them up! Let's take ours out for you to look at." Pulling Pilgrim aside, Tripitaka said softly, "Disciple, don't start a contest of wealth with other people. You and I are strangers away from home, and this may be a mistake!"

"Just a look at the cassock," said Pilgrim, "how can that be a mistake?"

"You haven't considered this," said Tripitaka. "As the ancients declared, 'The rare object of art should not be exposed to the covetous and deceitful person.' For once he sees it, he will be tempted; and once he is tempted, he will plot and scheme. If you are timid, you may end up yielding to his every demand; otherwise, injury and loss of life may result, and that's no small matter."

"Relax! Relax!" said Pilgrim. "Old Monkey will assume all responsibility!" Look at him! He did not permit any further discussion! Darting away, he untied the bag, and brilliant rays at once came flashing through the two layers of oil-paper in which the garment was wrapped. He discarded the paper and took out the cassock. As he shook it loose, a crimson light flooded the room and glorious air filled the courtyard. When the various monks saw it, none could suppress the admiration in his heart and the praise on his lips. It was truly a magnificent cassock! It has hanging on it

Sparkling pearls—marvelous in every way—

And Buddha's treasures in each aspect rare.
Up and down spreads grapevine weave on gorgeous silk;
On every side are hems of fine brocade.
Put it on, and goblins will then be slain.
Step in it, and demons will flee to Hell.
It's made by those hands of gods incarnate;
He who's not a true monk dares not wear it.

When the old monk saw a treasure of such quality, he was indeed moved to villainy. Walking forward, he knelt down before Tripitaka, and tears began to fall from his eyes. "This disciple truly has no luck," he said. "Old Abbot," said Tripitaka, raising him up, "what do you mean?"

"It was already getting late," he said, "when the venerable father spread this treasure out. But my eyes are dim and I can't see clearly. Isn't this my misfortune?"

"Bring out the lamps," said Tripitaka, "and you can take a better look."

The old monk said, "The treasure of the father is already dazzling; if we light the lamps, it will become much too bright for my eyes, and I'll never be able to see it properly."

"How would you like to see it?" asked Pilgrim. "If the venerable father is inclined to be gracious," replied the old monk, "please permit me to take it back to my room, where I can spend the night looking at it carefully. Tomorrow I shall return it to you before you continue your journey to the west. How would that be?" Startled, Tripitaka began to complain to Pilgrim, saying, "It's all your doing! It's all your doing!"

"What are you afraid of ?" said Pilgrim, laughing. "Let me wrap it up and he can take it away. If there's any mishap, old Monkey will take care of it."

Tripitaka could not stop him; he handed the cassock over to the monk, saying, "You may look at it, but you must give it back tomorrow morning, just as it is. Don't spoil or damage it in any way!"

The old monk was very pleased. After telling the young cleric to take the cassock inside, he gave instructions for the various monks to sweep out the Chan hall in front. Two rattan beds were sent for and the bedding was prepared, so that the two travelers could rest. He gave further instructions for sending them off with breakfast in the morning, after which everyone left. Master and disciple closed up the hall and slept, and we shall say no more of that.

We shall now tell you about the old monk, who had got hold of the cassock by fraud. He took it beneath the lamps in the back room and sat in front of it, bawling. The chief priest of the monastery was so startled that he dared not retire first. The young cleric, not knowing the reason for the weeping, went to report to the other monks, saying, "The aged father has been crying, and it's now the second watch and he still hasn't stopped."

Two grand disciples, who were his favorites, went forward to ask him, "Grand master, why are you crying?"

"I'm crying over my ill luck," replied the old monk, "for I cannot look at the treasure of the Tang Monk." One of the little monks said, "The aged father is becoming a little senile! The cassock is placed right before you. All you have to do is to untie the package and look at it. Why do you have to cry?"

"But I can't look at it for long," said the old monk. "I'm two hundred and seventy years old, and yet I have bargained in vain for those several hundred cassocks. What must I do to acquire that one cassock of his? How can I become the Tang Monk himself?"

"The grand master is erring," said the little monk. "The Tang Monk is a mendicant who had to leave his home and country. You are enjoying the benefits of old age here, and that should be sufficient. Why do you want to be a mendicant like him?"

The old monk said, "Though I'm relaxing at home and enjoying my declining years, I have no cassock like his to put on. If I can put it on for just one day, I'll die with my eyes shut, for then I shall not have been a monk in vain in this World of Light."

"What nonsense!" said another monk. "If you want to put it on, what's so difficult about that? Tomorrow we will ask them to stay for one more day, and you can wear it the whole day; if that's not enough, we'll detain them for ten days so that you can wear the cassock all that time. That will be the end of the matter. Why do you have to cry like this?"

"Even if they were to be detained for a whole year," said the old monk, "I would only be able to wear it for one year. That's not long-lasting! The moment they want to leave, we will have to return it. How can we make it last?"

As they were speaking, one of the little monks, whose name was Great Wisdom, spoke up:

"Aged Father, if you want it to last, that's easy too!" When the old monk heard that, he brightened up. "My son," he said, "what profound thoughts do you have?"

Great Wisdom said, "The Tang Monk and his disciple are travelers and are subjected to a lot of stress and strain. So they are fast asleep now. I suppose a few of us who are strong could take up knives and spears, break open the Chan hall, and kill them. We could bury them in the backyard, and only those of us within the family would know about it. We could also take over the white horse and the luggage, but the cassock could be kept as an heirloom. Now isn't this a plan made to last through posterity?" When the old monk heard this, he was filled with delight. Wiping away his tears, he said, "Good! Good! Good! This plan is absolutely marvelous!"

He asked at once for knives and spears.

There was in their midst another little monk, whose name was Big Plan, who was the younger classmate of Great Wisdom. Coming forward, he said, "That plan is no good! If you want to kill them, you must first assess the situation. It's easy to take care of the one with the white face, but the hairy face presents more difficulty. If for some reason you are unable to slay him, you might bring disaster upon yourselves. I have a plan that does not call for knives or spears. How do you feel about this?"

"My son," said the old monk, "what sort of plan do you have?"

"In the opinion of your little grandson," said Big Plan, "we can call up all the resident heads, both senior and junior, in the eastern wing of this monastery, asking each person and his group to bring a bundle of dried firewood. We'll sacrifice the three rooms of the Chan hall and set fire to them; the people inside will be barred from all exits. Even the horse will be burned with them! If the families who live in front of the temple or behind it should see the fire, we can say that they caused it by their carelessness and burned down our Chan hall. Those two monks will surely be burned to

death, but no one will know any better. After that, won't we have the cassock as our heirloom?" When the monks heard this, they were all delighted. "Better! Better! Better! This plan is even more marvelous! More marvelous!" they all said. They sent for the resident heads at once to bring firewood. Alas, this single plan will have the result of

A venerable old monk ending his life,
And the Guanyin Chan Hall reduced to dust.

That monastery, you see, had over seventy suites and some two hundred monks resided there. Hordes of them went to fetch firewood, which they stacked around the Chan hall until it was completely surrounded. They then made plans to light the fire, but we shall say no more of that.

We must now tell you about Tripitaka and his disciple, who had already gone to rest. That Pilgrim, however, was a spiritual monkey; though he lay down, he was only exercising his breath to preserve his spirit, with his eyes half-closed. Suddenly he heard people running around outside and the crackling of firewood in the wind. "This is a time for quietness," he said to himself, his suspicion fully aroused, "so why do I hear people walking about? Could they be thieves plotting against us?" Whirling around, he leaped up, and would have opened the door to look outside, had he not been afraid of waking his master. Look at him display his abilities! With one shake of his body he changed into a bee. Truly he had

A sweet mouth and vicious tail;
A small waist and light body.
He cut through flowers and willow like a dart;
He sought like a meteor the scented pollen.
His light, tiny body could bear much weight.
His thin wings buzzing could ride the wind.
Descending from rafters and beams,
He crawled out to get a clear view.

He then saw that the various monks were hauling hay and carrying firewood; surrounding the Chan hall, they were about to light the fire. "What my master said has really come true!" said Pilgrim, smiling to himself. "Because they wanted to take our lives and rob us of our cassock, they were moved to such treachery. I suppose I could use my rod to attack them, but I'm afraid they wouldn't be able to withstand it. A little beating, and they would all be dead! Then Master would blame me for acting violently again. O, let it be! I shall lead the sheep astray conveniently and meet plot with plot, so that they won't be able to live here anymore."

Dear Pilgrim! With a single somersault, he leaped straight up to the South Heaven Gate. He so startled the divine warriors Pang, Liu, Gou, and Bi that they bowed, and so alarmed Ma, Zhao, Wen, and Guan that they bent low. "Good Heavens!" they cried. "That character who disrupted Heaven is here again!"

"No need to stand on ceremony, all of you!" said Pilgrim, waving his hand. "And don't be alarmed! I came to find Virūpākṣa, the Broad-Eyed Devarāja."

Before he had finished speaking, the Devarāja arrived and greeted Pilgrim, saying, "It's been a long time! I heard some time ago that the Bodhisattva Guanyin asked the Jade Emperor for the services of the Four Sentinels, the Six Gods of Light and Darkness, and the Guardians to protect the Tang Monk as he goes in quest of scriptures in the Western Heaven. She also said that you had become his disciple. How do you have the leisure to be here today?"

"Don't mention leisure!" said Pilgrim. "The Tang Monk met some wicked people on his journey, who are about to have him burned up. It's an extreme emergency, and that's why I've come to borrow your Fire- Repelling Cover to save him. Bring it to me quickly; I'll return it the moment I'm finished with it."

"You are wrong," said the Devarāja. "If wicked people are starting a fire, you should go find water to save him. Why do you want the Fire-Repelling Cover?" Pilgrim said, "You have no idea what's behind this. If I find water to save him, the fire won't burn, and that will benefit our enemies instead. I want this cover so that only the Tang Monk will be protected from harm. I don't care about the rest! Let them burn! Quickly! Quickly! A little delay, and it may be too late! You will botch up my affairs down below!"

"This monkey is still plotting with an evil mind," said the Devarāja, laughing. "After looking out for himself, he is not worried about other people."

"Hurry!" said Pilgrim. "Stop wagging your tongue, or you'll upset my great enterprise!"

The Devarāja dared not refuse and gave Pilgrim the cover.

Pilgrim took it and descended through the clouds to the roof of the Chan hall, where he covered up the Tang Monk, the white horse, and the luggage. He himself then went to sit on the roof of the back room occupied by the old monk in order to guard the cassock. As he saw the people lighting the fire, he pressed his fingers together to make a magic sign and recited a spell. Facing the ground to the southwest, he took a deep breath and then blew it out. At once a strong wind arose and whipped the fire into a mighty blaze. What a fire! What a fire! You see

Rolling black smoke;
Vaulting red flames.
With rolling black smoke
All the stars vanish from the vast sky;
With vaulting red flames
The earth's lit up, made crimson for a thousand miles.
At the beginning,
What gleaming snakes of gold!
Soon thereafter,
What imposing bloody horses!
The Three Southern Forces display their might.
The Great God of Fire reveals his power.
When dried wood burns in such fire intense,
Why speak of Suiren drilling fire from wood ?
When colored flames shoot out of hot-oiled doors,
They match even the opened oven of Laozi.
This is how fire rages ruthlessly,
Though no worse than such intended fraud
As not suppressing misdeeds
And abetting violence.
The wind sweeps the fire
And flames fly up for some eight thousand feet;
The fire's helped by the wind,
So ashes burst beyond the Ninefold Heaven.

Ping-ping, pang-pang,
They sound like those firecrackers at year's end.
Po-po, la-la,
They're like the roar of cannons in the camps.
It burns till the Buddha's image cannot flee from the scene,
And the Temple Guardians have no place to hide.
It's like the Red Cliff Campaign in the night,
Surpassing the fire at Epang Palace.

As the saying goes, "One little spark of fire can burn ten thousand acres." In a moment, the strong wind and the raging fire made the entire Guanyin Hall glowing red. Look at all those monks! They began to bring out the chests and carry out the drawers, to grab for tables and snatch up pots. A loud wailing filled the whole courtyard. Pilgrim Sun, however, stood guard at the back while the Fire- Repelling Cover securely screened off the Chan hall at the front. The rest of the place was completely lit up; truly the sky was illuminated by brilliant red flames, and bright gold light shone through the walls.

No one knew, however, that when the fire had begun, it had caught the attention of a mountain monster. For about twenty miles due south of this Guanyin Hall there was a Black Wind Mountain, where there was also a Black Wind Cave. A monster in the cave, who happened to turn over in his sleep, noticed that his windows were lit up. He thought that dawn had broken, but when he arose and took another look, he saw instead the brilliant glow of fire burning in the north. Astonished, the monster said, "Good Heavens! There must be a fire in the Guanyin Hall. Those monks are so careless! Let me see if I can help them a little!"

Dear monster! He rose with his cloud and went at once to the place of fire and smoke, where he discovered that the halls front and back were entirely empty while the fire in the corridors on both sides was raging. With great strides he ran inside and was about to call for water when he saw that there was no fire in the back room. Someone, however, was sitting on the roof whipping up the wind. He began to perceive what was happening and ran quickly inside to look around. In the living room of the old monk, he saw on the table colorful radiance emitted by a package wrapped in a blue blanket. He untied it and discovered that it was a cassock of silk brocade, a rare Buddhist treasure. Thus it is how wealth moves the mind of man! He neither attempted to put out the fire nor called for water. Snatching up the cassock, he committed robbery by taking advantage of the confusion and at once turned his cloud back toward the mountain cave.

The fire raged on until the time of the fifth watch before burning itself out. Look at those monks: weeping and wailing, they went with empty hands and naked bodies to rummage about in the ashes, trying desperately to salvage a scrap or two of metal or valuables.

Some attempted to erect a temporary shelter along the walls, while others amid the rubble tried to build a makeshift oven so that rice could be cooked. They were all howling and complaining, but we shall say no more about that.

Now we shall tell you about Pilgrim, who, taking the Fire-Repelling Cover, sent it up to the South Heaven Gate with one somersault.

He handed it back to the Broad-Eyed Devarāja, saying, "Thanks so much for lending it to me!"

The Devarāja took it back and said, “The Great Sage is very honest. I was a little worried that if you did not return my treasure, I would have a hard time finding you. I’m glad you brought it right back.”

“Do you think that old Monkey is the sort of person who steals openly?” asked Pilgrim. “As the saying goes, ‘Return what you borrow, and again you may borrow!’” “I haven’t seen you for a long time,” said the Devarāja, “and I would like to invite you to spend some time at my palace. How about it?” Pilgrim said, “Old Monkey can’t do what he did before, ‘squatting on a rotted bench and dispensing lofty discourse.’ Now that I have to protect the Tang Monk, I haven’t a moment’s leisure. Give me a rain check!”

He took leave of the Devarāja quickly and dropped down from the clouds. As the sun arose, he arrived at the Chan hall, where with one shake of his body he changed again into a bee. When he flew inside and resumed his original form, he saw that his master was still sleeping soundly.

“Master,” cried Pilgrim, “it’s dawn. Get up.” Only then did Tripitaka awake; he turned around, saying, “Yes, indeed!” Putting on his clothes, he opened the door and went out. As he raised his head, he saw crumbling walls and seared partitions; the towers, the terraces, and the buildings had all disappeared. “Ah!” he cried, greatly shaken. “How is it that the buildings are all gone? Why are there only scorched walls?”

“You are still dreaming!” said Pilgrim. “They had a fire here last night.”

“Why didn’t I know about it?” asked Tripitaka. “It’s old Monkey who safeguarded the Chan hall,” replied Pilgrim. “When I saw that Master was sound asleep, I did not disturb you.”

“If you had the ability to safeguard the Chan hall,” said Tripitaka, “why didn’t you put out the fire in the other buildings?”

“So that you may learn the truth,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “just as you predicted it yesterday. They fell in love with our cassock and made plans to have us burned to death. If old Monkey had been less alert, we would have been reduced to bone and ashes by now!” When Tripitaka heard these words, he was alarmed and asked, “Was it they who set the fire?”

“Who else?” said Pilgrim.

“Could it be,” asked Tripitaka, “that they mistreated you, and you did this?” Pilgrim replied, “Is old Monkey the sort of wretch that would indulge in such sordid business? It really was they who set the fire. When I saw how malicious they were, I admit I did not help them put the fire out. I did, however, manage to provide them with a little wind!”

“My God! My God!” said Tripitaka. “When a fire starts, you should get water. How could you provide wind instead?”

“You must have heard,” said Pilgrim, “what the ancients said:

‘If a man has no desire to harm a tiger, a tiger has no intention of hurting a man.’ If they hadn’t played with fire, would I have played with wind?”

“Where’s the cassock?” asked Tripitaka. “Has it been burned?”

“Not at all!” replied Pilgrim. “It hasn’t been burned, for the fire didn’t reach the living quarters of the old monk where the cassock was placed.”

"I don't care!" exclaimed Tripitaka, his resentment rising. "If there's the slightest damage, I'm going to recite that little something and you'll be dead!"

"Master!" cried Pilgrim with alarm, "don't start your recitation! I'll find the cassock and return it to you, and that'll be the end of the matter. Let me go fetch it so that we can start on our journey."

Tripitaka led the horse while Pilgrim took up the load of luggage. They left the Chan hall and went to the room at the rear.

We now tell you about the monks, who were still grieving when they suddenly saw master and disciple approaching with the horse and the luggage. Scared out of their wits, they all said, "The wronged souls have come to seek vengeance!"

"What wronged souls are seeking vengeance?" shouted Pilgrim. "Give back my cassock quickly!"

All the monks fell to their knees at once, saying as they kowtowed, "Holy Fathers! Just as a wrong implies an enemy, so a debt has its proper creditor! If you seek vengeance, please understand that we had nothing to do with this. It was the old monk who plotted with Big Plan against you. Don't make us pay for your lives!"

"You damnable beasts!" cried Pilgrim angrily. "Who wants you to pay with your lives? Just give me back the cassock and we'll be going."

Two of the monks who were less timid said to him, "Father, you were supposed to be burned to death in the Chan hall, and yet now you come to demand the cassock. Are you indeed a man, or are you a ghost?"

"This bunch of accursed creatures!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "Where was the fire? Go to the front and look at the Chan hall. Then you can come back and talk."

The monks got up and went to the front to look; not even half an inch of the door, the window, or the screen outside the Chan hall was scorched. One and all were awestruck and became convinced that Tripitaka was a divine monk, and Pilgrim a celestial guardian. They all went forward to kowtow to them, saying, "We have eyes but no pupils, and therefore we did not recognize True Men descending to Earth.

Your cassock is at the residence of the old Patriarch at the back."

Tripitaka was deeply saddened by the rows of crumbling walls and damaged partitions they went past before arriving at the Patriarch's chambers, which were indeed untouched by fire. The monks dashed in, crying, "Aged Father, the Tang Monk must be a god. He hasn't been burned to death, though we have hurt ourselves. Let's take the cassock quickly and give it back to him."

But the fact of the matter is that the old monk could not find the cassock. In addition, most of the buildings in his monastery had been ruined, and he was, of course, terribly distressed. When he heard the monks calling, how could he have the courage to reply? Feeling utterly helpless and incapable of solving his dilemma, he bent forward, took several great strides, and rammed his head into the wall. How pitiful! The impact made

The brain burst, the blood flow, and his soul disperse;
His head stained the sand as his breathing stopped.

We have a poem as a testimony, which says:

So lamentable is this blind old monk!

In vain he lives among men to such old age.
He wants the cassock forever to keep,
Not knowing how uncommon is Buddha's gift.
If you think what endures can come with ease,
Yours will be sure failure and certain grief.
Big Plan, Great Wisdom, of what use are they?
To gain by others' loss—what empty dreams!

Shocked to tears, the monks cried, "The Patriarch has killed himself. And we can't find the cassock. What shall we do?"

"It must have been you who stole it and hid it," said Pilgrim. "Come out, all of you! Give me a complete list of your names and let me check you off the roll one by one."

The head residents of all the upper and lower chambers made a thorough accounting of all the monks, the dhūtas, the young novices, and the Daoists in two scrolls, and presented Pilgrim with some two hundred and thirty names. Asking his master to take a seat in the middle, Pilgrim went through the roll and examined the monks one by one. Every person had to loosen his clothes to be searched thoroughly, but there was no cassock. They then went to hunt through the trunks and chests that had been salvaged from the fire, but again there was not the slightest trace of the garment. In dismay, Tripitaka became more and more embittered toward Pilgrim until he began reciting the spell as he sat there. Falling at once to the ground, Pilgrim gripped his head with his hands, hardly able to bear the pain. "Stop the recitation! Stop the recitation!" he cried. "I'll find the cassock."

Terrified by what they saw, the various monks went forward and knelt down to plead with Tripitaka, who only then stopped his recitation. Pilgrim leaped straight up and whipped out his rod from his ear. He would have struck at the monks, had not Tripitaka shouted for him to halt, crying, "Monkey! Aren't you afraid of your headache? Do you still want to behave badly? Don't move, and don't hurt people! Let me question them further."

The monks kowtowed and begged Tripitaka, saying, "Father, please spare us. Truly we did not see your cassock. It was entirely the fault of that old devil! After he got your cassock last night, he started crying until very late; he didn't even bother to look at it, for all he had on his mind was how he might keep it permanently as an heirloom. That was why he made plans to have you burned to death, but after the fire started, a violent wind arose also. Every one of us was only concerned with putting out the fire and trying to save something. We have no idea where the cassock has gone."

Angrily, Pilgrim walked into the Patriarch's room, pulled out the corpse of the old man rammed to death, and stripped him naked.

The body was examined carefully, but the treasure was nowhere to be seen. Even if they had dug up three feet of the ground in that room, there would have been not a trace of it. Pilgrim thought silently for awhile and then asked, "Is there any monster around here who has become a spirit?"

"If father hadn't asked," said the abbot, "he would have never known about this. Southeast of us there is a Black Wind Mountain, in which there is a Black Wind Cave. In the cave is a Black Great King, with whom this deceased old fellow of ours used to discuss the Dao frequently. He is the only monster spirit around here."

"How far is the mountain from here?" asked Pilgrim. "Only twenty miles," said the abbot. "The peak that you can see right now is where it is." Pilgrim laughed and said, "Relax, Master! No need for further discussion; it must have been stolen by the black monster."

"That place is about twenty miles away," said Tripitaka. "How can you be so sure that it was he?"

"You didn't see last night's fire," said Pilgrim, "when its light illuminated great distances, and its brightness penetrated the Threefold Heaven. Not just for twenty miles, but for two hundred miles around it could be seen. I have no doubt that he saw the brilliant glow of the fire and used that opportunity to come here secretly. When he saw that our cassock was a treasure, he grabbed it in the confusion and left. Let old Monkey go find him."

"Who will care for me while you are gone?" asked Tripitaka. "You can relax," said Pilgrim. "You have in secret the protection of the gods; and in the open, I shall make sure that the monks wait on you."

He then called the monks over, saying, "A few of you can go and bury that old devil, while the others can wait on my master and watch our white horse."

The monks at once agreed. Pilgrim said again, "Don't give me any casual reply now, only to grow slack in your service after I'm gone. Those who wait on my master must be cheerful and pleasant; those who look after the white horse must take care that water and hay are fed in proper proportions. If there's the slightest mistake, you can count on meeting this rod. Now watch!"

He whipped out his rod and aimed it at the seared bricked wall: with one stroke, not only did he pulverize the wall, but the impact was so great that it caused seven or eight more walls to collapse. When the various monks saw this, they were all paralyzed with fear. They knelt to kowtow with tears flowing from their eyes and said, "Father, please be assured that we shall be most diligent in caring for the holy father after you are gone. We wouldn't dream of slacking in any way."

Dear Pilgrim! He swiftly mounted the cloud somersault and went straight to the Black Wind Mountain to look for the cassock. Thus it was that

Truth-seeking Gold Cicada left Chang'an.
With gifts he went westward, passing blue-green hills.
There were wolves and tigers as he walked along,
Though merchants or scholars were rarely seen.
One foolish monk's envy abroad he met;
His refuge solely was the Great Sage's might.
The fire grew; the wind came and wrecked the Chan hall.
A Black Bear at night stole the embroidered robe.

We do not know whether Pilgrim found the cassock or not, or whether the outcome of his search was good or bad. Let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTEEN

Pilgrim Sun greatly disturbs the Black Wind Mountain
Guanshiyin brings to submission the bear monster

We now tell you that when Pilgrim Sun somersaulted into the air, he so terrified the monks, the dhūtas, the young novices, and the attendants at the Guanyin Hall that every person bowed to the sky, saying, "O, Father! So you are actually an incarnate deity who knows how to ride the fog and sail with the clouds! No wonder fire cannot harm you! That ignorant old carcass of ours—how despicable he was! He used all his intelligence only to bring disaster on his own head."

"Please rise, all of you," said Tripitaka.

"There's no need for regret. Let's hope that he'll find the cassock, and everything will be all right. But if not, I would fear for your lives; for that disciple of mine has a bad temper, and I'm afraid that none of you will escape him." When the monks heard this, they were all panic-stricken; they pleaded with Heaven for the cassock to be found so that their lives would be preserved, but we shall say no more about them for the moment.

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun. Having leaped up into the air, he gave one twist of his torso and arrived at once at the Black Wind Mountain. Stopping his cloud, he looked carefully and saw that it was indeed a magnificent mountain, especially in this time of spring. You see

Many streams potently flowing,
Countless cliffs vying for beauty.
The birds call but no man is seen;
Though flowers fall, the tree's yet scented.
The rain passes, the sky's one moist sheet of blue;
The wind comes, the pines rock like screens of jade.
The mountain grass sprouts,
The wildflowers bloom
On hanging cliffs and high ranges.
The wisteria grows,
The handsome trees bud
On rugged peaks and flat plateaus.
You don't even meet a recluse.
Where can you find a woodsman?
By the stream the cranes drink in pairs;
On the rocks wild apes madly play.
Augustly the branches spread their luscious green,
Basking their splendor in bright mountain mist.

Pilgrim was enjoying the scenery when suddenly he heard voices coming from beyond a lovely grass meadow. With light, stealthy steps, he inched forward and hid himself beneath a cliff to have a peep. He saw three monsters sitting on the ground: a swarthy fellow in the middle, a Daoist to the left, and a white-robed scholar to the right. They were in the midst of an animated conversation, discussing how to establish the tripod and the oven, how to knead the cinnabar and refine the mercury, the topics of

white snow and yellow sprout, and the esoteric doctrines of heterodox Daoism. As they were speaking, the swarthy fellow said, laughing, "The day after tomorrow will be the date of my mother's labor. Will you two gentlemen pay me a visit?"

"Every year we celebrate the Great King's birthday," said the white-robed scholar. "How could we think of not coming this year?"

"Last night I came upon a treasure," said the swarthy fellow, "which may be called a brocaded robe of Buddha. It's a most attractive thing, and I think I'm going to use it to enhance my birthday. I plan to give a large banquet, starting tomorrow, and to invite all our Daoist friends of various mountains to celebrate this garment. We shall call the party the Festival of the Buddha Robe. How about that?"

"Marvelous! Marvelous!" said the Daoist, laughing. "First I'll come to the banquet tomorrow, and then I'll bring you good wishes on your birthday the day after." When Pilgrim heard them speaking about a robe of Buddha, he was certain that they were referring to his own treasure. Unable to suppress his anger, he leaped clear of his hiding place and raised high the golden-hooped rod with both hands, shouting, "You larcenous monsters! You stole my cassock. What Festival of the Buddha Robe do you think you are going to have? Give it back to me at once, and don't try to run away!" Wielding his rod, he struck at their heads. In panic, the swarthy fellow fled by riding the wind, and the Daoist escaped by mounting the clouds. The white-robed scholar, however, was killed by one stroke of the rod, and he turned out to be the spirit of a white-spotted snake when Pilgrim pulled his body over for closer examination. He picked up the corpse again and broke it into several pieces before proceeding deep into the mountain to look for the swarthy fellow. Passing pointed peaks and rugged ridges, he found himself in front of a hanging cliff with a cave dwelling below it. You see

Mist and smoke abundant,
Cypress and pine umbrageous.
Mist and smoke abundant, their hues surround the door;
Cypress and pine umbrageous, their green entwines the gate.
Flat, dried wood supports a bridge.
Wisterias coil round the ridge.
Birds carrying red petals reach the cloudy gorge.
And deer tread on florets to comb the rocky flats.
Before that door
The flowers bloom with the season
As the wind wafts their fragrance.
Atop the dyke-shading willows orioles sing;
O'er the bank's sweet peaches butterflies flit.
This rustic spot, though no cause for much praise,
Still rivals the3 beauty of Mount Penglai.

Pilgrim went to the door and found that the two stone doors were tightly closed. On top of the door was a stone tablet, on which was plainly written in large letters, "Black Wind Mountain, Black Wind Cave."

He lifted his rod to beat at the door, crying, "Open the door!"

A little demon who stood guard at the door came out and asked, "Who are you, that you dare beat at our immortal cave?"

"You damnable beast!" scolded Pilgrim. "What sort of a place is this, that you dare assume the title of 'immortal'? Is the word 'immortal' for you to use? Hurry inside and tell that swarthy fellow to bring out your venerable father's cassock at once. Then I may spare the lives of the whole nest of you."

The little demon ran swiftly inside and reported:

"Great King! You won't have a Festival of the Buddha Robe.

There's a monk with a hairy face and a thunder-god mouth outside demanding the cassock."

That swarthy fellow, after being chased by Pilgrim from the grass meadow, had just managed to reach the cave. He had not even been able to sit down when he again heard this announcement, and he thought to himself:

"I wonder where this fellow came from, so arrogant that he dared show up making demands at my door!"

He asked for his armor, and, after putting it on, he walked outside holding a lance with black tassels. Pilgrim stood on one side of the gate, holding his iron rod and glaring. The monster indeed cut a formidable figure:

A bowl-like helmet of dark burnished steel;
A black-gold cuirass that shone most bright.
A black silk robe with wide wind-bagging sleeves,
And dark green sashes with long, long tassels.
He held in his hands a black-tasseled lance.
He wore on his feet two black-leather boots.
His eyes' golden pupils like lightning flashed.
He was thus in this mountain the Black Wind King.

"This fellow," said Pilgrim, smiling to himself, "looks exactly like a kiln worker or a coal miner. He must scrub charcoal here for a living! How did he get to be black all over?"

The monster called out in a loud voice, "What kind of a monk are you that you dare to be so impudent around here?" Rushing up to him with his iron rod, Pilgrim roared, "No idle conversation! Return the cassock of your venerable grandfather at once!"

"What monastery are you from, bonze?" asked the monster, "and where did you lose your cassock that you dare show up at my place and demand its return?"

"My cassock," said Pilgrim, "was stored in the back room of the Guanyin Hall due north of here. Because of the fire there, you committed robbery by taking advantage of the confusion; after making off with the garment, you even wanted to start a Festival of the Buddha Robe to celebrate your birthday. Do you deny this? Give it back to me quickly, and I'll spare your life. If you but mutter half a 'no,' I'll overturn the Black Wind Mountain and level the Black Wind Cave.

Your whole cave of demons will be pulverized!" When the monster heard these words, he laughed scornfully and said, "You audacious creature! You yourself set the fire last night, for you were the one who summoned the wind on top of the roof. I took the cassock all right, but what are you going to do about it? Where do you come from, and what is your name? What ability do you have, that you dare mouth such reckless words?" Pilgrim said, "So you don't recognize your venerable grandfather! He is the

disciple of the Master of the Law, Tripitaka, who happens to be the brother of the Throne in the Great Tang Nation. My surname is Sun, and my given name is Wukong Pilgrim. If I tell you my abilities, you'll be frightened out of your wits and die right on the spot!"

"I won't," said the monster. "Tell me what abilities you have."

"My son," said Pilgrim, laughing, "brace yourself! Listen carefully!

Great since my youth was my magic power;
I changed with the wind to display my might.
Long I trained my nature and practiced Truth
To flee the wheel of karma with my life.
With mind sincere I always sought the Way;
Seedlings of herbs I plucked on Mount Lingtai.
There was in that mountain an old immortal.
His age: one hundred and eight thousand years!
He became my master most solemnly
And showed me the way to longevity,
Saying that in my body were physic and pills
Which one would work in vain to seek outside.
He gave me those high secrets of the gods;
With no foundation I would have been lost.
My inner light relumed, I sat in peace
As sun and moon mated within myself. thought of nothing—all my desires gone,
My body strengthened, my six senses cleansed.
From age back to youth was an easy boon;
To join transcendents was no distant goal.
Three years without leaks made a godlike frame,
Immune to sufferings known to mortal men.
Playing through the Ten Islets and Three Isles,
I made the rounds at Heaven's very edge.
I lived like that for some three hundred years,
Though not yet ascended to the Ninefold Heaven.
Taming sea dragons brought me treasure true:
The golden-hooped rod I did find below.
As field marshal at the Flower- Fruit Mount,
Monsters I gathered at Water-Curtain Cave.
Then the Jade Emperor gave to me the name,
Equal to Heaven—such, the rank most high.
Thrice I caused havoc in Divine Mists Hall;
Once I stole peaches from the Mother Queen.
Thus came a hundred thousand men divine
To curb me with their rows of spears and swords.
The Devarāja was beaten back to Heaven,
While Naṭa in pain led his troops and fled.
Xiansheng Master knew transformations well;
With him I waged a contest and I fell.
Laozi, Guanyin, and the Jade Emperor
All watched the battle at South Heaven Gate.

When Laozi decided to lend his help,
Erlang brought me to Heaven's magistrate.
To the monster-routing pillar I was tied;
The gods were told to have my head cut off.
Failing to harm me with either sledge or sword,
They would blast and burn me with thunderclaps.
What skills indeed did this old Monkey have,
Who was not even half a whit afraid!
Into Laozi's brazier they sent me next,
To have me slowly cooked by fire divine.
The day the lid was opened I jumped out
And ran through Heaven brandishing a rod.
Back and forth I prowled with none to stop me,
Making havoc through all thirty-six Heavens.
Then Tathāgata revealed his power:
Under Mount Five Phases he had me clamped,
And there I squirmed for a full five hundred years
Till by luck Tripitaka left the Tang court.
Now I go West, having yielded to Truth,
To see Jade Eyebrows at Great Thunderclap.
Go and ask in the four corners of the universe:
You'll learn I'm the famous ranking daimon of all time!"

When the monster heard these words, he laughed and said, "So you are the Ban-Horse-Plague who disturbed the Celestial Palace?" What most annoyed Pilgrim was when people called him Ban-Horse-Plague. The moment he heard that name, he lost his temper. "You monstrous rogue!" he shouted. "You would not return the cassock you stole, and yet you dare insult this holy monk. Don't run away! Watch this rod!"

The swarthy fellow jumped aside to dodge the blow; wielding his long lance, he went forward to meet his opponent.

That was some battle between the two of them:

The compliant rod,
The black-tasseled lance.
Two men display their power before the cave:
Stabbing at the heart and face;
Striking at the head and arm.
This one proves handy with a death-dealing rod;
That one tilts the lance for swift, triple jabs.
The "white tiger climbing the mountain" extends his paws;
The "yellow dragon lying on the road" turns his back.
With colored mists flying
And bright flashes of light,
Two monster-gods' strength is yet to be tried.
One's the truth-seeking, Equal-to- Heaven Sage;
One's the Great Black King who's now a spirit.
Why wage this battle in the mountain still?
The cassock, for which each would aim to kill!

That monster fought with Pilgrim for more than ten rounds until about noon, but the battle was a draw. Using his lance to halt the rod for a moment, the swarthy fellow said, “Pilgrim Sun, let us put away our weapons for the time being. Let me have some lunch first, and then I’ll wage a further contest with you.”

“Accursed beast!” said Pilgrim. “You want to be a hero? Which hero wants to eat after fighting for merely half a day? Consider old Monkey, who was imprisoned beneath the mountain for altogether five hundred years and he hadn’t even tasted a drop of water. So, what’s this about being hungry? Don’t give me any excuses and don’t run away! Give me back my cassock, and I’ll allow you to go and eat.”

But that monster only managed to throw one more feeble thrust with his lance before dashing into the cave and shutting his stone doors. He dismissed his little demons and made preparations for the banquet, writing out invitation cards to the monster kings of various mountains, but we shall say no more about that.

We must tell you that Pilgrim had no success in breaking down the door and so had to return to the Guanyin Hall. The clerics of that monastery had already buried the old monk, and they were all gathered in the back room to minister to the Tang Monk, serving him lunch soon after he had finished breakfast. As they were scurrying about fetching soup and hauling water, Pilgrim was seen descending from the sky. The monks bowed courteously and received him into the back room to see Tripitaka. “Wukong,” said Tripitaka, “so you’ve returned. How is the cassock?”

“At least I found the real culprit,” said Pilgrim. “It was a good thing that we did not punish these monks, for the monster of Black Wind Mountain did steal it. I went secretly looking for him, and saw him seated on a beautiful grass meadow having a conversation with a white-robed scholar and an old Daoist. He was, in a sense, making a confession without being tortured, saying something about the day after tomorrow being his birthday, when he would invite all the other griffins for the occasion. He also mentioned that he had found an embroidered Buddha robe last night, in celebration of which he was planning to throw a large banquet, calling it the Festival of the Buddha Robe. Old Monkey rushed up to them and struck out with his rod; the swarthy fellow changed into the wind and left, and the Daoist also disappeared. The white-robed scholar, however, was killed, and he turned out to be a white-spotted snake who had become a spirit. I quickly chased the swarthy fellow to his cave and demanded that he come out to fight. He had already admitted that he took the cassock, but we fought to a draw after half a day of battle. The monster returned to his cave because he wanted to eat; he closed his stone doors tightly and refused to fight anymore. I came back to see how you were and to make this report to you. Since I know the whereabouts of the cassock, I’m not worried about his unwillingness to give it back to me.” When the various monks heard this, some of them folded their hands while others kowtowed, all chanting, “Namo Amitābha! Now that the whereabouts of the cassock is known, we have a claim to our lives again.”

“Don’t celebrate yet,” said Pilgrim, “for I have not yet recovered it, nor has my master left. Wait until we have the cassock so that my master can walk peacefully out of this door before you start cheering. If there’s the slightest mishap, old Monkey is no customer to be provoked, is he? Have you served some good things to my master? Have you given our horse plenty of hay?”

“We have, we have, we have!” cried the monks hastily. “Our service to the holy monk has not slackened in the least!”

"You were gone only half a day," said Tripitaka, "and I have been served tea three times and have had two vegetarian meals. They didn't dare slight me. You should therefore make a great effort to get back the cassock."

"Don't rush!" said Pilgrim. "Since I know where he is, I shall certainly capture this fellow and return the garment to you. Relax! Relax!"

As they were speaking, the abbot brought in some more vegetarian dainties to serve to the holy monk Sun. Pilgrim ate some and left at once on the hallowed cloud to search for the monster. As he was traveling, he saw a little demon approaching from the main road, who had a box made of pear tree wood wedged between his left arm and his body. Suspecting that something important was inside the box, Pilgrim raised his rod and brought it down hard on the demon's head. Alas, the demon could not take such a blow! He was instantly reduced to a meat patty, which Pilgrim tossed to the side of the road. When he opened the box, there was indeed an invitation slip, on which was written:

Your student-servant, the Bear, most humbly addresses the Exalted Aged Dean of the Golden Pool. For the gracious gifts you have bestowed on me on several occasions I am profoundly grateful. I regret that I was unable to assist you last night when you were visited by the God of Fire, but I suppose that Your Holy Eminence has not been adversely affected in any way. Your student by chance has acquired a Buddha robe, and this occasion calls for a festive celebration. I have therefore prepared with care some fine wine for your enjoyment, with the sincere hope that Your Holy Eminence will be pleased to give us a visit. This invitation is respectfully submitted two days in advance.

When Pilgrim saw this, he roared with laughter, saying, "That old carcass! He didn't lose anything by his death! So he belonged to a monster's gang! Small wonder that he lived to his two hundred and seventieth year! That monster, I suppose, must have taught him some little magic like ingesting his breath, and that was how he enjoyed such longevity. I can still remember how he looked. Let me change myself into that monk and go to the cave to see where my cassock is located. If I can manage it, I'll take it back without wasting my energy."

Dear Great Sage! He recited a spell, faced the wind, and changed at once into an exact semblance of that old monk. Putting away his iron rod, he strode to the cave, crying, "Open the door!" When the little demon who stood at the door saw such a figure, he quickly made his report inside:

"Great King, the Elder of the Golden Pool has arrived."

Greatly surprised, the monster said, "I just sent a little one to deliver an invitation to him, but he could not possibly have reached his destination even at this moment. How could the old monk arrive so quickly? I suppose the little one did not run into him on the way, but Pilgrim Sun must have asked him to come here for the cassock. You, steward, hide the cassock! Don't let him see it!" Walking through the front door, Pilgrim saw in the courtyard pines and bamboos sharing their green, peaches and plums competing in their glamour; flowers were blooming everywhere, and the air was heavy with the scent of orchids. It was quite a grotto-heaven. He saw, moreover, a parallel couplet mounted on both sides of the second doorway that read:

A deep mountain retreat without worldly cares.
A divine cave secluded—what joy serene.

Pilgrim said to himself, "This fellow is also one who withdraws from dirt and dust, a fiendish creature who knows his fate."

He walked through the door and proceeded further; when he passed through the third doorway, he saw carved beams with elaborate ornaments and large windows brightly decorated. Then the swarthy fellow appeared, wearing a casual jacket made of fine dark-green silk, topped by a crow-green cape of figured damask; he wore a head-wrap of black cloth and was shod in a pair of black suede boots.

When he saw Pilgrim entering, he tidied his clothes and went down the steps to receive him, saying, "Golden Pool, old friend, we haven't seen each other for days. Please take a seat! Please take a seat!" Pilgrim greeted him ceremoniously, after which they sat down and drank tea.

After tea, the monster bowed low and said, "I just sent you a brief note, humbly inviting you to visit me the day after tomorrow.

Why does my old friend grant me that pleasure today, already?"

"I was just coming to pay my respects," said Pilgrim, "and I did not anticipate meeting your kind messenger. When I saw that there was going to be a Festival of the Buddha Robe, I came hurriedly, hoping to see the garment."

"My old friend may be mistaken," said the monster, laughing. "This cassock originally belonged to the Tang Monk, who was staying at your place. Why would you want to look at it here, since you must surely have seen it before?"

"Your poor monk," answered Pilgrim, "did borrow it, but he did not have the opportunity last night to examine it before it was taken by the Great King. Moreover, our monastery, including all our belongings, was destroyed by fire, and the disciple of that Tang Monk was rather bellicose about the matter. In all that confusion, I couldn't find the cassock anywhere, not knowing that the Great King in his good fortune found it. That is why I came specially to see it."

As they were speaking, one of the little demons out on patrol came back to report:

"Great King, disaster! The junior officer who went to deliver the invitation was beaten to death by Pilgrim Sun and left by the wayside. Our enemy followed the clue and changed himself into the Golden Pool Elder so that he could obtain the Buddha robe by fraud." When the monster heard that, he said to himself, "I was wondering already why he came today, and in such a hurried manner too! So, it's really he!" Leaping up, he grabbed his lance and aimed it at Pilgrim. Whipping out the rod from his ear, Pilgrim assumed his original form and parried the lance. They rushed from the living room to the front courtyard, and from there they fought their way out to the front door. The monsters in the cave were frightened out of their wits; young and old in that household were horror-stricken. This fierce contest before the mountain was even unlike the last one. What a fight!

This Monkey King boldly posed as a monk;
That swarthy chap wisely concealed the robe.
Back and forth went their clever repartee,
Adapting to each instant perfectly.
He would see the cassock but had no means:
This runic treasure's a mystery indeed!
The small imp on patrol announced mishap;
The old fiend in anger showed his power.
They fought their way out of the Black Wind Cave,

The rod and the lance forced a trial by might.
The rod checked the lance, their noise resounding;
The lance met the rod, causing sparks to fly.
The changes of Wukong, all unknown to men;
The monster's magic skills, so rare on earth.
This one wanted for his birthday fete a Buddha robe.
Would that one with no cassock go home in peace?
The bitter fight this time seemed without end.
Even a live Buddha descending could not break them up!

From the entrance of the cave the two of them fought up to the peak of the mountain, and from the peak of the mountain they fought their way up to the clouds. Belching wind and fog, kicking up sand and rocks, they fought until the red sun sank toward the west, but neither of them could gain the upper hand. The monster said, "Hey, Sun! Stop for a moment! It's getting too late to fight any more. Go away! Come back tomorrow morning, and we'll decide your fate."

"Don't run away, my son," cried Pilgrim. "If you want to fight, act like a fighter! Don't give me the excuse that it's getting late." With his rod, he rained blows indiscriminately on his opponent's head and face, but the swarthy fellow changed once more into a clear breeze and went back to his cave. Tightly bolting his stone doors, he refused to come out.

Pilgrim had no alternative except to go back to the Guanyin Hall. Dropping down from the clouds, he said, "Master."

Tripitaka, who was waiting for him with bulging eyes, was delighted to see him; but when he did not see the cassock, he became frightened again.

"How is it that you still have not brought back the cassock?" he asked. Pilgrim took out from his sleeve the invitation slip and handed it over to Tripitaka, saying, "Master, the monster and that old carcass used to be friends. He sent a little demon here with this invitation for him to go to a Festival of the Buddha Robe. I killed the little demon and changed into the form of the old monk to get inside the cave. I managed to trick him into giving me a cup of tea, but when I asked for the cassock, he refused to show it to me. As we were sitting there, my identity was leaked by someone on patrol in the mountain, and we began to fight. The battle lasted until this early evening and ended in a draw. When the monster saw that it was late, he slipped back into the cave and tightly bolted up his stone door.

Old Monkey had no choice but to return here for the moment."

"How's your skill as a fighter when compared with his?" asked Tripitaka. "Not much better," said Pilgrim. "We are quite evenly matched."

Tripitaka then read the invitation slip and handed it to the abbot, saying, "Could it be that your master was also a monsterspirit?"

Falling to his knees, the abbot said, "Old Father, my master is human. Because that Great Black King attained the way of humanity through self-cultivation, he frequently came to the monastery to discuss religious texts with my master. He imparted to my master a little of the magic of nourishing one's spirit and ingesting breath; hence they address each other as friends."

"This bunch of monks here," said Pilgrim, "don't have the aura of monsters: each one has a round head pointing to the sky and a pair of feet set flat on the earth.

They are a little taller and heavier than old Monkey, but they are no monsters. Look at what's written on the slip:

'your student-servant, the Bear.' This creature must be a black bear who has become a spirit."

Tripitaka said, "I have heard from the ancients that the bear and the ape are of the same kind. They are all beasts, in other words. How can this bear become a spirit?"

"Old Monkey is also a beast," said Pilgrim, laughing, "but I became the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. Is he any different? All the creatures of this world who possess the nine apertures can become immortals through the art of self-cultivation."

"You just said that the two of you were evenly matched," said Tripitaka again. "How can you defeat him and recover my cassock?"

"Lay off! Lay off!" said Pilgrim. "I know what to do."

As they were discussing the matter, the monks brought in the evening meal for master and disciple.

Afterwards, Tripitaka asked for lamps to go to the Chan hall in front to rest. The rest of the monks reclined against the walls beneath some temporary awnings and slept, while the back rooms were given to accommodate the senior and junior abbots. It was now late.

You see

The Silver Stream aglow;
The air perfectly pure;
The sky full of bright and twinkling stars;
The river marked by receding tide.
All sounds are hushed;
All hills emptied of birds.
The fisherman's fire dies by the brook;
The lamps grow faint on the pagoda.
Last night ācāryas sounded drums and bells.
Only weeping is heard throughout this night!

So they spent the night in the Chan hall, but Tripitaka was thinking about the cassock. How could he possibly sleep well? As he tossed and turned, he suddenly saw the windows growing bright. He arose at once and called:

"Wukong, it's morning. Go find the cassock quickly." Pilgrim leaped up with a bound and saw that the monks were bringing in washing water. "All of you," said Pilgrim, "take care to minister to my master. Old Monkey is leaving."

Getting up from his bed, Tripitaka clutched at him, asking, "Where are you going?"

"Come to think of it," said Pilgrim, "this whole affair reveals the irresponsibility of the Bodhisattva Guanyin. She has a Chan hall here where she has enjoyed the incense and worship of all the local people, and yet she can permit a monster-spirit to be her neighbor. I'm leaving for the South Sea to find her for a little conversation. I'm going to ask her to come here and demand that the monster return the cassock to us."

"When will you be back?" asked Tripitaka. "Probably right after breakfast," answered Pilgrim. "At the latest, I should be back around noon, when everything should

be taken care of. All of you monks must take care to wait on my master. Old Monkey is leaving."

He said he was leaving, and the next instant he was already out of sight. In a moment, he arrived at the South Sea, where he stopped his cloud to look around. He saw

A vast expanse of ocean,
Where water and sky seemed to merge.
Auspicious light shrouded the earth;
Hallowed air brightened the world.
Endless snow-capped waves surged up to Heaven;
Layers of misty billows washed out the sun.
Water flying every where;
Waves churning all around.
Water flying every where rolled like thunderclaps;
Waves churning all around boomed like cannonade.
Speak not merely of water;
Let's look more at the center.
The treasure-filled mountain of five dazzling colors:
Red, yellow, green, deep purple, and blue.
If this be Guanyin's scenic region true,
Look further at Potalaka of South Sea.
What a splendid place!
The tall mountain peak
Cut through airy space.
In its midst were thousands of rare flowers,
A hundred kinds of divine herbs.
The wind stirred the precious trees;
The sun shone on the golden lotus.
Glazed tiles covered the Guanyin Hall;
Tortoiseshell spread before the Tidal- Sound Cave.
In the shades of green willow the parrot spoke;
Within the bamboo grove the peacock sang.
On rocks with grains like fingerprints,
The guardians fierce and solemn.
Before the cornelian foreshore,
Mokṣa strong and heroic.

Pilgrim, who could hardly take his eyes off the marvelous scenery, lowered his cloud and went straight to the bamboo grove. The various deities were there to receive him, saying, "The Bodhisattva told us some time ago about the conversion of the Great Sage, for whom she had nothing but praise. You are supposed to be accompanying the Tang Monk at this moment. How do you have the time to come here?"

"Because I am accompanying the Tang Monk," said Pilgrim, "I had an incident on our journey about which I must see the Bodhisattva. Please announce my arrival."

The deities went to the mouth of the cave to make the announcement, and the Bodhisattva asked him to enter. Obeying the summons, Pilgrim went before the bejeweled lotus platform and knelt down.

"What are you doing here?" asked the Bodhisattva. "On his journey my master came across one of your Chan halls," said Pilgrim, "where you receive the services of fire and incense from the local people. But you also permitted a Black Bear Spirit to live nearby and to steal the cassock of my master. Several times I tried to get it back but without success. I have come specifically to ask you for it."

The Bodhisattva said, "This monkey still speaks insolently! If the Bear Spirit stole your cassock, why did you come to ask me for it? It was all because you had the presumption, you wretched ape, to show off your treasure to sinister people. Moreover, you had your share of evildoing when you called for the wind to intensify the fire, which burned down one of my way stations down below. And yet you still want to be rowdy around here?" When Pilgrim heard the Bodhisattva speaking like that, he realized that she had knowledge of past and future events. Hurriedly he bowed with humility and said, "Bodhisattva, please pardon the offense of your disciple. It was as you said. But I'm upset by the monster's refusal to give us back our cassock, and my master is threatening to recite that spell of his at any moment. I can't bear the headache, and that's why I have come to cause you inconvenience. I beseech the Bodhisattva to have mercy on me and help me capture that monster, so that we may recover the garment and proceed toward the West."

"That monster has great magical power," said the Bodhisattva, "really just as strong as yours. All right! For the sake of the Tang Monk, I'll go with you this time." When Pilgrim heard this, he bowed again in gratitude and asked the Bodhisattva to leave at once.

They mounted the blessed clouds and soon arrived on the Black Wind Mountain. Dropping down from the clouds, they followed a path to look for the cave.

As they were walking, they saw a Daoist coming down the mountain slope, holding a glass tray on which there were two magic pills. Pilgrim ran right into him, whipped out his rod, and brought it down squarely on his head, with one blow causing the brains to burst and blood to shoot out from the neck. Completely stunned, the Bodhisattva said, "Monkey, you are still so reckless! He didn't steal your cassock; he neither knew nor wronged you. Why did you kill him with one blow?"

"Bodhisattva," said Pilgrim, "you may not recognize him, but he is a friend of the Black Bear Spirit. Yesterday he was having a conversation with a white-robed scholar on the grass meadow. Since they were invited to the cave of the Black Bear Spirit, who was going to give a Festival of the Buddha Robe to celebrate his birthday, this Daoist said that he would first go to celebrate his friend's birthday today and then attend the festival tomorrow. That's how I recognized him. He must have been on his way to celebrate the monster's birthday."

"If that's how it is, all right," said the Bodhisattva. Pilgrim then went to pick up the Daoist and discovered that he was a gray wolf. The tray, which had fallen to one side, had an inscription on the bottom:

"Made by Master Transcending Void." When Pilgrim saw this, he laughed and said, "What luck! What luck! Old Monkey will benefit; the Bodhisattva will save some energy. This monster may be said to have made a confession without torture, while the other monster may be destined to perish today."

"What are you saying, Wukong?" said the Bodhisattva. "Bodhisattva," said Pilgrim, "I, Wukong, have a saying: plot should be met with plot. I don't know whether you will listen to me or not."

"Speak up!" said the Bodhisattva.

"Look, Bodhisattva!" said Pilgrim. "There are two magic pills on this little tray, and they are introductory gifts that we shall present to the monster. Beneath the tray is the five-word inscription 'Made by Master Transcending Void,' and this shall serve as our contact with the monster. If you will listen to me, I'll give you a plan that will dispense with weapons and do away with combat. In a moment, the monster will meet pestilence; in the twinkling of an eye, the Buddha robe will reappear. If you do not follow my suggestion, you may go back to the West, and I, Wukong, will return to the East; the Buddha robe will be counted as lost, while Tripitaka Tang will have journeyed in vain."

"This monkey is pretty clever with his tongue!" said the Bodhisattva, laughing. "Hardly!" said Pilgrim. "But it is a small plan!"

"What's your plan?" asked the Bodhisattva. "Since the tray has this inscription beneath it," said Pilgrim, "the Daoist himself must be this Master Transcending Void. If you agree with me, Bodhisattva, you can change yourself into this Daoist. I'll take one of the pills and then change myself into another pill—a slightly bigger one, that is. Take this tray with the two magic pills and present them to the monster as his birthday gift. Let the monster swallow the bigger pill, and old Monkey will accomplish the rest. If he is unwilling to return the Buddha robe, old Monkey will make one—even if I have to weave it with his guts!"

The Bodhisattva could not think of a better plan and she had to nod her head to show her approval. "Well?" said Pilgrim, laughing.

Immediately the Bodhisattva exercised her great mercy and boundless power. With her infinite capacity for transformation, her mind moved in perfect accord with her will, and her will with her body: in one blurry instant, she changed into the form of the immortal Master Transcending Void.

Her crane-down cloak swept by the wind,
With airy steps she'd pace the void.
Her face, aged like cypress and pine,
Shows fair, fresh features never seen.
She moves with freedom without end,
A special self-sustaining Thus!
In sum all return to one Form,
But from bodies perverse set free.

When Pilgrim saw the transformation, he cried, "Marvelous, Marvelous! Is the monster the Bodhisattva, or is the Bodhisattva the monster?"

The Bodhisattva smiled and said, "Wukong, the Bodhisattva and the monster—they both exist in a single thought.

Considered in terms of their origin, they are all nothing." Immediately enlightened, Pilgrim turned around and changed at once into a magic pill:

A rolling-pan steadying pearl—
Round, bright, of no known recipe.
Fused "three time three" at Mount Goulou;
Forged "six times six," with Shao Weng's help.
Like glazed tiles and yellow gold flames
It shines with sun and mani's light.

Its coat of mercury and lead
Has power not with ease assessed.

The pill into which Pilgrim had changed was slightly larger than the other one. Making a mental note of it, the Bodhisattva took the glass tray and went straight to the entrance of the monster's cave. She paused to look around and saw

Deep gorges, parlous cliffs,
Clouds rising from the peaks;
Green pines and cypresses,
And wind rustling in the woods.
Deep gorges, parlous cliffs:
A place truly made for monsters and not for man!
But green pines and cypresses
Might seem fit for pious recluse to seek the Way.
The mountain has a stream,
And the stream has water,
Its current murmurs lightly as a lute
Worthy to cleanse your ears.
The cliff has deers,
The woods have cranes,
Where softly hums the music of the spheres
To lift your spirit.
So it was the bogus immortal's luck that Bodhi came:
To vouchsafe boundless mercy was her vow.

After looking over the place, the Bodhisattva was secretly pleased and said to herself, "If this cursed beast could occupy such a mountain, it might be that he is destined to attain the Way."

Thus she was already inclined to be merciful.

When she walked up to the cave's entrance, some of the little demons standing guard there recognized her, saying, "Immortal Transcending Void has arrived." Some went to announce her arrival, while others greeted her. Just then, the monster came bowing out the door, saying, "Transcending Void, you honor my humble abode with your divine presence!"

"This humble Daoist," said the Bodhisattva, "respectfully submits an elixir pill as a birthday gift."

After the two of them had bowed to each other, they were seated.

The incidents of the day before were mentioned, but the Bodhisattva made no reply. Instead, she took up the tray and said, "Great King, please accept the humble regard of this little Daoist." She chose the large pill and pushed it over to the monster, saying, "May the Great King live for a thousand years!"

The monster then pushed the other pill over to the Bodhisattva, saying, "I wish to share this with Master Transcending Void."

After this ceremonial presentation, the monster was about to swallow it, but the pill rolled by itself right down his throat. It changed back into its original form and began to do physical exercises! The monster fell to the ground, while the Bodhisattva revealed her true form and recovered the Buddha Robe from the monster. Pilgrim then

left the monster's body through his nose, but fearing that the monster might still be truculent, the Bodhisattva threw a fillet on his head. As he arose, the monster did indeed pick up his lance to thrust at Pilgrim. The Bodhisattva, however, rose into the air and began reciting her spell. The spell worked, and the monster felt excruciating pain on his head; throwing away the lance, he rolled wildly all over the ground. In midair, the Handsome Monkey King nearly collapsed with laughter; down below the Black Bear Monster almost rolled himself to death on the ground.

"Cursed beast." said the Bodhisattva, "will you now surrender?"

"I surrender," said the monster without any hesitation, "please spare my life!"

Fearing that too much effort would have been wasted, Pilgrim wanted to strike at once. Quickly stopping him, the Bodhisattva said, "Don't hurt him; I have some use for him." Pilgrim said, "Why not destroy a monster like him, for of what use can he be?"

"There's no one guarding the rear of my Potalaka Mountain," said the Bodhisattva, "and I want to take him back there to be a Great Mountain-Guardian God."

"Truly a salvific and merciful goddess," said Pilgrim, laughing, "who will not hurt a single sentient being. If old Monkey knew a spell like that, he'd recite it a thousand times. That would finish off as many black bears as there are around here!" So, we shall tell you about the monster, who regained consciousness after along time. Convinced by the unbearable pain, he had no choice but to fall on his knees and beg:

"Spare my life, for I'm willing to submit to Truth!"

Dropping down from the blessed luminosity, the Bodhisattva then touched his head and gave him the commandments, telling him to wait on her, holding the lance. So it was with the Black Bear:

Today his vaulting ambition is checked;
This time his boundless license has been curbed.

"You may return now, Wukong," instructed the Bodhisattva, "and serve the Tang Monk attentively. Don't start any more trouble with your carelessness."

"I'm grateful that the Bodhisattva was willing to come this far to help," said Pilgrim, "and it is my duty as disciple to see you back."

"You may be excused," said the Bodhisattva. Holding the cassock, Pilgrim then kowtowed to her and left, while the Bodhisattva led the bear and returned to the great ocean. We have a testimonial poem:

Auspicious light surrounds the golden form:
What maze of colors so worthy of praise!
She shows great mercy to succor mankind,
To reveal gold lotus as she scans the world.
She comes all because of scripture seeking;
Then she withdraws, as ever chaste and pure.
The fiend converted, she leaves for the sea;
A Buddhist regains a brocade-cassock.

We do not know what happened afterwards; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTEEN

At Guanyin Hall the Tang Monk leaves his ordeal
At Gao Village the Great Sage casts out the monster

Pilgrim took leave of the Bodhisattva. Lowering the direction of his cloud, he hung the cassock on one of the fragrant cedars nearby.

He took out his rod and fought his way into the Black Wind Cave. But where could he find even a single little demon inside? The fact of the matter was that when they saw the Bodhisattva's epiphany, causing the old monster to roll all over the ground, they all scattered.

Pilgrim, however, was not to be stopped; he piled dried wood around the several doorways in the cave and started a fire in the front and in the back. The whole Black Wind Cave was reduced to a "Red Wind Cave"! Picking up the cassock, Pilgrim then mounted the auspicious luminosity and went north.

We now tell you about Tripitaka, who was impatiently waiting for Pilgrim's return and wondering whether Bodhisattva had consented to come and help, or whether Pilgrim on some pretext had left him. He was filled with such foolish thoughts and wild speculations when he saw bright, rose-colored clouds approaching in the sky. Dropping at the foot of the steps and kneeling, Pilgrim said, "Master, the cassock is here!"

Tripitaka was most delighted, and not one of the monks could hide his pleasure. "Good! Good!" they cried. "Now we've found our lives again!"

Taking the cassock, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, when you left in the morning, you promised to come back either after breakfast or sometime around noon. Why do you return so late, when the sun is already setting?" Pilgrim then gave a thorough account of how he went to ask for the Bodhisattva's help, and how she in her transformation had subdued the monster. When Tripitaka heard the account, he prepared an incense table at once and worshipped, facing south. Then he said, "Disciple, since we have the Buddha robe, let us pack up and leave."

"No need to rush like that," said Pilgrim. "It's getting late, hardly the time to travel. Let's wait until tomorrow morning before we leave."

All the monks knelt down and said, "Elder Sun is right. It *is* getting late, and, moreover, we have a vow to fulfill. Now that we are all saved and the treasure has been recovered, we must redeem our vow and ask the venerable elders to distribute the blessing.

Tomorrow we shall see you off to the West."

"Yes, yes, that's very good!" said Pilgrim. Look at those monks! They all emptied their pockets and presented all the valuables they had managed to salvage from the fire. Everyone made some contribution. They prepared some vegetarian offerings, burned paper money to request perpetual peace, and recited several scrolls of scriptures for the prevention of calamities and deliverance from evil.

The service lasted until late in the evening. The next morning they saddled the horse and took up the luggage, while the monks accompanied their guests for a great distance before turning back. As Pilgrim led the way forward, it was the happiest time of spring.

You see

The horse making light tracks on grassy turfs;
Gold threads of willow swaying with fresh dew.
Peaches and apricots fill the forest gay.
Creepers grow with vigor along the way.
Pairs of sun-warmed ducks rest on sandy hanks;
The brook's fragrant flowers tame the butterflies.
Thus autumn goes, winter fades, and spring's half gone;
When will merit be made and the True Writ found?

Master and disciple traveled for some six or seven days in the wilderness. One day, when it was getting late, they saw a village in the distance. "Wukong," said Tripitaka, "look! There's a village over there. How about asking for lodging for the night before we travel again tomorrow?"

"Let's wait until I have determined whether it is a good or bad place before we decide," said Pilgrim. The master pulled in the reins as Pilgrim stared intently at the village. Truly there were

Dense rows of bamboo fences;
Thick clusters of thatched huts.
Skyscraping wild trees faced the doorways;
The winding brooklet reflected the houses.
Willows by the path unfurled their lovely green;
Fragrant were the flowers blooming in the yard.
At this time of twilight fast fading,
The birds chattered every where in the woods.
As kitchen smoke arose,
Cattle returned on every lane and path,
You saw, too, well-fed pigs and chickens sleeping by the house's edge,
And the old, sotted neighbor coming with a song.

After surveying the area, Pilgrim said, "Master, you may proceed. It appears to be a village of good families, where it will be appropriate for us to seek shelter."

The priest urged the white horse on, and they arrived at the beginning of a lane heading into the village, where they saw a young man wearing a cotton head-wrap and a blue jacket. He had an umbrella in his hand and a bundle on his back; his trousers were rolled up, and he had on his feet a pair of straw sandals with three loops. He was striding along the street in a resolute manner when Pilgrim grabbed him, saying, "Where are you going? I have a question for you: what is this place?" Struggling to break free, the man protested, "Isn't there anyone else here in the village? Why must you pick me for your question?"

"Patron," said Pilgrim genially, "don't get upset. 'Helping others is in truth helping yourself.' What's so bad about your telling me the name of this place? Perhaps I can help you with your problems." Unable to break out of Pilgrim's grip, the man was so infuriated that he jumped about wildly. "Jinxed! I'm jinxed!" he cried. "No end to the grievances I have suffered at the hands of my family elders and I still have to run into this baldheaded fellow and suffer such indignity from him!"

"If you have the ability to pry open my hand," said Pilgrim, "I'll let you go."

The man twisted left and right without any success: it was as if he had been clamped tight with a pair of iron tongs. He became so enraged that he threw away his bundle and his umbrella; with both hands, he rained blows and scratches on Pilgrim. With one hand steadying his luggage, Pilgrim held off the man with the other, and no matter how hard the man tried, he could not scratch or even touch Pilgrim at all. The more he fought, the firmer was Pilgrim's grip, so that the man was utterly exasperated.

"Wukong," said Tripitaka, "isn't someone coming over there? You can ask someone else. Why hang onto him like that? Let the man go."

"Master, you don't understand," said Pilgrim, laughing. "If I ask someone else, all the fun will be gone. I have to ask him if, as the saying goes, 'there's going to be any business'!" Seeing that it was fruitless to struggle any more, the man said finally, "This place is called the Mr. Gao Village in the territory of the Kingdom of Qoco. Most of the families here in the village are surnamed Gao, and that's why the village is so called. Now please let me go."

"You are hardly dressed for a stroll in the neighborhood," said Pilgrim, "so tell me the truth. Where are you going, and what are you doing anyway? Then I'll let you go."

The man had little alternative but to speak the truth. "I'm a member of the family of old Mr. Gao, and my name is Gao Cai. Old Mr.

Gao has a daughter, his youngest, in fact, who is twenty years old and not yet betrothed. Three years ago, however, a monster-spirit seized her and kept her as his wife. Having a monster as his son-in-law bothered old Mr. Gao terribly. He said, 'My daughter having a monster as her spouse can hardly be a lasting arrangement. First, my family's reputation is ruined, and second, I don't even have any in-laws with whom we can be friends.' All that time he wanted to have this marriage annulled, but the monster absolutely refused; he locked the daughter up instead in the rear building and would not permit her to see her family for nearly half a year. The old man, therefore, gave me several taels of silver and told me to find an exorcist to capture the monster. Since then, I have hardly rested my feet; I managed to turn up three or four persons, all worthless monks and impotent Daoists. None of them could subdue the monster. A short while ago I received a severe scolding for my incompetence, and with only half an ounce more of silver as a travel allowance, I was told to find a capable exorcist this time. I didn't expect to run into you, my unlucky star, and now my journey is delayed. That's what I meant by the grievances I had suffered in and out of the family, and that's why I was protesting just now. I didn't know you had this trick of holding people, which I couldn't overcome. Now that I have told you the truth, please let me go."

"It's really your luck," said Pilgrim, "coupled with my vocation: they fit like the numbers four and six when you throw the dice! You needn't travel far, nor need you waste your money. We are not worthless monks or impotent Daoists, for we really do have some abilities; we are most experienced, in fact, in capturing monsters. As the saying goes, 'You have now not only a caring physician, but now you have cured your eyes as well!' Please take the trouble of returning to the head of your family and tell him that we are holy monks sent by the Throne in the Land of the East to go worship Buddha in the Western Heaven and acquire scriptures. We are most capable of seizing monsters and binding fiends."

"Don't mislead me," said Gao Cai, "for I've had it up to here! If you are deceiving me and really don't have the ability to take the monster, you will only cause

me more grievances." Pilgrim said, "I guarantee that you won't be harmed in any way. Lead me to the door of your house."

The man could not think of a better alternative; he picked up his bundle and umbrella and turned to lead master and disciple to the door of his house. "You two elders," he said, "please rest yourselves for a moment against the hitching posts here. I'll go in to report to my master." Only then did Pilgrim release him. Putting down the luggage and dismounting from the horse, master and disciple stood and waited outside the door.

Gao Cai walked through the main gate and went straight to the main hall in the center, but it just so happened that he ran right into old Mr. Gao. "You thick-skinned beast!" railed Mr. Gao. "Why aren't you out looking for an exorcist? What are you doing back here?" Putting down his bundle and umbrella, Gao Cai said, "Let me humbly inform my lord. Your servant just reached the end of the street and ran into two monks: one riding a horse and the other hauling a load. They caught hold of me and refused to let go, asking where I was going. At first I absolutely refused to tell them, but they were most insistent and I had no means of freeing myself. It was only then that I gave them a detailed account of my lord's affairs. The one who was holding me was delighted, saying that he would arrest the monster for us."

"Where did they come from?" asked old Mr. Gao. "He claimed to be a holy monk, the brother of the emperor," said Gao Cai, "who was sent from the Land of the East to go worship Buddha in the Western Heaven and acquire scriptures."

"If they are monks who have come from such a great distance," said old Mr. Gao, "they may indeed have some abilities. Where are they now?"

"Waiting outside the front door," said Gao Cai.

Old Mr. Gao quickly changed his clothes and came out with Gao Cai to extend his welcome, crying, "Your Grace!" When Tripitaka heard this, he turned quickly, and his host was already standing in front of him. That old man had on his head a dark silk wrap; he wore a robe of Sichuan silk brocade in spring-onion white with a dark green sash, and a pair of boots made of rough steer hide. Smiling affably, he addressed them, saying, "Honored Priests, please accept my bow!"

Tripitaka returned his greeting, but Pilgrim stood there unmoved. When the old man saw how hideous he looked, he did not bow to him. "Why don't you say hello to me?" demanded Pilgrim. Somewhat alarmed, the old man said to Gao Cai:

"Young man! You have really done me in, haven't you? There is already an ugly monster in the house that we can't drive away. Now you have to fetch this thunder-spirit to cause me more troubles!"

"Old Gao," said Pilgrim, "it's in vain that you have reached such old age, for you have hardly any discernment! If you want to judge people by appearances, you are utterly wrong! I, old Monkey, may be ugly, but I have some abilities. I'll capture the monster for your family, exorcise the fiend, apprehend that son-in-law of yours, and get your daughter back. Will that be good enough? Why all these mutterings about appearances!" When the old man heard this, he trembled with fear, but he managed to pull himself together sufficiently to say, "Please come in!"

At this invitation, Pilgrim led the white horse and asked Gao Cai to pick up their luggage so that Tripitaka could go in with them. With no regard for manners, he tethered the horse on one of the pillars and drew up a weather-beaten lacquered chair for

his master to be seated. He pulled over another chair and sat down on one side. “This little priest,” said old Mr.

Gao, “really knows how to make himself at home!”

“If you are willing to keep me here for half a year,” said Pilgrim, “then I’ll truly feel at home!”

After they were seated, old Mr. Gao asked, “Just now my little one said that you two honored priests came from the Land of the East?”

“Yes,” replied Tripitaka. “Your poor monk was commissioned by the court to go to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures for Buddha. Since we have reached your village, we would like to ask for lodging for the night. We plan to leave early tomorrow morning.”

“So the two of you wanted lodging?” said old Mr. Gao. “Then why did you say you could catch monsters?”

“Since we are asking for a place to stay,” said Pilgrim, “we thought we might as well catch a few monsters, just for fun! May we ask how many monsters there are in your house?”

“My God!” exclaimed old Mr. Gao, “How many monsters could we feed? There’s only this one son-in-law, and we have suffered enough from him!”

“Tell me everything about the monster,” said Pilgrim, “how he came to this place, what sort of power he has, and so forth. Start from the beginning and don’t leave out any details. Then I can catch him for you.”

“From ancient times,” said old Mr. Gao, “this village of ours has never had any troubles with ghosts, goblins, or fiends; in fact, my sole misfortune consists of not having a son. I had three daughters born to me: the eldest is named Fragrant Orchid; the second one, Jade Orchid; and the third, Green Orchid. The first two since their youth had been promised to people belonging to this same village, but I had hoped that the youngest would take a husband who would stay with our family and consent to have his children bear our name. Since I have no son, he would in fact become my heir and look after me in my old age. Little did I expect that about three years ago, a fellow would turn up who was passably good-looking. He said that he came from the Fuling Mountain and that his surname was Zhu (Hog). Since he had neither parents nor brothers, he was willing to be taken in as a son-in-law, and I accepted him, thinking that someone with no other family attachment was exactly the right sort of person. When he first came into our family, he was, I must confess, fairly industrious and well-behaved. He worked hard to loosen the earth and plow the fields without even using a buffalo; and when he harvested the grains, he did the reaping without sickle or staff. He came home late in the evening and started early again in the morning, and to tell you the truth, we were quite happy with him. The only trouble was that his appearance began to change.”

“In what way?” asked Pilgrim. “Well,” said old Mr. Gao, “when he first came, he was a stout, swarthy fellow, but afterwards he turned into an idiot with huge ears and a long snout, with a great tuft of bristles behind his head. His body became horribly coarse and hulking. In short, his whole appearance was that of a hog! And what an enormous appetite! For a single meal, he has to have three to five bushels of rice: a little snack in the morning means over a hundred biscuits or rolls. It’s a good thing he keeps a

vegetarian diet; if he liked meat and wine, the property and estate of this old man would be consumed in half a year!"

"Perhaps it's because he's a good worker," said Tripitaka, "that he has such a good appetite."

"Even that appetite is a small problem!" said old Mr. Gao. "What is most disturbing is that he likes to come riding the wind and disappears again astride the fog; he kicks up stones and dirt so frequently that my household and my neighbors have not had a moment's peace. Then he locked up my little girl, Green Orchid, in the back building, and we haven't seen her for half a year and don't know whether she's dead or alive. We are certain now that he is a monster, and that's why we want to get an exorcist to drive him away."

"There's nothing difficult about that," said Pilgrim. "Relax, old man! Tonight I'll catch him for you, and I'll demand that he sign a document of annulment and return your daughter. How's that?" Immensely pleased, old Mr. Gao said, "My taking him in was a small thing, when you consider how he has ruined my good reputation and how many relatives of ours he had alienated! Just catch him for me. Why bother about a document? Please, just get rid of him for me." Pilgrim said, "It's simple! When night falls, you'll see the result!"

The old man was delighted; he asked at once for tables to be set and a vegetarian feast to be prepared. When they had finished the meal, evening was setting in. The old man asked, "What sort of weapons and how many people do you need? We'd better prepare soon."

"I have my own weapon," replied Pilgrim. The old man said, "The only thing the two of you have is that priestly staff, hardly something you can use to battle the monster," whereupon Pilgrim took an embroidery needle out of his ear, held it in his hands, and waving it once in the wind, changed it into a golden-hooped rod with the thickness of a rice bowl. "Look at this rod," he said to old Mr.

Gao. "How does it compare with your weapons? Think it'll do for the monster?"

"Since you have a weapon," said old Mr. Gao again, "do you need some attendants?"

"No need for any attendants," said Pilgrim. "All I ask for is some decent elderly persons to keep my master company and talk with him, so that I may feel free to leave him for a while. I'll catch the monster for you and make him promise publicly to leave, so that you will be rid of him for good."

The old man at once asked his houseboy to send for several intimate friends and relatives, who soon arrived. After they were introduced, Pilgrim said, "Master, you may feel quite safe sitting here. Old Monkey is off!" Look at him! Lifting high his iron rod, he dragged old Mr. Gao along, saying, "Lead me to the back building where the monster is staying so that I may have a look."

The old man indeed took him to the door of the building in the rear. "Get a key quickly!" said Pilgrim. "Take a look yourself," said old Mr. Gao. "If I could use a key on this lock, I wouldn't need you." Pilgrim laughed and said, "Dear old man! Though you are quite old, you can't even recognize a joke! I was just teasing you a little, and you took my words literally."

He went forward and touched the lock: it was solidly welded with liquid copper. Annoyed, Pilgrim smashed open the door with one terrific blow of his rod and found it was pitch black inside. “Old Gao,” said Pilgrim, “go give your daughter a call and see if she is there inside.” Summoning up his courage, the old man cried, “Miss Three!” Recognizing her father’s voice, the girl replied faintly, “Papa! I’m over here!”

His golden pupils ablaze, Pilgrim peered into the dark shadows. “How does she look?” you ask. You see that

Her cloudlike hair is unkempt and unbrushed;
Her jadelike face is grimy and unwashed.
Though her nature refined is unchanged,
Her lovely image is weary and wan.
Her cherry lips seem completely bloodless,
And her body is both crooked and bent.
Knitted in sorrow
The moth-brows are pallid;
Weakened by weight loss,
The speaking voice is faint.

She came forward, and when she saw that it was old Mr. Gao, she clutched at him and began to wail.

“Stop crying! Stop crying!” said Pilgrim. “Let me ask you: where is the monster?”

“I don’t know where he has gone,” said the girl.

“Nowadays he leaves in the morning and comes back only after nightfall. Surrounded by cloud and fog, he comes and goes without ever letting me know where he is. Since he has learned that father is trying to drive him away, he takes frequent precautions; that’s why he comes only at night and leaves in the morning.”

“No need to talk anymore,” Pilgrim said. “Old Man! Take your beloved daughter to the building in front, and then you can spend all the time you want with her. Old Monkey will be here waiting for him; if the monster doesn’t show up, don’t blame me. But if he comes at all, I’ll pull out the weeds of your troubles by the roots!” With great joy, old Mr.

Gao led his daughter to the front building. Exercising his magic might, Pilgrim shook his body and changed at once into the form of that girl, sitting all by herself to wait for the monster. In a little while, a gust of wind swept by, kicking up dust and stones. What a wind!

At first it was a breeze gentle and light.
Thereafter it became gusty and strong.
A light, gentle breeze that could fill the world!
A strong, gusty wind that nothing else could stop!
Flowers and willow snapped like shaken hemp;
Trees and plants were felled like uprooted crops.
It stirred up streams and seas, cowing ghosts and gods.
It fractured rocks and mountains, awing Heaven and Earth.
Flower-nibbling deer lost their homeward trail.
Fruit-picking monkeys all were gone astray.
The seven-tiered pagoda crashed on Buddha’s head.

Flags on eight sides damaged the temple's top.
Gold beams and jade pillars were rooted up.
Like flocks of swallow flew the roofing tiles.
The boatman lifted his oars to make a vow,
Eager to have his livestock sacrificed.
The local spirit abandoned his shrine.
Dragon kings from four seas made humble bows.
At sea the ship of yakṣa ran aground,
While half of Great Wall's rampart was blown down.

When the violent gust of wind had gone by, there appeared in midair a monster who was ugly indeed. With his black face covered with short, stubby hair, his long snout and huge ears, he wore a cotton shirt that was neither quite green nor quite blue. A sort of spotted cotton handkerchief was tied round his head. Said Pilgrim, smiling to himself, "So, I have to do business with a thing like this!"

Dear Pilgrim! He neither greeted the monster, nor did he speak to him; he lay on the bed instead and pretended to be sick, moaning all the time. Unable to tell the true from the false, the monster walked into the room and, grabbing his "spouse," he at once demanded a kiss. "He really wants to sport with old Monkey!" said Pilgrim, smiling to himself. Using a holding trick, he caught the long snout of that monster and gave it a sudden, violent twist, sending him crashing to the floor with a loud thud. Picking himself up, the monster supported himself on the side of the bed and said, "Sister, how is it that you seem somewhat annoyed with me today? Because I'm late, perhaps?"

"I'm not annoyed!" said Pilgrim. "If not," said that monster, "why did you give me such a fall?"

"How can you be so boorish," said Pilgrim, "grabbing me like that and wanting to kiss me? I don't feel very well today; under normal conditions I would have been up waiting for you and would have opened the door myself. You may take off your clothes and go to sleep."

The fiend did not suspect anything and took off his clothes. Pilgrim jumped up and sat on the chamber pot, while the fiend climbed into bed. Groping around, he could not feel anyone and called out, "Sister, where have you gone? Please take off your clothes and go to sleep."

"You go to sleep first," said Pilgrim, "for I have to wait until I've dropped my load."

The fiend indeed loosened his clothes and stayed in bed. Suddenly Pilgrim gave out a sigh, saying, "My luck's pretty low!"

"What's bothering you?" said the monster. "What do you mean, your luck's pretty low? It's true that I have consumed quite a bit of food and drink since I entered your family, but I certainly did not take them as free meals. Look at the things I did for your family: sweeping the grounds and draining the ditches, hauling bricks and carrying tiles, building walls and pounding mortar, plowing the fields and raking the earth, planting seedlings of rice and wheat—in short, I took care of your entire estate. Now what you have on your body happens to be brocade, and what you wear as ornaments happens to be gold. You enjoy the flowers and fruits of four seasons, and you have fresh vegetables for the table in all eight periods. Whatever makes you so dissatisfied that you have to sigh and lament, saying your luck's pretty low?"

"It isn't quite as you say," said Pilgrim. "Today my parents gave me a severe scolding over the partition wall, throwing bricks and tiles into this place."

"What were they scolding you for?" asked the monster. Pilgrim said, "They said that since we have become husband and wife, you are in fact a son-in-law in their family but one who is completely without manners. A person as ugly as you is unpresentable: you can't meet your brothers-in-law, nor can you greet the other relatives. Since you come with the clouds and leave with the fog, we really don't know what family you belong to and what your true name is. In fact, you have ruined our family's reputation and defiled our legacy. That was what they rebuked me for, and that's why I'm upset."

"Though I am somewhat homely," said the monster, "it's no great problem if they insist on my being more handsome. We discussed these matters before when I came here, and I entered your family fully with your father's consent. Why did they bring it up again today? My family is located in the Cloudy Paths Cave of Fuling Mountain; my surname is based on my appearance. Hence I am called Zhu (Hog), and my official name is Ganglie (Stiff Bristles). If they ever ask you again, tell them what I have told you."

"This monster is quite honest," said Pilgrim to himself, secretly pleased. "Without torture, he has already made a plain confession; with his name and location clearly known, he will certainly be caught, regardless of what may happen." Pilgrim then said to him, "My parents are trying to get an exorcist here to arrest you."

"Go to sleep! Go to sleep!" said the monster, laughing. "Don't mind them at all! I know as many transformations as the number of stars in the Heavenly Ladle, and I own a nine-pronged muckrake. Why should I fear any exorcist, monk, or Daoist priest? Even if your old man were pious enough to be able to get the Monster-Routing Patriarch to come down from the Ninefold Heaven, I could still claim to have been an old acquaintance of his. And he wouldn't dare do anything to me."

"But they were saying that they hoped to invite someone by the name of Sun," said Pilgrim, "the so-called Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who caused havoc in the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago. They were going to ask him to come catch you." When the monster heard this name, he became rather alarmed. "If that's true," he said, "I'm leaving. We can't live as a couple anymore!"

"Why do you have to leave so suddenly?" asked Pilgrim. "You may not know," said the monster, "that that Ban-Horse-Plague who caused such turmoil in Heaven has some real abilities. I fear that I am no match for him, and losing my reputation is not my form!" When he had finished speaking, he slipped on his clothes, opened the door, and walked right out. Pilgrim grabbed him, and with one wipe of his own face he assumed his original form, shouting:

"Monster, where do you think you're going? Take a good look and see who I am!"

The monster turned around and saw the protruding teeth, the gaping mouth, the fiery eyes, the golden pupils, the pointed head, and the hairy face of Pilgrim—virtually a living thunder god! He was so horrified that his hands became numb and his feet grew weak. With a loud ripping sound, he tore open his shirt and broke free of Pilgrim's clutch by changing into a violent wind. Pilgrim rushed forward and struck mightily at the wind with his iron rod; the monster at once transformed himself into myriad shafts of flaming light and fled toward his own mountain. Mounting the clouds, Pilgrim

pursued him, crying, “Where are you running to? If you ascend to Heaven, I’ll chase you to the Palace of the Polestar, and if you go down into the Earth, I’ll follow you into the heart of Hell!”

Good Heavens! We do not know where the chase took them to or what was the outcome of the fight. Let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETEEN

At Cloudy Paths Cave, Wukong takes in Eight Rules
At Pagoda Mountain, Tripitaka receives the Heart Sūtra

We were telling you about the flaming light of the monster, who was fleeing, while the Great Sage riding the rosy clouds followed right behind. As they were thus proceeding, they came upon a tall mountain, where the monster gathered together the fiery shafts of light and resumed his original form. Racing into a cave, he took out a nine-pronged muckrake to fight. "Lawless monster!" shouted Pilgrim. "What region are you from, fiend, and how do you know old Monkey's names? What abilities do you have? Make a full confession quickly and your life may be spared!"

"So you don't know my powers!" said that monster. "Come up here and brace yourself! I'll tell you!

My mind was dim since the time of youth;
Always I loved my indolence and sloth.
Neither nursing nature nor seeking the Real,
I passed my days deluded and confused.
I met a true immortal suddenly
Who sat and spoke to me of cold and heat.
'
Repent,' he said, 'and cease your worldly way:
From taking life accrues a boundless curse.
One day when the Great Limit ends your lot,
For eight woes and three ways you'll grieve too late!'
I listened and turned my will to mend my ways:
I heard, repented, and sought the wondrous rune.
By fate my teacher he became at once,
Pointing out passes keyed to Heav'n and Earth.
Taught to forge the Great Pill Nine Times Reversed,
I worked without pause through day and night
To reach Mud- Pill Palace topping my skull
And Jetting- Spring Points on soles of my feet.
With kidney brine flooding the Floral Pool,
My Cinnabar Field was thus warmly nursed.
Baby and Fair Girl mated as yin and yang;
Lead and mercury mixed as sun and moon.
In concord Li-dragon and Kan-tiger used,
The spirit turtle sucked dry the gold crow's blood.
'
Three flowers joined on top,' the root reclaimed;
Five breaths faced their source' and all freely flowed.
My merit done, I ascended on high,
Met by pairs of immortals from the sky.
Radiant pink clouds arose beneath my feet;
With light, sound frame I faced the Golden Arch.
The Jade Emperor gave a banquet for gods

Who sat in rows according to their ranks.
Made a marshal of the Celestial Stream,
I took command of both sailors and ships.
Because Queen Mother gave the Peaches Feast—
When she met her guests at the Jasper Pool—
My mind turned hazy for I got dead drunk,
A shameless rowdy reeling left and right.
Boldly I barged into Vast Cold Palace
Where the charming fairy received me in.
When I saw her face that would snare one's soul,
My carnal itch of old could not be stopped!
Without regard for manners or for rank,
I grabbed Miss Chang'e asking her to bed.
For three or four times she rejected me:
Hiding east and west, she was sore annoyed.
My passion sky-high I roared like thunder,
Almost toppling the arch of Heaven's gate.
Inspector General told the Emperor Jade;
I was destined that day to meet my fate.
The Vast Cold completely enclosed airtight
Left me no way to run or to escape.
Then I was caught by the various gods,
Undaunted still, for wine was in my heart.
Bound and taken to see the Emperor Jade,
By law I should have been condemned to death.
It was Venus the Gold Star, Mr. Li,
Who left the ranks and knelt to beg for me.
My punishment changed to two thousand blows,
My flesh was torn; my bones did almost crack.
Alive! I was banished from Heaven's gate
To make my home beneath the Fuling Mount.
An errant womb's my sinful destination:
Stiff- Bristle Hog's my worldly appellation!"

When Pilgrim heard this, he said, "So you are actually the Water God of the Heavenly Reeds, who came to earth. Small wonder you knew old Monkey's name."

"Curses!" cried the monster. "You Heaven-defying Ban-Horse-Plague! When you caused such turmoil that year in Heaven, you had no idea how many of us had to suffer because of you. And here you are again to make life miserable for others! Don't give me any lip! Have a taste of my rake!" Pilgrim, of course, was unwilling to be tolerant; lifting high his rod, he struck at the monster's head. The two of them thus began a battle in the middle of the mountain, in the middle of the night. What a fight!

Pilgrim's gold pupils blazed like lightning;
The monster's round eyes flashed like silver blooms.
This one spat out colored fog:
That one spouted crimson mist.
The spouted crimson mist lit up the dark;
The colored fog spat out made bright the night.

The golden-hooped rod;
The nine-pronged muckrake.
Two true heroes most worthy of acclaim:
One was the Great Sage descended to earth;
One was a Marshal who came from Heaven.
That one, for indecorum, became a monster;
This one, to flee his ordeal, bowed to a monk.
The rake lunged like a dragon wielding his claws:
The rod came like a phoenix darting through flowers.
That one said: "Your breaking up a marriage is like patricide!"
This one said: "You should be arrested for raping a young girl!"
Such idle words!
Such wild clamor!
Back and forth the rod blocked the rake.
They fought till dawn was about to break,
When the monster's two arms felt sore and numb.

From the time of the second watch, the two of them fought until it was growing light in the east. That monster could hold out no longer and fled in defeat. He changed once more into a violent gust of wind and went straight back to his cave, shutting the doors tightly and refusing to come out. Outside the cave, Pilgrim saw a large stone tablet, which had on it the inscription, "Cloudy Paths Cave."

By now, it was completely light. Realizing that the monster was not going to come out, Pilgrim thought to himself, "I fear that Master may be anxiously waiting for me. I may as well go back and see him before returning here to catch the monster." Mounting the clouds, he soon arrived at Old Gao village.

We shall now tell you about Tripitaka, who chatted about past and present with the other elders and did not sleep all night. He was just wondering why Pilgrim had not shown up, when suddenly the latter dropped down into the courtyard. Straightening out his clothes and putting away his rod, Pilgrim went up to the hall, crying, "Master! I've returned!"

The various elders hurriedly bowed low, saying, "Thank you for all the trouble you have been to!"

"Wukong, you were gone all night," said Tripitaka. "If you captured the monster, where is he now?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "that monster is no fiend of this world, nor is he a strange beast of the mountains. He is actually the incarnation of the Marshal of the Heavenly Reeds. Because he took the wrong path of rebirth, his appearance assumed the form of a wild hog: but actually his spiritual nature has not been extinguished. He said that he derived his surname from his appearance, and he went by the name of Zhu Ganglie. When I attacked him with my rod in the rear building, he tried to escape by changing into a violent gust of wind; I then struck at the wind, and he changed into shafts of flaming light and retreated to his mountain cave. There he took out a nine-pronged muckrake to do battle with old Monkey for a whole night. Just now when it grew light, he could fight no longer and fled into the cave, shutting the doors tightly and not coming out any more. I wanted to break down the door to finish him off, but I was afraid that you might be waiting here anxiously. That's why I came back first to give you some news." When he had finished speaking, old Mr. Gao came forward and knelt

down, saying, “Honored Priest, I have no alternative but to say this. Though you have chased him away, he might come back here after you leave. What should we do then? I may as well ask you to do us the favor of apprehending him, so that we shall not have any further worries. This old man, I assure you, will not be ungrateful or unkind; there will be a generous reward for you. I shall ask my relatives and friends to witness the drawing up of a document, whereby I shall divide my possessions and my property equally with you. All I want is to pluck up the trouble by the root, so that the pure virtue of our Gao family will not be tainted.”

“Aren’t you being rather demanding, old man?” said Pilgrim, laughing. “That monster did tell me that, although he has an enormous appetite and has consumed a good deal of food and drink from your family, he has also done a lot of good work for you. Much of what you were able to accumulate these last few years you owe to his strength, so that he really hasn’t taken any free meals from you. Why ever do you want to have him driven away? According to him, he is a god who has come down to earth and who has helped your family earn a living. Moreover, he has not harmed your daughter in any way. Such a son-in-law, I should think, would be a good match for your daughter and your family. So, what’s all this about ruining your family’s reputation and damaging your standing in the community? Why not really accept him as he is?”

“Honored Priest,” said old Mr. Gao, “though this matter may not offend public morals, it does leave us with a bad name. Like it or not, people will say, ‘The Gao family has taken in a monster as a son-in-law!’ How can one stand remarks of that kind?”

“Wukong,” said Tripitaka, “if you have worked for him all this while, you might as well see him through to a satisfactory conclusion.” Pilgrim said, “I was testing him a little, just for fun. This time when I go, I’ll apprehend the monster for certain and bring him back for you all to see. Don’t worry, old Gao! Take good care of my master. I’m off!”

He said he was off, and the next instant he was completely out of sight. Bounding up that mountain, he arrived at the cave’s entrance; a few strokes of the iron rod reduced the doors to dust. “You overstuffed coolie!” he shouted, “Come out quickly and fight with old Monkey!”

Huffing and puffing, the monster was lying in the cave and trying to catch his breath. When he heard his doors being struck down and heard himself called “an over-stuffed coolie,” he could not control his wrath. Dragging his rake, he pulled himself together and ran out. “A Ban-Horse-Plague like you,” he yelled, “is an absolute pest! What have I done to you that you have to break my doors to pieces? Go and take a look at the law: a man who breaks someone’s door and enters without permission may be guilty of trespassing, a crime punishable by death!”

“Idiot!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “I may have broken down the door, but my case is still a defensible one. But you, you took a girl from her family by force—without using the proper matchmakers and witnesses, without presenting the proper gifts of money and wine. If you ask me, you are the one guilty of a capital crime!”

“Enough of this idle talk,” said the monster, “and watch out for old Hog’s rake!” Parrying the rake with his rod, Pilgrim said, “Isn’t that rake of yours just something you use as a regular farmhand to plow the fields or plant vegetables for the Gao family? Why on earth should I fear you?”

"You have made a mistake!" said the monster. "Is this rake a thing of this world? Just listen to my recital:

This is divine ice steel greatly refined,
Polished so highly that it glows and shines.
Laozi wielded the large hammer and tong;
Mars himself added charcoals piece by piece.
Five Kings of Five Quarters applied their schemes;
Twelve Gods of Time expended all their skills.
They made nine prongs like dangling teeth of jade,
And brass rings were cast with dropping gold leaves.
Decked with five stars and six brightnesses,
Its frame conformed to eight spans and four climes.
Its whole length set to match the cosmic scheme
Accorded with yin yang, with the sun and moon:
Six- Diagram Gods etched as Heaven ruled;
Eight- Trigram Stars stood in ranks and files.
They named this the High Treasure Golden Rake,
A gift for Jade Emperor to guard his court.
Since I learned to be a great immortal,
Becoming someone with longevity,
I was made Marshal of the Heavenly Reeds
And given this rake, a sign of royal grace.
When it's held high, there'll be bright flames and light;
When it's brought low, strong wind blows down white snow.
The warriors of Heaven all fear it;
The Ten Kings of Hell all shrink from it.
Are there such weapons among mankind?
In this wide world there's no such fine steel.
It changes its form after my own wish,
Rising and falling after my command.
I've kept it with me for several years,
A daily comrade I never parted from.
I've stayed with it right through the day's three meals,
Nor left it when I went to sleep at night.
I brought it along to the Peaches Feast,
And with it I attended Heaven's court.
Since I wrought evil relying on wine,
Since trusting my strength I displayed my fraud,
Heaven sent me down to this world of dust,
Where in my next life I would sin some more.
With wicked mind I ate men in my cave,
Pleased to be married at the Gao Village.
This rake can overturn sea dragons' and turtles' lairs
And rake up mountain dens of tigers and wolves.
All other weapons there's no need to name,
Only my rake is of most fitting fame.
To win in battle? Why, it's no hard thing!
And making merit? It need not be said!

You may have a bronze head, an iron brain, and a full steel frame.
I'll rake till your soul melts and your spirit leaks!"

When Pilgrim heard these words, he put away his iron rod and said, "Don't brag too much, Idiot! Old Monkey will stretch out his head right here, and you can give him a blow. See if his soul melts and his spirit leaks!"

The monster did indeed raise his rake high and bring it down with all his might; with a loud bang, the rake made sparks as it bounced back up. But the blow did not make so much as a scratch on Pilgrim's head. The monster was so astounded that his hands turned numb and his feet grew weak. He mumbled, "What a head! What a head!"

"You didn't know about this, did you?" said Pilgrim. "When I caused such turmoil in Heaven by stealing the magic pills, the immortal peaches, and the imperial wine, I was captured by the Little Sage Erlang and taken to the Polestar Palace. The various celestial beings chopped me with an ax, pounded me with a bludgeon, cut me with a scimitar, jabbed me with a sword, burned me with fire, and struck me with thunder—all this could not hurt me one whit. Then I was taken by Laozi and placed in his eighttrigram brazier, in which I was refined by divine fire until I had fiery eyes and diamond pupils, a bronze head and iron arms. If you don't believe me, give me some more blows and see whether it hurts me at all."

"Monkey," said the monster, "I remember that at the time you were causing trouble in Heaven, you lived in the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain, in the Aolai Country of the East Pūrvavideha Continent. Your name hasn't been heard of for a long time.

How is it that you suddenly turn up at this place to oppress me? Could my father-in-law have gone all that way to ask you to come here?"

"Your father-in-law did not go to fetch me," said Pilgrim. "It's old Monkey who turned from wrong to right, who left the Daoist to follow the Buddhist. I am now accompanying the royal brother of the Great Tang Emperor in the Land of the East, whose name is Tripitaka, Master of the Law. He is on his way to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from Buddha. We passed through the Gao Village and asked for lodging; old man Gao then brought up the subject of his daughter and asked me to rescue her and to apprehend you, you overstuffed coolie!"

Hearing this, the monster threw away his muckrake and said with great affability, "Where is the scripture pilgrim? Please take the trouble of introducing me to him."

"Why do you want to see him?" asked Pilgrim. The monster said, "I was a convert of the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin, who commanded me to keep a vegetarian diet here and to wait for the scripture pilgrim. I was to follow him to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from the Buddha, so that I might atone for my sins with my merit and regain the fruits of Truth. I have been waiting for a number of years without receiving any further news. Since you have been made his disciple, why didn't you mention the search for scriptures in the first place? Why did you have to unleash your violence and attack me right at my own door?"

"Don't try to soften me with deception," said Pilgrim, "thinking that you can escape that way. If you are truly sincere about accompanying the Tang Monk, you must face Heaven and swear that you are telling the truth. Then I'll take you to see my master."

At once the monster knelt down and kowtowed as rapidly as if he were pounding rice with his head. “Amitāha,” he cried, “Namo Buddha! If I am not speaking the truth in all sincerity, let me be punished as one who has offended Heaven—et me be hewn to pieces!”

Hearing him swear such an oath, Pilgrim said, “All right! You light a fire and burn up this place of yours; then I’ll take you with me.”

The monster accordingly dragged in bunches of rushweed and thorns and lighted the fire; the Cloudy Paths Cave soon looked like a derelict potter’s kiln. “I have no other attachment,” he said to Pilgrim. “You can take me away.”

“Give me your muckrake and let me hold it,” said Pilgrim, and our monster at once handed it over. Yanking out a piece of hair, Pilgrim blew onto it and cried, “Change!” It changed into a three-ply hemp rope with which he prepared to tie up the monster’s hands. Putting his arms behind his back, the monster did nothing to stop himself from being bound. Then Pilgrim took hold of his ear and dragged him along, crying, “Hurry! Hurry!”

“Gently, please!” pleaded the monster. “You are holding me so roughly, and my ear is hurting!”

“I can’t be any gentler,” said Pilgrim, “for I can’t worry about you now. As the saying goes, ‘The nicer the pig, the nastier the grip!’ After you have seen my master and proved your worth, I’ll let you go.” Rising up to a distance halfway between cloud and fog, they headed straight for the Gao Family Village. We have a poem as a testimony:

Strong is metal’s nature to vanquish wood:
Mind Monkey has the Wood Dragon subdued.
With metal and wood both obedient as one,
All their love and virtue will grow and show.
One guest and one host there’s nothing between;
Three matings, three unions—there’s great mystery!
Nature and feelings gladly fused as Last and First:
Both will surely be enlightened in the West.

In a moment they had arrived at the village. Grasping the rake and pulling at the monster’s ear, Pilgrim said, “Look at the one sitting in a most dignified manner up there in the main hall: that’s my master.” When old Mr. Gao and his relatives suddenly saw Pilgrim dragging by the ear a monster who had his hands bound behind his back, they all gladly left their seats to meet them in the courtyard.

The old man cried, “Honored Priest! There’s that son-in-law of mine.” Our monster went forward and fell on his knees, kowtowing to Tripitaka and saying, “Master, your disciple apologizes for not coming to meet you. If I had known earlier that my master was staying in my father-in-law’s house, I would have come at once to pay my respects, and none of these troubles would have befallen me.”

“Wukong,” said Tripitaka, “how did you manage to get him here to see me?” Only then did Pilgrim release his hold. Using the handle of the rake to give the monster a whack, he shouted, “Idiot! Say something!”

The monster gave a full account of how the Bodhisattva had converted him.

Greatly pleased, Tripitaka said at once, “Mr. Gao, may I borrow your incense table?” Old Mr. Gao took it out immediately, and Tripitaka lighted the incense after

purifying his hands. He bowed toward the south, saying, “I thank the Bodhisattva for her holy grace!”

The other elders all joined in the worship by adding incense, after which Tripitaka resumed his seat in the main hall and asked Wukong to untie the monster. Pilgrim shook his body to retrieve his hair, and the rope fell off by itself. Once more the monster bowed to Tripitaka, declaring his intention to follow him to the West, and then bowed also to Pilgrim, addressing him as “elder brother” because he was the senior disciple.

“Since you have entered my fold and have decided to become my disciple,” said Tripitaka, “let me give you a religious name so that I may address you properly.”

“Master,” said the monster, “the Bodhisattva already laid hands on my head and gave me the commandments and a religious name, which is Zhu Wuneng (Awake to Power).”

“Good! Good!” said Tripitaka, laughing. “Your elder brother is named Wukong and you are called Wuneng; your names are well in accord with the emphasis of our denomination.”

“Master,” said Wuneng, “since I received the commandments from the Bodhisattva, I was completely cut off from the five forbidden viands and the three undesirable foods. I maintained a strict vegetarian diet in my father-in-law’s house, never touching any forbidden food. Now that I have met my master today, let me be released from my vegetarian vow.”

“No, no!” said Tripitaka. “Since you have not eaten the five forbidden viands and the three undesirable foods, let me give you another name. Let me call you Eight Rules.”

Delighted, Idiot said, “I shall obey my master.”

For this reason, he was also called Zhu Eight Rules.

When old Mr. Gao saw the happy ending of this whole affair, he was more delighted than ever. He ordered his houseboys immediately to prepare a feast to thank the Tang Monk. Eight Rules went forward and tugged at him, saying, “Papa, please ask my humble wife to come out and greet the granddads and uncles. How about it?”

“Worthy brother!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “Since you have embraced Buddhism and become a monk, please don’t ever mention ‘your humble wife’ again. There may be a married Daoist in this world, but there’s no such monk, is there? Let’s sit down, rather, and have a nice vegetarian meal. We’ll have to start off soon for the West.” Old Mr. Gao set the tables in order and invited Tripitaka to take the honored seat in the middle:

Pilgrim and Eight Rules sat on both sides while the relatives took the remaining seats below. Mr. Gao opened a bottle of dietary wine and filled a glass: he sprinkled a little of the wine on the ground to thank Heaven and Earth before presenting the glass to Tripitaka. “To tell you the truth, aged sir,” said Tripitaka, “this poor monk has been a vegetarian from birth. I have not touched any kind of forbidden food since childhood.”

“I know the reverend teacher is chaste and pure,” said old Mr. Gao, “and I did not dare bring forth any forbidden foodstuff. This wine is made for those who maintain a vegetarian diet: there’s no harm in your taking a glass.”

"I just don't dare use wine," said Tripitaka. "for the prohibition of strong drink is a monk's first commandment."

Alarmed, Wuneng said, "Master, though I kept a vegetarian diet, I didn't cut out wine."

"Though my capacity is not great," said Wukong, "and I'm not able to handle more than a crock or so, I haven't discontinued the use of wine either."

"In that case," said Tripitaka, "you two brothers may take some of this pure wine. But you are not permitted to get drunk and cause trouble." So the two of them took the first round before taking their seats again to enjoy the feast. We cannot tell you in full what a richly laden table that was, and what varieties of delicacies were presented.

After master and disciples had been feted, old Mr. Gao took out a red lacquered tray bearing some two hundred taels of gold and silver in small pieces, which were to be presented to the three priests for travel expenses. There were, moreover, three outer garments made of fine silk. Tripitaka said, "We are mendicants who beg for food and drink from village to village. How could we accept gold, silver, and precious clothing?"

Coming forward and stretching out his hand, Pilgrim took a handful of the money, saying, "Gao Cai, yesterday you took the trouble to bring my master here, with the result that we made a disciple today. We have nothing to thank you with. Take this as remuneration for being a guide; perhaps you can use it to buy a few pairs of straw sandals. If there are any more monsters, turn them over to me and I'll truly be grateful to you."

Gao Cai took the money and kowtowed to thank Pilgrim for his reward. Old Mr. Gao then said, "If the masters do not want the silver and gold, please accept at least these three simple garments, which are but small tokens of our goodwill."

"If those of us who have left the family," said Tripitaka again, "accept the bribe of a single strand of silk, we may fall into ten thousand kalpas from which we may never recover. It is quite sufficient that we take along the leftovers from the table as provisions on our way."

Eight Rules spoke up from the side:

"Master, Elder Brother, you may not want these things. But I was a sonin- law in this household for several years, and the payment for my services should be worth more than three stones of rice! Father, my shirt was torn by Elder Brother last night; please give me a cassock of blue silk. My shoes are worn also, so please give me a good pair of new shoes." When old Mr. Gao heard that, he dared not refuse; a new pair of shoes and a cassock were purchased at once so that Eight Rules could dispose of the old attire.

Swaggering around, our Eight Rules spoke amiably to old Mr. Gao, saying, "Please convey my humble sentiments to my mother-inlaw, my great-aunt, my second aunt, and my uncle-in-law, and all my other relatives. Today I am going away as a monk, and please do not blame me if I cannot take leave of them in person. Father, do take care of my better half. If we fail in our quest for scriptures, I'll return to secular life and live with you again as your son-in-law."

"Coolie!" shouted Pilgrim. "Stop babbling nonsense!"

"It's not nonsense," said Eight Rules. "Sometimes I fear that things may go wrong, and then I could end up unable either to be a monk or to take a wife, losing out on both counts."

"Less of this idle conversation!" said Tripitaka. "We must hurry up and leave."

They packed their luggage, and Eight Rules was told to carry the load with a pole. Tripitaka rode on the white horse, while Pilgrim led the way with the iron rod across his shoulders. The three of them took leave of old Mr. Gao and his relatives and headed toward the West. We have a poem as testimony:

The earth's mist-shrouded, the trees appear tall.
The Buddha-son of Tang court ever toils.
He eats in need rice begged from many homes;
He wears when cold a robe patched a thousandfold.
Holdfast at the breast the Horse of the Will!
The Mind- Monkey is sly—let him not wail!
Nature one with feelings, causes all joined —
The moon's full of gold light when hair is shorn.

The three of them proceeded toward the West, and for about a month it was an uneventful journey. When they crossed the boundary of Qoco, they looked up and saw a tall mountain. Tripitaka reined in his horse and said, "Wukong, Wuneng, there's a tall mountain ahead.

We must approach it with care."

"It's nothing!" said Eight Rules. "This mountain is called the Pagoda Mountain and a Crow's Nest Chan Master lives there, practicing austerities. Old Hog has met him before."

"What's his business?" said Tripitaka. "He's fairly accomplished in the Way," said Eight Rules, "and he once asked me to practice austerities with him. But I didn't go, and that was the end of the matter."

As master and disciple conversed, they soon arrived at the mountain. What a splendid mountain! You see

South of it, blue pines, jade-green junipers;
North of it, green willows, red peach trees.
A clamorous din:
The mountain fowls are conversing.
A fluttering dance:
Immortal cranes unite in flying.
A dense fragrance:
The flowers in a thousand colors.
A manifold green:
Diverse plants in forms exotic.
In the stream green water flows bubbling;
Before the cliff float petals of hallowed cloud.
Truly a place of rare beauty, a well-secluded spot;
Silence is all, not a man to be seen.

As the master sat on his horse, peering into the distance, he saw on top of the fragrant juniper tree a nest made of dried wood and grass. To the left, musk deer carried

flowers in their mouths; to the right, mountain monkeys were presenting fruits. At the top of the tree, blue and pink phoenixes sang together, soon to be joined by a congregation of black cranes and brightly colored pheasants. “Isn’t that the Crow’s Nest Chan Master?” asked Eight Rules, pointing. Tripitaka urged on his horse and rode up to the tree.

We now tell you about that Chan Master, who, seeing the three of them approach, left his nest and jumped down from the tree.

Tripitaka dismounted and prostrated himself. Raising him up with his hand, the Chan Master said, “Holy Monk, please arise! Pardon me for not coming to meet you.”

“Old Chan Master,” said Eight Rules, “please receive my bow!”

“Aren’t you the Zhu Ganglie of the Fuling Mountain?” asked the Chan Master, startled. “How did you have the good fortune to journey with the holy monk?”

“A few years back,” said Eight Rules, “I was beholden to the Bodhisattva Guanyin for persuading me to follow him as a disciple.”

“Good! Good! Good!” said the Chan Master, greatly pleased. Then he pointed to Pilgrim and asked, “Who is this person?”

“How is it that the old Chan recognizes him,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “and not me?”

“Because I haven’t had the pleasure of meeting you,” said the Chan Master. Tripitaka said, “He is my eldest disciple, Sun Wukong.” Smiling amiably, the Chan Master said, “How impolite of me!”

Tripitaka bowed again and asked about the distance to the Great Thunderclap Temple of the Western Heaven. “It’s very far away! Very far away!” said the Chan Master. “What’s more, the road is a difficult one, filled with tigers and leopards.” With great earnestness, Tripitaka asked again, “Just how far is it?”

“Though it may be very far,” answered the Chan Master, “you will arrive there one day. But all those *māra* hindrances along the way are hard to dispel. I have a Heart Sūtra here in this scroll; it has fifty-four sentences containing two hundred and seventy characters. When you meet these *māra* hindrances, recite the sūtra and you will not suffer any injury or harm.”

Tripitaka prostrated himself on the ground and begged to receive it, whereupon the Chan Master imparted the sūtra by reciting it orally. The sūtra said:

HEART SŪTRA OF THE GREAT PERFECTION OF WISDOM When the Bodhisattva Guanzizai was moving in the deep course of the Perfection of Wisdom, she saw that the five heaps were but emptiness, and she transcended all sufferings. Śārīputra, form is no different from emptiness, emptiness no different from form; form is emptiness, and emptiness is form. Of sensations, perceptions, volition, and consciousness, the same is also true. Śārīputra, it is thus that all dharmas are but empty appearances, neither produced nor destroyed, neither defiled nor pure, neither increasing nor decreasing. This is why in emptiness there are no forms and no sensations, perceptions, volition, or consciousness; no eye, ear, nose, tongue, body, or mind; no form, sound, smell, taste, touch, or object of mind. There is no realm of sight; [and so forth], until we reach the realm of no mind-consciousness; there is no ignorance, nor is there extinction of ignorance; [and so forth], until we reach the stage where there is no old age and death, nor is there the extinction of old age and death; there is no suffering, annihilation, or way; there is no cognition or attainment. Because there is nothing to be attained, the mind of the Bodhisattva, by virtue of reliance upon the Perfection of Wisdom, has no hindrances: no hindrances, and therefore, no terror or fear; he is far removed from error and delusion, and finally reaches Nirvāṇa. All the Buddhas of the three worlds rely on the Perfection of Wisdom, and that is why they attain the ultimate and complete enlightenment. Know, therefore, that the Perfection of Wisdom is a great divine spell, a spell of great illumination, a spell

without superior, and a spell without equal. It can do away with all sufferings—such is the unvarnished truth. Therefore, when the Spell of the Perfection of Wisdom is to be spoken, say this spell: "Gate! Gate! Pāragate! Pārasaṃgate! Bodhisvāhā!"

Now because that master of the law from the Tang court was spiritually prepared, he could remember the Heart Sūtra after hearing it only once. Through him, it has come down to us this day. It is the comprehensive classic for the cultivation of Perfection, the very gateway to becoming a Buddha.

After the transmission of the sūtra, the Chan Master trod on the cloudy luminosity and was about to return to his crow's nest.

Tripitaka, however, held him back and earnestly questioned him again about the condition of the road to the West. The Chan Master laughed and said:

"The way is not too hard to walk;
Try listening to what I say.
thousand hills and waters deep;
Places full of goblins and snags;
When you reach those sky-touching cliffs,
Fear not and put your mind at rest.
Crossing the Rub Ear Precipice,
You must walk with steps placed sideways.
Take care in the Black Pine Forest;
Fox-spirits will likely bar your way.
Griffins will fill the capitals;
Monsters all mountains populate;
Old tigers sit as magistrates;
Graying wolves act as registrars.
Lions, elephants—all called kings!
Leopards, tigers are coachmen all!
A wild pig totes a hauling pole;
You'll meet ahead a water sprite.
An old stone ape of many years
Now nurses over there his spite!
Just ask that acquaintance of yours:
Well he knows the way to the West."

Hearing this, Pilgrim laughed with scorn and said, "Let's go. Don't ask him, ask me! That's enough!"

Tripitaka did not perceive what he meant. The Chan Master, changing into a beam of golden light, went straight up to his crow's nest, while the priest bowed toward him to express his gratitude. Enraged, Pilgrim lifted his iron rod and thrust it upward violently, but garlands of blooming lotus flowers were seen together with a thousand-layered shield of auspicious clouds. Though Pilgrim might have the strength to overturn rivers and seas, he could not catch hold of even one strand of the crow's nest. When Tripitaka saw this, he pulled Pilgrim back, saying, "Wukong, why are you jabbing at the nest of a bodhisattva like him?"

"For leaving like that after abusing both my brother and me," said Pilgrim. "He was speaking of the way to the Western Heaven," said Tripitaka. "Since when did he abuse you?"

"Didn't you get it?" asked Pilgrim. "He said, 'A wild pig totes a hauling pole,' and insulted Eight Rules. 'An old stone ape of many years' ridiculed old Monkey. How else would you explain that?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "don't be angry. This Chan Master does know the events of past and future. Let's see if his statement, 'You'll meet ahead a water sprite,' will be fulfilled or not. Let's spare him and leave." Pilgrim saw the lotus flowers and auspicious fog near the nest, and he had little alternative than to ask his master to mount so that they could descend from the mountain and proceed toward the West. Lo, their journey

Thus shows that in man's world pure leisure is rare,
But evils and ogres are rife in the hills!

We really do not know what took place in the journey ahead; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY

At Yellow Wind Ridge the Tang Monk meets adversity
In mid-mountain, Eight Rules strives to be first

The dharma is born through the mind;
It'll be destroyed, too, through the mind.
By whom it is destroyed or born,
That you must determine yourself.
If it is through your own mind,
Why do others need to tell you?
All that you need is your hard work
To draw blood out of iron ore.
Let a silk cord puncture your nose
To tie a firm knot on the void;
Fasten that to the no-work tree,
That you'd not be vicious and wild.
Regard not the thief as your son,
And forget all dharma and mind.
Let not the Other deceive me:
With one big punch strike him out first.
The manifest mind's also no mind;
Manifest Law is law that's stopped.
When both Bull and Man disappear,
The jade-green sky is bright and clear.
Any autumn moon's just as round:
You can't tell one from the other.

This enigmatic *gāthā* was composed by Xuanzang, master of the law, after he had thoroughly mastered the *Heart Sūtra*, which had, in fact, broken through the gate of his understanding. He recited it frequently, and the beam of spiritual light penetrated by itself to his innermost being.

We turn now to tell you about the three travelers, who dined on the wind and rested by the waters, who clothed themselves with the moon and cloaked themselves with the stars on their journey. Soon, it was the scene of summer again, beneath a torrid sky. They saw

Flowers gone, and butterflies cared not to linger;
On tall trees the cicada chirp turned brazen.
Wild worms made their cocoons, fair pomegranates their fire,
As new lilies in the ponds appeared.

As they were traveling one day, it was growing late again when they saw a hamlet beside the mountain road. "Wukong," said Tripitaka, "look at that sun setting behind the mountain, hiding its fiery orb, and the moon rising on the eastern sea, revealing an icy wheel. It's a good thing that a family lives by the road up there. Let us ask for lodging for the night and proceed tomorrow."

"You are right!" said Eight Rules. "Old Hog is rather hungry, too! Let's go and beg for some food at the house. Then I can regain my strength to pole the luggage."

"This family-hugging devil!" said Pilgrim. "You only left the family a few days ago, and you are already beginning to complain."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "I'm not like you—I can't imbibe the wind and exhale the mist. Since I began following our master a few days ago, I've been half hungry all the time. Did you know that?"

Hearing this, Tripitaka said, "Wuneng, if your heart still clings to the family, you are not the kind of person who wants to leave it. You may as well turn back!" Idiot was so taken aback that he fell on his knees and said, "Master, please do not listen to the words of Elder Brother. He loves to put blame on others:

I haven't made any complaint, but he said that I was complaining. I'm only an honest moron, who said that I was hungry so that we could find some household to beg for food. Immediately he called me a family-hugging devil! Master, I received the commandments from the Bodhisattva and mercy from you, and that was why I was determined to serve you and go to the Western Heaven. I vow that I have no regrets. This is, in fact, what they call the practice of strict austerities. What do you mean, I'm not willing to leave the family?"

"In that case," said Tripitaka, "you may get up." Leaping up with a bound, Idiot was still muttering something as he picked up the pole with the luggage. He had no choice but to follow his companions with complete determination up to the door of the house by the wayside. Tripitaka dismounted, Pilgrim took the reins, and Eight Rules put down the luggage, all standing still beneath the shade of a large tree. Holding his nine-ringed priestly staff and pressing down his rain hat woven of straw and rattan, Tripitaka went to the door first. He saw inside an old man reclining on a bamboo bed and softly reciting the name of Buddha. Tripitaka dared not speak loudly; instead, he said very slowly and quietly, "Patron, salutations!"

The old man jumped up and at once began to straighten out his attire. He walked out of the door to return the greeting, saying, "Honored Priest, pardon me for not coming to meet you. Where did you come from? What are you doing at my humble abode?"

"This poor monk," said Tripitaka, "happens to be a priest from the Great Tang in the Land of the East. In obedience to an imperial decree, I am journeying to the Great Thunderclap Temple to seek scriptures from the Buddha. It was getting late when I arrived in your esteemed region, and I would beg for shelter for one night in your fine mansion. I beseech you to grant me this favor."

"You can't go there," said the old man, shaking his head and waving his hand, "it's exceedingly difficult to bring scriptures back from the Western Heaven. If you want to do that, you might as well go the Eastern Heaven!"

Tripitaka fell silent, thinking to himself, "The Bodhisattva clearly told me to go to the West. Why does this old man now say that I should head for the East instead? Where in the East would there be any scriptures?"

Terribly flustered and embarrassed, he could not make any reply for a long time.

We now tell you about Pilgrim, who had always been impulsive and mischievous. Unable to restrain himself, he went forward and said in a loud voice, "Old man! Though you are of such great age, you don't have much common sense. We monks have traveled a great distance to come and ask you for shelter, and here you are trying to intimidate us with discouraging words. If your house is too small and there's

not enough space for us to sleep, we'll sit beneath the trees for the night and not disturb you."

"Master!" said the old man, taking hold of Tipitaka, "you don't say anything. But that disciple of yours with a pointed chin, shriveled cheeks, a thunder-god mouth, and blood-red eyes—he looks like a demon with a bad case of consumption—how dare he offend an aged person like me!"

"An old fellow like you," said Pilgrim with a laugh, "really has very little discernment! Those who are handsome may be good for their looks only! A person like me, old Monkey, may be small but tough, like the skin around a ball of ligaments!"

"I suppose you must have some abilities," said the old man. "I won't boast," said Pilgrim, "but they are passable."

"Where did you used to live?" asked the old man, "and why did you shave your hair to become a monk?"

"The ancestral home of old Monkey," said Pilgrim, "is at the Water-Curtain Cave in the Flower-Fruit Mountain, in the Aolai Country of the East Pūrvavideha Continent. I learned to be a monster-spirit in my youth, assuming the name of Wukong, and with my abilities I finally became the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. Because I did not receive any acceptable appointment in Heaven, I caused great turmoil in the Celestial Palace, and incurred great calamities for myself.

I was, however, delivered from my ordeals and have turned to Buddhism instead to seek the fruits of Truth. As a guardian of my master, who is in the service of the Tang court, I am journeying to the Western Heaven to worship Buddha. Why should I fear tall mountains, treacherous roads, wide waters, and wild waves? I, old Monkey, can apprehend monsters, subdue demons, tame tigers, capture dragons—in sum, I know a little about all the matters that a person needs to know to go up to Heaven or to descend into Earth.

If by chance your household is suffering from some such disturbances as flying bricks and dancing tiles, or talking pots and doors opening by themselves, old Monkey can quiet things down for you." When that old man heard this lengthy speech, he roared with laughter and said, "So you are really a garrulous monk who begs for alms from place to place!"

"Only your son is garrulous!" said Pilgrim. "I'm not very talkative these days, because following my master on his journey is quite tiring."

"If you were not tired," said that old man, "and if you were in the mood to chatter, you would probably talk me to death! Since you have such abilities, I suppose you can go to the West successfully. How many of you are there? You may rest in my thatched hut."

"We thank the old patron for not sending us away," said Tripitaka; "there are three of us altogether."

"Where is the third member of your party?" asked the old man. "Your eyes must be somewhat dim, old man," said Pilgrim. "Isn't he over there standing in the shade?"

The old man did indeed have poor sight; he raised his head and stared intently. The moment he saw Eight Rules with his strange face and mouth, he became so terrified that he started to rush back into the house, tripping at every step. "Shut the door! Shut

the door!" he cried. "A monster is coming!" Pilgrim caught hold of him, saying, "Don't be afraid, old man! He's no monster; he's my younger brother."

"Fine! Fine! Fine!" said the old man, shaking all over. "One monk uglier than another!"

Eight Rules approached him and said, "You are really mistaken, Aged Sir, if you judge people by their looks. We may be ugly, but we are all useful."

As the old man was speaking with the three monks in front of his house, two young men appeared to the south of the village, leading an old woman and several young children. All of them had their clothes rolled up and were walking barefoot, for they were returning after a day's planting of young shoots of grain. When they saw the white horse, the luggage, and the goings-on in front of their house, they all ran forward, asking, "What are you people doing here?"

Turning his head, Eight Rules flapped his ears a couple of times and stuck out his long snout once, so frightening the people that they fell down right and left, madly scattering in every direction. Tripitaka, alarmed, kept saying, "Don't be afraid! Don't be afraid! We are not bad people! We are monks in quest of scriptures."

Coming out of his house, the old man helped the old woman up, saying, "Mama, get up! Calm yourself. This master came from the Tang court. His disciples may look hideous, but they are really good people with ugly faces. Take the boys and girls back into the house."

Clutching at the old man, the old woman walked inside with the two young men and their children.

Sitting on the bamboo bed in their house, Tripitaka began to protest, saying, "Disciples! The two of you are not only ugly in appearance, but you are also rude in your language. You have scared this family badly, and you are causing me to sin."

"To tell you the truth, Master," said Eight Rules, "since I started accompanying you, I have become a lot better behaved. At the time when I was living in Old Gao Village, all I needed to do was to pout and flap my ears once, and scores of people would be frightened to death!"

"Stop talking rubbish, Idiot," said Pilgrim, "and fix your ugliness."

"Look at the way Wukong talks," said Tripitaka. "Your appearance comes with your birth. How can you tell him to fix it?"

"Take that rakelike snout," said Pilgrim, "put it in your bosom, and don't take it out.

And stick your rush-leaf-fan ears to the back of your head, and don't shake them. That's fixing it."

Eight Rules did indeed hide his snout and stick his ears to the back of his head; with his hands folded in front of him to hide his head, he stood on one side of his master. Pilgrim took the luggage inside the main door, and tied the white horse to one of the posts in the courtyard.

The old man then brought a young man in to present three cups of tea placed on a wooden tray. After the tea, he ordered a vegetarian meal to be prepared. Then the young man took an old, unvarnished table full of holes and several stools with broken

legs, and placed them in the courtyard for the three of them to sit where it was cool. Only then did Tripitaka ask, "Old patron, what is your noble surname?"

"Your humble servant goes by the surname of Wang," said the old man. "And how many heirs do you have?" asked Tripitaka. "I have two sons and three grandchildren," said the old man. "Congratulations! Congratulations!" said Tripitaka. "And what is your age?"

"I have foolishly lived till my sixty-first year," the old man said. "Good! Good! Good!" said Pilgrim. "You have just begun a new sexagenary cycle."

"Old patron," said Tripitaka again, "you said when we first came that the scriptures in the Western Heaven were difficult to get. Why?"

"The scriptures are not hard to get," said the old man, "but the journey there is filled with hazards and difficulties. Some thirty miles west of us there is a mountain called the Yellow Wind Ridge of Eight Hundred Miles. Monsters infest that mountain, and that's what I meant by difficulties. Since this little priest claims that he has many abilities, however, you may perhaps proceed after all."

"No fear! No fear!" said Pilgrim. "With old Monkey and his younger brother around, we'll never be touched, no matter what kind of monster we meet." While they spoke, one of the sons brought out some rice and placed it on the table, saying, "Please eat."

Tripitaka immediately folded his hands to begin his grace, but Eight Rules had already swallowed a whole bowl of rice. Before the priest could say the few sentences, Idiot had devoured three more bowlfuls. "Look at the glutton!" said Pilgrim. "It's like we've met a *preta*!" Old Wang was a sensitive person. When he saw how fast Eight Rules was eating, he said, "This honored priest must be really hungry! Quick, bring more rice!" Idiot in truth had an enormous appetite. Look at him! Without lifting his head once, he finished over ten bowls, while Tripitaka and Pilgrim could hardly finish two. Idiot refused to stop and wanted to eat still more. "In our haste we have not prepared any dainty viands," said old Wang, "and I dare not press you too much. Please take at least one more helping."

Both Tripitaka and Pilgrim said, "We have had enough."

"Old man," said Eight Rules, "what are you mumbling about? Who's having a game of divination with you? Why mention all that about the fifth *yao* and the sixth *yao*?

If you have rice, just bring more of it, that's all!" So Idiot in one meal finished all the rice in that household, and then he said he was only half full! The tables and dishes were cleared away, and after bedding had been placed on the bamboo bed and on some wooden boards, the travelers rested.

The next morning, Pilgrim went to saddle the horse, while Eight Rules put their luggage in order. Old Wang asked his wife to prepare some refreshments and drinks to serve them, after which the three of them expressed their thanks and took leave of their host.

The old man said, "If there is any mishap on your journey after you leave here, you must feel free to return to our house."

"Old man," said Pilgrim, "don't speak such disconcerting words. Those of us who have left the family never retrace our steps!"

They then urged on the horse, picked up the luggage, and proceeded toward the West. Alas! What this journey means for them is that

There's no safe way which leads to the Western Realm;
There'll be great disasters brought by demons vile.

Before the three of them had traveled for half a day, they did indeed come upon a tall mountain, exceedingly rugged. Tripitaka rode right up to the hanging cliff and looked around, sitting sideways on his saddle. Truly

Tall was the mountain;
Rugged, the peak;
Steep, the precipice;
Deep, the canyon;
Gurgling, the stream;
And fresh were the flowers.
This mountain, whether tall or not,
Its top reached the blue sky;
This stream, whether deep or not,
Its floor opened to Hell below.
Before the mountain,
White clouds rose in continuous rings
And boulders in shapes grotesque.
Countless the soul-rending cliffs ten thousand yards deep;
Behind them, winding, twisting, dragon-hiding caves,
Where water dripped from ledges drop by drop.
He also saw some deer with zigzag horns;
Dull and dumbly staring antelopes;
Winding and coiling red-scaled pythons;
Silly and foolish white-faced apes;
Tigers that climbed the hills to seek their dens at night;
Dragons that churned the waves to leave their lairs at dawn.
If one stepped before a cave's entrance,
The dead leaves crackled;
The fowls in the grass
Darted up with wings loudly beating;
The beasts in the forest
Walked with paws noisily scratching.
Suddenly wild creatures hurried by,
Making hearts beat with fear.
Thus it was that the Due-to- Fall Cave duly faced the Due-to- Fall Cave,
The Cave duly facing the Due-to- Fall Cave duly faced the mount.
One blue bill dyed like a thousand yards of jade,
Mist-veiled like countless mounds of jade-green gauze.

The master rode forward very slowly, while the Great Sage Sun also walked at a slower pace and Zhu Wuneng proceeded leisurely with the load. As all of them were looking at the mountain, a great whirlwind suddenly arose. Alarmed, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, the wind is rising!"

"Why fear the wind?" said Pilgrim. "This is the breath of Heaven in the four seasons, nothing to be afraid of."

"But this is a terribly violent wind, unlike the kind that comes from Heaven," said Tripitaka. "How so?" said Pilgrim. Tripitaka said, "Look at this wind!

Augustly it blows in a blusterous key,
An immense force leaving the jade-green sky.
It passes the ridge, just hear the trees roar.
It moves in the wood, just see the poles quake.
Willows by the banks are rocked to the roots;
Blown garden flowers now soar with their leaves.
Fishing boats, nets drawn, make their hawsers taut;
Vessels with sails down have their anchors cast.
Trekkers in mid-journey have lost their way;
Woodsmen in the hills cannot hold their loads.
From woods with fruits divine the apes disperse;
From clumps of rare flowers the small fawns flee.
Before the cliff cypress fall one by one;
Downstream bamboo and pine die leaf by leaf.
Earth and dust are scattered while sand explodes;
Rivers and seas overturned, waves churn and roll."

Eight Rules went forward and tugged at Pilgrim, saying, "Elder Brother, the wind is too strong! Let's find shelter until it dies down."

"You are too soft, Brother," said Pilgrim, laughing, "when you want to hide the moment the wind gets strong. What would happen to you if you were to meet a monster-spirit face to face?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you probably haven't heard of the proverb,

Flee the fair sex like a foe;
Flee the wind like an arrow!

We suffer no loss if we take shelter just for a little while."

"Stop talking," said Pilgrim, "and let me seize the wind and smell it."

"You are fibbing again, Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, with a laugh, "for how can the wind be seized for you to smell? Even if you manage to catch hold of it, it will slip past you at once."

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "you didn't know that I have the magic to 'seize the wind.'"

Dear Great Sage! He allowed the head of the wind to move past but he caught hold of its tail and sniffed at it. Finding it somewhat fetid, he said, "This is indeed not a very good wind, for it smells like a tiger or else like a monster; there's something definitely strange about it."

Hardly had he finished speaking when from over a hump of the mountain a fierce striped tiger with a whiplike tail and powerful limbs appeared. Tripitaka was so horrified that he could no longer sit on the saddle; he fell head over heels from the white horse and lay beside the road, half out of his wits. Throwing down the luggage, Eight Rules took up his muckrake and rushed past Pilgrim.

"Cursed beast!" he shouted. "Where are you going?"

He lunged forward and struck at the beast's head. That tiger stood straight up on his hind legs and, raising his left paw, punctured his own breast with one jab. Then, gripping the skin, he tore downward with a loud rending noise and he became completely stripped of his own hide as he stood there by the side of the road. Look how abominable he appears! Oh! That hideous form:

All smeared with blood, the naked body;
Most sickly red, the warped legs and feet;
Like shooting flames, wild hair by the temples;
Bristlingly hard, two eyebrows pointing upward;
Hellishly white, four steel-like fangs;
With light aglow, a pair of gold eyes;
Imposing of mien, he mightily roared;
With power fierce, he cried aloud.

"Slow down! Slow down!" he shouted. "I am not any other person. I am the vanguard of the forces commanded by the Great King Yellow Wind. I have received the Great King's strict order to patrol this mountain and to catch a few mortals to be used as hors d'oeuvres for him. Where did you monks come from that you dare reach for your weapons to harm me?"

"Cursed beast that you are!" cried Eight Rules. "So you don't recognize me! We are no mortals who just happen to be passing by; we are the disciples of Tripitaka, the royal brother of the Great Tang Emperor in the Land of the East, who by imperial decree is journeying to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from the Buddha. You better stand aside quickly for us to pass, and don't alarm my master. Then I'll spare your life.

But if you are impudent as before, there will be no clemency when this rake is lifted up!"

That monster-spirit would not permit any further discussion. He quickly drew near, assumed a fighting pose, and clawed at Eight Rules's face. Dodging the blow, Eight Rules struck at once with his rake. Since the monster had no weapons in his hands, he turned and fled, with Eight Rules hard on his heels. Racing to the slope below, the monster took out from beneath a clump of rocks a pair of bronze scimitars, with which he turned to face his pursuer. So the two of them clashed right in front of the mountain slope, closing in again and again. Meanwhile, Pilgrim lifted up the Tang Monk and said, "Master, don't be afraid. Sit here and let old Monkey go help Eight Rules strike down that monster so that we can leave." Only then did Tripitaka manage to sit up; trembling all over, he began to recite the *Heart Sūtra,* but we shall say no more of that.

Whipping out the iron rod, Pilgrim shouted, "Catch him!"

Eight Rules at once attacked with even greater ferocity, and the monster fled in defeat. "Don't spare him," yelled Pilgrim. "We must catch him!" Wielding rod and rake, the two of them gave chase down the mountain. In panic, the monster resorted to the trick of the gold cicada casting its shell: he rolled on the ground and changed back into the form of a tiger. Pilgrim and Eight Rules would not let up. Closing in on the tiger, they intended to dispose of him once and for all.

When the monster saw them approaching, he again stripped himself of his own hide and threw the skin over a large piece of rock, while his true form changed into a violent gust of wind heading back the way he had come. Suddenly noticing the master

of the law sitting by the road and reciting the *Heart Sūtra,* he caught hold of him and hauled him away by mounting the wind. O, pity that Tripitaka,

The River Float fated to suffer oft!
It's hard to make merit in Buddha's gate!

Having taken the Tang Monk back to the door of his cave, the monster stopped the wind and said to the one standing guard at the door, "Go report to the Great King and say that the Tiger Vanguard has captured a monk. He awaits his order outside the door."

The Cave Master gave the order for him to enter. The Tiger Vanguard, with the two bronze scimitars hanging from his waist, lifted up the Tang Monk in his hands. He went forward and knelt down, saying, "Great King! Though your humble officer is not talented, he thanks you for granting him the honored command of doing patrol in the mountain. I encountered a monk who is Tripitaka, master of the law and brother to the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East. While he was on his way to seek scriptures from Buddha, I captured him to present to you here for your culinary pleasure." When the Cave Master heard this, he was a little startled. "I have heard some rumor," he said, "that the master of the law Tripitaka is a divine monk who is going in search of scriptures by imperial decree of the Great Tang. He has under him a disciple whose name is Pilgrim Sun and who possesses tremendous magical power and prodigious intelligence. How did you manage to catch him and bring him here?"

"He has, in fact, two disciples," said the Vanguard. "The one who appeared first used a nine-pronged muckrake, and he had a long snout and huge ears. Another one used a golden-hooped iron rod, and he had fiery eyes and diamond pupils. As they were chasing me to attack me, I used the trick of the gold cicada casting its shell and succeeded not only in eluding them but also in catching this monk.

I now respectfully present him to the Great King as a meal."

"Let's not eat him yet," said the Cave Master.

"Great King," said the Vanguard, "only a worthless horse turns away ready feed!"

"You haven't considered this," said the Cave Master. "There's nothing wrong with eating him, but I'm afraid his two disciples may come to our door and argue with us. Let's tie him instead to one of the posts in the rear garden and wait for three or four days. If those two don't show up to disturb us, then we can enjoy the double benefit of having his body cleaned and not having to bicker with our tongues. Then we can do what we want with him, whether we wish him boiled, steamed, fried, or sautéed; we can take our time to enjoy him."

Highly pleased, the Vanguard said, "The Great King is full of wisdom and foresight, and what he says is most reasonable. Little ones, take the priest inside." Seven or eight demons rushed up from the sides and took the Tang Monk away; like hawks catching sparrows, they bound him firmly with ropes. This is how that

Ill-fated River Float on Pilgrim broods;
The god-monk in pain calls Wuneng to mind.

"Disciples," he said, "I don't know in what mountain you are catching monsters, or in what region you are subduing goblins. But I have been captured by this demon from whom I have to suffer great injury. When shall we see each other again? Oh, what

misery! If you two can come here quickly, you may be able to save my life. But if you tarry, I shall never survive!"

As he lamented and sighed, his tears fell like rain.

We now tell you about Pilgrim and Eight Rules, who, having chased the tiger down the slope of the mountain, saw him fall and collapse at the foot of the cliff. Lifting his rod, Pilgrim brought it down on the tiger with all his might, but the rod bounced back up and his hands were stung by the impact. Eight Rules, too, gave a blow with his muckrake, and its prongs also rebounded. They then discovered that it was nothing but a piece of tigerskin covering a large slab of stone. Greatly startled, Pilgrim said, "Oh, no! Oh, no! He's tricked us!"

"What trick?" asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim replied, "This is called the trick of the gold cicada casting its shell. He left his skin covering the stone here to fool us, but he himself has escaped. Let's go back at once to take a look at Master. Let's hope that he has not been hurt."

They retreated hurriedly, but Tripitaka had long vanished. Bellowing like thunder, Pilgrim cried, "What shall we do? He has taken Master away."

"Heavens! Heavens!" wailed Eight Rules, leading the horse, as tears fell from his eyes, "where shall we go to look for him?" With head held high, Pilgrim said, "Don't cry! Don't cry! The moment you cry, you already feel defeated.

They have to be somewhere in this mountain. Let's go and search for them."

The two of them indeed rushed up the mountain, passing the ridges and scaling the heights. After traveling for a long time, they suddenly beheld a cave dwelling emerging from beneath a cliff. Pausing to take a careful look around, they saw that it was indeed a formidable place. You see

A pointed peak fortresslike;
An old path ever winding;
Blue pines and fresh bamboos;
Green willows and verdant wu-trees;
Strange rocks in twos below the cliff;
Rare fowls in pairs within the woods.
A stream flowing far away spills over a wall of stones;
The mountain brook reaches the sandy banks in small drops.
Wasteland clouds in clusters;
And grass as green as jade.
The sly vixen and hare scamper wildly about;
Horned deer and musk deer lock to contest their strength.
Slanted across the cliff dangles an aged vine;
Half down the gorge an ancient cedar hangs.
August and grand, this place surpasses Mount Hua;
The falling blooms and singing birds rival Tiantai's.

"Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "you may leave the luggage in the fold of the mountain, where it will be protected from the wind.

Then you can graze the horse nearby and you need not come out. Let old Monkey go fight with him at his door. That monster has to be caught before our master can be rescued."

"No need for instructions," said Eight Rules. "Go quickly!" Pulling down his shirt and tightening his belt on the tiger-skin skirt, Pilgrim grasped his rod and rushed up to the cave, where he saw six words in large letters above the door:

"Yellow Wind Cave, Yellow Wind Peak."

He at once poised himself for battle, with legs apart and one foot slightly ahead of the other. Holding his rod high, he cried, "Monster! Send out my master at once, lest I overturn your den and level your dwelling!" When the little demons heard this, every one of them was panic-stricken and ran inside to make the report, "Great King, disaster!"

The Yellow Wind Monster, who was sitting there, asked, "What's the matter?"

"Outside the cave door there's a monk with a thundergod mouth and hairy face," said one of the little demons, "holding in his hands a huge, thick, iron rod and demanding the return of his master." Somewhat fearful, the Cave Master said to the Tiger Vanguard, "I asked you to patrol the mountain, and you should merely have caught a few mountain buffalo, wild boar, fat deer, or wild goats. Why did you have to bring back a Tang Monk? Now we have provoked his disciple to come here to create all sorts of disturbance. What shall we do?"

"Don't be anxious, Great King," said the Vanguard, "and put your worries to rest. Though this junior officer is untalented, he is willing to lead fifty soldiers out there and bring in that so-called Pilgrim Sun as a condiment for your meal."

"In addition to the various officers here," said the Cave Master, "we have some seven hundred regulars. You may pick as many of them as you want. Only if that Pilgrim is caught will we be able to enjoy a piece of that monk's flesh with any comfort. And if that happens, I'm willing to become your bond brother. But I fear that if you can't catch him, you may even get hurt. You mustn't blame me then!"

"Relax! Relax! Let me go now!" said the Tiger Monster. He checked off the roll fifty of the toughest little demons, who began beating drums and waving banners. He himself took up the two bronze scimitars and leaped out of the cave, crying with a loud voice, "Where did you come from, you monkey-monk, that you dare make such a racket here?!' "You skin-flaying beast!" shouted Pilgrim.

"You were the one who used that shell-casting trick to take away my master. Why do you question me instead? You better send out my master immediately, or I'll not spare your life."

"I took your master," said the Tiger Monster, "so that he could be served to my Great King as meat for his rice. If you know what's good for you, get away from here. If not, I'll catch you too, and you'll be eaten along with him. It will be like 'one free piece of merchandise with every purchase!'" When he heard this, Pilgrim was filled with anger. With grinding teeth and fiery eyes all ablaze, he lifted his iron rod and yelled, "What great ability do you have, that you dare talk like that? Don't move! Watch this rod!" Wielding his scimitars swiftly, the Vanguard turned to meet him. It was truly some battle as the two of them let loose their power. What a fight!

That monster is truly a goose's egg,
But Wukong is a goose-egg stone no less!
When bronze swords fight Handsome Monkey King,
It's like eggs coming to strike at stones.
How can sparrows quarrel with the phoenix?

Dare pigeons oppose the eagles and hawks?
The monster belches wind—the mount's filled with dust;
Wukong spits out fog and clouds hide the sun.
They fight for no more than four or five rounds;
The Vanguard grows weak, having no strength left.
He turns in defeat to flee for his life,
Hard pressed by Wukong, who seeks his death.

Not able to hold out any longer, the monster turned and fled. But since he had boasted in front of the Cave Master, he dared not go back to the cave; instead, he fled toward the mountain slope. Pilgrim, of course, would not let him go; holding his rod, he gave chase relentlessly, shouting and crying along the way. As they reached the fold of the mountain, which formed a wind break, he happened to look up, and there was Eight Rules grazing the horse. Hearing all the shouts and clamor, Eight Rules turned around and saw that it was Pilgrim chasing a defeated Tiger Monster. Abandoning the horse, Eight Rules lifted his rake and approaching from one side brought it down hard on the monster's head. Pity that Vanguard!

He hoped to leap clear of the brown-rope net,
Not knowing he would meet the fisher's coop.

One blow from Eight Rules's rake produced nine holes, from which fresh blood spurted out, and the brains of the monster's whole head ran dry! We have a poem as a testimony for Eight Rules, which says:

Returning to True Teaching some years ago,
He kept a chaste diet to realize the Real Void.
To serve Tripitaka is his pious wish:
This, a new Buddhist convert's first merit.

Idiot put his foot on the monster's spine and brought down the rake on him once more. When Pilgrim saw that, he was very pleased, saying, "That's right, Brother! He was audacious enough to lead scores of little demons against me, but he was defeated. Instead of fleeing back to the cave, he came here seeking death. It's a good thing you are here, or else he would have escaped again."

"Is he the one who took our master with the wind?" asked Eight Rules. "Yes! Yes!'' said Pilgrim. "Did you ask him the whereabouts of our master?'' said Eight Rules. "This monster brought Master to the cave," said Pilgrim, "to be served to some blackguard of a Great King as meat for his rice. I was enraged, fought with him, and chased him here for you to finish him off. Brother, this is your merit! You can remain here guarding the horse and luggage, and let me drag this dead monster back to the mouth of the cave to provoke battle again.

We must capture the old monster before we can rescue Master."

"You are right, Elder Brother," said Eight Rules. "Go, go now! If you beat that old monster, chase him here and let old Hog intercept and kill him."

Dear Pilgrim! Holding the iron rod in one hand and dragging the dead tiger with the other, he went back to the mouth of the cave. So it was that

The dharma-master met monsters in his ordeal;
Feeling and nature in peace wild demons subdued.

We do not know whether he managed this time to overcome the monster and rescue the Tang Monk; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-ONE

The Vihārapālas prepare lodging for the Great Sage Lingji of Sumeru crushes the wind demon

We shall now tell about those fifty defeated little demons, who rushed into the cave carrying their broken drums and torn banners.

"Great King," they cried, "the Tiger Vanguard was no match for the hairy-faced monk. That monk chased him down the eastern slope until the Vanguard disappeared." When the old monster heard this, he was terribly upset. As he bowed his head in silent deliberation, another little demon who stood guard at the door came to report, "Great King, the Tiger Vanguard was beaten to death by the hairyfaced monk and dragged up to our door to provoke battle."

Hearing this, the old monster became even angrier. "This fellow does not know when to stop!" he said. "I have not eaten his master, but he has killed our Vanguard instead. How insolent!" Whereupon he bellowed, "Bring me my armor. I have heard only rumors about this Pilgrim Sun, and I'm going out there to find out what sort of monk he really is. Even if he has nine heads and eight tails, I'm going to take him in here to pay for the life of my Tiger Vanguard!"

The little demons quickly brought out the armor. After having been properly buckled and laced, the old monster took a steel trident and leaped out of the cave, leading the rest of the demons. Standing in front of the door, the Great Sage watched the monster emerge with a truly aggressive appearance. Look how he is attired. You see

Gold helmet reflecting the sun;
Gold cuirass gleaming with light.
A pheasant-tail tassel flies from the helmet;
A light yellow silk robe topped by the cuirass,
Tied with a dragonlike sash of brilliant hues.
His breastplate emits eye-dazzling light.
His boots of suede
Are dyed by locust flowers.
His embroidered kilt
Is decked with willow leaves.
Holding a sharp trident in his hands,
He seems almost the Erlang Boy of old!

When he had come out, the old monster shouted, "Who is Pilgrim Sun?" With one foot on the carcass of the Tiger Monster and the compliant iron rod in his hands, Pilgrim replied:

"Your Grandpa Sun is here! Send my master out!"

The old monster took a careful look and saw the diminutive figure of Pilgrim—less than four feet, in fact—and his sallow cheeks. He said with a laugh:

"Too bad! Too bad! I thought you were some kind of invincible hero. But you are only a sickly ghost, with nothing more than your skeleton left!"

"Child," said Pilgrim laughing, "how you lack perception! Your grandpa may be somewhat small in size, but if you have the courage to hit me on the head with the handle of your trident, I'll grow six feet at once."

"Harden your head," said the monster, "and have a taste of my handle!" Our Great Sage was not in the least frightened. When the monster struck him once, he stretched his waist and at once grew more than six feet, attaining the height of ten feet altogether. The monster was so alarmed that he tried to use his trident to hold him down, shouting, "Pilgrim Sun, how dare you stand at my door, displaying this paltry magic of body protection! Stop using tricks! Come up here and let's measure our real abilities!"

"My dear son," said Pilgrim with laughter, "the proverb says:

'Mercy should be shown before the hand is raised!' Your grandpa is pretty heavy-handed, and he fears that you won't be able to bear even one stroke of this rod!" Refusing to listen to any such discussion, the monster turned his trident around and stabbed at Pilgrim's chest. The Great Sage, of course, was not at all perturbed, for as the saying goes, the expert is never exercised. He raised his rod and, using the movement of the "black dragon sweeping the ground" to parry the trident, struck at the monster's head. The two of them thus began a fierce battle before that Yellow Wind Cave:

The Monster King became enraged;
The Great Sage released his might.
The Monster King became enraged,
Wishing to seize Pilgrim to pay for his Vanguard.
The Great Sage released his might
To capture this spirit and to save the priest.
The trident arrived, blocked by the rod;
The rod went forth, met by the trident.
This one, a mountain-ruling captain of his hosts.
That one, the Handsome Monkey King who defends the Law.
At first they fought on the dusty earth;
Then each arose midway to the sky.
The fine steel trident;
Pointed, sharp, and brilliant.
The compliant rod:
Body black and yellow hoops.
Stabbed by them, your soul goes back to darkness!
Struck by them, you'll face King Yama!
You must rely on quick arms and keen sight.
You must have a tough frame and great strength.
The two fought without regard for life or death;
We know not who will be safe or who will be hurt.

The old monster and the Great Sage fought for thirty rounds, but neither could gain the upper hand. Pressing for a quick victory, Pilgrim decided to use the trick of "the body beyond the body."

He tore from himself a handful of hairs that he chewed to pieces in his mouth. Spitting them out, he cried, "Change!"

They changed at once into more than a hundred Pilgrims: all having the same appearance and all holding an iron rod, they surrounded the monster in midair.

Somewhat alarmed, the monster also resorted to his special talent. He turned to face the ground to the southwest and opened his mouth three times to blow out some air. Suddenly a mighty yellow wind arose in the sky. Dear wind! It was indeed powerful.

Cold and whistling, it changed Heaven and Earth,
As yellow sand whirled without form or shape.
It cut through woods and hills to break pines and plums;
It tossed up dirt and dust, cracking crags and cliffs.
Waves churned in Yellow River to cloud its floor;
Tide and current swelled up at River Xiang.
The Polestar Palace in the blue sky shook;
The Hall of Darkness was almost blown down;
The Five Hundred Arhats all yelled and screamed;
The Eight Guards of Akṣobhya all cried and shrieked.
Mañjuśrī's green-haired lion ran away;
Viśvabhadra lost his white elephant.
Snake and turtle of Zhenwu left their fold;
Aflutter were the saddle-flaps of Zitong's mule.
Traveling merchants sent their cries to Heaven,
And boatmen bowed to make their many vows—
Their mistlike lives awash in rolling waves;
Their names, their fortunes, adrift in the tide!
Caves on genie mountains were black as pitch;
The isle of Penglai was gloomy and dark.
Laozi could not tend his elixir oven;
Age Star folded his fan of grapevine leaves.
As Queen Mother went to the Peaches Feast,
The wind blew her skirt and pins awry.
Erlang lost his way to the Guanzhou town;
Naṭa found it hard to pull out his sword.
Li Jing missed the pagoda in his hand;
Lu Ban dropped his golden-headed drill.
While three stories of Thunderclap fell down,
The stone bridge at Zhaozhou broke in twain.
The orb of the red sun had little light;
The stars of all Heaven grew obscure and faint.
Birds of south mountains flew to northern hills;
Water of east lakes spilled over to the west.
Fowls with mates broke up, they ceased their calls;
Mothers and sons parted, their cries turned mute.
Dragon Kings sought yakṣas all over the sea;
Thunder gods hunted lightnings every where.
Ten Kings of Yama tried to find their judge;
In Hell, Bull- Head ran after Horse- Face.
This wind blew down the Potalaka Mount
And whipped up one scroll of Guanyin's verse.
White lotus-blooms, cut down, flew beside the sea;
Twelve halls of the Bodhisattva were blown down.
From Pan Gu till this time since wind was known,

There never was wind with such ferocity.
Hu-la-la!
The universe did almost split apart!
The whole world was one mighty trembling mass!

This violent wind called up by the monster blew away all those little Pilgrims formed by the Great Sage's hairs and sent them reeling through the air like so many spinning wheels. Unable even to wield their rods, how could they possibly hope to draw near to fight? Pilgrim was so alarmed that he shook his body and retrieved his hairs. He then lifted the iron rod and tried to attack the monster all by himself, only to be met by a mouthful of yellow wind right on his face. Those two fiery eyes with diamond pupils of his were so blasted that they shut tightly and could not be opened. No longer able to use his rod, he fled in defeat while the monster retrieved the wind, which we shall mention no further.

We tell you now about Zhu Eight Rules, who, when he saw the violent yellow windstorm arriving and the whole of Heaven and Earth growing dim, led the horse and took the luggage to the fold of the mountain. There he crouched on the ground and refused to open his eyes or raise his head, his mouth incessantly calling on the name of Buddha and making vows. As he was wondering how Pilgrim was faring in his battle and whether his master was dead or alive, the wind stopped and the sky brightened again. He looked up and peered toward the entrance of the cave, but he could neither see any movement of weapons nor hear the sound of gongs and drums.

Idiot dared not approach the cave, since there was no one else to guard the horse and the luggage. Deeply distressed and not knowing what to do, he suddenly heard the Great Sage approaching from the west, grunting and snorting as he came. Bowing to meet his companion, he said, "Elder Brother, what a mighty wind! Where did you come from?" With a wave of his hand, Pilgrim said, "Formidable! It's truly formidable! Since I, old Monkey, was born, I have never witnessed such a violent wind! That old monster fought me with a steel trident, and we battled for over thirty rounds. It was then that I used the magic of the body beyond the body and had him surrounded. He panicked and called up this wind, which was ferocious indeed. Its force was so overwhelming that I had to suspend my operation and flee instead. Whew! What a wind! Whew! What a wind! Old Monkey also knows how to call up the wind and how to summon the rain, but it's hardly as vicious as the wind of this monster-spirit!"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "how is the martial technique of that monster?"

"It's presentable," said Pilgrim, "and he knows how to use the trident! He is, in fact, just about the equal of old Monkey. But that wind of his is vicious, and that makes it difficult to defeat him."

"In that case," said Eight Rules, "how are we going to rescue Master?" Pilgrim said, "We'll have to wait to rescue Master. I wonder if there is any eye doctor around here who can take a look at my eyes."

"What's the matter with your eyes?" asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim replied, "That monster blew a mouthful of wind on my face, and my eyes were so sorely blasted that they are now watering constantly."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "we are in the middle of a mountain, and it's getting late. Let's not talk about eye doctors; we don't even have a place to stay."

"It won't be difficult to find lodging," said Pilgrim. "I doubt that the monster has the gall to harm our master. Let's find our way back to the main road and see whether we can stay with a family. After spending the night, we can return to subdue the monster tomorrow when it's light."

"Exactly, exactly," agreed Eight Rules.

Leading the horse and carrying up the luggage, they left the fold of the mountain and went up the road. Dusk was setting in, and as they walked, they heard the sound of barking dogs toward the south of the mountain slope. Stopping to look, they saw a small cottage with flickering lamplights. Not bothering to look for a path, the two of them walked through the grass and arrived at the door of that household. They saw

Dark clumps of purplish fungi;
Greyish piles of white stones;
Dark clumps of purplish fungi with much green grass;
Greyish piles of white stones half grown with moss:
few specks of fireflies, their faint light aglow;
A forest of wild woods stand in dense rows;
Orchids ever fragrant;
Bamboos newly planted;
A clear stream flows a winding course;
Old cedars lean o'er a deep cliff.
A secluded place where no travelers come:
Only wild flowers bloom before the door.

Not daring to enter without permission, they both called out:

"Open the door! Open the door!"

An old man inside appeared with several young farmers, all holding rakes, pitchforks, and brooms. "Who are you? Who are you?" they asked. With a bow, Pilgrim said, "We are disciples of a holy monk from the Great Tang in the Land of the East. We were on our way to seek scriptures from the Buddha in the Western Heaven when we passed through this mountain, and our master was captured by the Yellow Wind Great King. We have yet to rescue him. Since it is getting late, we have come to ask for lodging for one night at your house. We beg you for this means of convenience." Returning the bow, the old man said, "Pardon me for not coming to greet you. This is a place where clouds are more numerous than people, and when we heard you calling at the door just now, we were afraid that it might be someone like a wily fox, a tiger, or a bandit from the mountain. That's why my little ones might have offended you by their rather brusque manner. Please come in. Please come in."

The two brothers led the horse and hauled the luggage inside; after tying up the animal and putting down the load, they exchanged greetings again with the old man of the cottage before taking their seats. An old manservant then came forward to present tea, after which several bowls of sesame seed rice were brought out.

After they had finished the rice, the old man asked for bedding to be laid out for them to sleep. Pilgrim said, "We don't need to sleep just yet. May I ask the good man whether there is in your region someone who sells eye medicine?"

"Which one of you elders has eye disease?" asked the old man. Pilgrim said, "To tell you the truth, Venerable Sir, we who have left the family rarely become ill. In fact, I have never known any disease of the eye."

"If you are not suffering from an eye disease," said the old man, "why do you want medicine?"

"We were trying to rescue our master at the entrance of the Yellow Wind Cave today," said Pilgrim. "Unexpectedly that monster blew a mouthful of wind at me, causing my eyes to hurt and smart. At the moment, I'm weeping constantly, and that's why I want to find eye medicine."

"My goodness! My goodness!" said the old man. "A young priest like you, why do you lie? The wind of that Great King Yellow Wind is most fearsome, not comparable with any spring-autumn wind, pine-and-bamboo wind, or the wind coming from the four quarters."

"I suppose," said Eight Rules, "it must be brain-bursting wind, goat-ear wind, leprous wind, or migrainous wind!"

"No, no!" said the old man. "His is called the Divine Wind of Samādhi."

"What's it like?" asked Pilgrim. The old man said, "That wind

Can blow to dim Heaven and Earth,
And sadden both ghosts and gods.
So savage it breaks rocks and stones,
A man will die when he's blown!

If you had encountered that wind of his, you think you would still be alive? Only if you were an immortal could you remain unharmed."

"Indeed!" said Pilgrim. "I may not be an immortal (for they belong to the younger generation, as far as I am concerned), but it will take some doing to finish me off! That wind, however, did cause my eyeballs to hurt and smart."

"If you can say that," said the old man, "you must be a person with some background. Our humble region has no one who sells eye medicine. But I myself suffer from watery eyes when the wind blows in my face, and I met an extraordinary person once who gave me a prescription. It's called the three-flowers and nine-seeds ointment, capable of curing all wind-induced eye maladies." When Pilgrim heard these words, he bowed his head and said humbly, "I'm willing to ask you for some and try it on myself."

The old man consented and went into the inner chamber. He took out a little cornelian vase and pulled off the stopper; using a small jade pin to scoop out some ointment, he dabbed it onto Pilgrim's eyes, telling him to close his eyes and rest quietly, for he would be well by morning. After doing this, the old man took the vase and retired with his attendants. Eight Rules untied the bags, took out the bedding, and asked Pilgrim to lie down. As Pilgrim groped about confusedly with his eyes closed, Eight Rules laughed and said, "Sir, where's your seeing-eye cane?"

"You overstuffed idiot!" said Pilgrim. "You want to take care of me as a blind man?"

Giggling to himself, Idiot fell asleep, but Pilgrim sat on the mattress and did exercises to cultivate his magic power. Only after the third watch did he sleep.

Soon it was the fifth watch and dawn was about to break. Wiping his face, Pilgrim opened his eyes, saying, "It's really marvelous medicine! I can see a hundred times better than before!"

He then turned his head to look around. Ah! There were neither buildings nor halls, only some old locust trees and tall willows. The brothers were actually lying on a green grass meadow. Just then, Eight Rules began to stir, saying, "Elder Brother, why are you making all these noises?"

"Open your eyes and take a look," said Pilgrim. Raising his head, Idiot discovered that the house had disappeared. He was so startled that he scrambled up at once, crying, "Where's my horse?"

"Isn't it over there, tied to a tree?" said Pilgrim. "And the luggage?" asked Eight Rules.

"Isn't it there by your head?" said Pilgrim. "This family is rather shifty!" said Eight Rules. "If they have moved, why didn't they give us a call? If they had let old Hog know about it, they might have received some farewell gifts of tea and fruits. Well, I suppose they must be trying to hide from something and are afraid that the county sheriff may get wind of it; so they moved out in the night.

Good Heavens! We must have been dead to the world! How could we not have heard anything when they dismantled the whole house?"

"Idiot, stop babbling!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "Take a look on that tree and see what kind of paper slip is there."

Eight Rules took it down. It was a four-line poem that read:

This humble abode's no mortal abode:
A cottage devised by the Guardians of Law,
Who gave the wondrous balm to heal your sore.
Fret not and do your best to quell the fiend.

Pilgrim said, "A bunch of roguish deities! Since we changed to the dragonhorse, I had not taken a roll call of them. Now they are playing tricks on me instead!"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "stop putting on such airs! How would they ever let you check them off the roll?"

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "you don't know about this. These Eighteen Protectors of Monasteries, the Six Gods of Darkness and Six Gods of Light, the Guardians of Five Points, and the Four Sentinels all have been ordered by the Bodhisattva to give secret protection to Master. The other day they reported their names to me, but since you have been with us, I have not made use of them. That's why I haven't made a roll call."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "if they were ordered to give secret protection to Master, they had reason not to reveal themselves. That's why they had to devise this cottage here, and you shouldn't blame them. After all, they did put ointment on your eyes for you yesterday, and they did take care of us for one meal. You can say that they have done their duty. Don't blame them. Let's go and rescue Master."

"Brother, you are right," said Pilgrim. "This place is not far from the Yellow Wind Cave. You had better stay here and look after the horse and luggage in the woods. Let old Monkey go into the cave to make some inquiry after the condition of Master. Then we can do battle with the monster again."

"Exactly," said Eight Rules. "You should find out whether Master is dead or alive; if he's dead, each one of us can tend to our own business; if he's not, we can do our best to discharge our responsibility." Pilgrim said, "Stop talking nonsense! I'm off!" With one leap he arrived at the entrance of the cave and found the door still shut and the

inhabitants sound asleep. Pilgrim neither made any noise nor disturbed the monsters; making the magic sign and reciting the spell, he shook his body and changed at once into a spotted-leg mosquito. It was tiny and delicate, for which we have a testimonial poem:

A pesky small shape with sharp sting;
His tiny voice can hum like thunder!
Adept at piercing gauze nets and orchid rooms,
He likes the warm, sultry climate.
He fears incense and swatting fans,
But dearly loves bright lights and lamps.
Airy, agile, all too clever and fast,
He flies into the fiend's cave.

The little demon who was supposed to guard the door was lying there asleep, snoring. Pilgrim gave him a bite on his face, causing the little demon to roll over half awakened. "O my father!" he said. "What a big mosquito! One bite and I already have a big lump."

He then opened his eyes and said, "Why, it's dawn!" Just then, the second door inside opened with a creak, and Pilgrim immediately flew in. The old monster was giving orders to all his subordinates to be especially careful in guarding the various entrances while they made ready their weapons. "If the wind yesterday did not kill that Pilgrim Sun," he said, "he will certainly come back today. When he comes, we'll finish him off."

Hearing this, Pilgrim flew past the main hall and arrived at the rear of the cave, where he found another door tightly shut. Crawling through a crack in the door, he discovered a large garden, in the middle of which, bound by ropes to a pole, was the Tang Monk. That master was shedding tears profusely, constantly wondering where Wukong and Wuneng were to be found. Pilgrim stopped his flight and alighted on his bald head, saying, "Master!" Recognizing his voice, the Elder said, "Wukong, I nearly died thinking of you! Where are you calling from?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "I'm on your head. Calm yourself and stop worrying. We must first capture the monster before we can rescue you. "Disciple," said the Tang Monk, "when will you be able to capture the monster?"

"The Tiger Monster who took you," said Pilgrim, "has already been slain by Eight Rules. But the wind of the old monster is a powerful weapon. I suspect we should be able to capture him today. Relax and stop crying. I'm leaving."

Having said that, he flew at once to the front, where the old monster was seated aloft, making a roll call of all the commanders of his troops. A little demon suddenly appeared, waving the command flag. He dashed up to the hall, crying, "Great King, this little one was on patrol in the mountain when he ran into a monk with a long snout and huge ears sitting in the woods not far from our entrance. If I hadn't run away quickly, he would have caught me. But I didn't see that hairy-faced monk who came here yesterday."

"If Pilgrim Sun is absent," said the old monster, "it may mean that he's been killed by the wind. Or, he may have gone to try to find help."

"Great King," said one of the demons, "it would be our good fortune if he had been killed. But suppose he's not dead? If he succeeds in bringing with him some divine warriors, what shall we do then?"

The old monster said, "Who's afraid of any divine warrior? Only the Bodhisattva Lingji can overcome the power of my wind; no one else can do us any harm."

That Pilgrim resting on one of the beams above him was delighted by this one statement. He flew out of the cave at once and, changing back into his original form, arrived at the woods. "Brother!" he cried. Eight Rules asked, "Elder Brother, where have you been? Just now a monster with a command flag came by, and I chased him away."

"Thank you! Thank you!" said Pilgrim, laughing.

"Old Monkey changed into a mosquito to enter the cave to see how Master was doing. I found him tied to a post in the garden, weeping. After telling him not to cry, I flew around the roof to spy on them some more. That was when the fellow who held the command flag came in panting, saying that you had chased him. He also said that he had not seen me. The old monster made some wild speculations about my having been killed by the wind, or else having gone to find help. Then, without being prompted, he suddenly mentioned someone else. It's marvelous, simply marvelous!"

"Whom did he mention?" asked Eight Rules. "He said that he wasn't afraid of any divine warrior," said Pilgrim, "for no one else could overpower his wind save the Bodhisattva Lingji. The only trouble is that I don't know where this Lingji lives."

As they were thus conversing, they suddenly saw an aged man walking by the side of the main road. Look at his appearance:

Strong, he uses no cane to walk,
With flowing snowlike hair and beard.
Though wit and eyes are quite dim and blurry,
Thin bones and sinews are still tough.
Back and head bent he walked slowly,
With thick brows and a pink face, childlike.
Look at his features and they seem human,
Though he's like Long- Life Star no less!

Highly pleased when he caught sight of him, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, the proverb says:

You want to know the way,
Hear what the tourist say.

Why don't you approach him and ask?"

The Great Sage put away his iron rod and straightened out his clothes. Approaching the old man, he said, "Aged Sir, receive my bow." Somewhat reluctantly, the old man returned his greeting, saying, "What region are you from, monk? What are you doing here in this wilderness?"

"We are holy monks on our way to seek scriptures," said Pilgrim. "Yesterday we lost our master here, and so I'm approaching you to ask where the Bodhisattva Lingji lives."

"Lingji lives south of here," said the old man, "about three thousand miles away. There is a mountain called the Little Sumeru Mountain, which has within it a Land of the Way, the Chan hall where the Bodhisattva lectures on sūtras. I suppose you are trying to obtain scriptures from him."

"Not from him," said Pilgrim, "but I have something that requires his attention. Will you please show me the way?" Pointing with his hand toward the south, the old man said, "Follow that winding path."

The Great Sage Sun was tricked into turning his head to look at the path, when the old man changed himself into a gentle breeze and vanished. A small slip of paper was left beside the road, on which was written this quatrain:

To tell the Equal to Heaven Great Sage,
The old man is in truth one Long Life Li!
On Sumeru's the Flying- Dragon Staff.
Lingji in years past received this Buddhist arm.

Pilgrim took up the slip and went back down the road. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "our luck must have been rather bad lately.

For two days we saw ghosts in broad daylight. Who is that old man who left after changing into a breeze?" Pilgrim gave Eight Rules the slip of paper. "Who is this Long-Life Li?" asked Eight Rules, when he had read the verse. "It's the name of the Planet Venus from the West," said Pilgrim. Eight Rules hurriedly bowed toward the sky, crying, "Benefactor! Benefactor! Had it not been for the Gold Star, who personally begged the Jade Emperor to be merciful, I don't know what would have become of old Hog!"

"Elder Brother," said Pilgrim, "you do have a sense of gratitude. But don't expose yourself. Take cover deep in the woods and carefully guard the luggage and the horse. Let old Monkey find the Sumeru Mountain and seek help from the Bodhisattva."

"I know, I know!" said Eight Rules. "Hurry up and go! Old Hog has mastered the law of the turtle: withdraw your head when you needn't stick it out!"

The Great Sage Sun leaped into the air; mounting the cloud-somersault, he headed straight south. He was fast, indeed! With a nod of his head, he covered three thousand miles; just a twist of his torso carried him over eight hundred! In a moment he saw a tall mountain with auspicious clouds hanging halfway up its slopes and holy mists gathered around it. In the fold of the mountain there was indeed a temple. He could hear the melodious sounds of the bells and sonorous stones and could see the swirling smoke of incense. As he approached the door, the Great Sage saw a Daoist with a string of beads around his neck, who was reciting the name of Buddha.

Pilgrim said, "Daoist, please accept my bow."

The Daoist at once bowed in return, saying, "Where did the venerable father come from?"

"Is this where the Bodhisattva Lingji expounds the scriptures?" asked Pilgrim. "Indeed it is," said the Daoist. "Do you wish to speak to someone?"

"May I trouble you, sir, to make this announcement for me," said Pilgrim. "I am the disciple of the master of the Law, Tripitaka, who is the royal brother of the Great Tang Emperor in the Land of the East; I am the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, Sun

Wukong, also named Pilgrim. I have a matter that requires me to have an audience with the Bodhisattva."

The Daoist laughed and said, "The venerable father has given me a long announcement! I can't quite remember all those words."

"Just say that Sun Wukong, the disciple of the Tang Monk, has arrived," said Pilgrim.

The Daoist agreed and made that announcement in the lecture hall, whereupon the Bodhisattva at once put on his cassock and asked for more incense to be burned to welcome the visitor. Then the Great Sage walked in the door and peered inside. He saw

A hall full of brocade and silk;
A house most solemn and grand;
Pupils reciting the Lotus Sūtra;
An old leader tapping the golden gong.
Set before the Buddha
Were all immortal fruits and flowers.
Spread out on the altars
Were vegetarian dainties and viands.
The bright, precious candles,
Their golden flames shot up like rainbows;
The fragrant true incense,
Its jadelike smoke flew up as colored mists.
So it was that, after the lecture one would calmly meditate,
When white-cloud flakes circled the tips of pines.
The wisdom sword retired, for Māra snapped
In this space of Prajñā-pāramitā.

The Bodhisattva straightened out his attire to receive Pilgrim, who entered the hall and took the seat of the guest. Tea was offered, but Pilgrim said, "No need for you to bother about tea. My master faces peril at the Yellow Wind Mountain, and I beseech the Bodhisattva to exercise his great dharma power to defeat the monster and rescue him."

"I did receive the command of Tathāgata," said the Bodhisattva, "to keep the Yellow Wind Monster here in submission. Tathāgata also gave me a Wind-Stopping Pearl and a Flying- Dragon Precious Staff. At the time when I captured him, I spared the monster his life only on condition that he would retire in the mountain and abstain from the sin of taking life. I did not know that he would want to harm your esteemed teacher and transgress the Law. That is my fault."

The Bodhisattva would have liked to prepare some vegetarian food to entertain Pilgrim, but Pilgrim insisted on leaving. So he took the Flying-Dragon Staff and mounted the clouds with the Great Sage.

In a little while they reached the Yellow Wind Mountain. "Great Sage," said the Bodhisattva, "this monster is rather afraid of me. I will stand here at the edge of the clouds while you go down there to provoke battle. Entice him to come out so that I may exercise my power." Pilgrim followed his suggestion and lowered his cloud.

Without waiting for further announcement, he whipped out his iron rod and smashed the door of the cave, crying, "Monster, give me back my Master!"

Those little demons standing guard at the door were so terrified that they ran to make the report. “This lawless ape,” said the monster, “is truly ill-behaved! He would not defer to kindness, and now he has even broken my door! This time when I go out, I’m going to use that divine wind to blow him to death.”

He put on his armor as before, and took up the steel trident. Walking out of the door and seeing Pilgrim, he did not utter a word before aiming the trident at Pilgrim’s chest. The Great Sage stepped aside to dodge this blow and then faced him with uplifted rod. Before they had fought for a few rounds, the monster turned his head toward the ground in the southwest and was about to open his mouth to summon the wind. From midair, the Bodhisattva threw down the Flying- Dragon Precious Staff as he recited some kind of spell. It was instantly transformed into a golden dragon with eight claws, two of which caught hold of that monster’s head and threw him two or three times against the boulders beside the mountain cliff. The monster changed back into his original form and became a mink with yellow fur.

Pilgrim ran up and was about to strike with his rod, but he was stopped by the Bodhisattva, who said to him, “Great Sage, do not harm him. I have to take him back to see Tathāgata. Originally he was a rodent at the foot of the Spirit Mountain who had acquired the Way. Because he stole some of the pure oil in the crystal chalice, he fled for fear that the vajra attendants would seize him. Tathāgata thought that he was not guilty of death, and that is why I was asked to capture him in the first place and banish him to this region. But now he has offended the Great Sage and has attempted to harm the Tang Monk. Therefore I must take him to see Tathāgata so that his guilt may be clearly established. Only then will this merit be completed.” When Pilgrim heard this, he thanked the Bodhisattva, who left for the West, and we shall say no more of that.

We now tell you about Zhu Eight Rules, who was thinking about Pilgrim in the woods when he heard someone calling down by the slope, “Brother Wuneng, bring the horse and the luggage here.” Recognizing Pilgrim’s voice, Idiot quickly ran out of the woods and said to Pilgrim, “Elder Brother, how did everything go?”

“I invited the Bodhisattva Lingji to come here,” said Pilgrim, “to use his Flying-Dragon Staff to capture the monster. He was a mink with yellow fur who became a spirit and has now been taken by the Bodhisattva to Spirit Mountain to face Tathāgata. Let’s go into the cave to rescue Master.” Idiot was delighted. The two of them smashed their way into the cave and with their rake and rod slaughtered all the wily hares, the vixen, the musk deer, and the horned deer. Then they went to the garden in the back to rescue their master, who, after coming out, asked, “How did you two manage to catch the monster so that you could rescue me?” Pilgrim gave a thorough account of how he went to seek the Bodhisattva’s help to subdue the monster, and the master thanked him profusely. Then the two brothers found some vegetarian food in the cave, which they prepared along with some tea and rice. After eating, they left and again found the road to the West. We do not know what took place hereafter; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-TWO

Eight Rules fights fiercely at the Flowing-Sand River
Mokṣa by order receives Wujing's submission

Now we tell you about the Tang Monk and his disciples, the three travelers, who were delivered from their ordeal. In less than a day they passed the Yellow Wind Mountain and proceeded toward the West through a vast level plain. Time went by swiftly, and summer yielded to the arrival of autumn. All they saw were some

Cold cicadas sing on dying willows
As the Great Fire rolls toward the West.

As they proceeded, they came upon a huge and turbulent river, its waves surging and splashing. "Disciples," exclaimed Tripitaka, "look at that vast expanse of water in front of us. Why are there no boats in sight? How can we get across?"

Taking a close look, Eight Rules said, "It's very turbulent, too rough for any boat!" Pilgrim leaped into the air and peered into the distance, shading his eyes with his hand. Even he became somewhat frightened and said, "Master, it's truly hard! Truly hard! If old Monkey wishes to cross this river, he need only make one twist of his body and he will reach the other shore. But for you, Master, it's a thousand times more difficult, for you can't traverse it even in ten thousand years!"

"I can't even see the other shore from here," said Tripitaka. "Really, how wide is it?"

"It's just about eight hundred miles wide," said Pilgrim. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "how could you determine its width just like that?"

"To tell you the truth, Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "these eyes of mine can determine good or evil up to a thousand miles away in daylight. Just now when I was up in the air, I could not tell how long the river was, but I could make out its width to be at least eight hundred miles." Sighing anxiously, the elder pulled back his horse and suddenly discovered on the shore a slab of stone. When the three of them drew closer to have a look, they saw three words written in seal-script ("Flowing-Sand River") below which there were also four lines written in regular style. It read:

These Flowing- Sand metes, eight hundred wide;
These Weak Waters, three thousand deep.
goose feather cannot stay afloat;
A rush petal will sink to the bottom.

As master and disciples were reading the inscription, the waves in the river suddenly rose like tall mountains, and with a loud splash from the midst of the waters a monster sprang out. Looking most savage and hideous, he had

A head full of tousled and flame-like hair;
A pair of bright, round eyes which shone like lamps;
An indigo face, neither black nor green;
An old dragon's voice like thunderclap or drum.
He wore a cape of light yellow goose down.
Two strands of white reeds tied around his waist.
Beneath his chin nine skulls were strung and hung;

His hands held an awesome priestly staff.

Like a cyclone, the fiend rushed up to the shore and went straight for the Tang Monk. Pilgrim was so taken aback that he grabbed his master and dashed for high ground to make the escape. Putting down the pole, Eight Rules whipped out his rake and brought it down hard on the monster. The fiend used his staff to parry the blow, and so the two of them began to unleash their power on the bank of the Flowing-Sand River. This was some battle!

The nine-pronged rake;
The fiend-routing staff;
These two met in battle on the river shore.
This one was the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds:
That one was the Curtain- Raising Captain by the Throne.
In years past they met in Divine Mists Hall;
Today they fought and waged a test of might.
From this one the rake went out like a dragon stretching its claws;
From that one the staff blocked the way like a sharp-tusked elephant.
They stood with their limbs outstretched;
Each struck at the other's rib cage.
This one raked madly, heedless of head or face;
That one struck wildly without pause or rest.
This one was a cannibal spirit, long a lord of Flowing- Sand;
That one was a Way-seeking fighter upholding Law and Faith.

Closing in again and again, the two of them fought for twenty rounds, but neither emerged the victor.

The Great Sage meanwhile was standing there to protect the Tang Monk. As he held the horse and guarded the luggage, he became so aroused by the sight of Eight Rules engaging that fiend that he ground his teeth and rubbed his hands vehemently. Finally he could not restrain himself—whipping out the rod, he said, "Master, sit here and don't be afraid. Let old Monkey go play with him a little."

The master begged in vain for him to stay, and with a loud whoop he leaped forward. The monster, you see, was just having a grand time fighting with Eight Rules, the two of them so tightly locked in combat that nothing seemed able to part them. Pilgrim, however, rushed up to the monster and delivered a terrific blow at his head with his iron rod. The monster was so shaken that he jumped aside: turning around he dove straight into the Flowing-Sand River and disappeared. Eight Rules was so upset that he leaped about wildly, crying, "Elder Brother! Who asked you to come? The monster was gradually weakening and was finding it difficult to parry my rake.

Another four or five rounds and I would have captured him. But when he saw how fierce you were, he fled in defeat. Now, what shall we do?"

"Brother," said Pilgrim laughing, "to tell you the truth, since defeating the Yellow Wind Fiend a month ago, I have not played with my rod all this time after leaving the mountain.

When I saw how delicious your fight with him was, I couldn't stand the itch beneath my feet! That's why I jumped up here to have some fun with him. That monster doesn't know how to play, and I suppose that's the reason for his departure."

Holding hands and teasing each other, the two of them returned to the Tang Monk. "Did you catch the monster?" asked the Tang Monk. "He didn't last out the fight," said Pilgrim, "and he scrambled back to the water in defeat."

"Disciple," said Tripitaka, "since this monster has probably lived here a long time, he ought to know the deep and the shallow parts of the river. After all, such a boundless body of weak water, and not a boat in sight—we need someone who is familiar with the region to lead us across."

"Exactly!" said Pilgrim. "As the proverb says,

He who's near cinnabar turns red;
He who's near ink becomes black.

The monster living here must have a good knowledge of the water. When we catch him, we should not slay him, but just make him take Master across the river before we dispose of him."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "no need for further delay. You go ahead and catch him, while old Hog guards our master."

"Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim with a laugh, "in this case I've really nothing to brag about, for I'm just not comfortable doing business in water. If all I do is walk around down there, I still have to make the magic sign and recite the water-repelling spell before I can move anywhere. Or else I have to change into a water creature like a fish, shrimp, crab, or turtle before going in. If it were a matter of matching wits in the high mountains or up in the clouds, I know enough to deal with the strangest and most difficult situation. But doing business in water somewhat cramps my style!"

"When I was Marshal of the Heavenly River in former years," said Eight Rules, "I commanded a naval force of eighty thousand men, and I acquired some knowledge of that element. But I fear that that monster may have a few relatives down there in his den, and I won't be able to withstand him if his seventh and eighth cousins all come out. What will happen to me then if they grab me?"

"If you go into the water to fight him," said Pilgrim, "don't tarry. Make sure, in fact, that you feign defeat and entice him out here. Then old Monkey will help you."

"Right you are," said Eight Rules. "I'm off!"

He took off his blue silk shirt and his shoes; holding the rake with both hands, he divided the waters to make a path for himself. Using the ability he had developed in bygone years, he leaped through billows and waves and headed for the bottom of the river.

We now tell you about that monster, who went back to his home in defeat. He had barely caught his breath when he heard someone pushing water, and as he rose to take a look, he saw Eight Rules pushing his way through with his rake. That monster lifted his staff and met him face to face, crying, "Monk, watch where you are going or you'll receive a blow from this!" Using the rake to block the blow, Eight Rules said, "What sort of a monster are you that you dare to bar our way?"

"So you don't recognize me," said the monster.

"I'm no demon or fiend, nor do I lack a name or surname."

"If you are no demon or fiend," said Eight Rules, "why do you stay here and take human lives? Tell me your name and surname, and I'll spare your life."

The monster said:

"My spirit was strong since the time of birth.
I once made a tour of the universe,
Where my fame as a hero became well-known—
A gallant type for all to emulate.
Through countless nations I went as I pleased;
Over lakes and seas I did freely roam.
To learn the Way I strayed to Heaven's edge;
To find a teacher I stumped this great earth.
For years my clothes and alms bowl went with me:
Not for one day did my spirit turn lax.
For scores of times I cruised cloudlike the earth
And walked to all places a hundred times.
Only then a true immortal I did meet,
Who showed me the Great Path of Golden Light.
I took back Baby Boy and Fair Girl first;
Then released Wood Mother and Squire of Gold.
Bright Hall's kidney-brine flooded Floral Pool;
The Tower's liver-fire plunged to the heart.
Three thousand merits done, I saw Heaven's face
And solemnly worshipped the Point of Light.
Then the Jade Emperor exalted me;
The Curtain- Raising Captain he made me.
An honored one in South Heaven Gate,
I was much esteemed at Divine Mists Hall.
I hung at my waist the Tiger- Headed Shield:
I held in my hands the Fiend- Routing Staff.
Just like the sunlight my gold helmet shone;
My body's armor flashed like radiant mists.
I was chief of the guardians of the Throne:
I was first as attendant of the court.
When Queen Mother gave the Festival of Peach—
She served her guests at Jasper Pool a feast—
I dropped and broke a glass-like cup of jade,
And souls from all the hosts of Heaven fled.
Jade Emperor grew mightily enraged;
Hands clasped, he faced his counsel on the left.
Stripped of my hat, my armor, and my rank,
I had my whole body pushed to the block.
Only the Great Immortal, Naked Feet,
Came from the ranks and begged to have me freed.
Pardoned from death and with my sentence stayed,
I was sent to the shores of Flowing- Sand.
Sated, I lie wearily in the stream;
Famished, I churn the waves to find my feed.
The woodsman sees me and his life is gone;
The fishers face me and they soon perish.
From first to last I've eaten many men;

Over and over I took human lives.
Since you dare to work violence at my door,
My stomach this day has its fondest hopes!
Don't say you're too coarse to be eaten now.
I'll catch you, and look, that's my minced meat sauce!"

Infuriated by what he heard, Eight Rules shouted, "You brazen thing! You haven't the slightest perception! Old Hog is tempting enough to make people's mouths water, and you dare say that I'm coarse, that I'm to be chopped up for a chopped meat sauce! Come to think of it, you would like to consider me a piece of tough old bacon! Watch your manners and swallow this rake of your ancestor!" When the monster saw the rake coming, he used the style of "the phoenix nodding its head" to dodge the blow. The two of them thus fought to the surface of the water, each one treading the waters and waves. This conflict was somewhat different from the one before.

Look at

The Curtain- Raising Captain,
The Marshal of Heavenly Reeds:
Each showing most nicely his magic might.
This one waved above his head the fiend-routing staff:
That one moved the rake as swiftly as his hand.
The vaulting waves rocked hills and streams;
The surging tide the cosmos dimmed.
Savage like Jupiter wielding banners and flags!
Fierce like Hell's envoy upsetting sacred tops!
This one guarded the Tang Monk devotedly;
That one, a water fiend, perpetrated his crimes.
The rake's one stroke would leave nine red marks:
The staffs one blow would dissolve man's soul.
They strove to win the fight;
They struggled to prevail.
All in all for the scripture pilgrim's sake,
They vented their fury without restraint.
They brawled till carps and perches lost their newborn scales,
And all turtles damaged their tender shells.
Red shrimps and purple crabs all lost their lives,
And sundry water gods all upward bowed!
You heard only the waves rolled and crashed like thunderclaps.
The world amazed saw sun and moon grow dark!

The two of them fought for two hours, and neither prevailed. It was like

A brass pan meeting an iron broom,
A jade gong facing a golden bell.

We now tell you about the Great Sage, who was standing guard beside the Tang Monk. With bulging eyes he watched them fighting on the water, but he dared not lift his hands. Finally, Eight Rules made a half-hearted blow with his rake and, feigning defeat, turned to flee toward the eastern shore. The monster gave chase and was about to reach the river bank when our Pilgrim could no longer restrain himself. He abandoned his master, whipped out the iron rod, leaped to the riverside and struck at the monster's head. Fearing to face him, the monster swiftly dove back into the river. "You Ban-

Horse-Plague!" shouted Eight Rules. "You impulsive ape! Can't you be a bit more patient? You could have waited until I led him up to high ground and then blocked his path to the river. We would have caught him then. Now he has gone back in, and when do you think he'll come out again?"

"Idiot," said Pilgrim laughing, "stop shouting! Let's go talk to Master first."

Eight Rules went with Pilgrim back to high ground to Tripitaka. "Disciple," said Tripitaka, bowing, "you must be tired!"

"I won't complain about my fatigue," said Eight Rules. "Let's subdue the monster and take you across the river. Only that plan is perfect!"

Tripitaka said, "How did the battle go with the monster just now?"

"He was just about my equal," said Eight Rules, "and we fought to a draw. But then I feigned defeat and he chased me up to the bank. When he saw Elder Brother lifting his rod, however, he fled."

"So what are we going to do?" asked Tripitaka. "Master, relax!" said Pilgrim. "Let's not worry now, for it's getting late. You sit here on the cliff and let old Monkey go beg some vegetarian food. Take some rest after you eat, and we'll find a solution tomorrow."

"You are right," said Eight Rules. "Go, and come back quickly." Pilgrim swiftly mounted the clouds and went north to beg a bowl of vegetarian food from a family to present to his master. When the master saw him return so soon, he said, "Wukong, let us go to that household which gave us the food and ask them how we may cross this river. Isn't this better than fighting the monster?" With a laugh, Pilgrim said, "That household is quite far from here, about six or seven thousand miles, no less! How could the people there know about the water? What's the use of asking them?"

"You are fibbing again, Elder Brother!" said Eight Rules. "Six or seven thousand miles, how could you cover that distance so quickly?"

"You have no idea," said Pilgrim, "about the capacity of my cloud somersault, which with one leap can cover one hundred and eight thousand miles.

For the six or seven thousand here, all I have to do is to nod my head and stretch my waist, and that's a round trip already! What's so hard about that?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "if it's so easy, all you need to do is to carry Master on your back: nod your head, stretch your waist, and jump across. Why continue to fight this monster?"

"Don't you know how to ride the clouds?" asked Pilgrim. "Can't you carry him across the river?"

"The mortal nature and worldly bones of Master are as heavy as the Tai Mountain,"

Eight Rules said. "How could my cloud soaring bear him up? It has to be your cloud somersault."

"My cloud somersault is essentially like cloud soaring," said Pilgrim, "the only difference being that I can cover greater distances more rapidly. If you can't carry him, what makes you think I can? There's an old proverb that says:

Move Mount Tai: it's light as mustard seeds.

Lift a man and you won't leave the red dust!

Take this monster here: he can use spells and call upon the wind, pushing and pulling a little, but he can't carry a human into the air.

And if it's this kind of magic, old Monkey knows every trick well, including becoming invisible and making distances shorter. But it is required of Master to go through all these strange territories before he finds deliverance from the sea of sorrows; hence even one step turns out to be difficult. You and I are only his protective companions, guarding his body and life, but we cannot exempt him from these woes, nor can we obtain the scriptures all by ourselves. Even if we had the ability to go and see Buddha first, he would not bestow the scriptures on you and me. Remember the adage:

What's easily gotten
Is soon forgotten."

When Idiot heard these words, he accepted them amiably as instruction. Master and disciples ate some of the simply prepared vegetarian food before resting on the eastern shore of the Flowing-Sand River.

The next morning, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, what are we going to do today?"

"Not much," said Pilgrim, "except that Eight Rules must go into the water again."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you only want to stay clean, but you have no hesitation making me go into the water."

"Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "this time I'll try not to be impulsive. I'll let you trick him into coming up here, and then I'll block his retreat along the river bank. We must capture him."

Dear Eight Rules! Wiping his face, he pulled himself together.

Holding the rake in both hands, he walked to the edge of the river, opened up a path in the water, and went to the monster's home as before. The monster had just wakened from his sleep when he heard the sound of water. Turning quickly to look, he saw Eight Rules approaching with the rake. He leaped out at once and barred the way, shouting, "Slow down! Watch out for my staff!"

Eight Rules lifted his rake to parry the blow, saying, "What sort of mourning staff do you have there that you dare ask your ancestor to watch out for it?"

"A fellow like you," said the monster, "wouldn't recognize this!

For years my staff has enjoyed great fame,
At first an evergreen tree in the moon.
Wu Gang cut down from it one huge limb:
Lu Ban then made it, using all his skills.
Within the hub's one solid piece of gold:
Outside it's wrapped by countless pearly threads.
It's called the treasure staff for crushing fiends,
E'er placed in Divine Mists to quell the ogres.
Since I had made a mighty general's rank,
Jade Emperor put it always by my side.
It lengthens or shortens after my desire;

It grows thick or thin with my command.
It went to guard the Throne at the Peaches Feast:
It served at court in Heaven's world above.
On duty it saw the many sages bowed,
And immortals, too, when the screen rolled up.
Of numinous power one arm divine,
It's no worldly weapon of humankind.
Since I was banished from the gate of Heav'n,
It roamed with me at will beyond the seas.
Perhaps it is not right for me to boast,
But swords and spears of man can't match this staff.
Look at that old, rusted muckrake of yours:
Fit only for hoeing fields and raking herbs!"

"You unchastened brazen thing!" said Eight Rules, laughing. "Never mind whether it's fit for hoeing fields! One little touch and you won't even know how to begin putting bandages or ointment on nine bleeding holes! Even if you are not killed, you will grow old with chronic infection!"

The monster raised his hands and again fought with Eight Rules from the bottom of the river up to the surface of the water. This battle was even more different from the first one. Look at them

Wielding the treasure staff.
Striking with muckrake;
They would not speak as if they were estranged.
Since Wood Mother constrained the Spatula,
That caused the two to fight most fiercely.
No win or loss;
With no regret.
They churned up waves and billows with no peace.
How could this one control his bitter rage;
That one found unbearable his pain.
Rake and staff went back and forth to show their might;
The water rotted like poison in Flowing- Sand.
They huffed and puffed!
They worked and toiled!
All because Tripitaka would face the West.
The muckrake so ferocious!
The staff so nimbly used!
This one made a grab to pull him up the shore;
That one sought to seize and drown him in the stream.
They roared like thunder, stirring dragon and fish.
Gods and ghosts cowered as the Heavens grew dim.

This time they fought back and forth for thirty rounds, and neither one proved to be the stronger. Again Eight Rules pretended to be defeated and fled, dragging his rake. Kicking up the waves, the monster gave chase and they reached the edge of the river. "Wretch!" cried Eight Rules. "Come up here! We can fight better on solid ground up here."

"You are just trying to trick me into going up there," scolded the monster, "so that you can bring out your assistant. You come down here, and we can fight in the water."

The monster, you see, had become wise; he refused to go up to the bank and remained near the edge of the water to argue with Eight Rules.

When Pilgrim saw that the monster refused to leave the water, he became highly irritated, and all he could think of was to catch him at once. "Master," he said, "you sit here. Let me give him a taste of the 'ravenous eagle seizing his prey.'"

He somersaulted into the air and then swooped down onto the monster, who was still bickering with Eight Rules. When he heard the sound of the wind, he turned quickly and discovered Pilgrim hurtling down from the clouds. Putting away his staff, he dove into the water and disappeared. Pilgrim stood on the shore and said to Eight Rules, "Brother, that monster is catching on! He refuses to come up now. What shall we do?"

"It's hard, terribly hard!" said Eight Rules. "I just can't beat him—even when I summoned up the strength of my milk-drinking days! We are evenly matched!"

"Let's go talk to Master," said Pilgrim.

The two of them went up again to high ground and told the Tang Monk everything. "If it's so difficult," said the Elder, tears welling up in his eyes, "how can we ever get across?"

"Master, please don't worry," said Pilgrim. "It is hard for us to cross with this monster hiding deep in the river. So, don't fight with him any more, Eight Rules; just stay here and protect Master. I'm going to make a trip up to South Sea."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "what do you want to do at South Sea?" Pilgrim said, "This business of seeking scriptures originated from the Bodhisattva Guanyin; the one who delivered us from our ordeals was also the Bodhisattva Guanyin.

Today our path is blocked at this Flowing-Sand River and we can't proceed. Without her, how can we ever solve our problem? Let me go ask her to help us: it's much better than doing battle with this monster."

"You have a point there, Elder Brother," said Eight Rules.

"When you get there, please convey my gratitude to her for her kindly instructions in the past."

"Wukong," said Tripitaka, "if you want to go see the Bodhisattva, you needn't delay. Go, and hurry back." Pilgrim catapulted into the air with his cloud somersault and headed for the South Sea. Ah! It did not even take him half an hour before he saw the scenery of the Potalaka Mountain. In a moment, he dropped down from his somersault and arrived at the edge of the purple bamboo grove, where he was met by the Spirits of the Twenty-Four Ways. They said to him, "Great Sage, what brings you here?"

"My master faces an ordeal," said Pilgrim, "which brings me here specially to see the Bodhisattva."

"Please take a seat," said the spirits, "and allow us to make the announcement." One of the spirits who was on duty went to the entrance of the Tidal-Sound Cave, announcing, "Sun Wukong wishes to have an audience with you."

The Bodhisattva was leaning on the rails by the Treasure Lotus Pool, looking at the flowers with the Pearl-Bearing Dragon Princess. When she heard the announcement, she went back to the cave, opened the door, and asked that he be shown in. With great solemnity, the Great Sage prostrated himself before her.

"Why are you not accompanying the Tang Monk?" asked the Bodhisattva. "For what reason did you want to see me again?"

"Bodhisattva," said Pilgrim, looking up at her, "my master took another disciple at the Gao Village, to whom you had given the religious name of Wuneng. After crossing the Yellow Wind Ridge, we have now arrived at the Flowing-Sand River eight hundred miles wide, a body of weak water, which is difficult for Master to get across. There is, moreover, a monster in the river who is quite accomplished in the martial arts. We are grateful to Wuneng, who fought in the water with him three times but could not beat him. The monster is, in fact, blocking our path and we cannot get across. That is why I have come to see you, hoping you will take pity and grant us deliverance."

"Monkey," said the Bodhisattva, "are you still acting so smug and self-sufficient that you refuse to disclose the fact that you are in the service of the Tang Monk?"

"All we had intended to do," said Pilgrim, "was to catch the monster and make him take Master across the river. I am not too good at doing business in the water, so Wuneng went down alone to his lair to look for him, and they had some conversation. I presume the matter of scripture seeking was not mentioned."

"That monster in the Flowing-Sand River," said the Bodhisattva, "happens to be the incarnate Curtain-Raising Captain, who was also brought into the faith by my persuasion when I told him to accompany those on their way to acquire scriptures. Had you been willing to mention that you were a scripture pilgrim from the Land of the East, he would not have fought you; he would have yielded instead." Pilgrim said, "That monster is afraid to fight now; he refuses to come up to the shore and is hiding deep in the water. How can we bring him to submission? How can my master get across this body of weak water?"

The Bodhisattva immediately called for Hui'an. Taking a little red gourd from her sleeves, she handed it over to him, saying, "Take this gourd and go with Sun Wukong to the Flowing-Sand River. Call 'Wujing,' and he'll come out at once. You must first take him to submit to the Tang Monk. Next, string together those nine skulls of his and arrange them according to the position of the Nine Palaces.

Put this gourd in the center, and you will have a dharma vessel ready to ferry the Tang Monk across the boundary formed by the Flowing-Sand River." Obeying the instructions of his master, Hui'an left the Tidal-Sound Cave with the Great Sage carrying the gourd.

As they departed the purple bamboo grove in compliance with the holy command, we have a testimonial poem:

The Five Phases well matched as Heaven's truth,
His former master he can recognize.
Refine the self as base for wondrous use;
Good and bad discerned will reveal the cause.
Metal returns to nature—the same kind are both.
Wood begs for favor: they'll all be redeemed.
Two- Earths completes merit to reach the void:

Water and fire blended, dustless and clean.

In a little while the two of them lowered their clouds and arrived at the Flowing-Sand River. Recognizing the disciple Mokṣa, Zhu Eight Rules led his master to receive him. After bowing to Tripitaka, Mokṣa then greeted Eight Rules, who said, "I was grateful to be instructed by Your Reverence so that I could meet the Bodhisattva. I have indeed obeyed the Law, and I am happy recently to have entered the gate of Buddhism. Since we have been constantly on the road, I have yet to thank you. Please forgive me."

"Let's forget about these fancy conversations," said Pilgrim. "We must go and call that fellow."

"Call whom?" asked Tripitaka. Pilgrim replied, "Old Monkey saw the Bodhisattva and gave her an account of what happened. The Bodhisattva told me that this monster in the Flowing- Sand River happened to be the incarnation of the Curtain-Raising Captain. Because he had sinned in Heaven, he was banished to this river and became a monster. But he was converted by the Bodhisattva, who had told him to accompany you to the Western Heaven.

Since we did not mention the matter of seeking scriptures, he fought us bitterly. Now the Bodhisattva has sent Mokṣa with this gourd, which that fellow will turn into a dharma vessel to take you across the river." When Tripitaka heard these words, he bowed repeatedly to Mokṣa, saying, "I beseech Your Reverence to act quickly."

Holding the gourd and treading half on cloud and half on fog, Mokṣa moved directly above the surface of the Flowing-Sand River. He cried with a loud voice, "Wujing! Wujing! The scripture pilgrim has been here for a long time. Why have you not submitted?" We now tell you about that monster who, fearful of the Monkey King, had gone back to the bottom of the river to rest in his den.

When he heard someone call him by his religious name, he knew that it had to be the Bodhisattva Guanyin. And when he heard, moreover, that the scripture pilgrim had arrived, he no longer feared the ax or the halberd. Swiftly he leaped out of the waves and saw that it was the disciple Mokṣa. Look at him! All smiles, he went forward and bowed, saying, "Your Reverence, forgive me for not coming to meet you. Where is the Bodhisattva?"

"My teacher did not come," said Mokṣa, "but she sent me to tell you to become the disciple of the Tang Monk without delay. You are to take the skulls around your neck and this gourd, and to fashion with them a dharma vessel according to the position of the Nine Palaces so that he may be taken across this body of weak water."

"Where is the scripture pilgrim?" asked Wujing. Pointing with his finger, Mokṣa said, "Isn't he the one sitting on the eastern shore?" Wujing caught sight of Eight Rules and said, "I don't know where that lawless creature came from! He fought with me for two whole days, never once saying a word about seeking scriptures." When he saw Pilgrim, he said again. "That customer is his assistant, and a formidable one, too! I'm not going over there!"

"That is Zhu Eight Rules," said Mokṣa, "and that other one is Pilgrim Sun, both disciples of the Tang Monk and both converted by the Bodhisattva. Why fear them? I'll escort you to the Tang Monk." Only then did Wujing put away his precious staff and straighten his yellow silk shirt.

He jumped ashore and knelt before Tripitaka, saying, “Master, your disciple has eyes but no pupils, and he failed to recognize your noble features. I have greatly offended you, and I beg you to pardon me.”

“You bum!” said Eight Rules. “Why did you not submit in the first place? Why did you only want to fight with me? What do you have to say for yourself?”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “don’t berate him. It’s really our fault for not mentioning that we were seeking scriptures, and we didn’t tell him our names.”

“Are you truly willing to embrace our faith?” said the elder. “Your disciple was converted by the Bodhisattva,” said Wujing. “Deriving my surname from the river, she gave me the religious name Sha Wujing. How could I be unwilling to take you as my master?”

“In that case,” said Tripitaka, “Wukong may bring over the sacred razor and shave off his hair.”

The Great Sage indeed took the razor and shaved Wujing’s head, after which he came again to pay homage to Tripitaka, Pilgrim, and Eight Rules, thus becoming the youngest disciple of the Tang Monk. When Tripitaka saw that he comported himself very much like a monk, he gave him the nickname of Sha Monk. “Since you have embraced the faith,” said Mokṣa, “there’s no need for further delay. You must build the dharma vessel at once.” Not daring to delay, Wujing took off the skulls around his neck and strung them up with a rope after the design of the Nine Palaces, placing the gourd in the middle. He then asked his master to leave the shore, and our elder thus embarked on the dharma vessel. As he sat in the center, he found it to be as sturdy as a little boat. He was, moreover, supported by Eight Rules on his left and Wujing on his right, while Pilgrim Sun, leading the dragon-horse, followed in the rear, treading half on cloud and half on fog. Above their heads Mokṣa also took up his post to give them added protection. In this way our master of the Law was safely ferried across the boundary of the Flowing-Sand River: with the wind calm and waves quiet he crossed the weak water. It was truly as fast as flying or riding an arrow, for in a little while he reached the other shore, having been delivered from the mighty waves. He did not drag up mud or water, and happily both his hands and feet remained dry. In sum, he was pure and clean without engaging in any activity. When master and disciples reached solid ground again, Mokṣa descended from the auspicious clouds. As he took back his gourd, the nine skulls changed into nine curls of dark wind and vanished. Tripitaka bowed to thank Mokṣa and also gave thanks to the Bodhisattva. So it was that Mokṣa went straight back to the South Sea, while Tripitaka mounted his horse to go to the West. We do not know how long it took them to achieve the right fruit of scripture acquisition; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-THREE

Tripitaka does not forget his origin
The Four Sages test the priestly mind

A long journey westward is his decree,
As frosted blooms fall in autumn's mild breeze.
Tie up the sly ape, don't loosen the ropes!
Hold back the mean horse, and don't use the whip!
Wood Mother was once fused with Metal Squire;
Yellow Dame and Naked Son ne'er did differ.
Bite open the iron ball—there's mystery true:
Perfection of wisdom will come to you.

The principal aim of this chapter is to make clear that the way to acquire scriptures is no different from the way of attending to the fundamentals in one's life.

We now tell you about master and disciples, the four of them, who, having awakened to the suchness of all things, broke free from the fetters of dust. Leaping clear from the sea of nature's flowing sand, they were completely rid of any hindrance and proceeded westward on the main road. They passed through countless green hills and blue waters; they saw wild grass and untended flowers in endless arrays. Time was swift indeed and soon it was autumn again. You see

Maple leaves redden the mountain;
Yellow blooms endure the night-wind.
Old cicada's song turns languid;
Sad crickets ever voice their plaint.
Cracked lotus leaves like green silk fans;
Fragrant oranges like gold balls.
Lovely, those rows of wild geese,
In dots they spread to distant sky.

As they journeyed, it was getting late again. "Disciples," said Tripitaka, "it's getting late. Where shall we go to spend the night?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "what you said is not quite right. Those who have left home dine on the winds and rest beside the waters; they sleep beneath the moon and lie on the frost; in short, any place can be their home. Why ask where we should spend the night?"

"Elder Brother," said Zhu Eight Rules, "all you seem to care about is making progress on the journey, and you've no concern for the burdens of others. Since crossing the Flowing-Sand River, we have been doing nothing but scaling mountains and peaks, and hauling this heavy load is becoming rather hard on me. Wouldn't it be much more reasonable to look for a house where we can ask for some tea and rice, and try to regain our strength?"

"Idiot," said Pilgrim, "your words sound as if you begrudge this whole enterprise. If you think that you are still back in the Gao Village, where you can enjoy the comfort that comes to you without your exerting yourself, then you won't make it! If you have truly embraced the faith of Buddhism, you must be willing to endure pain and suffering; only then will you be a true disciple."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "how heavy do you think this load of luggage is?" Pilgrim said, "Brother, since you and Sha Monk joined us, I haven't had a chance to pole it. How would I know its weight?"

"Ah! Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "just count the things here:

Four yellow rattan mats;
Long and short, eight ropes in all.
To guard against dampness and rain,
There are blankets—three, four layers!
The flat pole's too slippery, perhaps?
You add nails on nails at both ends!
Cast in iron and copper, the nine-ringed priestly staff.
Made of bamboo and rattan, the long, large cloak.

With all this luggage, you should pity old Hog, who has to walk all day carrying it! You only are the disciple of our master:

I've been made into a long-term laborer!"

"Idiot!" said Pilgrim with a laugh, "to whom are you protesting?"

"To you, Elder Brother," said Eight Rules. "If you're protesting to me," said Pilgrim, "you've made a mistake! Old Monkey is solely concerned with Master's safety, whereas you and Sha Monk have the special responsibility of looking after the luggage and the horse. If you ever slack off, you'll get a good whipping in the shanks from this huge rod!"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "don't mention whipping, for that only means taking advantage of others by brute force. I realize that you have a proud and haughty nature, and you are not about to pole the luggage. But look how fat and strong the horse is that Master is riding: he's only carrying one old monk. Make him take a few pieces of luggage, for the sake of fraternal sentiment!"

"So you think he's a horse!" said Pilgrim. "He's no earthly horse, for he is originally the son of Aorun, the Dragon King of the Western Ocean. Because he set fire to the palace and destroyed some of its pearls, his father charged him with disobedience and he was condemned by Heaven. He was fortunate to have the Bodhisattva Guanyin save his life, and he was placed in the Eagle Grief Stream to await Master's arrival. At the appropriate time, the Bodhisattva also appeared personally to take off his scales and horns and to remove the pearls around his neck. It was then that he changed into this horse to carry Master to worship Buddha in the Western Heaven. This is a matter of achieving merit for each one of us individually, and you shouldn't bother him." When Sha Monk heard these words, he asked, "Elder Brother, is he really a dragon?"

"Yes," replied Pilgrim. Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, I have heard an ancient saying that a dragon can breathe out clouds and mists, kick up dust and dirt, and he even has the ability to leap over mountains and peaks, the divine power to stir up rivers and seas. How is it that he is walking so slowly at the moment?"

"You want him to move swiftly?" said Pilgrim. "I'll make him do that. Look!"

Dear Great Sage! He shook his goldenhooped rod once, and there were ten thousand shafts of colorful lights! When that horse saw the rod, he was so afraid that he might be struck by it that he moved his four legs like lightning and darted away. As his hands were weak, the master could not restrain the horse from this display of its mean

nature. The horse ran all the way up a mountain cliff before slowing down to a trot. The master finally caught his breath, and that was when he discovered in the distance several stately buildings beneath some pine trees. He saw

Doors draped by hanging cedars:
Houses beside a green hill;
Pine trees fresh and straight.
And some poles of mottled bamboo.
By the fence wild chrysanthemums glow with the frost:
By the bridge orchid reflections redden the stream.
Walls of white plaster;
And fences brick-laid.
A great hall, how noble and august:
A tall house, so peaceful and clean.
No oxen or sheep are seen, nor hens or dogs.
After autumn's harvest farm chores must be light.

As the master held on to the saddle and slowly surveyed the scenery, Wukong and his brothers arrived. "Master," said Wukong, "you didn't fall off the horse?"

"You brazen ape!" scolded the elder. "You were the one who frightened the horse! It's a good thing I managed to stay on him!"

Attempting to placate him with a smile, Pilgrim said, "Master, please don't scold me. It all began when Zhu Eight Rules said that the horse was moving too slowly: so I made him hurry a little."

Because he tried to catch up with the horse, Idiot ran till he was all out of breath, mumbling to himself, "I'm done, done! Look at this belly of mine, and the slack torso! Already the pole is so heavy that I can hardly carry it. Now I'm given the additional bustle and toil of running after this horse!"

"Disciples," said the elder, "look over there. There's a small village where we may perhaps ask for lodging." When Pilgrim heard these words, he looked up and saw that it was covered by auspicious clouds and hallowed mists. He knew then that this place had to be a creation of buddhas or immortals, but he dared not reveal the Heavenly secret. He only said, "Fine! Fine! Let's go ask for shelter." Quickly dismounting, the elder discovered that the towered entrance gate was decorated with carved lotus designs and looped slits in the woodwork; its pillars were carved and its beams gilded. Sha Monk put down the luggage, while Eight Rules led the horse, saying, "This must be a family of considerable wealth!" Pilgrim would have gone in at once, but Tripitaka said, "No, you and I are priests, and we should behave with circumspection. Don't ever enter a house without permission. Let's wait until someone comes out, and then we may request lodging politely."

Eight Rules tied up the horse and sat down, leaning against the wall. Tripitaka sat on one of the stone drums while Pilgrim and Sha Monk seated themselves at the foot of the gate. They waited for a long time, but no one came out.

Impatient by nature, Pilgrim leaped up after a while and ran inside the gate to have a look. There were, in fact, three large halls facing south, each with its curtains drawn up highly. Above the door screen hung a horizontal scroll painting with motifs of long life and rich blessings. And pasted on the gold lacquered pillars on either side was this new year couplet written on bright red paper:

Frail willows float like gossamer, the low bridge at dusk:
Snow dots the fragrant plums, a small yard in the spring.

In the center hall, there was a small black lacquered table, its luster half gone, bearing an old bronze urn in the shape of a beast. There were six straight-backed chairs in the main hall, while hanging screens were mounted on the walls east and west just below the roof.

As Pilgrim was glancing at all this furtively, the sound of footsteps suddenly came from behind the door to the rear, and out walked a middle-aged woman who asked in a seductive voice, "Who are you, that you dare enter a widow's home without permission?"

The Great Sage was so taken aback that he could only murmur his reply:

"This humble monk came from the Great Tang in the Land of the East, having received the royal decree to seek scriptures from Buddha in the West. There are four of us altogether. As we reached your noble region, it became late, and we therefore approached the sacred abode of the old Bodhisattva to seek shelter for the night." Smiling amiably, the woman said, "Elder, where are your other three companions? Please invite them to come in."

"Master," shouted Pilgrim in a loud voice, "you are invited to come in." Only then did Tripitaka enter with Eight Rules and Sha Monk, who was leading the horse and carrying the luggage as well. The woman walked out of the hall to greet them, where she was met by the furtive, wanton glances of Eight Rules. "How did she look?" you ask.

She wore a gown of mandarin green and silk brocade,
Topped by a light pink vest,
To which was fastened a light yellow embroidered skirt;
Her high-heeled, patterned shoes glinted beneath.
A black lace covered her stylish coiffure,
Nicely matching the twin-colored braids like dragons coiled.
Her ivory palace-comb, gleaming red and halcyon-blue,
Supported two gold hair-pins set aslant.
Her half-grey tresses swept up like phoenix wings;
Her dangling earrings had rows of precious pearls.
Still lovely even without powder or rouge,
She had charm and beauty like one fair youth.

When the woman saw the three of them, she became even more amiable and invited them with great politeness into the main hall.

After they had exchanged greetings one after the other, the pilgrims were told to be seated for tea to be served. From behind the screen a young maid with two tufts of flowing locks appeared, holding a golden tray with several white-jade cups. There were

Fragrant tea wafting warm air,
Strange fruits spreading fine aroma.

That lady rolled up her colorful sleeves and revealed long, delicate fingers like the stalks of spring onions; holding high the jade cups, she passed the tea to each one of them, bowing as she made the presentation. After the tea, she gave instructions for vegetarian food to be prepared. "Old Bodhisattva," said Tripitaka bowing, "what is your noble surname? And what is the name of your esteemed region?"

The woman said, “This belongs to the West Aparagodānīya Continent. My maiden surname is Jia (Unreal), and the surname of my husband’s family is Mo (Nonexisting). Unfortunately, my in-laws died prematurely, and my husband and I inherited our ancestral fortune, which amounted to more than ten thousand taels of silver and over fifteen thousand acres of prime land. It was fated, however, that we should have no son, having given birth only to three daughters. The year before last, it was my great misfortune to lose my husband also, and I was left a widow. This year my mourning period is completed, but we have no other relatives beside mother and daughters to inherit our vast property and land. I would have liked to marry again, but I find it difficult to give up such wealth. We are delighted, therefore, that the four of you have arrived, for we four, mother and daughters, would like very much to ask you to become our spouses. I do not know what you will think of this proposal.” When Tripitaka heard these words, he turned deaf and dumb; shutting his eyes to quiet his mind, he fell silent and gave no reply. The woman said, “We own over three hundred acres of paddies, over four hundred and sixty acres of dried fields, and over four hundred and sixty acres of orchards and forests. We have over a thousand head of yellow water buffalo, herds of mules and horses, countless pigs and sheep. In all four quarters, there are over seventy barns and haystacks. In this household there is grain enough to feed you for more than eight or nine years, silk that you could not wear out in a decade, gold and silver that you might spend for a lifetime. What could be more delightful than our silk sheets and curtains, which can render spring eternal? Not to mention those who wear golden hairpins standing in rows! If all of you, master and disciples, are willing to change your minds and enter the family of your wives, you will be most comfortable, having all these riches to enjoy. Will that not be better than the toil of the journey to the West?” Like a mute and stupid person, Tripitaka refused to utter a word.

The woman said, “I was born in the hour of the Cock, on the third day of the third month, in the year Dinghai. As my deceased husband was three years my senior, I am now forty-five years old. My eldest daughter, named Zhenzhen, is twenty; my second daughter, Aiai, is eighteen; and my youngest daughter, Lianlian, is sixteen.

None of them has been betrothed to anyone. Though I am rather homely, my daughters fortunately are rather good-looking. Moreover, each of them is well trained in needlework and the feminine arts. And because we had no son, my late husband brought them up as if they were boys, teaching them some of the Confucian classics when they were young as well as the art of writing verse and couplets. So, although they reside in a mountain home, they are not vulgar or uncouth persons; they would make suitable matches, I dare say, for all of you. If you elders can put away your inhibitions and let your hair grow again, you can at once become masters of this household. Are not the silk and brocade that you will wear infinitely better than the porcelain almsbowl and black robes, the straw sandals and grass hats?” Sitting aloft in the seat of honor, Tripitaka was like a child struck by lightning, a frog smitten by rain. With eyes bulging and rolling upward, he could barely keep himself from keeling over in his chair. But Eight Rules, hearing of such wealth and such beauty, could hardly quell the unbearable itch in his heart! Sitting on his chair, he kept turning and twisting as if a needle were pricking him in the ass. Finally he could restrain himself no longer. Walking forward, he tugged at his master, saying, “Master! How can you completely ignore what the lady has been saying to you? You must try to pay some attention.” Jerking back his head, the priest gave such a hostile shout that Eight Rules backed away hurriedly. “You cursed

beast!" he bellowed. "We are people who have left home. How can we possibly allow ourselves anymore to be moved by riches and tempted by beauty?"

Giggling, the woman said, "Oh dear, dear! Tell me, what's so good about those who leave home?"

"Lady Bodhisattva," said Tripitaka, "tell me what is so good about those of you who remain at home?"

"Please take a seat, elder," said the woman, "and let me tell you the benefits in the life of those of us who remain at home. If you ask what they are, this poem will make them abundantly clear.

When spring fashions appear I wear new silk;
Pleased to watch summer lilies I change to lace.
Autumn brings fragrant rice-wine newly brewed.
In winter's heated rooms my face glows with wine.
I may enjoy the fruits of all four climes
And every dainty of eight seasons, too.
The silk sheets and quilts of the bridal eve
Best the mendicant's life of Buddhist chants."

Tripitaka said, "Lady Bodhisattva, you who remain in the home can enjoy riches and glory; you have things to eat, clothes to wear, and children by your side. That is undeniably a good life, but you do not know that there are some benefits in the life of those of us who have left home. If you ask what they are, this poem will make them abundantly clear.

The will to leave home is no common thing:
You must tear down the old stronghold of love!
No cares without, tongue and mouth are at peace;
Your body within has good yin and yang.
When merit's done, you face the Golden Arch
And go hack, mind enlightened, to your Home.
It beats the life of lust for household meat:
You rot with age, one stinking bag of flesh!"

When the woman heard these words, she grew terribly angry, saying, "How dare you to be so insolent, you brazen monk! If I had had no regard for the fact that you have come from the Land of the East, I would have sent you away at once. Now, I was trying to ask you, with all sincerity, to enter our family and share our wealth, and you insult me instead. Even though you have received the commandments and made the vow never to return to secular life, at least one of your followers could become a member of our family.

Why are you being so legalistic?" Seeing how angry she had become, Tripitaka was intimidated and said, "Wukong, why don't you stay here." Pilgrim said, "I've been completely ignorant in such matters since the time I was young. Let Eight Rules stay."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "don't play tricks on people. Let's all have some further discussion."

"If neither of you is willing," said Tripitaka, "I'll ask Wujing to stay."

"Listen to the way Master is speaking!" said Sha Monk. "Since I was converted by the Bodhisattva and received the commandments from her, I've been waiting for

you. It has been scarcely two months since you took me as your disciple and gave me your teachings, and I have yet to acquire even half an inch of merit. You think I would dare seek such riches! I will journey to the Western Heaven even if it means my death! I'll never engage in such perfidious activities!" When the woman saw them refusing to remain, she quickly walked behind the screen and slammed the door to the rear. Master and disciples were left outside, and no one came out again to present tea or rice.

Exasperated, Eight Rules began to find fault with the Tang Monk, saying, "Master, you really don't know how to handle these matters! In fact, you have ruined all our chances by the way you spoke! You could have been more flexible and given her a vague reply so that she would at least have given us a meal. We would at least have enjoyed a pleasant evening, and whether we would be willing to stay tomorrow or not would have been for us to decide. Now the door is shut and no one is going to come out. How are we going to last through the night in the midst of these empty ashes and cold stoves?"

"Second Brother," said Wujing, "why don't you stay here and become her son-in-law?"

Eight Rules said, "Brother, don't play tricks on people. Let's discuss the matter further."

"What's there to discuss?" said Pilgrim. "If you are willing, Master and that woman will become in-laws, and you will be the son-in-law who lives in the girl's home. With such riches and such treasures in this family, you will no doubt be given a huge dowry and a nice banquet to greet the kinsfolk, which all of us can also enjoy. Your return to secular life here will in fact benefit both parties concerned."

"You can say that all right," said Eight Rules, "but for me it's a matter of fleeing the secular life only to return to secular life, of leaving my wife only to take another wife."

"So, Second Brother already has a wife?" said Sha Monk. "You didn't realize," Pilgrim said, "that originally he was the son-in-law of Mr. Gao of the Old Gao Village, in the Kingdom of Qoco. Since I defeated him, and since he had earlier received the commandments from the Bodhisattva, he had little choice but to follow the priestly vocation. That's the reason he abandoned his former wife to follow Master and to go worship Buddha in the Western Heaven. I suppose he has felt the separation keenly and has been brooding on it for some time. Just now, when marriage was mentioned, he must have been sorely tempted. Idiot, why don't you become the son-in-law of this household? Just make sure that you make a few extra bows to old Monkey, and you won't be reprimanded!"

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" said Idiot. "Each one of us is tempted, but you only want old Hog to be embarrassed. The proverb says, 'A monk is the preta of sensuality,' and which one of us can truly say that he doesn't want this? But you have to put on a show, and your histrionics have ruined a good thing. Now we can't even get a drop of tea or water, and no one is tending the lamps or fires. We may last through the night, but I doubt that the horse can: he has to carry someone tomorrow and walk again, you know. If he goes hungry for a night, he might be reduced to a skeleton. You people sit here, while old Hog goes to graze the horse."

Hastily, Idiot untied the reins and pulled the horse outside. "Sha Monk," said Pilgrim, "you stay here and keep Master company. I'll follow him and see where he is going to graze the horse."

"Wukong," said Tripitaka, "you may go and see where he's going, but don't ridicule him."

"I know," said Pilgrim. The Great Sage walked out of the main hall, and with one shake of his body he changed into a red dragonfly. He flew out of the front gate and caught up with Eight Rules.

Idiot pulled the horse out to where there was grass, but he did not graze him there. Shouting and whooping, he chased the horse instead to the rear of the house, where he found the woman standing outside the door with three girls, enjoying the sight of some chrysanthemums. When mother and daughters saw Eight Rules approaching, the three girls slipped inside the house at once, but the woman stood still beside the door and said, "little elder, where are you going?" Our Idiot threw away the reins and went up to greet her with a most friendly "Hello!"

Then he said, "Mama, I came to graze the horse."

"Your master is much too squeamish," said the woman. "If he took a wife in our family, he would be much better off, wouldn't he, than being a mendicant trudging to the West?"

"Well, they all have received the command of the Tang emperor," said Eight Rules, with a laugh, "and they haven't the courage to disobey the ruler's decree. That's why they are unwilling to do this thing. Just now they were all trying to play tricks on me in the front hall, and I was somewhat embarrassed because I was afraid that Mama would find my long snout and large ears too offensive."

"I don't, really." said the woman. "And since we have no master of the house, it's better to take one than none at all. But I do fear that my daughters may find you somewhat unattractive."

"Mama," said Eight Rules, "please instruct your noble daughters not to choose their men that way. Others may be more handsome, but they usually turn out to be quite useless. Though I may be ugly, I do live by certain principles."

"And what are they?" asked the woman. Eight Rules replied,

"Though I may be somewhat ugly,
I can work quite diligently.
A thousand acres of land, you say?
No need for oxen to plow it.
I'll go over it once with my rake,
And the seeds will grow in season.
When there's no rain I can make rain.
When there's no wind I'll call for wind.
If the house is not tall enough,
I'll build you a few stories more.
If the grounds are not swept I'll give them a sweep.
If the gutter's not drained I'll draw it for you.
All things both great and small around the house
I am able to do most readily."

"If you can work around the house," said the woman, "you should discuss the matter again with your master. If there's no great inconvenience, we'll take you."

"No need for further discussion," said Eight Rules, "for he's no genuine parent of mine. Whether I want to do this or not is for me to decide."

"All right, all right," said the woman. "Let me talk to my girls first." She slipped back inside immediately and slammed the rear door shut. Eight Rules did not graze the horse there either, but led it back to the front. Little did he realize, however, that Great Sage Sun had heard everything. With wings outstretched, the Great Sage flew back to see the Tang Monk, changing back into his original form. "Master," he said, "Wuneng is leading the horse back here."

"Of course he's leading the horse," said the Tang Monk, "for if he doesn't, it may run away in a fit of mischief." Pilgrim started to laugh and gave a thorough account of what the woman and Eight Rules had said, but Tripitaka did not know whether to believe him or not.

In a little while Idiot arrived and tied up the horse. "Have you grazed him?" asked the elder. "There's not much good grass around here," said Eight Rules, "so it's really no place to graze a horse."

"It may not be a place to graze the horse," said Pilgrim, "but is it a place to lead a horse?"

When Idiot heard this question, he knew that his secret was known. He lowered his head and turned it to one side; with pouting lips and wrinkled brows, he remained silent for a long time. Just then, they heard the side door open with a creak, and out came a pair of red lanterns and a pair of portable incense burners. There were swirling clouds of fragrance and the sounds of tinkling girdle-jade when the woman walked out leading her three daughters. Zhenzhen, Aiai, and Lianlian were told to bow to the scripture pilgrims, and as they did so, standing in a row at the main hall, they appeared to be most beautiful indeed. Look at them!

Each mothlike eyebrow painted halcyon-blue:
Each pretty face aglow with springlike hues.
What beguiling, empire-shaking beauty!
What ravishing, heart-jolting charm!
Their filigreed headgears enhance their grace;
Silk sashes afloat, they seem wholly divine.
Like ripe cherries their lips part, half-smiling,
As they walk slowly and spread their orchid-scent.
Their heads full of pearls and jade
Atop countless hairpins slightly trembling.
Their bodies full of delicate aroma,
Shrouded by exquisite robes of fine golden thread.
Why speak of lovely ladies of the South,
Or the good looks of Xizi?
They look like the fairy ladies descending from the Ninefold Heaven,
Or the Princess Change leaving her Vast Cold Palace.

When he saw them, Tripitaka lowered his head and folded his hands in front of him, while the Great Sage became mute and Sha Monk turned away completely. But look at that Zhu Eight Rules! With eyes unblinking, a mind filled with lust, and passion fast rising, he murmured huskily, "What an honor it is to have the presence of you immortal ladies! Mama, please ask these dear sisters to leave."

The three girls went behind the screen, leaving the pair of lanterns behind.

The woman said, “Have you four elders made up your mind which one of you shall be betrothed to my daughters?”

“We have discussed the matter,” said Wujing, “and we have decided that the one whose surname is Zhu shall enter your family.”

“Brother,” said Eight Rules, “please don’t play any tricks on me. Let’s discuss the matter further.”

“What’s there to discuss?” said Pilgrim. “You have already made all the arrangements with her at the back door, and even call her ‘Mama.’ What’s there to discuss anymore? Master can be the in-law for the groom while this woman here will give away the bride; old Monkey will be the witness, and Sha Monk the go-between. There’s no need even to consult the almanac, for today happens to be the most auspicious and lucky day. You come here and bow to Master, and then you can go inside and become her son-in-law.”

“Nothing doing! Nothing doing!” said Eight Rules. “How can I engage in this kind of business?”

“Idiot!” said Pilgrim. “Stop this fakery! You have addressed her as ‘Mama’ for countless times already! What do you mean by ‘nothing doing’? Agree to this at once, so that we may have the pleasure of enjoying some wine at the wedding.”

He caught hold of Eight Rules with one hand and pulled at the woman with the other, saying, “Mother-in-law, take your son-in-law inside.” Somewhat hesitantly, Idiot started to shuffle inside, while the woman gave instructions to a houseboy, saying, “Take out some tables and chairs and wipe them clean. Prepare a vegetarian dinner to serve these three relatives of ours. I’m leading our new master inside.” She further gave instructions for the cook to begin preparation for a wedding banquet to be held the next morning. The houseboys then left to tell the cook. After the three pilgrims had eaten their meal, they retired to the guest rooms, and we shall say no more of them for the moment.

We now tell you about Eight Rules, who followed his mother-in-law and walked inside. There were row upon row of doorways and chambers with tall thresholds, causing him constantly to stumble and fall. “Mama,” said Idiot, “please walk more slowly. I’m not familiar with the way here, so you must guide me a little.”

The woman said, “These are all the storerooms, the treasuries, the rooms where the flour is ground. We have yet to reach the kitchen.”

“What a huge house!” said Eight Rules. Stumbling along a winding course, he walked for a long time before finally reaching the inner chamber of the house. “Son-in-law,” said the woman, “since your brother said that today is a most auspicious and lucky day, I have taken you in. In all this hurry, we have not had the chance of consulting an astrologer, nor have we been prepared for the proper wedding ceremony of worshiping Heaven and Earth and of spreading grains and fruits on the bridal bed. Right now, why don’t you kowtow eight times toward the sky?”

“You are right, Mama,” said Eight Rules. “You take the upper seat also, and let me bow to you a few times. We’ll consider that my worship of Heaven and Earth as well as my gesture of gratitude to you. Doing these two things at once will save me some trouble.”

"All right, all right," said his mother-in-law, laughing. "You are indeed a son-in-law who knows how to fulfill your household duties with the least effort. I'll sit down, and you can make your bows."

The candles on silver candlesticks were shining brightly throughout the hall as Idiot made his bows. Afterwards he said, "Mama, which one of the dear sisters do you plan to give me?"

"That's my dilemma," said his mother-in-law. "I was going to give you my eldest daughter, but I was afraid of offending my second daughter. I was going to give you my second daughter, but I was afraid then of offending my third daughter. And if I were to give you my third daughter, I fear that my eldest daughter may be offended. That's why I cannot make up my mind."

"Mama," said Eight Rules, "if you want to prevent strife, why not give them all to me? That way, you will spare yourself a lot of bickering that can destroy the harmony of the family."

"Nonsense!" said his mother-in-law. "You mean you alone want to take all three of my daughters?"

"Listen to what you're saying, Mama!" said Eight Rules. "Who doesn't have three or four concubines nowadays? Even if you have a few more daughters, I'll gladly take them all. When I was young, I learned how to be long-lasting in the arts of love. You can be assured that I'll render satisfactory service to every one of them."

"That's no good! That's no good!" said the woman. "I have a large handkerchief here, with which you can cover your head, blindfold yourself, and determine your fated marriage that way. I'm going to ask my daughters to walk past you, and the one you can catch with your hands will be betrothed to you." Idiot accepted her suggestion and covered his head with his handkerchief. We have a testimonial poem that says:

The fool knows not the true causes of things;
Beauty's sword can in secret wound the self.
The Duke of Zhou of old had fixed the rites.
But a bridegroom today still veils his head!

After Idiot had tied himself up properly, he said, "Mama, ask the dear sisters to come out."

"Zhenzhen, Aiai, Lianlian," cried his mother-in-law, "you all come out and determine your fated marriage, so that one of you may be given to this man." With the sounds of girdle-jade and the fragrance of orchids, it seemed that some immortal ladies had suddenly appeared. Idiot indeed stretched forth his hands to try to catch hold of one of the girls, but though he darted about madly this way and that, he could not lay hands on anyone on either side of him. It seemed to him, to be sure, that the girls were making all kinds of movement around him, but he could not grab a single one of them. He lunged toward the east and wrapped his arms around a pillar; he made a dive toward the west and slammed into a wooden partition. Growing faint from rushing about like that, he began to stumble and fall all over the place —tripping on the threshold in front of him, smashing into the brick wall behind him! Fumbling and tumbling around, he ended up sitting on the floor with a bruised head and a swollen mouth.

"Mama," he cried, panting heavily, "you have a bunch of slippery daughters! I can't catch a single one of them! What am I to do? What am I to do?"

Taking off his blindfold, the woman said, "Son-in-law, it's not that my daughters are slippery; it's just that they are all very modest. Each defers to the other so that she may take you."

"If they are unwilling to take me, Mama," said Eight Rules, "why don't you take me instead?"

"Dear son-in-law," said the woman, "you really have no regard for age or youth, when you even want your mother-in-law! My three daughters are really quite talented, for each one of them has woven a silk undershirt studded with pearls. Try them on, and the one whose shirt fits you will take you in."

"Fine! Fine! Fine!" said Eight Rules. "Bring out all three undershirts and let me try them on. If all fit me, they can all have me."

The woman went inside and took out one undershirt, which she handed over to Eight Rules. Taking off his blue silk shirt, Idiot took up the undergarment and draped it over his body at once. Before he had managed to tie the strings, however, he suddenly fell to the floor. The undershirt, you see, had changed into several pieces of rope which had him tightly bound. As he lay there in unbearable pain, the women vanished.

We now tell you about Tripitaka, Pilgrim, and Sha Monk, who woke up when it began to grow light in the East. As they opened their eyes, they discovered that all the noble halls and buildings had vanished. There were neither carved beams nor gilded pillars, for the truth of the matter was that they had all been sleeping in a forest of pines and cedars. In a panic, the elder began to shout for Pilgrim, and Sha Monk also cried, "Elder Brother, we are finished! We have met some ghosts!"

The Great Sage Sun, however, realized fully what had happened. Smiling gently, he said, "What are you talking about?"

"Look where we've been sleeping!" cried the elder.

"It's pleasant enough in this pine forest," said Pilgrim, "but I wonder where that Idiot is going through his ordeal."

"Who is going through an ordeal?" asked the elder.

Pilgrim answered with a laugh. "The women of that household happened to be some bodhisattvas from somewhere, who had waited for us to teach us a lesson. They must have left during the night, but unfortunately Zhu Eight Rules has to suffer." When Tripitaka heard this, he quickly folded his hands to make a bow. Then they saw a slip of paper hanging on an old cedar tree, fluttering in the wind. Sha Monk quickly took it down for his master to read. On it was written the following eight-line poem:

Though the old Dame of Li Shan had no desire,
Guanyin invited her to leave the mount.
Mañjuśri and Viśvabhadra, too, were guests
Who took in the woods the form of maidens fair.
The holy monk's virtuous and truly chaste,
But Eight Rules's profane, loving things mundane.
Henceforth he must repent with quiet heart,
For if he's slothful, the way will be hard.

As the elder, Pilgrim, and Sha Monk recited this poem aloud, they heard a loud call from deep in the woods:

"Master, the ropes are killing me! Save me, please! I'll never dare do this again!"

"Wukong," said Tripitaka, "is it Wuneng who is calling us?"

"Yes," said Sha Monk. "Brother," said Pilgrim, "don't bother about him. Let us leave now."

"Though Idiot is stupid and mischievous," said Tripitaka, "he is at least fairly honest, and he has arms strong enough to carry the luggage. Let's have some regard for the Bodhisattva's earlier intention, let's rescue him so that he may continue to follow us. I doubt that he'll ever dare do this again." Sha Monk thereupon rolled up the bedding and put the luggage in order, after which Great Sage Sun untied the horse to lead the Tang Monk into the woods to see what had happened. Ah! So it is that

You must take care in the pursuit of truth
To purge desires, and you'll enter the Real.

We do not know what sort of good or evil was in store for the Idiot; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-FOUR

At Long Life Mountain the Great Immortal detains his old friend
At Five Villages Abbey, Pilgrim steals the ginseng fruit

We shall tell you about the three of them who, on entering the forest, found Idiot tied to a tree. He was screaming continuously because of the unbearable pain. Pilgrim approached and said to him, laughing, "Dear son-in-law! It's getting rather late, and you still haven't got around to performing the proper ceremony of thanking your parents or announcing your marriage to Master. You are still having a grand old time playing games here! Hey! Where's your mama? Where's your wife? What a dear son-in-law, all bound and beaten!" When Idiot heard such ridicule, he was so mortified that he clenched his teeth to try to endure the pain without making any more noise.

Sha Monk, however, could not bear to look at him; he put down the luggage and went forward to untie the ropes. After he was freed, Idiot could only drop to his knees and kowtow toward the sky, for he was filled with shame. For him we have as a testimony this lyric to the tune of "Moon Over West River":

Eros is a sword injurious:
Live by it and you will be slain.
The lady so fair and lovely at sixteen
Is more vicious than a yakṣa!
You have but one principal sum;
You can't add profit to your purse.
Guard and keep well your precious capital,
Which you must not squander and waste.

Scooping up some dirt and scattering it like incense, Eight Rules bowed to the sky. "Did you recognize those bodhisattvas at all?" asked Pilgrim. "I was in a stupor, about to faint," replied Eight Rules. "How could I recognize anyone?" Pilgrim then handed him the slip of paper. When Eight Rules saw the *gāthā*, he was more embarrassed than ever. "Second Brother does have all the luck," said Sha Monk with a laugh, "for you have attracted these four bodhisattvas here to become your wives!"

"Brother," said Eight Rules, "let's not ever mention that again! It's blasphemy! From now on, I'll never dare do such foolish things again. Even if it breaks my bones, I'll carry the pole and luggage to follow Master to the West."

"You are finally speaking sensibly," said Tripitaka.

Pilgrim then led his master up the main road, and after journeying for a long time, they suddenly came upon a tall mountain. Pulling in the reins, Tripitaka said, "Disciples, let's be careful as we travel up this mountain before us, for there may be monsters seeking to harm us."

"Ahead of your horse you have the three of us," said Pilgrim. "Why fear the monsters?" Reassured by these words, the elder proceeded. That mountain is truly a magnificent mountain:

A tall mountain most rugged,
Its shape both lofty and grand.
Its root joins the Kunlun ranges;
Its top reaches to the sky.

White cranes come oft to perch on junipers;
Black apes hang frequently on the vines.
As the sun lights up the forest,
Strands upon strands of red mist are circling;
As wind rises from dark gorges,
Ten thousand pink cloud pieces soar and fly.
Hidden birds sing madly in green bamboos;
Pheasants do battle amidst wildflowers.
You see that Thousand- Year Peak,
That Five- Blessings

Peak,
And the Hibiscus Peak—
They all glow and shimmer most awesomely;
That Ageless Rock,
That Tiger- Tooth Rock,
And that Three- Heaven Rock—
Where auspicious air rises endlessly.
Below the cliff, delicate grass;
Atop the ridge, fragrant plum.
The thorns and briars are thick;
The orchids are pale and pure.
The deep woods's phoenix musters a thousand fowls;
An old cave's unicorn rules countless beasts.
Even the brook seems caring:
She twists and turns as if looking back.
The peaks are continuous:
Row upon row circling all around.
You also see those green locust trees,
Those mottled bamboos,
And those verdant pines—
Rivals ever fresh in their dense lushness;
Those pears milk-white,
Those peaches red,
And those willows green—
All competing in their Triple- Spring hues.
Dragons sing and tigers roar;
The cranes dance and the apes wail;
The musk deer from flowers walk out;
The phoenix cries facing the sun.
It's a mount divine, land of true blessings,
The same as Penglai, wondrous fairy land.
See those flowers blooming and dying—this mountain scene,
Where clouds draw near or leave the soaring peaks.

With great delight, Tripitaka said as he rode along, "Disciples, since I began this journey to the West, I have passed through many regions, all rather treacherous and difficult to traverse. None of the other places has scenery like this mountain, which is

extraordinarily beautiful. Perhaps we are not far from Thunderclap, and, if so, we should prepare in a dignified and solemn manner to meet the World's Honored One."

"It's early, much too early!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "We are nowhere near!"

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "how far is it for us to reach Thunderclap?"

"One hundred and eight thousand miles," said Pilgrim, "and we have not even covered one-tenth of the distance."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "how many years do we have to travel before we get there?"

"If we were talking about you two, my worthy brothers," said Pilgrim, "this journey would take some ten days. If we were talking about me, I could probably make about fifty round trips in a day and there would still be sunlight. But if we are talking about Master, then don't even think about it!"

"Wukong," said the Tang Monk, "tell us when we shall be able to reach our destination." Pilgrim said, "You can walk from the time of your youth till the time you grow old, and after that, till you become youthful again; and even after going through such a cycle a thousand times, you may still find it difficult to reach the place you want to go to. But when you perceive, by the resoluteness of your will, the Buddha-nature in all things, and when every one of your thoughts goes back to its very source in your memory, that will be the time you arrive at the Spirit Mountain."

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "even though this is not the region of Thunderclap, a place of such scenic splendor must be the residence of a good man."

"That's an appropriate observation," said Pilgrim, "for this can hardly be a place for demons or goblins; rather, it must be the home of a holy monk or an immortal. We can walk leisurely and enjoy the scenery." We shall say no more about them for the time being.

We now tell you about this mountain, which had the name of the Long Life Mountain. In the mountain there was a Daoist Abbey called the Five Villages Abbey; it was the abode of an immortal whose Daoist style was Master Zhenyuan and whose nickname was Lord, Equal to Earth. There was, moreover, a strange treasure grown in this temple, a spiritual root that was formed just after chaos had been parted and the nebula had been established prior to the division of Heaven and Earth. Throughout the four great continents of the world, it could be found in only the Five Villages Abbey in the West Aparagodānīya Continent. This treasure was called grass of the reverted cinnabar, or the ginseng fruit. It took three thousand years for the plant to bloom, another three thousand years to bear fruit, and still another three thousand years before they ripened. All in all, it would be nearly ten thousand years before they could be eaten, and even after such a long time, there would be only thirty such fruits. The shape of the fruit was exactly that of a newborn infant not yet three days old, complete with the four limbs and the five senses. If a man had the good fortune of even smelling the fruit, he would live for three hundred and sixty years; if he ate one, he would reach his forty-seven thousandth year.

That day, the Great Zhenyuan Immortal happened to have received a card from the Celestial Worthy of Original Commencement, who invited him to the Miluo Palace in the Heaven of Highest Clarity to listen to the discourse on "The Daoist Fruit of the Chaotic Origin."

That Great Immortal, you see, had already trained countless disciples to become immortals; even now he had with him some forty-eight disciples, all Daoists of the Quanzhen Order who had acquired the Way. When he went up to the region above to listen to the lecture that day, he took forty-six disciples along with him, leaving behind two of the youngest ones to look after the temple. One was called Clear Breeze, and the other was named Bright Moon. Clear Breeze was only one thousand two hundred and twenty years old, while Bright Moon had just passed his one thousand two hundredth birthday. Before his departure, Master Zhenyuan gave instructions to the two young lads, saying, "I cannot refuse the invitation of the Great Honorable Divine, and I'm leaving for the Miluo Palace to attend a lecture. You two must be watchful, for an old friend of mine will be passing by here any day. Don't fail to treat him kindly: you may, in fact, strike down from the tree two of the ginseng fruits for him to eat as a token of our past friendship."

"Who is this friend of yours, Master?" asked one of the lads. "Tell us, so that we may take good care of him."

"He is a holy monk serving the Great Tang Emperor in the land of the East," said the Great Immortal, "and his religious name is Tripitaka. He is now on his way to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures from Buddha."

"According to Confucius," said one of the lads, laughing, "'One does not take counsel with those who follow a different Way.'

We belong to the Mysterious Fold of the Great Monad. Why should we associate with a Buddhist monk?"

"You should know," said the Great Immortal, "that that monk happens to be the incarnate Gold Cicada, the second disciple of Tathāgata, the Aged Sage of the West. Five hundred years ago, I became acquainted with him during the Feast of the Ullambana Bowl, when he presented me tea with his own hands as the various sons of Buddha paid me their respect. That's why I consider him an old friend." When the two immortal lads heard these words, they accepted them as the instruction of their master. As the Great Immortal was about to leave, he cautioned them again, saying, "Those fruits of mine are all numbered. You may give him two, but no more."

"When the garden was opened to the public," said Clear Breeze, "we shared and ate two of the fruits; there should be still twenty-eight of them on the tree. We wouldn't think of using any more than you have told us to."

The Great Immortal said, "Though Tripitaka Tang is an old friend, his disciples, I fear, may be somewhat rowdy. It's best not to let them know about the fruits."

After he had finished giving these instructions to the two lads, the Great Immortal ascended to the region of Heaven with all his disciples.

We tell you now about the Tang Monk and his three companions, who were making a tour of the mountain. Looking up, they suddenly discovered several tall buildings by a cluster of pines and bamboos. "Wukong," said the Tang Monk, "what sort of place do you think that is over there?"

After taking a look at it, Pilgrim said, "It's either a Daoist abbey or a Buddhist monastery. Let's move along, and we'll find out more about it when we get there."

They soon arrived at the gate, and they saw

A pine knoll cool and serene;

A bamboo path dark and secluded;
White cranes coming and leaving with clouds afloat;
And apes climbing up and down to hand out fruits.
Before the gate, the pond's wide and trees cast long shadows;
The rocks crack, breaking the moss's growth.
Palatial halls dark and tall as the purple Heaven;
And towers aloft from which bright red mists descend.
Truly a blessed region, a spiritual place
Like the cloudy cave of Penglai:
Quiet, untouched by the affairs of man;
Tranquil, fit to nurse the mind of Dao.
Bluebirds may bring at times a Queen Mother's note;
A phoenix oft arrives with a Laozi scroll.
There's no end to the sight of this noble Daoist scene:
It's the spacious home of immortals indeed!

As the Tang Monk dismounted, he saw on the left a huge stone tablet, on which the following inscription was written in large letters:

The Blessed Land of the Long Life Mountain.
The Cave Heaven of the Five Villages Abbey.

"Disciples," said the Elder, "it's indeed a Daoist abbey."

"Master," said Sha Monk, "with such splendid scenery, there must be a good man living in this temple. Let us go in and take a look. When we return to the East after completing our merits, this may be the place for another visit because of its marvelous scenery."

"Well spoken," said Pilgrim, and they all went inside. On both sides of the second gate they saw this New Year couplet:

Long-living and ever young, this immortal house.
Of the same age as Heaven, this Daoist home.

Pilgrim said with a snicker, "This Daoist is mouthing big words just to intimidate people! When I, old Monkey, caused disturbance in the Heavenly Palace five hundred years ago, I did not encounter such words even on the door of Laozi!"

"Never mind him!" said Eight Rules. "Let's go inside! Let's go inside! You never know, maybe this Daoist does possess some virtuous accomplishment." When they passed through the second gate, they were met by two young lads who were hurrying out. Look how they appear:

Healthy in bone and spirit with visage fair,
On their heads were short bundled tufts of hair.
Their Daoist gowns, free falling, seemed wrapped in mists;
Their feathered robes, more quaint, for the wind-blown sleeves.
Dragon-heads had their sashes knotted tight;
Silk cords laced lightly their sandals of straw.
Such uncommon looks were of no worldly-born;
They were Clear Breeze and Bright Moon, two lads divine.

The two young lads came out to meet them, bowing and saying, "Old Master, forgive us for not coming to meet you. Please take a seat."

Delighted, the elder followed the two lads to the main hall to look around. There were altogether five huge chambers facing south, separated by floor-length windows that had carved panes and were translucent at the top and solid at the bottom. Pushing open one of these, the two immortal lads invited the Tang Monk into the central chamber, with a panel hanging on the middle wall on which two large characters—"Heaven, Earth"—were embroidered in five colors. Beneath the panel was a cinnabar-red lacquered incense table, on which there was an urn of yellow gold. Conveniently placed beside the urn were several sticks of incense.

The Tang Monk went forward and with his left hand, took up some incense to put into the urn. He then prostrated himself three times before the table, after which he turned around and said, "Immortal lads, your Five Villages Abbey is in truth a godly region of the West. But why is it that you do not worship the Three Pure Ones, the Thearchs of Four Quarters, or the many Lords of High Heaven? Why is it that you merely put up these two words of Heaven and Earth to receive the oblation of fire and incense?" Smiling, one of the lads said, "To tell you the truth, Master, putting these two words up is an act of flattery on the part of our teacher, for of these two words, the one on top, may deserve our reverence, but the one below is hardly worthy of our fire and incense."

"What do you mean by an act of flattery?" asked Tripitaka. The lad replied, "The Three Pure Ones are friends of our teacher; the Four Thearchs, his old acquaintances; the Nine Luminaries, his junior colleagues; and the God of the New Year, his unwanted guest!" When Pilgrim heard this remark, he laughed so hard that he could barely stand up. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "why are you laughing?"

"Talk about the shenanigans of old Monkey!" said Pilgrim. "Just listen to the flimflam of this Daoist kid!"

"Where is your honorable teacher?" asked Tripitaka. "Our teacher," said the lad, "had been invited by the Honorable Divine of the Origin to attend a lecture on 'The Daoist Fruit of the Chaotic Origin' at the Miluo Palace in the Heaven of Highest Clarity. He's not home." No longer able to restrain himself after hearing these words, Pilgrim shouted:

"You stinking young Daoists! You can't even recognize people! Whom are you trying to hoodwink? What kind of taradiddle is this? Who is that Heavenly Immortal in the Miluo Palace who wanted to invite this wild bull shank of yours? And what sort of lecture is he going to give?" When Tripitaka saw how aroused Pilgrim was, he feared that the lads might give some reply that would lead to real trouble. So he said, "Wukong, stop being quarrelsome. If we leave this place the moment after we arrive, it is hardly a friendly gesture. The proverb says, 'The egrets do not devour the egret's flesh.' If their teacher is not here, why bother them? You go to graze the horse outside the temple gate; let Sha Monk look after the luggage and Eight Rules fetch some grain from our bags. Let's borrow their pans and stove to prepare a meal for ourselves. When we are done, we can pay them a few pennies for firewood and that will be the end of the matter. Attend to your business, each of you, and let me rest here for a while. After the meal, we'll leave."

The three of them duly went about their business.

Clear Breeze and Bright Moon, filled with admiration, said softly to each other:

"What a monk! Truly the incarnation of a lovable sage of the West, whose true origin is not at all obscured! Well, our master did tell us to take care of the Tang Monk

and to serve him some ginseng fruits as a token of past friendship. He also cautioned us about the rowdiness of his disciples, and he couldn't have been more correct. It's a good thing that those three, so fierce in their looks and so churlish in their manners, were sent away. For had they remained, they would certainly have to see the ginseng fruits."

Then Clear Breeze said, "Brother, we are still not quite certain whether that monk is really an old acquaintance of Master. We had better ask him and not make a mistake."

The two lads therefore went forward again and said, "May we ask the old master whether he is Tripitaka Tang from the Great Tang Empire, who is on his way to fetch scriptures from the Western Heaven?" Returning their bows, the elder said, "I am, indeed. How is it that the immortal youths know my vulgar name?"

"Before our master's departure," said one of them," he gave us instructions that we should go some distance to meet you. We did not expect your arrival to be so soon, and thus we failed in the proper etiquette of greeting you. Please take a seat, Master, and allow us to serve you tea."

"I hardly deserve that," said Tripitaka, but Bright Moon went quickly back to his room and brought back a cup of fragrant tea to present to the elder. After Tripitaka had drunk the tea, Clear Breeze said, "Brother, we must not disobey our master's command. Let's go and bring back the fruit."

The two lads took leave of Tripitaka and went back to their room, where one of them took out a gold mallet and the other a wooden tray for carrying elixir. They also spread out several silk handkerchiefs on the tray before going to the Ginseng Garden. Clear Breeze then climbed on the tree to strike at the fruits with the mallet, while Bright Moon waited below, holding the tray. In a moment, two of the fruits dropped down and fell onto the tray. The young lads returned to the main hall and presented the fruits to the Tang Monk, saying, "Master Tang, our Five Villages Abbey is situated in the midst of wild and desolate country. There's not much that we can offer you except these two fruits, our local products. Please use them to relieve your thirst." When the elder saw the fruits, he trembled all over and backed away three feet, saying, "Goodness! Goodness! The harvest seems to be plentiful this year! But why is this abbey so destitute that they have to practice cannibalism here? These are newborn infants not yet three days old! How could you serve them to me to relieve my thirst?"

"This monk," said Clear Breeze quietly to himself, "has been so corrupted by the fields of mouths and tongues, by the sea of strife and envy, that all he possesses are but two fleshly eyes and a worldly mind. That's why he can't recognize the strange treasures of our divine abode!"

Bright Moon then drew near and said, "Master, this thing is called ginseng fruit. It's perfectly all right for you to eat one."

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" said Tripitaka. "Their parents went through who knows how much suffering before they brought them to birth! How could you serve them as fruits when they are less than three days old?"

Clear Breeze said, "Honestly, they were formed on a tree."

"Rubbish! Rubbish!" said the elder. "How can people grow on trees? Take them away! This is blasphemy!" When the young lads saw that he absolutely refused to eat them, they had no choice but to take the tray back to their own room. The fruit, you see, is peculiar: if it is kept too long, it will become stiff and inedible. So, when the two of

them reached their room, they each took one of the fruits and began to eat them, sitting on the edge of their beds.

Alas, now this is what has to happen! That chamber of theirs, you see, was immediately adjacent to the kitchen; joined, in fact, by a common wall. Even the whispered words from one room could be heard in the other, and Eight Rules was busily cooking rice in the kitchen. All that talk, moments before, about taking the golden mallet and the elixir tray had already caught his attention. Then, when he heard how the Tang Monk could not recognize ginseng fruits that were served him, and how they had to be eaten by the young lads in their own room, he could not stop his mouth watering, and said to himself, "How can I try one myself?" Since he himself was reluctant to do anything, he decided to wait for Pilgrim's arrival so that they could plan something together. Completely distracted by now from tending the fire in the stove, he kept sticking his head out of the door to watch for Pilgrim. In a little while, he saw Pilgrim arrive, leading the horse. Having tied the horse to a locust tree, Pilgrim started to walk toward the rear, when Idiot waved to him madly with his hands, crying, "Come this way! Come this way!" Pilgrim turned around and went to the door of the kitchen, saying, "Idiot, why are you yelling? Not enough rice, perhaps? Let the old monk have his fill first, and we can beg more rice from some big household along our way."

"Come in," said Eight Rules. "This has nothing to do with the amount of rice we have. There's a treasure in this Daoist temple. Did you know that?"

"What kind of treasure?" asked Pilgrim.

"I can tell you," said Eight Rules with a laugh, "but you have never seen it; I can put it before you, but you won't recognize it."

"You must be joking, Idiot," said Pilgrim. "Five hundred years ago, when I, old Monkey, searched for the Way of Immortality, I went all the way to the corner of the ocean and the edge of the sky. What can there be that I have never seen?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "have you ever seen the ginseng fruit?" Somewhat startled, Pilgrim said, "That I really have never seen! But I have heard that ginseng fruit is the grass of the reverted cinnabar. When a man eats it, his life will be prolonged. But where can one get ahold of it?"

"They have it here," said Eight Rules. "The two lads brought two of these fruits for Master to eat, but that old monk could not recognize them for what they were. He said that they were infants not yet three days old and dared not eat them. The lads themselves were quite disobliging; if Master would not eat, they should have given them to us. Instead, they hid them from us.

Just now in the room next door, each had a fruit to himself and finished it with great relish. I got so excited that I was drooling, wondering how I could have a taste of this fruit. I know you are quite tricky. How about going to their garden and stealing a few for us to have a taste of them?"

"That's easy," said Pilgrim. "Old Monkey will go, and they will be at the reach of his hands!"

He turned quickly and began to walk to the front. Eight Rules caught hold of him and said, "Elder Brother, I heard them talking in the room, and they mentioned something about using a gold mallet to knock down the fruits. You must do it properly, and without being detected."

“I know! I know!” exclaimed Pilgrim.

Our Great Sage used the magic of body concealment and stole into the Daoist chamber. The two Daoist lads, you see, were not in the room, for they had gone back to the main hall to speak to the Tang Monk after they had finished eating the fruits. Pilgrim looked everywhere for the gold mallet and discovered a stick of red gold hanging on the window pane: it was about two feet long and as thick as a finger. At the lower end there was a knob about the size of a clove of garlic, while the upper end had a hole through which a green woolen thread was fastened. He said to himself:

“This must be the thing called the gold mallet.”

Taking it down, he left the Daoist chamber, went to the rear, and pushed through a double-leaf door to have a look. Ah, it was a garden! You see

Vermilion fences and carved railings;
Artificial hills ruggedly built.
Strange flowers rival the sun in brightness;
Bamboos match well the clear sky in blueness.
Beyond the flowing-cup pavilion,
One curvate band of willows like mists outspread;
Before the moon-gazing terrace,
Bands of choice pines like spilled indigo.
Shining red,
Pomegranates with brocade-like sacs;
Fresh, tender green,
Grass by the ornamental stools;
Luxuriant blue,
Sand-orchids like jade;
Limpid and smooth,
The water in the brook.
The cassia glows with the wutong by the golden well;
The locust trees stand near the red fences and marble steps.
Some red and some white: peaches with a thousand leaves;
Some fragrant and some yellow: chrysanthemums of late fall.
The rush-flower supports
Complement the peony pavilion;
The hibiscus terrace
Connects with the peony plot.
There are countless princely bamboos that mock the frost,
And noble pines that defy the snow.
There are, moreover, crane hamlets and deer homes,
The square pool and the round pond.
The stream spills chips of jade;
The ground sprouts mounds of gold.
The winter wind cracks and whitens the plum blossoms;
A touch of spring breaks open the begonia’s red.
Truly it may be called the best fairy land on Earth,
The finest floral site of the West.

Pilgrim could not take his eyes off this marvelous place. He came upon another door that he pushed open and found inside a vegetable garden,

Planted with the herbs of all four seasons:
Spinach, celery, mare's tail, beet, ginger, and seaweed;
Bamboo shoot, melon, squash, and watercress;
Chive, garlic, coriander, leek, and scallion;
Hollow water-lotus, young celery, and bitter su;
The gourd and the eggplant that must be trimmed;
Green turnip, white turnip, and taro deep in the earth;
Red spinach, green cabbage, and purple mustard plant.

Pilgrim smiled to himself and said, "So he's a Daoist who eats his homegrown food!"

He walked past the vegetable garden and found another door, which he pushed open also. Ah! There was a huge tree right in the middle of the garden, with long, healthy branches and luxuriant green leaves that somewhat resembled those of the plantain. Soaring straight up, the tree was over a thousand feet tall, and its base must have measured sixty or seventy feet around. Leaning on the tree, Pilgrim looked up and found one ginseng fruit sticking out on one of the branches pointing southward. It certainly had the appearance of an infant with a tail-like peduncle. Look at it dangling from the end of the branch, with limbs moving wildly and head bobbing madly! It seemed to make sounds as it swung in the breeze. Filled with admiration and delight, Pilgrim said to himself, "What a marvelous thing! It's rarely seen! It's rarely seen!" With a swish, he vaulted up the tree.

The monkey, you see, was an expert in climbing trees and stealing fruits. He took the gold mallet and struck lightly at the fruit, which dropped at once from the branch. Pilgrim leaped down after it but the fruit was nowhere to be seen. Though he searched for it all over the grass, there was not a trace of it. "Strange! Strange!" said Pilgrim. "I suppose it could walk with its legs, but even so, it could hardly have jumped across the wall. I know! It must be the local spirit of this garden who will not allow me to steal the fruit; he must have taken it." Making the magic sign and reciting a spell that began with the letter *om*, he summoned the local spirit of the garden, who came bowing to Pilgrim and said, "Great Sage, what sort of instructions do you have for this humble deity?"

"Don't you know," said Pilgrim, "that old Monkey happens to be the world's most famous thief? When I stole the immortal peaches, the imperial wine, and the efficacious pills that year, there was no one brave enough to share the spoils with me. How is it, therefore, when I steal just one of their fruits today, that you have the gall to snatch away the prime portion? Since these fruits are formed on a tree, I suppose even the fowls of the air may partake of them. What's wrong with my eating one of them? How dare you grab it the moment I knock it down?"

"Great Sage," said the local spirit, "you have made a mistake in blaming me. This treasure is something that belongs to an earthbound immortal, whereas I am only a ghost immortal.

Would I dare take it? I don't even have the good fortune to smell it!"

"If you hadn't snatched it," said Pilgrim, "why did it disappear the moment it fell?"

"You may know only about its power to prolong life, Great Sage," said the local spirit, "but you don't know its background."

"What do you mean by background?" said Pilgrim. "This treasure," said the local spirit, "will bloom only once in three thousand years; it will bear fruit after another three thousand years; and the fruit won't ripen for yet another three thousand years. All in all, one must wait for almost ten thousand years before there are thirty of these fruits. A person lucky enough to smell it once will live for three hundred and sixty years; if he eats one, he will live for forty-seven thousand years. However, the fruit is resistant to the Five Phases."

"What do you mean by resistant to the Five Phases?" asked Pilgrim. The local spirit replied, "This fruit will fall when it encounters gold; it will wither when it encounters wood; it will melt when it encounters water; it will dry up if it encounters fire; and it will be assimilated if it encounters earth. That is why one has to use an instrument of gold to knock it down, but when it falls, it has to be held by a tray cushioned with silk handkerchiefs. The moment it touches wood, it will wither and will not prolong life even if it's eaten.

When it is eaten, it should be held in a porcelain container and should be dissolved with water. Again, fire will dry it up and it will be useless. Finally, what is meant by its assimilation into earth may be illustrated by what happened just now, for when you knocked it down, it at once crawled into the ground. This part of the garden will last for at least forty-seven thousand years. Even a steel pick will not be able to bore through it, for it is three or four times harder than raw iron. That is why a man will live long if he eats one of the fruits. If you don't believe me, Great Sage, strike at the ground and see for yourself." Whipping out his golden-hooped rod, Pilgrim gave the ground a terriffic blow. The rod rebounded at once, but there was not the slightest mark on the ground. "Indeed! Indeed!" said Pilgrim. "This rod of mine can turn a boulder into powder; it will leave its mark even on raw iron. How is it that there's not even a scratch on the ground? Well, in that case, I have made a mistake in blaming you. You may go back."

The local spirit thus went back to his own shrine.

The Great Sage, however, had his own plan: after climbing up on the tree, he held the golden mallet in one hand and, with the other, pulled up the front of his silk shirt to make a little sack. Parting the leaves and branches, he knocked three of the fruits into the sack. He jumped down from the tree and ran straight to the kitchen. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules smiling, "do you have them?"

"Aren't these the ones?" said Pilgrim. "I reached and took, that's all! But we shouldn't let Sha Monk pass up the chance of tasting this fruit.

You call him."

Eight Rules waved his hands and cried, "Wujing, come!" Setting down the luggage, Sha Monk ran into the kitchen and said, "Elder Brother, why did you call me?" Opening the sack, Pilgrim said, "Brother, take a look. What are these?" When Sha Monk saw them, he said, "Ginseng fruits."

"Fine!" said Pilgrim. "So, you recognize them! Where did you taste them before?"

"I have never tasted the fruit before," said Sha Monk. "But when I was the Curtain-Raising Captain, I waited on the Throne to attend the Festival of Immortal Peaches, and I once saw many immortals from beyond the sea presenting this fruit to the

Lady Queen Mother as a birthday gift. So I have seen it, but I have never tasted it. Elder Brother, will you let me try a little?"

"No need to say anymore," said Pilgrim.

"There's one for each of us brothers."

The three of them took the fruits and began to enjoy them. That Eight Rules, of course, had a huge appetite and a huge mouth. When he heard the conversation of the young lads earlier, he already felt ravenous. The moment he saw the fruit, therefore, he grabbed it and, with one gulp, swallowed it whole. Then he rolled up his eyes and said in a roguish manner to Pilgrim and Sha Monk, "What are you two eating?"

"Ginseng fruit," said Sha Monk. "How does it taste?" asked Eight Rules. "Wujing," said Pilgrim, "don't listen to him. He ate it first. Why all these questions now?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "I ate it somewhat too hurriedly, not as the two of you are doing, mincing and munching little by little to discover its taste. I swallowed it without even knowing whether it had a pit or not! Elder Brother, if you are helping someone, help him to the end. You have roused the worms in my stomach! Please fetch me another fruit so that I can take time to enjoy it."

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "you really don't know when to stop! This thing here is not like rice or noodles, food to stuff yourself with. There are only thirty such fruits in ten thousand years! It's our great fortune to have eaten one already, and you should not regard this lightly. Stop now! It's enough."

He stretched himself and threw the gold mallet into the adjacent room through a little hole on the window paper without saying anything more to Eight Rules.

Idiot, however, kept muttering and mumbling to himself. When the two Daoist lads unexpectedly came back to the room to fetch some tea for the Tang Monk, they heard Eight Rules complaining about "not enjoying my ginseng fruit," and saying that it would be much better if he could have a taste of another one. Hearing this, Clear Breeze grew suspicious and said, "Bright Moon, listen to that monk with the long snout; he said he wanted to eat another ginseng fruit. Before our master's departure, he told us to be wary of their mischief. Could it be that they have stolen our treasures?"

Turning around, Bright Moon said, "Elder Brother, it looks bad, very bad! Why has the golden mallet fallen to the ground? Let's go into the garden to take a look."

They ran hastily to the back and found the door to the flower garden open. "I closed this door myself," said Clear Breeze. "Why is it open?"

They ran past the flower garden and saw that the door to the vegetable garden was also open. They dashed into the ginseng garden; running up to the tree, they started to count, staring upward. Back and forth they counted, but they could find only twenty-two of the fruits. "You know how to do accounting?" asked Bright Moon. "I do," said Clear Breeze, "give me the figures!"

"There were originally thirty fruits," said Bright Moon. "When Master opened the garden to the public, he divided two of them for all of us, so that twenty-eight fruits were left. Just now we knocked down two more for the Tang Monk, leaving twenty-six behind. Now we have only twenty-two left. Doesn't that mean that four are missing? No need for further explanation; they must have been stolen by that bunch of rogues. Let's go and chide the Tang Monk."

The two of them went out of the garden gate and came directly back to the main hall. Pointing their fingers at the Tang Monk, they berated him with all kinds of foul and abusive language, accusing him of being a larcenous baldhead and a thievish rat. They went on like this for a long time, until finally the Tang Monk could not endure it any longer. "Divine lads," he said, "why are you making all this fuss? Be quiet a moment. If you have something to say, say it slowly, but don't use such nonsensical language."

"Are you deaf?" asked Clear Breeze. "Am I speaking in a barbarian tongue that you can't understand? You stole and ate our ginseng fruits. Do you now forbid me to say so?"

"What is a ginseng fruit like?" asked the Tang Monk. "Like an infant," said Bright Moon, "as you said when we brought two of them for you to eat just now."

"Amitāha Buddha!" exclaimed the Tang Monk. "I only had to take one look at that thing and I trembled all over! You think I would dare steal one and eat it? Even if I had a case of bulimia, I would not dare indulge in such thievery. Don't blame the wrong person."

"You might not have eaten them," said Clear Breeze, "but your followers wanted to steal them and eat them."

"Perhaps you are right," said Tripitaka, "but there's no need for you to shout. Let me ask them. If they have stolen them, I will ask them to repay you."

"Repay!" said Bright Moon. "You couldn't buy these fruits even if you had the money!"

"If they can't buy them with money," said Tripitaka, "they can at least offer you an apology, for as the proverb says, 'Righteousness is worth a thousand pieces of gold.' That should be sufficient. Moreover, we are still not sure whether it is my disciples who took your fruits."

"What do you mean, not sure?" said Bright Moon. "They were arguing among themselves, saying something about the portions not being equally divided."

"Disciples," cried Tripitaka, "come, all of you." When Sha Monk heard this, he said, "It's terrible! We've been discovered! Old master is calling us, and the Daoist lads are making all this racket. They must have found out!"

"It is extremely embarrassing!" said Pilgrim. "This is just a matter of food and drink. But if we say so, that means we are stealing for our mouths! Let's not admit it."

"Yes! Yes!" said Eight Rules. "Let's deny it!"

The three of them had no choice, however, but to leave the kitchen for the main hall. Alas, we do not know how they would be able to deny the charges; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-FIVE

The Zhenyuan Immortal gives chase to catch the scripture monk Pilgrim Sun greatly disturbs Five Villages Abbey

We were telling you about the three brothers, who went to the main hall and said to their master, "The rice is almost done. Why did you call us?"

"Disciples," said Tripitaka, "I didn't want to ask you about the rice. They have something called the ginseng fruit in this Abbey, which looks like a newborn infant. Which one of you stole it and ate it?"

"Honestly," said Eight Rules, "I don't know anything about it, and I haven't seen it."

"It's the one who is laughing! It's the one who is laughing!" said Clear Breeze. "I was born with a laughing face!" snapped Pilgrim. "Don't think because you have lost some kind of a fruit that you can keep me from laughing!"

"Disciple, don't get angry," said Tripitaka. "Those of us who have left the family should not lie, nor should we enjoy stolen food. If you have in truth eaten it, you owe them an apology. Why deny it so vehemently?" When Pilgrim perceived how reasonable this advice of his master was, he said truthfully, "Master, it's not my fault. It was Eight Rules who overheard those two Daoist lads eating some sort of ginseng fruit. He wanted to try one to see how it tasted and told me to knock down three of the fruits; each of us brothers had one. It's true that we have eaten them. What's to be done about that?"

"He stole four of the fruits," said Bright Moon, "and still this monk could claim that he's not a thief!"

"Amitābha Buddha!" said Eight Rules. "If you stole four of them, why did you only bring out three for us to divide among ourselves? Didn't you skim something off the top already?" So saying, Idiot began to make a fuss again. When the immortal lads found out the truth, they became even more abusive in their language; the Great Sage became so enraged that he ground his steel-like teeth audibly and opened wide his fiery eyes. He gripped his golden-hooped rod again and again, struggling to restrain himself and saying to himself, "These malicious youths! They certainly know how to give people a lashing with their tongues! All right, so I have to take such abuse from them. Let me offer them in return 'a plan for eliminating posterity,' and none of them will have any more fruit to eat!"

Dear Pilgrim! He pulled off a strand of hair behind his head and blew on it with his magic breath, crying "Change!" It changed at once into a specious Pilgrim, standing by the Tang Monk, Wujing, and Wuneng to receive the scolding from the Daoist lads. His true spirit rose into the clouds, and with one leap he arrived at the ginseng garden. Whipping out his golden-hooped rod, he gave the tree a terrific blow, after which he used that mountain-moving divine strength of his to give it a mighty shove. Alas,

Leaves fell, limbs cracked, and roots became exposed;
The Daoists lost their grass of reverted cinnabar.

After the Great Sage had pushed down the tree, he tried to look for the fruits on the branches but he could not find even half a fruit. The treasure, you see, would fall when it met with gold, and both ends of his rod were wrapped in gold. Moreover, iron is

also one of the five metallic elements. The blow of the rod, therefore, shook loose all the fruits from the tree, and when they fell, they became assimilated to the earth once they touched the ground, so that there was not a single fruit left on the tree. “Fine! Fine!” he said. “Now all of us can scram!”

He put away his iron rod and went back to the front. With a shake of his body he retrieved his hair, but the rest of the people, like those of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, could not perceive what had taken place.

We now tell you about the two immortal lads, who ranted at the pilgrims for a long time. Clear Breeze said, “Bright Moon, these monks do take our reproach quite well. We have been upbraiding them as if they were chickens all this time, but not once have they even attempted to answer us. Could it be that they really did not steal the fruits? With the tree so tall and the leaves so dense, we could have made a mistake in our tallying, and we might have chided them unjustly. We should go and investigate further.”

“You are right,” said Bright Moon, and the two of them accordingly went back to the garden. But what they saw was only a tree on the ground with broken boughs and fallen leaves, without so much as a single fruit on it. Clear Breeze was so aghast that his legs gave way and he fell to the ground; Bright Moon shook so violently that he could hardly stand up. Both of them were scared out of their wits! We have, as testimony, this poem:

Tripitaka went westward to the Long Life Mount;
Wukong cut down the grass of reverted cinnabar.
Boughs broken and leaves fallen, the divine root exposed:
Clear Breeze and Bright Moon were horrified!

The two of them lay on the ground, hardly able to speak coherently. They could only blurt out, “What shall we do? What shall we do? The magic root of our Five Villages Abbey is severed! The seed of this divine house of ours is cut off! When our master returns, what shall we tell him?”

Then Bright Moon said, “Elder Brother, stop hollering! Let’s pull ourselves together and not alarm those monks. There’s no one else here; it has to be that fellow with a hairy face and a thundergod beak who used magic unseen to ruin our treasure. If we try to talk to him, he will probably deny it, and further argument may well lead to actual combat. In the event of a fight, how do you suppose the two of us could stand up to the four of them? It would be better if we deceived them now by saying that the fruits were not missing, and that since we made a mistake in our counting, we were offering them our own apology. Their rice is almost cooked. When they eat, we shall even present them with a few side dishes. When each of them is holding a bowl, you stand on the left of the door and I’ll stand on the right, and we’ll slam the door shut together. We’ll lock it and all the other doors of this Abbey too, so that they will not be able to escape. We can then wait for Master to return and let him do with them what he wills. Since the Tang Monk is an old acquaintance of Master, he might decide to forgive them, and that would be his act of kindness. Should he decide not to, however, we have at least managed to catch the thieves, for which we ourselves might be forgiven.” When he heard these words, Clear Breeze said, “You are right! You are right!”

The two of them forced themselves to look cheerful as they walked back to the main hall from the rear garden. Bowing to the Tang Monk, they said, “Master, our coarse and vulgar language just now must have offended you. Please pardon us!”

"What are you saying?" asked Tripitaka. "The fruits were not missing," said Clear Breeze, "but we couldn't see them clearly because of the dense foliage. We went back again to have a second look and we found the original number."

Hearing this, Eight Rules chimed in at once. "You lads, you are young and impulsive, quick to condemn before you even know the truth of the matter. You throw out your castigations at random, and you have accused us unjustly. It's blasphemy!" Pilgrim, however, understood what was going on; though he did not say anything, he thought to himself, "It's a lie! It's a lie! The fruits were done with! Why do they say such things? Could it be that they have the magic of revivification?" Meanwhile, Tripitaka said to his disciples, "In that case, bring us some rice. We'll eat and leave,"

Eight Rules went at once to fetch the rice, while Sha Monk set the table and chairs. The two lads brought out seven or eight side dishes, including pickles, pickled eggplants, radishes in wine sauce, string beans in vinegar, salted lotus roots, and blanched mustard plants for master and disciples to eat with their rice. They also brought out a pot of fine tea and two mugs, and stood on either side of the table to wait on them. As soon as the four of them had taken up their bowls, however, the lads, one on each side, took hold of the door and slammed it tightly shut. They then bolted it with a double-shackle brass lock. "You lads made a mistake," said Eight Rules with a laugh, "or else your custom here is rather strange. Why do you shut the door before you eat?"

"Indeed!" said Bright Moon. "For good or ill, we will not open the door until after we have eaten."

Then Clear Breeze lashed out at them, saying, "You bulimic and gluttonous bald thieves! You stole and ate our divine fruits, and you were thus already guilty of eating the produce of someone's garden without permission. Now you have even knocked over our divine tree and destroyed this immortal root of our of Five Villages Abbey. And you still dare to speak to us defiantly? If you think you can reach the Western Heaven to behold the face of Buddha, you will have to ride the Wheel of Transmigration and do it in the next incarnation!" When Tripitaka heard these words, he threw down his rice bowl and sat there weighed down as if by a huge boulder on his heart. The lads then went to lock both the front gate and the second gate before returning to the main hall to revile them once more with the most abusive language. Calling them thieves again and again, the two lads assailed them until it was late, when they then left to eat. After the meal, the lads went back to their own room.

The Tang Monk began to complain at Pilgrim, saying, "You mischievous ape! Every time it's you who cause trouble! If you stole and ate their fruits, you should have been more forbearing to their reproach. Why did you have to knock down even their tree? If you were brought into court, even if your old man were the judge, you would not be able to defend yourself when you behave like that!"

"Don't scold me, Master," said Pilgrim. "If those lads have gone to sleep, let them sleep. We'll leave tonight."

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "all the doors have been locked securely. How can we leave?" Pilgrim said with a laugh, "Never mind! Never mind! Old Monkey will find a way!"

"You have a way, all right!" said Eight Rules. "All you need to do is to change into some sort of an insect, and you can fly out through a hole or a crack in the window. But what about those of us who don't know how to change into these tiny things? We have to stay and take the blame for you."

"If he does something like that," said the Tang Monk, "and leaves us behind, I'll recite that *Old-Time Sūtra* and see whether he can take it!" When he heard this, Eight Rules did not know whether to laugh or not.

"Master," he said, "what are you saying? I have only heard the *Sŭraṅgama Sūtra*, the *Lotus Sūtra*, the *Peacock Sūtra*, the *Guanyin*

Sūtra, and the *Diamond Sūtra* in Buddhism, but I have never heard of anything called the *Old-Time Sūtra*."

"You don't know about this, Brother," said Pilgrim. "This fillet that I wear on my head was given to Master by the Bodhisattva Guanyin. Master deceived me into wearing it, and it took root, as it were, on my head so that it could never be removed. There is, moreover, the Tight-Fillet Spell or the Tight-Fillet Sūtra. The moment he recites that, I'll have a terrible headache, for it's the magic trick designed to give me a hard time. Master, don't recite it. I won't betray you. No matter what happens, all of us will leave together."

As they spoke, it grew dark and the moon rose in the East. Pilgrim said, "When all is quiet and the crystal orb is bright, this is the time for us to steal away."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "stop this hocus-pocus. The doors are all locked. Where are we going to go?"

"Watch my power!" said Pilgrim. He seized his golden-hooped rod and exercised the lock-opening magic; he pointed the rod at the door and all the locks fell down with a loud pop as the several doors immediately sprung open. "What talent!" said Eight Rules, laughing. "Even if a little smith were to use a lock pick, he wouldn't be able to do this so nimbly." Pilgrim said, "This door is nothing! Even the South Heaven Gate would immediately fly open if I pointed this at it!"

They asked their master to go outside and mount the horse; Eight Rules poled the luggage and Sha Monk led the way toward the West. "Walk slowly, all of you," said Pilgrim. "Let me go and see to it that the Daoist lads will sleep for a month."

"Disciple," said Tripitaka, "don't harm them, or you will be guilty of murder as well as robbery."

"I won't harm them," said Pilgrim.

Going inside again, he went to the door of the room where the lads were sleeping. He still had around his waist a few sleep-inducing insects, which he had won from the Devarāja Virūpākṣa when they had played a game of guess-fingers at the East Heaven Gate.

Taking out two of these insects, he filliped them through a hole in the window. They headed straight for the faces of the lads who fell at once into a sleep so deep that it seemed nothing could arouse them. Then Pilgrim turned around and caught up with the Tang Monk, and all of them fled, following the main road to the West.

Throughout that whole night, the horse did not pause to rest, and they journeyed until it was almost dawn. "Monkey," said the Tang Monk, "you have just about killed me! Because of your mouth, I've had to spend a sleepless night."

"Stop this complaining!" said Pilgrim. "It's dawn now, and you may as well take some rest in the forest here by the road. After you have regained a little strength, we'll move on."

All that elder could do was to dismount and use a pine root as his couch. As soon as he put down the luggage, Sha Monk dozed off, while Eight Rules fell asleep with a rock as his pillow. The Great Sage Sun, however, had other interests. Just look at him! Climbing the trees and leaping from branch to branch, he had a grand time playing. We shall leave them resting and make no further mention of them now.

We now tell you about the Great Immortal, who left the Tushita Palace with the lesser immortals after the lecture was over.

Descending from the Green Jasper Heaven and dropping down from the auspicious clouds, they arrived before the Five Villages Abbey at the Long Life Mountain, where they found the gates wide open and the grounds neat and clean. "Well," said the Great Immortal, "Clear Breeze and Bright Moon are not that useless after all! Ordinarily, they don't even bestir themselves when the sun is high, but today when we are away, they are willing to rise early to open the gates and sweep the grounds."

All the lesser immortals were delighted, but when they reached the main hall, they discovered neither fire and incense nor any trace of a human person. Clear Breeze and Bright Moon were simply nowhere to be seen! "Because of our absence, the two of them must have stolen away with our things," said the rest of the immortals. "Nonsense!" said the Great Immortal. "How could those who seek the way of immortality dare to engage in such wickedness? They must have forgotten to close the gates last night and gone to sleep. They are probably not yet awake this morning." When they all reached the door of the Daoist lads, they found the door tightly shut and heard heavy snoring from within. They pounded on the door and attempted to rouse them, but the lads could not be wakened by all that clamor. Finally, the immortals managed to pry open the door and pull the lads off their beds; even then they did not wake up. "Dear immortal lads!" said the Great Immortal, laughing. "Those who have attained immortality should not be so desirous of sleep, for their spirits are full. Why are they so fatigued? Could it be that someone has played a trick on them? Quickly, bring me some water!" One of the lads brought half a cup of water to the Great Immortal, who recited a spell before spitting a mouthful of water on the lads' faces. The Sleep Demon was thus exorcised.

Both lads woke up, and as they opened their eyes and wiped their faces, they suddenly saw all the familiar faces of their teacher, Lord, Equal to Earth, and the other immortals. Clear Breeze and Bright Moon were so startled that they knelt down at once and kowtowed, saying, "Master, your old friends, the monks who came from the East, were a bunch of vicious thieves!"

"Don't be afraid!" said the Great Immortal, smiling. "Take your time and tell me about them."

"Master," said Clear Breeze, "Shortly after you left that day, a Tang Monk from the Land of the East did indeed arrive with three other monks and a horse. In obedience to your command, your disciples, having ascertained their origin, took two of the ginseng fruits and served them. That elder, however, had worldly eyes and a foolish mind, for he could not recognize the treasures of our immortal house. He insisted that they were newborn infants not yet three days old and absolutely refused to eat them. For this reason, each of us ate one of the fruits instead. We didn't expect, however, that one of his three disciples, a fellow whose surname was Sun and whose given name was Wukong Pilgrim, would steal and eat four of the fruits. When we discovered the theft, we tried to reason with him, speaking rather forthrightly to that monk. But he refused to

listen to us and instead used the magic of the spirit leaving the body to— oh, this is painful!" When the two lads reached this point in their discourse, they could not hold back their tears. "Did that monk strike you?" asked the rest of the immortals. "He did not hit us," said Bright Moon, "but he struck down our ginseng tree." When the Great Immortal heard this, he was not angry. Instead, he said, "Don't cry! Don't cry! What you don't know is that the fellow with the name of Sun is also a minor immortal of the Great Monad; he has great magic power and has caused much disturbance in Heaven. If our treasure tree is struck down, all I want to know is whether you will be able to recognize these monks if you see them again."

"Certainly," said Clear Breeze. "In that case," said the Great Immortal, "follow me. The rest of you disciples can prepare the instruments of punishment. When I return, they shall be whipped."

The various immortals took this instruction, while the Great Immortal mounted the auspicious luminosity with Clear Breeze and Bright Moon to give chase to Tripitaka. In a moment they had covered a thousand miles, but when the Great Immortal looked toward the West at the tip of the cloud, he could not see the Tang Monk anywhere. When he turned around and stared eastward instead, he found that he had overtaken the pilgrims by some nine hundred miles, for that elder, even with his horse galloping nonstop all night, had managed to travel only one hundred and twenty miles. Reversing the direction of his cloud, the Great Immortal made the trip back in an instant. "Master," said one of the lads, "that's the Tang Monk sitting beneath a tree by the road."

"I see him," said the Great Immortal. "You two go back and prepare the ropes. Let me capture them by myself."

Clear Breeze and Bright Moon went back to the Abbey at once.

Dropping down from the clouds, the Great Immortal changed himself into a mendicant Daoist with one shake of his body. "How was he dressed?" you ask.

A priestly robe patched a hundred times
And a sash in the style of Mr. Lü.
His hands waved a yak's-tail
And lightly tapped a fish-drum.
Straw sandals with three loops shod his feet;
A sinuous turban wrapped around his head.
With wind-filled sleeves all aflutter,
He sang of the rising moon.

He came straight to the tree and said in a loud voice to the Tang Monk, "Elder, this poor Daoist raises his hands!"

Hastily returning the salutation, the elder said, "Pardon me for not paying respects to you first."

"Where did the elder come from," asked the Great Immortal, "and why is he sitting in meditation here beside the road?"

Tripitaka said, "I am a scripture seeker sent by the Great Tang of the Land of the East to the Western Heaven."

Feigning surprise, the Great Immortal said, "When you came from the East, did you pass through my humble mountain abode?"

"Which precious mountain is the abode of the venerable immortal?" asked the elder. The Great Immortal said, "The Five Villages Abbey in the Long Life Mountain is where I reside."

The moment he heard this, Pilgrim, having something very much on his mind, replied, "No! No! We came by another route up there." Pointing a finger firmly at him, the Great Immortal said with a laugh, "Brazen ape! Who are you trying to fool? You struck down my ginseng fruit tree in my Abbey, and then you fled here in the night. You dare deny this? Why try to cover up? Don't run away! Go quickly and bring back another tree for me!" When Pilgrim heard this, he grew angry and whipped out his iron rod; without waiting for further discussion, he struck at the head of the Great Immortal. Stepping aside to dodge the blow, the Great Immortal trod on the auspicious luminosity and rose into the air, closely followed by Pilgrim, who also mounted the clouds. The Great Immortal changed back into his true form in midair, and this was how he appeared:

He wore a cap of purple gold,
And a carefree gown trimmed with crane's down.
He had on his feet a pair of shoes;
A silk sash was tied round his waist.
His body seemed that of a lad
His face, that of a lady fair,
But with flowing moustaches and beard.
Some crow feathers adorned his hair.
He faced Pilgrim but without a weapon,
Save a jade yak's-tail which he twirled in his hand.

Above and below, Pilgrim struck wildly with his rod, only to be parried again and again by the Great Immortal wielding his jade yak's tail. After two or three rounds of fighting, the Great Immortal displayed his magic of the cosmos in the sleeve. Standing on the tip of a cloud and facing the wind, he gently flipped open the wide sleeve of his gown and sent it toward the earth in a sweeping motion. All four of the monks and the horse were at once scooped up into the sleeve. "This is dreadful!" said Eight Rules. "We have been placed in a clothes bag!"

"It isn't a clothes bag, Idiot!" said Pilgrim. "We've been scooped up into his sleeve."

"In that case," said Eight Rules, "it shouldn't be too difficult! Let me use my rake and make a hole in his gown. When we make our escape, we can claim that he was careless and didn't hold us securely, so that we fell out of his sleeve." Idiot started to dig into the garment madly with his rake, but all to no avail: although the material was soft to the touch, it was harder than steel when it came into contact with the rake.

Turning around the direction of his auspicious cloud, the Great Immortal went back to the Five Villages Abbey and sat down, ordering his disciples to fetch some ropes. As the little immortals went about their business, he fished out the pilgrims one by one like puppets from his sleeve: first he brought out the Tang Monk and had him bound to one of the large pillars in the main hall. Then he took out the three disciples and had them tied to three other pillars. Finally he took out the horse and had it tied up in the courtyard; it was given some hay while the luggage was thrown into one of the corridors. "Disciples," said the Great Immortal, "these monks are persons who have left home, and they should not be harmed by knives or spears, hatchets or battle-axes. Bring

out my leather whip instead and give them a beating—as an act of vengeance for my ginseng fruit!" Some of the immortals went quickly to fetch the whip —not the sort made of cow hide, sheep hide, suede, or buffalo hide. It was, rather, a whip of seven thongs made of dragon hide. After soaking it in water for a while, one of the more robust little immortals took it up and asked, "Master, which one shall be flogged first?"

The Great Immortal replied, "Tripitaka Tang is the unworthy senior member of his party. Beat him first." When Pilgrim heard what he said, he thought to himself, "That old monk of mine cannot stand such flogging. If he's destroyed by the whip, wouldn't that be my sin?" Unable to remain silent any longer, he said, "Sir, you are mistaken! It was I who stole the fruits, and it was I who ate the fruits. Moreover, I also pushed down the tree. Why don't you flog me first? Why do you have to whip him?"

"This brazen ape," said the Great Immortal, laughing, "does know how to speak courageously! All right, let's flog him first."

"How many lashes?" asked the little immortal. "As many as the original number of the fruits," said the Great Immortal. "Thirty lashes." Lifting high the whip, the little immortal was about to strike. Fearing that this weapon of an immortal's house might be a formidable one, Pilgrim opened his eyes wide to see where he was going to be struck and found that the little immortal was about to flog his legs.

With a twist of his torso, Pilgrim said, "Change!" and his two legs became hard as steel, all ready to be flogged. With measured strokes, the little immortal gave him thirty lashes before putting down the whip.

It was already almost noon when the Great Immortal said again, "We should now give Tripitaka a flogging, since he did not know how to discipline his mischievous disciples and permitted them to indulge in unruly behavior."

As the immortal took up the whip again, Pilgrim said, "You are again mistaken, sir. When the fruits were stolen, my master was conversing in this hall with the two lads; he had no knowledge whatever of what we brothers had perpetrated. Though he might be guilty of not being strict enough in his discipline of us, those of us who are his disciples should receive the punishment for him. Flog me again."

"This lawless ape!" said the Great Immortal. "Though he is sly and devious, he does possess some filial sentiments! In that case, let's flog him again."

The little immortal again gave him thirty lashes. When Pilgrim lowered his head to take a look, he saw that his two legs had been beaten until they were shining like mirrors, though he had no sensation whatever, either of pain or of itching. By this time it was getting late, and the Great Immortal said, "Soak the whip in water. Wait until tomorrow, and then we shall punish them again."

The little immortals retrieved the whip and placed it in water, after which everyone retired to his own chamber. When they had finished their evening meal, all went away to sleep, and we shall say no more of them now.

With tears flowing from his eyes, the elder began to complain bitterly to his three disciples, saying, "You all have caused this trouble, but I have to suffer with you in this place. What are you going to do about it?"

"Stop this complaining," said Pilgrim. "They flogged me first, and you haven't even had a taste of it yet. Why do you have to grumble like that?"

"Though I have not been flogged," said the Tang Monk, "this rope is causing me to ache all over."

"Master," said Sha Monk, "there are others here who are your companions in bondage!"

"Stop this racket, all of you!" said Pilgrim. "In a little while, we'll all be on our way again."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you are fibbing again. We are tightly bound now in hemp ropes sprayed with water. They are not like the locks on those doors that you opened so easily with your magic!"

"This is no exaggeration," said Pilgrim, "but I'm not afraid of a three-ply hemp rope sprayed with water. Even if it were a coir cord as thick as a small bowl, I would consider it as insubstantial as the autumn wind!"

Hardly had he finished speaking when it became completely quiet everywhere. Dear Pilgrim! He contracted his body and at once freed himself from the ropes, saying, "Let's go, Master!"

"Elder Brother," said a startled Sha Monk, "save us, too!"

"Speak softly! Speak softly!" said Pilgrim. He untied Tripitaka, Sha Monk, and Eight Rules; they put on their clothes, saddled the horse, and picked up the luggage from the corridor. As they walked out of the Abbey gate, Pilgrim said to Eight Rules, "Go to the edge of the cliff there and bring back four willow trees."

"What do you want them for?" asked Eight Rules. "I have use for them. Bring them quickly." Idiot did possess some sort of brutish strength. He did as he was told, and with one shove of his snout he felled one of the willow trees. Knocking down three more, he gathered them up into a bundle and hauled them back. Pilgrim stripped the branches off the trunks, and the two of them carried the trunks inside, where they fastened them to the pillars with the ropes with which they had earlier been tied up themselves. Then the Great Sage recited a spell; biting the tip of his own tongue, he spat some blood on the trees and cried, "Change!" One of them changed into the elder, another changed into a figure like himself, and the two other trees changed into Sha Monk and Eight Rules. They all seemed to look exactly alike; when questioned, they knew how to make replies; when their names were called, they knew how to answer. Only then did the two of them run back out and catch up with their master. As before, the horse did not pause to rest for that whole night as they fled the Five Villages Abbey. When morning arrived, however, the elder was nodding on the horse, hardly able to remain in the saddle. When Pilgrim saw him like that, he called out, "Master, you are terribly soft! How is it that a person who has left home like yourself has so little endurance? If I, old Monkey, went without sleep even for a thousand nights, I still would not feel fatigue. Well, you had better get off the horse, so that travelers won't see your condition and laugh at you.

Let's find a temporary shelter beneath the mountain slope and rest awhile before we move on again." We shall not tell you any more now about master and disciples resting by the way; we shall tell you instead of the Great Immortal, who rose at the crack of dawn and went out at once to the main hall after taking his morning meal. He said, "Bring out the whip. It's Tripitaka's turn today to be flogged."

The little immortal wielded the whip and said to the Tang Monk, "I'm going to beat you."

"Go ahead," said the willow tree, and he was given thirty lashes. Changing the direction of his whip, the little immortal said to Eight Rules, "I'm going to flog you."

"Go ahead," said the other willow tree, and the one that was changed into the form of Sha Monk gave the same reply when it was his turn. By the time they reached Pilgrim, the real Pilgrim, resting by the wayside, was suddenly sent into a violent shudder. "Something's wrong!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean?" asked Tripitaka. Pilgrim said, "I transformed four willow trees into the four of us, thinking that since they flogged me twice yesterday, they would not beat me again today. But they are giving my transformed body a beating, and that's why my true body is shivering. I had better stop the magic."

Hastily, Pilgrim recited a spell to suspend the magic.

Look at those frightened Daoist lads! The one who was doing the flogging threw away the whip and ran to report, saying, "Master, at first I was beating the Great Tang Monk, but now I am only striking at some willow roots!" When the Great Immortal heard these words, he laughed bitterly, saying, "Pilgrim Sun! Truly a marvelous Monkey King! It was rumored that when he caused great disturbance in Heaven, even the cosmic nets that the gods set up could not hold him. I suppose there must be some truth to that! So, you escaped! But why did you have to tie up these willow trees here to impersonate you and your companions? I'm not going to spare you! I'll pursue you!" Saying this, the Great Immortal at once rose into the clouds; he peered toward the West and saw the monks fleeing, poling the load of luggage and riding the horse. The Great Immortal dropped down from the clouds, crying, "Pilgrim Sun! Where are you running to? Give me back my ginseng tree!"

Hearing this, Eight Rules said, "We're finished! Our foe is here again!"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "let's pack up that little word 'Kindness' for the moment. Allow us to indulge in a little violence and finish him off so that we can make our escape." When the Tang Monk heard these words, he trembled all over, hardly able to reply. Without even waiting for his answer, however, Sha Monk lifted his precious staff, Eight Rules brought out his muck-rake, and the Great Sage wielded his iron rod. They all rushed forward to surround the Great Immortal in midair and began to strike at him furiously. For this vicious battle, we have the following poem as testimony:

Wukong knew not that Zhenyuan Immortal—
Lord, Equal to Earth—was wondrous and strange.
Though three weapons divine showed forth their might,
One yak's-tail flew up with natural ease
To parry the thrusts on the left and right,
To block the blows struck at the front and back.
Night passed, day came, still they could not escape!
How long would it take them to reach the West?

The three brothers all raised their divine weapons and attacked the immortal together, but the Great Immortal had only the fly brush with which to meet his adversaries. The battle, however, had not lasted for half an hour when the Great Immortal spread open his sleeve and with one scoop, recaptured the four monks, the horse, and their luggage. Reversing the direction of his cloud, he went back to his Abbey, where he was greeted by the other immortals. The Master Immortal took a seat in the main hall and again took out the pilgrims one by one from his sleeve. The Tang Monk was bound to a short locust tree in the courtyard, while Sha Monk and Eight

Rules were fastened to two other trees, one on each side. Pilgrim, however, was tightly bound but left on the ground. “I suppose,” thought Pilgrim to himself, “they are going to interrogate me.”

After the immortals had finished tying up the captives, they were told to bring out ten large bales of cloth. “Eight Rules,” said Pilgrim with a laugh, “this gentleman must have the good intention of making us some clothes! He might as well be more economical and just cut us a few monks’ bells!”

After the little immortals had brought out the homespun cloth, the Great Immortal said, “Wrap up Tripitaka Tang, Zhu Eight Rules, and Sha Monk entirely in the cloth.”

The little immortals obeyed and wrapped the three of them completely. “Fine! Fine! Fine!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “We are prepared to be buried alive!”

After they were wrapped, the Daoists brought out some lacquer that they had made themselves, and the Great Immortal gave the order that the wrappings of the pilgrims be completely coated with the varnish. Only their faces were left uncovered. “Sir,” said Eight Rules, “I’m all right on top, but leave me a hole down below so that I can unburden myself!”

The Great Immortal next gave the order that a huge frying pan be brought out. “Eight Rules, we are lucky!” said Pilgrim, laughing.

“If they are hauling out a pan, they must want to cook some rice for us to eat.”

“That’s all right with me,” said Eight Rules. “If they let us eat some rice, we’ll be well-fed ghosts even if we die!”

The various immortals duly brought out a huge pan, which they set up before the steps of the main hall. After giving the order that a big fire be built with plenty of dry firewood, the Great Immortal said, “Fill the pan with clear oil. When it boils, dump Pilgrim Sun into the pan and fry him! That’ll be his payment for my ginseng tree!” When Pilgrim heard this, he was secretly pleased, saying to himself, “This is exactly what I want! I haven’t had a bath for some time and my skin is so dry that it’s getting itchy. For good or ill, I’ll enjoy a little scorching and be most grateful for it.” In a moment, the oil was about to boil. The Great Sage, however, was quite cautious; fearing that this might be some form of formidable divine magic that would be difficult for him to handle once he was in the pan, he looked around quickly. In the east he saw a little terrace with a sundial on top, but to the west he discovered a stone lion. With a bound, Pilgrim rolled himself toward the west; biting the tip of his tongue, he spat a mouthful of blood on the stone lion, crying, “Change!” It changed into a figure just like himself, all tied up in a bundle. His true spirit rose into the clouds, from where he lowered his head to stare at the Daoists.

Just then, one of the little immortals gave this report, “Master, the oil is sizzling in the pan.”

“Pick up Pilgrim Sun and throw him in!” said the Great Immortal. Four of the divine lads went to carry him, but they could not lift him up; eight more joined them, but they had no success either. They added four more, and still they could not even budge him. “This monkey loves the earth so much that he can’t be moved!” said one of the immortals. “Though he may be rather small, he’s quite tough!”

Finally, twenty little immortals managed to lift him up and hurl him into the pan; there was a loud splash, big drops of boiling oil flew out in every direction, and the faces of those little Daoists were covered with blisters. Then they heard the lad who was tending the fire crying, "The pan's leaking! The pan's leaking!"

Hardly had he uttered these words when all the oil was gone. What they saw in the pan with its bottom punctured was a stone lion.

Enraged, the Great Immortal said, "That wretched ape! He's wicked indeed! And I've allowed him to show off right in front of my nose! So, he wanted to escape, but why did he have to ruin my pan? I suppose it's exceedingly difficult to catch the wretched ape, and even if one does catch him, trying to hold him is like trying to grasp sand or handle mercury, to catch a shadow or seize the wind! All right! All right! Let him go. Untie Tripitaka Tang and bring out a new pan. We'll fry him instead in order to avenge my ginseng tree."

The various little immortals accordingly went to untie the lacquer cloth, but Pilgrim, who heard this clearly in the air, thought to himself, "Master is utterly helpless! If he arrives in the pan, the first boiling bubble will kill him and the second will burn him up; by the time the oil sizzles three or four times, he'll be a messy monk! I had better go and save him!"

Dear Great Sage! He lowered the direction of his cloud and went back to the main hall. With his hands at his waist, he said, "Don't untie the lacquer wrapping to fry my master. Let me go into the pan of boiling oil instead."

"You wretched ape!" cried a somewhat startled Great Immortal. "How dare you display such tricks to wreck my stove?"

"If you have the misfortune of meeting me," said Pilgrim, laughing, "your stove deserves to be overturned! Why blame me? Just now, I was about to receive your kind hospitality in the form of oily soup, but I suddenly had the urge to relieve myself. If I opened up right in the pan, I was afraid that I might spoil your hot oil so that it could not be used for cooking. Now that I'm completely relieved, I feel quite good about going into the pan. Don't fry my master; fry me instead." When the Great Immortal heard these words, he laughed menacingly and ran out of the hall to catch hold of Pilgrim. We do not know what sort of things he has to say to him, or whether Pilgrim manages to escape again. Let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-SIX

Amid the Three Islands Sun Wukong seeks a cure
With sweet dew Guanshiyin revives a tree

Hold fast in life the "sword" above the "heart."
Recall the "long" beside the "suffering."
The proverb says the sword's the law of life,
But think thrice to check both anger and pride.
"The noblest" is peaceful—it's taught long ago;
"The sage loves virtue"—a truth for all times.
The strong man will meet someone stronger still:
Come to naught at last he surely will!

We were telling you about the Zhenyuan Great Immortal, who grabbed Pilgrim and said, "I know your abilities, and I have heard of your reputation. But you have been most deceitful and unscrupulous this time. You may indulge in all sorts of wizardry, but you can't escape from my hands. I'll argue with you all the way to the Western Heaven to see that Buddhist Patriarch of yours, but you won't get away from having to restore to me the Ginseng Fruit Tree. So stop playing with your magic!"

"Dear Sir!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "How petty you are! If you want the tree revived, there's no problem. If you had said so in the first place, we would have been spared this conflict."

"No conflict!" said the Great Immortal. "You think I would let you get away with what you have done?"

"Untie my master," said Pilgrim, "and I'll give you back a living tree. How's that?"

"If you really possess the power," said the Great Immortal, "to make the tree alive again, I'll go through the proper ceremony of 'Eight Bows' with you and become your bond-brother."

"Relax!" said Pilgrim. "Let them go, and you can be certain that old Monkey will give you back a living tree."

The Great Immortal reckoned that they could not escape; he therefore gave the order to free Tripitaka, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk.

"Master," said Sha Monk, "I wonder what sort of tricks Elder Brother is up to this time."

"What sort of tricks?" asked Eight Rules. "This is called the trick of 'Pulling Wool Right over Your Eyes.' The tree is dead! You think it could be cured and revived? He's just putting out some empty formula for show. On the pretext of going to find medicine to cure the tree, he will flee and take to the road all by himself. You think he has any care for us?"

"He won't dare leave us behind," said Tripitaka. "Let's ask him where he is going to find the cure."

He then called out, "Wukong, how did you manage to deceive the Immortal Master and have us freed?"

"Old Monkey is speaking the truth, only the truth," said Pilgrim. "What do you mean by deceiving him?"

Tripitaka asked. "Where will you go to find the cure?" Pilgrim replied, "According to an old proverb, 'The cure comes from the seas.' I want to go now to the Great Eastern Ocean and make a complete tour of the Three Islands and the Ten Islets. I want to visit all the Immortals and Aged Sages to ask for a method of revivification that will revive the tree for him."

"How long do you need to be away before returning?" said Tripitaka. "Only three days."

"All right," said Tripitaka. "As you said, I'll give you three days. If you return by that time, everything will be fine. If you don't come back after three days, I'll begin reciting that 'Old-Time Sūtra'!"

"I hear you! I hear you!" said Pilgrim.

Look how he quickly straightened his tiger-skin kilt. As he walked out the door, he said to the Great Immortal, "You need not worry, sir. I leave now, but I'll be back very soon. But you must take good care of my master; see that he lacks none of the three meals and the six teas of the day. If my master's clothes become soiled or wrinkled, wash and starch them. Should he want anything, old Monkey will settle the account with you when he returns. I'll finish puncturing all the pans for you! If my master's face pales even a little, I won't take him back; and if he becomes a trifle thin, I'll not leave this place."

"Go, go," said the Great Immortal. "I'll see to it that he doesn't starve!"

Dear Monkey King! He mounted his cloud somersault quickly and left the Abbey of Five Villages, heading straight for the Great Eastern Ocean. Moving through the air like lightning and meteor, he soon arrived at the immortal region of Penglai.

He lowered his cloud and took a careful look below: it was a lovely place indeed, for which we have a testimonial poem. The poem says:

A great land divine, the sages' domain,
These Penglai islands calm the winds and waves.
Jasper towers' cool the heavens with their shades;
Tall arches' bright reflections float on the sea.
Mists of five colors veil the jade-green sky;
High on the gold turtle stars and moon shine.
The Queen of the West would this place frequent
For Three Immortals with peaches as present.

Before he had finished looking at this divine scenery, Pilgrim was already entering Penglai. As he walked, he saw three old men playing encirclement chess in the shade of some pine trees outside the White-Cloud Cave. The one watching the game was the Star of Longevity, while the two playing were the Star of Blessing and the Star of Wealth. Pilgrim approached them, crying, "Old brothers, receive my bow!" When the Three Stars saw him, they pushed away the chess board and returned his salutation. "Great Sage, why did you come here?" they asked. "I came especially to have some fun with all of you," said Pilgrim. "I heard that the Great Sage, who forsook Daoism to follow Buddhism," said the Star of Longevity, "had won back his freedom to protect the Tang Monk on his journey to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. He must be traveling over rugged roads every day. Where would he find time to have fun with us?"

Pilgrim said, "To tell all of you the truth, old Monkey has run into a little obstacle halfway on the journey to the West. That's why I came to request some assistance, but I don't know whether you are willing to help me or not."

"At what place?" asked the Star of Blessing. "What sort of obstacle? Tell us plainly so that we may decide."

"We were stopped while passing the Abbey of Five Villages at the Long Life Mountain."

"The Abbey of Five Villages is the divine residence of the Zhenyuan Great Immortal," said one of the three old men, who were astonished. "Could it be that you stole and ate his ginseng fruits?"

"So I stole and ate them," said Pilgrim with a laugh. "How much could they be worth?"

"You ape!" said one of the three old men. "You *are* dumb! A man who takes one whiff of that fruit will live to be three hundred and sixty years old; he eats one and he'll last forty-seven thousand years. That's why it bears the name of 'The Long-Life Grass of Reverted Cinnabar.' The level of cultivation in Dao of that Great Immortal far surpasses ours! With such a thing in his possession, he can easily have the same age as Heaven, whereas we still have to nourish our spermal essence, cultivate our breaths, fortify our spirits, harmonize the tiger and the dragon, catch the *kan* to fill up the *li*—in short, we have to spend a lot of time and effort just to attain immortality. How could you say, 'How much could they be worth?' Throughout the whole world, that's the only kind of spiritual root there is."

"Spiritual root! Spiritual root!" said Pilgrim. "I have already uprooted it!"

"What do you mean by 'uprooted it'?" asked the three old men, greatly alarmed. Pilgrim said, "When we went to the Abbey the other day, the Great Immortal was not home, and only two lads received my master. They served him two ginseng fruits, but my master did not realize that they were fruits. Thinking that they were infants not yet three days old, he absolutely refused to eat them. The lads took them away and ate them without bothering even to share them with us. So, old Monkey went and stole three of the fruits for us three brothers to eat, but those two lads, without any sense of propriety, kept on calling us thieves. Old Monkey got mad and gave the tree a blow with his rod. When it fell to the ground, the fruits on it disappeared, the branches snapped, the leaves dropped, and it died with all its roots exposed. The lads tried to imprison us, but old Monkey broke their lock and left. Early next morning, their master came back and gave chase; we had a few rough exchanges with him which led eventually to a fight. In a flash, he flipped open that sleeve of his and bagged all of us. We were bound and shackled, interrogated and whipped for a whole day, but we managed to escape again that night. He caught up with us once more and took us captive. Mind you, there was not an inch of steel on him! He had only that yak's tail to parry our blows, but none of the three weapons of us brothers could even touch him. And so he gave us more of the same treatment, wrapping my master and my two younger brothers in cloth coated with varnish but putting me in a pan of boiling oil. I then showed him my special talent for escape, but not before I had punctured his pan. When he saw that he could not hold me captive, he became somewhat intimidated, and that was when I sweet-talked him into freeing my master and my brothers with the promise that I would revive his tree for him. That's how we came to a temporary truce. When I remembered the saying, 'The cure comes from the seas,' I decided to pay you three old Brothers a visit in this lovely

place. If you have any formula to cure the tree, please pass it on to me at once so that I can rescue the Tang Monk from his ordeal." When the Three Stars heard these words, they became distressed also. One of them said, "Monkey, you're completely ignorant of people! That Master Zhenyuan is the patriarch of earthbound immortals, while we belong to the lineage of divine immortals. You may have some sort of position in Heaven, but you are only an irregular number in the Great Monad clan, and you have yet to attain an authentic rank. How could you possibly expect to escape from him? If you had killed some beast or bird, some insect or scaly creature, all you would need is one grain of my millet-elixir and it would be revived. The ginseng fruit, however, is the very root of all divine trees. How could it be healed? There's no cure for it!" When Pilgrim heard that there was no cure available, his brow became completely furrowed.

"Great Sage," said the Star of Blessing, "though there is no cure here, there may be one in another place. Why are you so dejected?" Pilgrim said, "Of course, I don't mind going to another place to seek a cure. It would have been a small matter indeed, even if I had to journey to the edge of the seas or make a complete tour of the thirty-six Heavens. But that Elder Tang of mine, who is neither tolerant nor magnanimous, has given me a limit of three days. If I don't return with something after three days, he'll start re citing the Tight- Fillet Spell."

"Good! Good! Good!" said the Three Stars, laughing. "Had it not been for this little means of control, you would be crawling all over Heaven again!"

Then the Star of Longevity said, "Relax, Great Sage. Don't worry. Though that Great Immortal is our senior, he does know us. As we have not visited him for a long time, and as it is for the sake of the Great Sage, we three shall go and call on him right now. We'll express your concern to the Tang Monk and tell him not to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell. Three days, four days—what's the difference? We won't leave them until you come back with the cure."

"Thank you! Thank you!" said Pilgrim. "Please get on with your journey, old Brothers. I'm off." So the Great Sage took leave of them, and we shall say no more of that.

We tell you now about the Stars, who mounted the auspicious luminosity and went straight to the Abbey of Five Villages. The crowd at the Abbey was milling about when suddenly the cries of cranes could be heard in the sky to announce the arrival of the three elders.

You could see

A sky lit up by sheens of auspicious light,
As sweet, unending fragrance filled the air.
Colored mist—a thousand strands—veiled the feathered gowns;
Fleecy clouds in petals held up the Immortals' feet
(
As green phoenixes flew
And red phoenixes soared).
Their sleeves sent a scented breeze to sweep the earth;
Their staffs, like hanging dragons, brought laughter gay;
Their beards swayed before them like medals of jade.
Their blithe, youthful features showed no grief or care;
Their strong, healthy frames were those of the blessed.
They held tallies of stars

To fill up the sea-mansions;
From their waists hung the gourds and precious scrolls.
Ten thousand decades—so grand was their age.
On the Three Islands and Ten Islets they freely lived.
They came to this world often to grant their boons
And increase man's blessings a hundredfold.
The whole, wide world
Bright with glory and wealth!
To have now endless blessing and endless life!
Three elders riding on halos saw the Immortal Great:
What boundless peace and blessing filled the hall!

When an immortal lad saw this, he ran to make the report, "Master, the Three Stars from the sea have arrived." Master Zhenyuan was just chatting with the Tang Monk and his disciples. Hearing the announcement, he went down the steps into the courtyard to receive the visitors. When Eight Rules saw the Star of Longevity, he grabbed him and said with a laugh, "You blubbery old codger! I haven't seen you for a long time, and you still look so dashing! Why, you didn't even bring along a hat!"

Taking off his own monk's cap, he plopped it on the head of the Star, clapped his hands, and roared with laughter. "Fine! Fine! Fine!" he cried. "As the saying goes, 'Put on the cap to increase riches!'"

Throwing away the cap, the Star of Longevity snapped back, "You stupid coolie! You have absolutely no manners!"

"I'm no coolie," said Eight Rules, "but you are all knaves."

"You are indeed a stupid coolie," said the Star of Blessing, "and you even dare to call people knaves?"

"If you are not the knaves of some household," said Eight Rules again, laughing, "how is it that you come bearing the names 'Increase Age,' 'Increase Blessing,' and 'Increase Wealth'?"

At that moment, Tripitaka ordered Eight Rules to step back while he straightened his clothes quickly to greet the Three Stars, who in turn saluted the Great Immortal as a senior colleague before they dared take a seat. After they were seated, the Star of Wealth said, "We apologize for not coming to pay our respects for such a long time. We came now especially to see you since we learned that the Great Sage Sun had caused some disturbance here."

"Has Pilgrim Sun been to Penglai already?" asked the Great Immortal. "Yes," said the Star of Longevity. "As he had damaged the cinnabar tree of the Great Immortal, he came to our place to seek a cure. When he found out that we didn't have any, he went elsewhere in search of it. He was afraid, however, that he would exceed the time limit of three days set by the holy monk and provoke him to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell. That is the reason why we came to see you and to ask you for an extension of the limit." When Tripitaka heard this, he said repeatedly, "I won't recite it! I won't recite it!"

As they talked, Eight Rules came running in again to tug at the Star of Blessing. Demanding that he be given some fruits to eat, he began to give the Star a complete search, poking into his sleeves, frisking his waist, and even lifting up the hem of his robe. "What sort of bad manners is that, Eight Rules?" asked Tripitaka with a laugh. "I'm not ill-mannered," said Eight Rules. "This is called 'Every Turn's a Blessing.'"

Tripitaka again ordered him to leave. As he slogged toward the door, Idiot turned and stared fiercely at the Star of Blessing. “Stupid coolie!” said the Star. “How have I offended you that you should be so mad at me?”

“I’m not mad at you,” said Eight Rules. “I’m just doing what they call ‘Turning Your Head to Look for Blessing’!” When Idiot went out of the door, he ran into a little lad holding four teaspoons while searching in the hall for the cups with which he could present tea. Eight Rules grabbed the spoons and ran into the main hall; picking up a sonorous stone, he began to strike it wildly with the spoons as he pranced about. “This monk,” said the Great Immortal, “is becoming more and more undignified!”

“I’m not undignified,” said Eight Rules, laughing. “This is called the ‘Joyful Festivities of Four Seasons.’”

We shall now stop telling you about the pranks of Eight Rules and turn instead to Pilgrim, who mounted the auspicious clouds to leave Penglai and soon arrived at the Fangzhang Mountain. It was a lovely mountain indeed, for which we have the following testimonial poem.

The soaring Fangzhang, a Heaven itself,
The primal palace where immortals meet:
Purple towers light up the three pure paths;
Floral scent floats up with five-colored mists.
Gold phoenixes oft pause on the pearly arch.
Who floods with jade cream the agaric fields?
Pink peaches and purple plums newly ripened
Announce an aeon’s change among the gods.

Pilgrim lowered his cloud, but he was in no mood to enjoy the scenery. As he proceeded, he was met by a gentle scented breeze and by the sounds of black cranes. Then he saw in the distance an immortal, from whom

Ten thousand motley beams lit up the sky;
Colored mists soared in endless shafts of light.
His red phoenix’s mouth held flowers fresh;
His green phoenix flew with canorous cries.
With luck like the sea and age like a mount,
He looked like a boy of sound, healthy frame.
His vase kept the cave-heaven’s ageless drug;
A seal old as the sun hung from his waist.
He brought blessings to mankind severally
And saved the world a few times from distress.
King Wu summoned him to add to his age.
He always attended the Festival of Peach.
He taught the monks to break their worldly ties,
Revealing like lightning a great way to them.
He crossed the seas to wish a man long life,
And saw Buddha often at Spirit Mount.
His holy title: Grand Thearch of the East,
First of the immortals midst smoke and mist.

Somewhat shamefacedly, Pilgrim Sun met him and said, “Grand Thearch, I’m raising my hands!”

The Grand Thearch hastened to return the salutation, saying, “Great Sage, forgive me for not going to meet you. Please come to my place and let me serve you tea.”

He then took the hands of Pilgrim and led him inside. It was truly a divine palace, where there were countless arches studded with pearloyster shells, jasper pools, and jade terraces. As they sat down to wait for their tea, a little lad stepped out from behind the jade screen.

“How was he dressed?” you ask.

His body wore a Daoist robe of lustrous hues;
A bright silk sash was tied around his waist;
He trod the Dipper wearing a silk head wrap;
His feet shod straw sandals to tour fairy haunts.
Refining the pristinely real
He shed his original shell.
Merit achieved, he could do as he pleased.
He learned the source of spirit, sperm, and breath
As a master would know without mistake.
He fled from fame, now owning ageless life—
The months, the seasons had no hold on him.
Passing winding corridors
To ascend royal towers,
He palmed from Heaven gods’ peaches three times.
In colored mist he left the kingfisher screens,
This lowly immortal named Dongfang Shuo.

When Pilgrim saw him, he laughed and said, “So, this little crook is here! But there’s no peach at the Grand Thearch’s place for you to steal and eat.”

Dongfang Shuo bowed to him and replied, “Old burglar! Why did you come? There’s no divine elixir at my master’s place for you to steal and eat.”

“Stop blabbering, Manqian,” cried the Grand Thearch. “Bring us some tea.” Manqian, you see, was the religious name of Dongfang Shuo. He hurried inside to fetch two cups of tea. After they had finished drinking, Pilgrim said, “Old Monkey came here to ask of you a favor. Will you grant me that?”

“What favor?” said the Grand Thearch. “Please tell me.”

“I recently became guardian of the Tang Monk on his westward journey,” said Pilgrim. “We were passing by the Abbey of Five Villages at the Long Life Mountain, where we were insulted by two young lads. My anger of the moment made me topple their Ginseng Fruit Tree, which led to the Tang Monk being detained for the time being. That’s why I came to ask you for a cure. I hope you’ll be generous about the matter.”

“You ape,” said the Grand Thearch. “You have no care for anything except to cause trouble everywhere. Master Zhenyuan of the Abbey of Five Villages, with the holy title of ‘Lord, Equal to Earth,’ happens to be the patriarch of earthbound immortals. How did you manage to offend someone like him? That Ginseng Fruit Tree of his, you know, is the grass of the reverted cinnabar. If you had stolen it and eaten it, you would be guilty already. Now you have gone so far as to knock the tree down. You think he’ll let you get away with that?”

"Exactly," said Pilgrim. "We did escape, but he caught up with us and scooped us up in his sleeve as if we were handkerchiefs.

It's a troublesome affair: since I could not prevail, I had to promise him that the tree would be cured. That's why I came to beg you."

The Grand Thearch said, "I have one grain of the Great Monad Elixir of Nine Reversions. It can cure all the sentient creatures in the world, but it cannot cure trees. For trees are the spirits of earth and wood, nourished by Heaven and Earth. Moreover, the Ginseng Fruit Tree is no tree of the mortal world; if it were, you might find a cure for it. But the Long Life Mountain happens to be a Heavenly region, and the Abbey of Five Villages is a cave-heaven of the West Aparagodānīya Continent. And the Ginseng Fruit Tree produced there is a spiritual root that came into existence at the time of creation. How could it be healed? I have no cure, none whatever!"

"If you have no cure, old Monkey will take his leave," said Pilgrim. The Grand Thearch would have liked to offer him a cup of jade nectar, but Pilgrim said, "This is emergency business; I dare not linger."

He then mounted the clouds to proceed to the island of Yingzhou. This, too, was a lovely place, for which we have a testimonial poem. The poem says:

The elegant pearl tree aglow in purple mists;
Yingzhou's arches and towers touching the sky;
Green hills, blue waters, and fair coralline blooms;
Jade nectar, red steel, and the hard iron stone.
The five-colored cock crows at the sea's sunrise;
The red phoenix, ageless, breathes in scarlet mists.
In vain mortals would seek this gourd-held scene,
An endless spring beyond the world of forms.

Our Great Sage arrived at Yingzhou, where before the red cliffs and beneath the pearl trees sat several figures with luminous white hair and beards, immortals of youthful complexion. They were playing chess and drinking wine, telling jokes and singing songs. Truly there were

Hallowed clouds all filled with light;
Auspicious mists with fragrance afloat;
Colorful phoenixes calling at the cave's entrance;
Dark cranes dancing on top of the mountain.
Jadelike lotus roots and peaches went well with wine;
Magic pears and fire dates prolonged the years.
None of them had need to heed a royal summons,
Though the divine record had each of their names.
Wholly at ease, they could wander and play;
With no work or care, they could do as they please.
The months, the years had no hold on their lives;
Throughout the great world they were completely free.
How lovely were the black apes
Who came in pairs, bowing, to present the fruits!
How friendly are the white deer
Who lay down two by two with flowers in their mouths!

Those old men were enjoying themselves when our Pilgrim walked up to them and cried, "How about letting me have some fun too?" When the immortals saw him, they quickly rose to greet him. We have a poem as a testimony, and the poem says:

The spirit roots of the Ginseng Fruit Tree snapped;
The Great Sage called on the gods for a wondrous cure.
As scarlet light poured from the divine grove,
He was met by the Nine Elders of Yingzhou.

Recognizing the Nine Elders, Pilgrim said, laughing, "Old Brothers, how content you are!"

"If the Great Sage in years past had persevered in the truth," said the Nine Elders, "and had not disrupted Heaven, he would be even more content than we are. But you are all right now. We heard that you had returned to the truth to seek Buddha in the West. Where do you find such leisure to come here?" Pilgrim then gave a thorough account of his efforts to find a cure for the tree. Astounded, the Nine Elders said, "You cause too much trouble! Just too much trouble. Honestly, we don't have any cure."

"If you don't," said Pilgrim, "I shall take leave of you."

The Nine Elders asked him to stay and drink some jade nectar and eat some lotus root. Pilgrim would not sit down but, standing, drank a glass of nectar and ate a piece of lotus. He then left Yingzhou swiftly and headed straight for the Great Eastern Ocean. Soon the Potalaka Mountain came in sight. Dropping down from the clouds, he went straight to the top of the mountain, where he saw the Bodhisattva Guanyin giving a lecture to the various celestial guardians, dragon-ladies, and Mokṣa in the purple bamboo grove. As a testimony, we have a poem which says:

The sea-mistress city's tall with thick hallowed air.
Here you see countless marvelous things.
Know that the thousand vague and varied forms
Are all found in a book's one soundless leaf.
Four Noble Truths conferred will bear right fruit:
Six Stages, when listened to, will set you free.
This young grove has pleasures special and true:
Trees full of reddened fruits and fragrant flowers.

The Bodhisattva was the first to notice Pilgrim's arrival, and she asked the Great Mountain Guardian to go meet him. As he came out of the grove, the guardian shouted, "Sun Wukong, where are you going?" Raising his head, Pilgrim cried, "Bear rascal! Is Wukong the name for you to take in vain? If old Monkey hadn't spared you back then, you would have been a corpse on the Black Wind Mountain. Today you are a follower of the Bodhisattva, for you have received the virtuous fruit and you have been made a resident of this immortal mountain so that you can listen frequently to the dharma teachings. Now, with all these benefits, can't you address me as 'Venerable Father'?"

That Black Bear, you see, had indeed attained the right fruit, but the fact that he was made a guardian of the Potalaka and given the title "Great Guardian" was something that he owed to Pilgrim. So he really could not do anything but smile and say, "Great Sage, the ancients said, 'The princely man does not dwell on old faults.' Why mention my past? The Bodhisattva asked me to come meet you." Our Pilgrim at once became solemn and earnest as he followed the Great Guardian to bow down to the Bodhisattva in the purple bamboo grove.

"Wukong," said the Bodhisattva, "where has the Tang Monk reached in his journey?"

"The Long Life Mountain, in the West Aparagodānīya Continent," said Pilgrim. "In that Long Life Mountain," said the Bodhisattva, "there is an Abbey of Five Villages, which is the home of the Zhenyuan Great Immortal. Did you come across him?"

Banging his head on the ground, Pilgrim said, "It was all because of your disciple, who did not know the Zhenyuan Great Immortal at that Abbey of Five Villages. I offended him by damaging his tree, and he in turn held up my master, preventing him from making any progress in his journey."

"You mischievous monkey!" scolded the Bodhisattva, who already had knowledge of the whole affair. "You don't know any better! That Ginseng Fruit Tree of his is the spiritual root planted by Heaven and nourished by Earth. Master Zhenyuan himself is also the patriarch of earthbound immortals, and even I must be somewhat deferential to him. Why did you damage his tree?"

Bowing low again, Pilgrim said, "Your disciple was truly ignorant. The day when we arrived at the Abbey, Master Zhenyuan was not home, and only two immortal lads were there to receive us. It was Zhu Wuneng who discovered that they had these fruits, and he wanted to try one. Your disciple stole three such fruits, which we three brothers divided up among ourselves. When the lads found out, they kept on chiding us until I became so angry that I pushed down the tree. Their master returned the following day and caught up with us; after he had scooped us up with his sleeve, he had us bound and whipped, interrogating and torturing us for a whole day. We escaped that night, but he caught up with us again and took us captive as before. Two or three times it went on like this, and when I became convinced that it was impossible for us to flee, I promised him that I would heal the tree. I have just made a complete tour of the Three Islands seeking a cure from the sea, but none of the immortals was able to give me one. That's why your disciple has come to bow before you in all sincerity. I beg the Bodhisattva in her compassion to grant me a cure, so that the Tang Monk can soon journey toward the West."

"Why didn't you come see me earlier?" asked the Bodhisattva. "Why did you go looking instead on the islands?" When Pilgrim heard these words, he was secretly pleased and said to himself, "What luck! What luck! The Bodhisattva must have a cure!"

He went forward again to beg some more, and the Bodhisattva said, "The sweet dew in my immaculate vase can heal divine trees or spirit roots."

"Have you tried this before?" asked Pilgrim. "Indeed," said the Bodhisattva. "When?" asked Pilgrim.

The Bodhisattva said, "Some years ago Laozi had a wager with me: he took my willow twig and placed it in his elixir-refining brazier until it was completely dried and charred. Then he gave it back to me, and I stuck it in my vase. After one day and one night, I had my green twig and leaves again, as lovely as before." Laughing, Pilgrim said, "I'm lucky! Truly lucky! If a scorched willow could be revived, what's so difficult about a tree that has been knocked over?"

The Bodhisattva then gave this order to the rest of her followers:

"Maintain your vigilance in the grove. I'll be back soon." She left, balancing the immaculate vase in her hand; the white parrot flew ahead of her, while the Great Sage Sun followed from behind. We have a testimonial poem, and the poem says:

The world can't limn this jade-browed golden form:
A God who pities and saves us from woes.
As stainless Buddha she met kalpas past.
A self which can do she has now attained.
She calms passion's billows in many lives;
Her moral nature is wholly unsoiled.
The sweet dew, long charged with true wondrous might,
Will bring the precious tree eternal life.

We now tell you about the Great Immortal, who was just having lofty conversations with the Three Elders when all at once they saw the Great Sage Sun drop down from the clouds and shout, "The Bodhisattva has arrived. Come meet her quickly! Come meet her quickly!"

The Three Stars, Master Zhenyuan, Tripitaka, and his disciples all hurried out of the main hall. Stopping her sacred cloud, the Bodhisattva first exchanged greetings with Master Zhenyuan before bowing to the Three Stars. After the ceremony, she took the seat of honor as Pilgrim led the Tang monk, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk to bow to her. After that, the various immortals in the Abbey also came to greet her. "Great Immortal," said Pilgrim, "there's no need for further delay. You may as well prepare the table of incense at once and ask the Bodhisattva to heal that fruit tree of yours."

Bowing low to thank the Bodhisattva, the Great Immortal said, "Why should the trivial affair of this plebeian be such a concern to the Bodhisattva that she would take the trouble of coming here?"

"The Tang Monk is my disciple," said the Bodhisattva. "If Sun Wukong has wronged you, it's only reasonable that he should make recompense and return your precious tree."

"In that case," said the Three Stars, "there's no further need for polite talk. May we ask the Bodhisattva to go to the garden and see what can be done?"

The Great Immortal gave the order to prepare an incense table and to sweep the grounds in the rear garden. The Bodhisattva was asked to lead the way, followed by the Three Elders, Tripitaka, his disciples, and the various immortals of the Abbey. When they arrived at the garden, they saw the tree lying on the ground—with the soil around it turned up, its roots exposed, its leaves fallen, and its branches dried up. "Wukong," cried the Bodhisattva, "stretch out your hand." Pilgrim stretched out his left hand. Dipping the willow twig into the sweet dew of her vase, the Bodhisattva then used it as a brush and drew on the palm of Pilgrim a charm that had revivifying power. She told him to place his hand at the base of the tree and watch for the sign of water spurting out. His hand closed tightly, Pilgrim went to the base of the tree and placed his fist on the roots. In a little while, a clear spring welled up from the ground.

The Bodhisattva said, "That water cannot be touched by any instrument containing any one of the Five Phases. It must be scooped up by a jade ladle. Push the tree back up into an upright position; pour the water over it from the top down. The bark and the roots will grow back together again; the leaves will come out, the branches will turn green, and the fruits will appear."

"Little Daoists," said Pilgrim, "bring me a jade ladle, quickly."

"Your humble Daoist lives in a rural area," said Master Zhenyuan, "and there is no jade ladle available. We have only jade tea cups and jade wine goblets. Can they be used?"

"As long as they are made of jade," said the Bodhisattva, "and capable of bailing water, they will be all right. Bring them here."

The Great Immortal asked the little lads to take out some thirty jade tea cups and some fifty wine goblets with which they scooped up the clear water. Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk raised the tree into an upright position and covered its base with topsoil. They then handed the jade cups one by one to the Bodhisattva, who sprinkled the sweet liquid onto the tree with her willow branch as she recited a spell. Before long, she stopped sprinkling, and the tree turned green all at once with thick leaves and branches. Twenty-three ginseng fruits could be seen on top. Clear Breeze and Bright Moon, the two lads, said, "When we discovered our loss the day before, we came up with only twentytwo fruits even after we had counted them over and over. Why is there an extra one today after it has been revived?"

"'Time will disclose the true intent of man,'" said Pilgrim. "Old Monkey took only three the other day; the fourth one dropped to the ground and disappeared, for as the local spirit told me, this treasure would become assimilated once it touched earth. Eight Rules kept hollering about my skimming something off the top, and that was how my act was discovered. Only today is this whole mess cleared up."

The Bodhisattva said, "That's why I didn't use any instrument containing the Five Phases just now, for I know that this thing and the Five Phases are mutually resistant."

Highly pleased, the Great Immortal asked for the gold mallet at once and had ten of the fruits knocked down. He then invited the Bodhisattva and the Three Elders to go back to the main hall, where a Festival of Ginseng Fruits would be given in their honor. The little immortals duly set the tables and took out the cinnabar trays, while the Bodhisattva was asked to take the seat of honor in the center. The Three Elders were seated at the table to the left, the Tank Monk was placed at the right, and Master Zhenyuan as the host took up the seat down below. We have a testimonial poem that says:

At Long Life Mountain's cave-heaven of old,
Ginseng fruits ripen every nine thousand years.
The spirit root exposed, hurting twigs and shoots;
The sweet dew revives, fruits and leaves made whole.
Three Elders gladly meet all these old chums;
The four monks find by luck friends foreordained.
Now they have learned to eat the ginseng fruits;
They'll all be immortals who never age.

Presently the Bodhisattva and the Three Elders each ate a fruit. Finally convinced that this was a treasure of the immortals, the Tang Monk also ate one. Each of the three disciples also ate one, and Master Zhenyuan himself took one to keep his guests company. The last one of the fruits was divided among the other residents of the Abbey. Pilgrim thanked the Bodhisattva and the Three Stars, who went back to the Potalaka Mountain and Penglai Island, respectively. Master Zhenyuan also prepared

some vegetarian wine for a banquet, during which he and Pilgrim became bond-brothers. As the proverb says,

Without fighting they would not know each other;
But now the two parties have become one household.

Happily, master and disciples spent a restful night there. Thus it was with that Elder, who was

Lucky to have tasted the grass of reverted cinnabar;
His long life would endure the ordeals of ogres.

We do not know how they will part the following day; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-SEVEN

The cadaver demon three times mocks Tripitaka Tang
The holy monk in spite banishes Handsome Monkey King

We were telling you about Tripitaka and his disciples, who made preparations to leave the next morning. Our Master Zhenyuan, however, had become such a fast friend of Pilgrim since the two were made bond-brothers that he refused to let them leave. He gave orders instead that they should be feted for five or six days. Ever since he took the grass of the reverted cinnabar, the elder's spirit had been strengthened and his body made healthier; he felt as if his entire physical frame had been renewed. As he was intent on acquiring the scriptures, he refused to stay, and so they departed.

After taking their leave, master and disciples took to the road and soon came upon a tall mountain. "Disciples," said Tripitaka, "the mountain ahead appears to be rugged and steep, and I fear that the horse may not be able to proceed so easily. Every one of you should be careful."

"Have no fear, Master," said Pilgrim. "We know how to take care of everything."

Dear Monkey King! He led the way; carrying his rod horizontally across both his shoulders, he opened up a mountain path and led them up to a tall cliff. They saw

Peaks and summits in rows;
Streams and canyons meandrous;
Tigers and wolves running in packs;
Deer and fallow deer walking in flocks;
Countless musks and boars massed together;
A mountain swarming with foxes and hares.
The huge python of a thousand feet;
The long snake of ten thousand feet.
The huge python blew out awful mists;
The long snake belched dreadful air.
By the road thorns and thistles sprawled unending;
On the peak pines and cedars grew resplendent.
Wild hemps and creepers filled their eyes;
Fragrant plants reached up to the sky.
Light descended from the northern pole;
Clouds parted at the south pole star.
Ten thousand fathoms of mountain holding old, primal breath;
A thousand peaks stood august in the cold sunlight.

The elder on the horse became fearful, but our Great Sage Sun was ready to show off his abilities. Wielding the iron rod, he let out such a fearful cry that wolves and serpents retreated, that tigers and leopards took flight. Master and disciples thus journeyed into the mountain. As they reached the summit, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, we've been traveling for almost a day, and I'm getting hungry. Go somewhere and beg some vegetarian food for me."

"Master, you aren't very smart!" said Pilgrim, attempting to placate him with a smile. "We are in the middle of a mountain, with no village in sight ahead of us nor any

inn behind us. Even if we had money, there's no place for us to buy anything. Where do you want me to go to find vegetarian food?" Irritated, Tripitaka began to berate his disciple.

"You ape!" he cried. "Don't you remember what sort of condition you were in at the Mountain of Two Frontiers? Pinned down by Tathāgata in that stone box, you could move your mouth but not your feet, and you owed it to me for saving your life. Now that you have become my disciple by having your head touched and receiving the commandments, why are you not willing to exert yourself a bit more? Why are you always so lazy?"

"Your disciple," said Pilgrim, "has been rather diligent. Since when have I been lazy?"

"If you are that diligent," said Tripitaka, "why don't you go and beg me some vegetarian food? How can I journey if I am hungry? Moreover, this mountain is filled with pestilential vapors, and if I become ill, how can I hope to reach Thunderclap?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "please don't get upset. No more words. I know that yours is a proud and haughty nature. A little offense and you will recite that little something spell! Dismount and rest awhile. Let me find out whether there's any family for me to beg some vegetarian food." With a bound, Pilgrim leaped up to the edge of the clouds. Using his hand to shade his eyes, he peered all around. Alas! The journey to the West was a lonely journey, one with neither villages nor hamlets. There were abundant trees and shrubbery, but there was no sign of human habitation. Having looked around for some time, Pilgrim saw toward the south a tall mountain, where on the eastern slope there seemed to be some tiny specks of red. Lowering his cloud, Pilgrim said, "Master, there's something to eat."

The elder asked what it was, and Pilgrim said, "There's no household here for me to beg for rice. But there's a stretch of red on a mountain south of here, and I suppose that must be ripe mountain peaches. Let me go and pick a few for you to eat."

Delighted, Tripitaka said, "For a person who has left the family to have peaches is already the highest blessing!" Pilgrim took the alms bowl and mounted the auspicious luminosity.

Look at that brilliant somersault, with cold vapor trailing! In an instant, he was heading straight for the peaches on the south mountain, and we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

Now, the proverb says:

A tall mountain will always have monsters;
A rugged peak will always produce fiends.

In this mountain there was indeed a monster-spirit, who was disturbed by the Great Sage Sun's departure. Treading dark wind, she came through the clouds and found the elder sitting on the ground. "What luck! What luck!" she said, unable to contain her delight.

"For several years my relatives have been talking about a Tang Monk from the Land of the East going to fetch the Great Vehicle. He is actually the incarnation of the Gold Cicada, and he has the original body that has gone through the process of self-cultivation during ten previous existences. If a man eats a piece of his flesh, his age will be immeasurably lengthened. So, this monk has at last arrived today!"

The monster was about to go down to seize Tripitaka when she saw two great warriors standing guard on either side of the elder, and that stopped her from drawing near. Now, who could these warriors be, you ask? They were, of course, Eight Rules and Sha Monk. Eight Rules and Sha Monk, you see, might not have great abilities, but after all, Eight Rules was the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds and Sha Monk was the Great Curtain-Raising Captain. Their authority had not been completely eroded, and that was why the monster dared not approach them. Instead, the monster said to herself, "Let me make fun of them a bit, and see what happens."

Dear monster! She lowered her dark wind into the field of the mountain, and, with one shake of her body, she changed into a girl with a face like the moon and features like flowers. One cannot begin to describe the bright eyes and the elegant brows, the white teeth and the red lips. Holding in her left hand a blue sandstone pot and in her right a green porcelain vase, she walked from west to east, heading straight for the Tang Monk.

The sage monk resting his horse on the cliff
Saw all at once a young girl drawing near:
Slender hands hugged by gently swaying green sleeves;
Tiny feet exposed beneath a skirt of Hunan silk.
Perspiring her face seemed flower bedewed;
Dust grazed her moth-brows like willows held by mist.
And as he stared intently with his eyes,
She seemed to be walking right up to his side.

When Tripitaka saw her, he called out, "Eight Rules, Sha Monk, just now Wukong said that this is an uninhabited region. But isn't that a human being who is walking over there?"

"Master," said Eight Rules, "you sit here with Sha Monk. Let old Hog go take a look." Putting down his muckrake and pulling down his shirt, our Idiot tried to affect the airs of a gentleman and went to meet her face to face. Well, it was as the proverb says:

You can't determine the truth from afar.
You can see clearly when you go near.

The girl's appearance was something to behold!

Ice-white skin hides jadelike bones;
Her collar reveals a milk-white bosom.
Willow brows gather dark green hues;
Almond eyes shine like silver stars.
Her features like the moon are coy;
Her natural disposition is pure.
Her body's like the willow-nested swallow;
Her voice's like the woods' singing oriole.
A half-opened haitong caressed by the morning sun.
A newly bloomed peony displaying her charm.

When Idiot saw how pretty she was, his worldly mind was aroused and he could not refrain from babbling. "Lady Bodhisattva!" he cried. "Where are you going? What's that you are holding in your hands?"

This was clearly a fiend, but he could not recognize her! The girl immediately answered him, saying, “Elder, what I have in the blue pot is fragrant rice made from wine cakes, and there’s fried wheat gluten in the green vase. I came here for no other reason than to redeem my vow of feeding monks.” When Eight Rules heard these words, he was very pleased. Spinning around, he ran like a hog maddened by plague to report to Tripitaka, crying, “Master! ‘The good man will have Heaven’s reward!’ Because you are hungry, you ask Elder Brother to go beg for some vegetarian food. But we really don’t know where that ape has gone to pick his peaches and have his fun! If you eat too many peaches, you are liable to feel a bit stuffed and gaseous anyway! Take a look instead. Isn’t that someone coming to feed the monks?”

“Coolie, you’re just clowning!” said an unbelieving Tang Monk. “We’ve been traveling all this time and we haven’t even run into a healthy person! Where is this person who’s coming to feed the monks?”

“Master,” said Eight Rules, “isn’t this the one?” When Tripitaka saw the girl, he jumped up and folded his hands. “Lady Bodhisattva,” he said, “where is your home? What sort of family is yours? What kind of vow have you made that you have to come here to feed the monks?”

This was clearly a fiend, but our elder could not recognize her either! When that monster heard the Tang Monk asking after her background, she at once resorted to falsehood. With clever, specious words, she tried to deceive her interrogator, saying, “Master, this mountain, which turns back serpents and frightens wild beasts, bears the name of White Tiger. My home is located due west of here. My parents, still living, are frequent readers of sūtras and keen on doing good works. They have fed liberally the monks who come to us from near and far. Because my parents had no son, they prayed to the gods, and I was born. They would have liked to marry me off to a noble family, but, wary of helplessness in their old age, they took in a son-in-law instead, so that they would be cared for in life and death.”

Hearing this, Tripitaka said, “Lady Bodhisattva, your speech is rather improper! The sage classic says, ‘While father and mother are alive, one does not travel abroad; or if one does, goes only to a proper destination.’

If your parents are still living, and if they have taken in a husband for you, then your man should have been the one sent to redeem your vow. Why do you walk about the mountain all by yourself? You don’t even have an attendant to accompany you. That’s not very becoming of a woman!” Smiling broadly, the girl quickly tried to placate him with more clever words. “Master,” she said, “my husband is at the northern fold of this mountain, leading a few workers to plow the fields. This happens to be the lunch I prepared for them to eat. Since now is the busy season of farm work, we have no servants; and as my parents are getting old, I have to run the errand myself. Meeting you three distant travelers is quite by accident, but when I think of my parents’ inclination to do good deeds, I would like very much to use this rice as food for monks. If you don’t regard this as unworthy of you, please accept this modest offering.”

“My goodness! My goodness!” said Tripitaka. “I have a disciple who has gone to pick some fruits, and he’s due back any moment. I dare not eat. For if I, a monk, were to eat your rice, your husband would scold you when he learns of it. Will it then not be the fault of this poor monk?” When that girl saw the Tang Monk refuse to take the food, she smiled even more seductively and said, “O Master! My parents, who love to feed the monks, are not even as zealous as my husband. For his entire life is devoted to the construction of bridges and the repairing of roads, in reverence for the aged and pity for

the poor. If he heard that the rice was given to feed Master, his affection for me, his wife, would increase manyfold."

Tripitaka, however, simply refused to eat, and Eight Rules on one side became utterly exasperated. Pouting, our Idiot grumbled to himself, "There are countless priests in the world, but none is more wishy-washy than this old priest of ours! Here's ready-made rice, and three portions to boot! But he will not eat it. He has to wait for that monkey's return and the rice divided into four portions before he'll eat." Without permitting further discussion, he pushed over the pot with one shove of his snout and was about to begin.

Look at our Pilgrim! Having picked several peaches from the mountain peak in the south, he came hurtling back with a single somersault, holding the alms bowl in his hand. When he opened wide his fiery eyes and diamond pupils to take a look, he recognized that the girl was a monster. He put down the bowl, pulled out his iron rod, and was about to bring it down hard on the monster's head.

The elder was so aghast that he pulled his disciple back with his hands. "Wukong," he cried, "whom have you come back to hit?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "don't regard this girl in front of you as a good person. She's a monster, and she has come to deceive you."

"Monkey," said Tripitaka, "you used to possess a measure of true discernment. How is it that you are talking nonsense today? This Lady Bodhisattva is so kind that she wants to feed me with her rice. Why do you say that she's a monster?"

"Master," said Pilgrim with a laugh, "how could you know about this? When I was a monster back at the Water-Curtain Cave, I would act like this if I wanted to eat human flesh. I would change myself into gold or silver, a lonely building, a harmless drunk, or a beautiful woman. Anyone feeble-minded enough to be attracted by me I would lure back to the cave. There I would enjoy him as I pleased, by steaming or boiling. If I couldn't finish him off in one meal, I would dry the leftovers in the sun to keep for rainy days.

Master, if I had returned a little later, you would have fallen into her trap and been harmed by her."

That Tang Monk, however, simply refused to believe these words; he kept saying instead that the woman was a good person.

"Master," said Pilgrim, "I think I know what's happening. Your worldly mind must have been aroused by the sight of this woman's beauty. If you do have the desire, why not ask Eight Rules to cut some timber and Sha Monk to find us some grass. I'll be the carpenter and build you a little hut right here where you can consummate the affair with her. We can each go our own way then. Wouldn't that be the thing to do? Why bother to undertake such a long journey to fetch the scriptures?"

The elder, you see, was a rather tame and gentle person. He was so embarrassed by these few words that his whole bald head turned red from ear to ear.

As Tripitaka was struck dumb by his shame, Pilgrim's temper flared again. Wielding his iron rod, he aimed it at the monster's face and delivered a terrific blow. The fiend, however, had a few tricks of her own. She knew the magic of Releasing the Corpse.

When she saw Pilgrim's rod coming at her, she roused her spirit and left, leaving behind the corpse of her body struck dead on the ground.

Shaking with horror, the elder mumbled, "This ape is so unruly, so obdurate! Despite my repeated pleadings, he still takes human life without cause."

"Don't be offended, Master," said Pilgrim, "just come see for yourself what kind of things are in the pot." Sha Monk led the elder near to take a look. The fragrant rice made from wine cakes was nowhere to be found; there was instead a potful of large maggots with long tails. There was no fried wheat gluten either, but a few frogs and ugly toads were hopping all over the place. The elder was about to think that there might be thirty percent truthfulness in Pilgrim's words, but Eight Rules would not let his own resentment subside. He began to cast aspersions on his companion, saying, "Master, this woman, come to think of it, happens to be a farm girl of this area. Because she had to take some lunch to the fields, she met us on the way. How could she be deemed a monster? That rod of Elder Brother is quite heavy, you know. He came back and wanted to try his hand on her, not anticipating that one blow would kill her. He's afraid that you might recite that so-called Tight-Fillet Spell, and that's why he's using some sort of magic to hoodwink you. It's he who has caused these things to appear, just to befuddle you so that you won't recite the spell."

This single speech of Eight Rules, alas, spelled disaster for Tripitaka! Believing the slanderous suasion of our Idiot, he made the magic sign with his hand and recited the spell. At once Pilgrim began to scream, "My head! My head! Stop reciting! Stop reciting! If you've got something to say, say it."

"What do I have to say?" asked the Tang Monk. "Those who have left the family must defer to people every time, must cherish kindness in every thought. They must

Keep ants out of harm's way when they sweep the floor,
And put shades on lamps for the love of moths.

And you, you practice violence with every step! Since you have beaten to death this innocent commoner, what good would it do even if you were to go acquire the scriptures? You might as well go back."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "where do you want me to go back to?"

The Tang Monk said, "I don't want you as my disciple."

"If you don't want me as your disciple," said Pilgrim, "I fear that you may not make it on your way to the Western Heaven."

"My life is in the care of Heaven," said the Tang Monk. "If it's ordained that I should be food for the monster, even if I were to be steamed or boiled, it's all right with me. Furthermore, do you think really that you have the power to deliver me from the great limit? Go back quickly!"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "it's all right for me to go back, but I have not yet repaid your kindness."

"What kindness have I shown you?" asked the Tang Monk. When the Great Sage heard this, he knelt down immediately and kowtowed, saying, "Because old Monkey brought great disruption to the Celestial Palace, he incurred for himself the fatal ordeal of being clamped by Buddha beneath the Mountain of Two Frontiers. I was indebted to the Bodhisattva Guanyin who gave me the commandments, and to Master

who gave me freedom. If I don't go up to the Western Heaven with you, it will mean that I

Knowing kindness without repaying am no princely man.
Mine will be forever an infamous name."

Now the Tang Monk, after all, is a compassionate holy monk. When he saw Pilgrim pleading so piteously with him, he changed his mind and said, "In that case, I'll forgive you this time. Don't you dare be unruly again. If you work violence again as before, I'll recite this spell over and over twenty times."

"You may recite it thirty times," said Pilgrim, "but I won't hit anyone again."

Helping the Tang Monk to mount the horse, he then presented the peaches that he picked. The Tang Monk indeed ate a few of the peaches on the horse to relieve his hunger momentarily.

We now tell you about the monster who escaped by rising into the sky. That one blow of Pilgrim's rod, you see, did not kill her, for she fled by sending away her spirit. Standing on top of the clouds, she gnashed her teeth at Pilgrim, saying spitefully to herself, "The last few years I have heard nothing but people talking about his abilities, but I've discovered today that his is not a false reputation.

Already deceived by me, the Tang Monk was about to eat the rice. If he had just lowered his head and taken one whiff of it, I would have grabbed him and he would have been all mine. Little did I anticipate that this other fellow would return and bust up my business.

What's more, I almost received a blow from his rod. If I had let this monk get away, I would have labored in vain. I'm going back down there to make fun of him once more."

Dear monster! Lowering the direction of her dark cloud, she dropped into the fold of the mountain further ahead and changed with one shake of her body into a woman eighty years old, having in her hands a bamboo cane with a curved handle. She headed toward the pilgrims, weeping each step of the way. When Eight Rules saw her, he was horrified. "Master," he said, "it's terrible! That old Mama approaching us is looking for someone."

"Looking for whom?" asked the Tang Monk. Eight Rules said, "The girl slain by Elder Brother has to be the daughter. This one must be the mother looking for her."

"Stop talking nonsense, Brother," said Pilgrim. "That girl was about eighteen, but this woman is at least eighty. How could she still bear children when she was sixty-some years old? She's a fake! Let old Monkey go have a look."

Dear Pilgrim! In big strides he walked forward to look at the monster, who

Changed falsely into an old dame,
With temples white as snow.
She walked ever so slowly
With steps both small and sluggish.
Her frail body was most slender;
Her face, a leaf dried and wilted.
Her cheek bones jutted upward;
Her lips curled downward and out.
Old age is not quite like the time of youth:

The whole face is wrinkled like lotus leaves.

Recognizing the monster, Pilgrim did not even bother to wait for any discussion; he lifted up the rod and struck at the head at once.

When the monster saw the uplifted rod, she again exercised her magic and her spirit rose into the air, leaving behind once more the corpse of her body struck dead beside the road. The sight so frightened the Tang Monk that he fell from his horse. Lying on the road, he did not speak another word except to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell back and forth exactly twenty times. Alas, poor Pilgrim's head was reduced to an hourglass-shaped gourd! As the pain was truly unbearable, he had to roll up to the Tang Monk and plead, "Master, please don't recite anymore. Say what you have to say."

"What's there to say?" asked the Tang Monk. "Those who have left the family will listen to the words of virtue to avoid falling into Hell. I have tried my best to enlighten you with admonition. Why do you persist in doing violence? You have beaten to death one commoner after another. How do you explain this?"

"She's a monster," said Pilgrim. The Tang Monk said, "This monkey is babbling nonsense. You tell me that there are that many monsters! You are a person lacking any will to do good, one who is only bent on evil. You'd better go."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "are you sending me away again? All right, I'll go back. But there's something which I find disagreeable."

"What do you find disagreeable?" asked the Tang monk. "Master," said Eight Rules, "he wants you to divide up the luggage with him! You think he wants to go back empty-handed after following you as a monk all this time? Why don't you see whether you have any old shirt or tattered hat in your wrap there and give him a couple of pieces." When Pilgrim heard these words, he became so incensed that he jumped up and down, crying, "You loud-mouthed overstuffed coolie! Ever since old Monkey embraced the teachings of complete poverty, he has never displayed the least bit of envy or greed. What are you talking about, dividing up the luggage?"

"If you show neither envy nor greed," said the Tang Monk, "why don't you leave?"

"To tell you the truth, Master," said Pilgrim, "when old Monkey lived at the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain five hundred years ago, he was hero enough to receive the submission of the demons of seventy-two caves and to command forty-seven thousand little fiends. I was quite a man then —wearing on my head a purple gold cap, putting on my body a red and yellow robe, tying around my waist a jade belt, having on my feet a pair of cloud-treading shoes, and holding in my hands the compliant golden-hooped rod. But ever since Nirvāṇa delivered me from my sins, when with my hair shorn I took the vow of complete poverty and followed you as your disciple, I had this gold fillet clamped on my head. If I go back like this, I can't face the folks at home. If Master doesn't want me anymore, please recite the Loose- Fillet Spell so that I may get rid of this thing from my head and return it to you. I'll find that most pleasant and agreeable then. After all, I have followed you all this time; surely you would not deny me this bit of human kindness!"

Greatly startled, the Tang Monk said, "Wukong, I only received the Tight-Fillet Spell in secret from the Bodhisattva. There was no Loose-Fillet Spell."

"If there was no Loose-Fillet Spell," said Pilgrim, "then you'd better still take me along."

The elder had no alternative but to say, “You’d better get up. I’ll forgive you one more time, but you must not do violence again.”

“I won’t dare do so,” said Pilgrim, “I won’t dare do so.”

He helped his master to mount up once more and then led the way forward.

We now tell you about that monster who, you see, had not been killed by Pilgrim’s second blow either. In midair, the fiend could not refrain from praising her opponent, saying, “Marvelous Monkey King! What perception! He could recognize me even when I had changed into that form! These monks are moving on rather quickly; another forty miles westward beyond the mountain and they will leave my domain. If some demons or fiends of another region pick them up, people would laugh till their mouths crack up, and I would eat my heart out! I’ll go down and make fun of them one more time.”

Dear Monster! Lowering the dark wind again into the fold of the mountain, she shook her body and changed herself into an old man. Truly he had

Flowing white hair like Pengzu’s,
And beard more frosty than the Age Star’s.
A jade stone rang in his ears,
And gold stars flashed in his eyes.
Holding a curved dragon-head cane,
He wore a light crane’s-down cloak.
Grasping in his hands some beads,
He chanted a Buddhist sūtra.

When the Tang Monk on his horse saw this old man, he was very pleased. “Amitābha!” he cried. “The West is truly a blessed region! This dear old man can hardly walk, but he still wants to recite the sūtras!”

“Master,” said Eight Rules, “stop praising him. He’s the root of disaster!”

“What do you mean the root of disaster?” said the Tang Monk. Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother killed his daughter as well as his wife, and now you see this old man groping his way here. If we run smack into him, Master, you’ll pay with your life since you are guilty of death. Old Hog is your follower, so he’ll be banished to serve in the army; Sha Monk carries out your orders, so he’ll be sentenced to hard labor. But our Elder Brother, of course, will use some kind of escape magic to get away. Now, won’t that leave the three of us here to take the blame for him?”

Hearing this, Pilgrim said, “This root of idiocy! Won’t this kind of absurdity alarm our master? Let old Monkey go and have another look.”

He put away his rod and went forward to meet the fiend. “Aged Sir,” he called, “where are you going? Why are you walking and reciting a sūra as well?” Our monster this time somehow misread, as it were, the balance of the steelyard, and she thought that Great Sage Sun was after all an ordinary fellow. Hence she said, “Elder, this old man has lived here for generations. My whole life is devoted to doing good and feeding the monks, to reading scriptures and chanting sūras. Fate did not give me a boy, and I had only a girl, for whom I took in a son-in-law. This morning she went off to take rice down to the fields, and we fear that she might have been made food for the tiger instead. My old wife went searching for her, but she, too, did not return. In fact, I have absolutely no idea what has happened to them. That’s why this old man came seeking to

see if they have been harmed in any way. If so, I have little alternative but to take back their bones and have them buried properly on our ancestral site."

"I'm the ancestor in pulling pranks!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "How dare you sneak up on me and try to deceive me with something up your sleeve? You can't fool me. I can see that you are a monster."

The monster was so startled that she could not utter another word.

Wielding his rod, Pilgrim was about to strike, but he said to himself:

"If I don't hit her, she's going to pull some trick again, but if I hit her, I fear that Master will recite that spell again."

He thought to himself some more:

"But if I don't kill her, she can grab Master the moment she has the opportunity, and then I'll have to make all that effort to save him. I'd better strike! One blow will kill her, but Master will surely recite that spell. Well, the proverb says:

'Even the vicious tiger will not devour its own.' I'll have to use my eloquence, my dexterous tongue, to convince him, that's all."

Dear Great Sage! He recited a spell himself and summoned the local spirit and the mountain god, saying to them, "This monster made fun of my master three times. This time I'm going to make sure I'll kill her, but you must stand guard in the air. Don't let her get away." When the deities heard this command, neither dared disobey it, and they both stood guard on the edge of the clouds. Our Great Sage lifted up his rod and struck down the demon, whose spiritual light was extinguished only then.

The Tang Monk on the horse was again so horrified by what he saw that he could not even utter a word, but Eight Rules on one side snickered and said, "Dear Pilgrim! His delirium is acting up again! He has journeyed for only half a day and he has slaughtered three persons!"

The Tang Monk was about to recite the spell when Pilgrim dashed up to the horse, crying, "Master! Don't recite! Don't recite! Just come and take a look at how she looks now."

There was in front of them a pile of flour-white skeletal bones. "Wukong," said the Tang Monk, greatly shaken, "this person has just died. How could she change all at once into a skeleton?" Pilgrim said, "She's a demonic and pernicious cadaver, out to seduce and harm people. When she was killed by me, she revealed her true form. You can see for yourself that there's a row of characters on her spine; she's called 'LadyWhiteBone.'" When the Tang Monk heard what he said, he was about to believe him, but Eight Rules would not desist from slander. "Master," said he, "his hand's heavy and his rod's vicious. He has beaten someone to death, but, fearing your recital, he deliberately changed her into something like this just to befuddle you." Indeed a shilly-shally person, the Tang Monk believed Eight Rules once more and started his recital. Unable to bear the pain, Pilgrim could only kneel beside the road and cry, "Don't recite! Don't recite! If you have something to say, say it quickly."

"Monkey head!" said the Tang Monk. "What's there to say? The virtuous deeds of those having left the family should be like grass in a garden of spring: though their growth is invisible, they multiply daily. But he who practices evil is like a whetstone: though its ruin is invisible, it diminishes daily. You manage to get away even after beating to death altogether three persons only because there's no one here to oppose

you, to take you to task in these desolate wilds. But suppose we get to a crowded city and you suddenly start hitting people regardless of good or ill with that mourning staff of yours, how would I be able to go free from that kind of great misfortune caused by you? You'd better go back."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "you have really wronged me. This is undeniably a monstrous spirit, bent on hurting you. I have helped you to ward off danger by killing her, but you can't see it. You believe instead those sarcastic and slanderous remarks of Idiot to such an extent that you try to get rid of me several times. The proverb says, 'Nothing can occur three times'! If I don't leave you, I'll be a base and shameless fellow. I'll go! I'll go! It's no big deal, in fact, for me to leave, but then you will have no man to serve you."

Turning angry, the Tang Monk said, "This brazen ape is becoming even more unruly. So you think that you are the only man around here? Wuneng and Wujing, they are not men?" When the Great Sage heard this statement about the other two disciples, he was so deeply hurt that he could not but say to the Tang Monk, "O misery! Think of the time when Liu Boqin was your companion as you left Chang'an. After you delivered me from the Mountain of Two Frontiers and made me your disciple, I penetrated ancient caves and invaded deep forests to capture demons and defeat monsters. I was the one who, having experienced countless difficulties, subdued Eight Rules and acquired Sha Monk. Today, 'banishing Wisdom just to court Folly,' you want me to go back. That's how it is:

When the birds vanish,
The bow is hidden;
When the hares perish,
The hounds are eaten.

All right! All right! There's only one thing left for us to settle, and that's the Tight-Fillet Spell."

The Tang Monk said, "I won't recite that again."

"That's hard to say," said Pilgrim. "For when the time comes for you to face those treacherous demons and bitter ordeals, and when you, because Eight Rules and Sha Monk cannot rescue you, think of me and cannot stop yourself from reciting it, I'll have a headache even if I'm one hundred thousand miles away. I'll have to come back to see you, so why don't you let this matter drop now." When the Tang Monk saw that Pilgrim was so long-winded, he became angrier than ever. Rolling down from his horse, he told Sha Monk to take out paper and brush from one of the wraps. Fetching some water from a brook nearby and rubbing out some ink with an ink-slab on a rock, he wrote at once a letter of banishment. Handing it over to Pilgrim, he said, "Monkey head! Take this as a certificate. I'll never want you as a disciple. If I ever consent to see you again, let me fall into the Avīci Hell!"

Taking the letter of banishment, Pilgrim said quickly, "Master, no need to swear. Old Monkey will leave."

He folded up the letter and put it in his sleeve.

Attempting once more to placate the Tang Monk, he said, "Master, after all, I have followed you for all this time because of the Bodhisattva's instructions. Today I have to quit in midjourney and am not able to attain the meritorious fruit. Please take a seat and let me bow to you, so that I can leave in peace."

Tang Monk turned his back and refused to reply, mumbling only, “I’m a good priest, and I won’t take the salutation of an evil man like you!” When the Great Sage saw that the Tang Monk refused to answer, he resorted to the magic of the Body beyond the Body. Pulling three pieces of hair from the back of his head, he blew on them a magic breath and cried, “Change!”

They changed at once into three Pilgrims, who along with himself surrounded the master on all four sides. The master tried to turn left and right, but he was unable to dodge anymore and had to receive a bow from one of them.

Jumping up, the Great Sage shook his body and retrieved his hair. Then he gave the following instructions to Sha Monk, saying, “Worthy Brother, you are a good man. Do be careful, however, that you don’t listen to the foolish nonsense of Eight Rules. You must also exercise caution on the journey. If there should be a time when a monster catches hold of Master, you just say that old Monkey happens to be his senior disciple. When those clumsy fiends of the West get wind of my abilities, they’ll not dare to harm my master.”

“I’m a good priest,” said the Tang Monk, “and I’ll never mention the name of an evil man like you. Go back.” When the Great Sage saw that the elder simply refused to change his mind, he had no alternative but to leave. Look at him:

In tears he kowtowed to part with the priest;
In grief he took care to instruct Sha Monk.
He used his head to dig up the meadow’s grass
And both feet to kick up the ground’s rattan.
Like a wheel spinning he entered Heav’n and Earth,
Most able to overleap mountains and seas.
All at once he completely disappeared;
In no time he left on the way he came.

Look at him! He suppressed his outrage and took leave of his master by mounting the cloud-somersault to head straight for the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain. As he was traveling, alone and dejected, he suddenly heard the roar of water. The Great Sage paused in midair to look and discovered that it was the high tide of the Great Eastern Ocean. The moment he saw this, he thought of the Tang Monk and could not restrain the tears from rolling down his cheeks. He stopped his cloud and stayed there for a long time before proceeding. We do not know what will happen to him as he goes away; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-EIGHT

At Flower-Fruit Mountain a pack of fiends hold assembly
At the Black Pine Forest Tripitaka meets demons

We were telling you about the Great Sage, who, though he was banished by the Tang Monk, was nevertheless filled with regret and nostalgia when he saw the Great Eastern Ocean. He said to himself, "I haven't come this way for five hundred years!"

This is what he saw as he looked at the ocean:

Vast, misty currents;
Huge, far-reaching waves—
Vast, misty currents that join the Milky Way;
Huge, far-reaching waves that touch the pulse of Earth.
The tide rises in salvos;
The water engulfs the bays—
The tide rises in salvos
Like the clap of thunder in Triple Spring;
The water engulfs the bays
As violent gales that blow in late summer.
Those old, blessed dragon-drivers
Would travel no doubt with knitted brows;
Those young, immortal crane-riders
Would surely pass by anxious and tense.
No village appears near the shore;
Few fishing boats hug the water.
Waves roll like a thousand year's snow;
Wind howls as if autumn's in June.
Wild birds can come and go at will;
Water fowls may stay afloat or dive.
There's no fisher before your eyes;
Your ears hear only the sea gulls.
Deep in the sea fishes frolic;
Across the sky wild geese languish.

With a bound, our Pilgrim leaped across the Great Eastern Ocean and soon arrived at the Flower-Fruit Mountain. Lowering the direction of his cloud, he stared all around. Alas, that mountain had neither flowers nor plants, while the mist and smoke seemed completely extinguished: cliffs and plateaus had collapsed and the trees had dried and withered. How had it all become like this, you ask. When Pilgrim disrupted Heaven and was taken captive to the Region Above, this mountain was burned to total ruin by the Illustrious Sage, Erlang God, who was leading the Seven Bond-Brothers of Plum Mountain. Our Great Sage became more grief stricken than ever, and he composed the following long poem in ancient style as a testimony. The poem says:

I view this divine mountain and tears fall;
I face it and my sorrows multiply.
The mountain, I thought then, would not be harmed;
Today I know this place has suffered loss.

Hateful was that Erlang who vanquished me,
That heinous Little Sage who oppressed me.
In violence he dug up my parental tombs;
With no cause he broke up my ancestral graves.
All Heaven's mists and fog are now dispersed;
The whole land's wind and clouds both dissipate.
None can hear a tiger's roar on eastern peaks;
Who sees a white ape howling on western slopes?
The northern gorge has no trace of fox or hare;
All deer have vanished from the southern glen.
Green rocks are burned to form a thousand bricks;
The bright sand's changed to a pile of dirt.
Tall pines outside the cave have fallen down;
Green cedars before the cliff are thin and scarce.
Chun, shan, huai, kui, li, *and* tan *all are scorched;*
Peach, pear, prune, plum, almond, and date are gone.
How could silkworms be fed with no mulberry?
Midst few bamboos and willows birds cannot live.
Well-formed rocks on the peak have turned to dust;
The brook's water has dried up—all is grass.
No orchid grows on parched earth below the cliff;
Creepers o'erspread the brown mud by the road.
To what region have birds of past days flown?
To which mountain have the beasts of old retired?
This gutted spot that snakes and leopards loathe!
This blasted place that cranes and serpents shun!
It must be for evil deeds in former times
That I should this day suffer so much pain.

As the Great Sage was thus expressing his grief, seven or eight small monkeys suddenly leaped out with a cry from among the tall grass and bushes on the slope. They rushed forward to surround him and kowtow, shouting, "Father Great Sage! You've come home today?"

"Why aren't you all having a little fun?" asked the Handsome Monkey King. "Why is everyone in hiding? I've been back for quite a while, and I haven't seen even the shadow of one of you! Why is that?" When the several monkeys heard these words, every one of them began to weep. "Since the Great Sage was taken captive to the Region Above," they said, "we have been suffering from the hands of hunters, truly an unbearable affliction. How could we withstand those sharp arrows and strong bows, those yellow hawks and wicked hounds, those ensnaring nets and sickle-shaped spears! To preserve our lives, none of us dares come out to play; instead, we conceal ourselves deep in the cave dwelling or take refuge in some distant lairs. Only in hunger do we go steal some grass on the meadow for food, and in thirst we drink the clear liquid from downstream. Just now we heard the voice of our Father Great Sage, and that was why we came to receive you. We beg you to take care of us." When the Great Sage heard these words, he became more distressed. He then asked, "How many of you are there still in this mountain?"

"Young and old," said the monkeys, "altogether no more than a thousand."

The Great Sage said, “In former times, I had forty-seven thousand little monsters here. Where did they go?”

The monkeys said, “When Father left, this mountain was burned by the Bodhisattva Erlang, and more than half of them were killed by the fire. Some of us managed to save our lives by squatting in the wells, diving into the brook, or hiding beneath the sheet iron bridge. When the fire was extinguished and the smoke cleared, we came out to find that flowers and fruits were no longer available for food. The difficulty in finding sustenance drove another half of the monkeys away, leaving those of us to suffer here in the mountain. These two years saw our number dwindle even further by more than half when hunters came to abduct us.”

“For what purpose?” asked Pilgrim. “Talk about those hunters,” said the monkeys, “they are truly abominable! Those of us who were shot by arrows, pierced by spears, or clubbed to death they took away for food to be served with rice. The dead monkeys would be skinned and boned, cooked with sauce and steamed with vinegar, fried with oil, and sauteed with salt. Those of us who were caught by the net or the trap would be led away live; they would be taught to skip ropes, to act, to somersault, and to do cartwheels. They would have to beat the drum and the gong on the streets and perform every kind of trick to entertain humans.” When the Great Sage heard these words, he became terribly angry. “Who is in charge in the cave now?” he asked. “We still have Ma and Liu, the two marshals,” said the little fiends, “Peng and Ba, the two generals: they are in charge.”

“Report to them at once,” said the Great Sage, “and say that I’ve returned.”

Those little fiends dashed inside the cave and cried, “Father Great Sage has come home!” When Ma, Liu, Peng, and Ba heard the report, they rushed out of the door to kowtow and to receive him inside the cave. The Great Sage took a seat in the middle as the various fiends all lined up before him to pay homage. “Father Great Sage,” they said, “we heard recently that you had regained your life so that you could protect the Tang Monk on his journey to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures. Why are you not heading toward the West? Why do you come back to this mountain?”

“Little ones,” said the Great Sage, “you have no idea that the Tang Monk is wholly ignorant of who is worthy and who is foolish.

For his sake, I caught fiends and overcame demons throughout the journey, using all my abilities. Several times I slew a monster, but, accusing me of doing evil and violence, he disowned me as his disciple and banished me back here. He even wrote me a formal letter of banishment as proof that he would never want to use me again.”

Clapping their hands and roaring with laughter, the monkeys said, “Lucky! Lucky! What do you want to be a monk for? Come home and you can lead us to have a few years’ fun. Quick! Let’s bring out the coconut wine for the reception of Father.”

“Let’s not drink wine just yet,” said the Great Sage. “Let me ask you, how often do those hunters come to our mountain?”

“Great Sage,” said Ma and Liu, “there’s no telling of time. They are here every day to make trouble.”

The Great Sage asked, “Why aren’t they here today?” Ma and Liu replied, “Just wait and you’ll see them come.”

The Great Sage gave this order:

"Little ones, go up to the mountain and bring me the rocks that have been burned to small pieces.

Pile them up around here in piles of thirty or sixty pieces. I have use for them."

Those little monkeys were like a cloud of bees; they swarmed all over the mountain and brought back the rock pieces and piled them together. When the Great Sage saw that, he said, "Little ones, go hide in the cave. Let old Monkey exercise his magic." Our Great Sage went straight up to the peak to look around, and he saw over a thousand men and horses approaching from the southern half of the mountain. Beating drums and striking gongs, they were holding spears and swords, leading hawks and hounds. When the Monkey King stared carefully at them, they appeared to be most ferocious indeed. Dear men! Truly fierce! He saw

Fox skins covered their heads and backs;
Silk brocades wrapped around their torsos;
Quivers full of wolf-teeth arrows;
And carved bows hung on their thighs.
The men seemed mountain-prowling tigers;
The horses, like brook-leaping dragons.
The whole group of men led their hounds,
As hawks perched on all their shoulders.
They hauled fire cannons in baskets.
They had also eagles most fierce,
And hundreds of poles with birdlimes,
And thousands of forks to catch rabbits;
Dragnets like those used by bullheads,
And lassos tossed by King Yama.
They yelled and shrieked altogether,
Causing confusion far and near.

When the Great Sage saw those men swarming up his mountain, he became terribly angry. Making the magic sign with his fingers and reciting a spell, he drew in a breath facing the southwest and blew it out. At once a violent wind arose. Marvelous wind!

It threw up dust and scattered dirt;
It toppled trees and cut down forests.
The ocean waves rose like mountains;
They crashed fold upon fold on the shore.
The cosmos grew dim and darkened;
The sun and the moon lost their light.
The pine trees, once shaken, roared like tigers;
The bamboos, hit abruptly, sang like dragons.
All Heaven's pores let loose their angry breaths
As rocks and sand flew, hurting one and all.

The Great Sage called up this mighty wind that blew up and scattered those rock pieces in every direction. Pity those thousand-odd hunters and horses! This was what happened to every one of them:

The rocks broke their dark heads to pieces;
Flying sand hurt all the winged horses.

Lords and nobles confounded before the peak,
Blood stained like cinnabar the earth.
Fathers and sons could not go home.
Could fine men to their houses return?
Corpses fell to the dust and lay on the mountain,
While rouged ladies at home waited.

The poem says:

Men killed, horses dead—how could they go home?
Lost, lonely souls floundered like tangled hemp.
Pity those strong and virile fighting men,
Whose blood, both good and bad, did stain the sand!

Lowering the direction of his cloud, the Great Sage clapped his hands and roared with laughter, saying, "Lucky! Lucky! Since I made submission to the Tang Monk and became a priest, he has been giving me this advice:

'
Do good a thousand days,
But the good is still insufficient;
Do evil for one day,
And that evil is already excessive.'

Some truth indeed! When I followed him and killed a few monsters, he would blame me for perpetrating violence. Today I came home and it was the merest trifle to finish off all these hunters."

He then shouted, "Little ones, come out!" When those monkeys saw that the violent wind had passed and heard the Great Sage calling, they all jumped out. "Go down to the south side of the mountain," said the Great Sage, "and strip the dead hunters of their clothes. Bring them back home, wash away the bloodstains, and you all can wear them to ward off the cold. The corpses you can push into the deep mountain lake over there. Pull back here also the horses that are killed; their hides can be used to make boots, and their meat can be cured for us to enjoy slowly. Gather up the bows and arrows, the swords and spears, and you can use them for military drills again. And finally, bring me those banners of miscellaneous colors; I have use for them."

Every one of the monkeys obeyed these instructions. Pulling down the banners and washing them clean, the Great Sage then patched them together into a large banner of many colors, on which he wrote the following words in large letters:

The Flower-Fruit Mountain Rebuilt, the Water-Curtain Cave Restored—Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. A flagpole was erected outside the cave to hang up the banner. Thereafter, he gathered together more fiends and beasts by the day, and he stored up all kinds of foodstuff. The word "monk" was never mentioned again. As he enjoyed wide friendship and great power, he had no trouble in borrowing some sweet, divine water from the Dragon Kings of the Four Oceans to wash his mountain and make it green again. He next planted elms and willows in front, pines and cedars in the back; peach, pear, date, and plum—he had them all. He then sett led down to enjoy life without a care, and we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

We now tell you about the Tang Monk, who listened to Crafty Nature and banished the Monkey of the Mind. He mounted his horse to head for the West as Eight Rules led the way in front, while Sha Monk poled the luggage in the rear. After they

passed the White Tiger Ridge, they came upon a large forest, full of vines and creepers, green pines and cedars. “Disciples,” said Tripitaka, “the mountain road is already rough and difficult to negotiate. And now we have a thick and dark pine forest. Do be careful. I fear that we may run into some fiends or monstrous beasts.”

But look at Idiot! Rousing his energies, he told Sha Monk to take hold of the horse, while he himself used his muckrake to open up a path in front and led the Tang Monk directly into the pine forest. As they journeyed, the elder stopped the horse and said, “Eight Rules, I’m getting really hungry today. Where can you find me some vegetarian food to eat?”

“Please dismount, Master,” said Eight Rules, “and let old Hog go find some for you.”

The elder descended from his horse. Sha Monk put down his load and took out the alms bowl to hand over to Eight Rules. Eight Rules said, “I’m off!”

“Where to?” asked the elder. “Never mind,” said Eight Rules. “Once I go, I will

Drill ice for fire to find your maigre,
And press snow for oil to beg your rice.”

Look at him! He left the pine forest and walked toward the West for over ten miles, but he did not come upon even a single household.

It was truly a place more inhabited by tigers and wolves than by humans. When Idiot became tired from walking, he thought to himself, “When Pilgrim was here, whatever that old priest wanted he got. Today, it’s my turn to serve, and it’s like what the proverb says:

You know the cost of rice and firewood when you run a house;
You realize your parents’ kindness when you bring up a child!

Where in the world can I go to beg for food?”

He walked some more and became rather drowsy. He thought to himself, “If I go back now and tell that old priest that there’s no place here for me to beg for vegetarian food even after traveling all this distance, he won’t believe me. I must find some means to while away another hour or so before I go back to answer him. Well, well! Let’s take a nap here in the grass.” Idiot indeed put his head in the grass and lay down. At the time, he thought that he would doze for awhile and then get up, but little did he realize how fatigued he was from all that walking. Once he lay down his head, he fell into a deep, snoring slumber.

For the time being, we shall speak no more of Eight Rules asleep in this place. We tell you instead about the elder in the forest, who grew so restless and anxious that his ears became flushed and his eyes began to tic. He turned quickly and said to Sha Monk, “Why hasn’t Wuneng returned from his trip to beg for food?”

“Master,” said Sha Monk, “don’t you understand? When he sees how many families there are in this region of the West who love to feed monks, he’s not going to worry about you, is he, especially when he has so large a stomach! He’s not going to come back until he’s completely filled!”

“You are right,” said Tripitaka. “But if he is staying at some place just to satisfy his hankering for food, where are we going to meet him? It’s getting late, and this is no place to live. We better find some lodging.”

"Don't worry, Master," said Sha Monk, "you sit here and let me find him."

"Yes, yes," said Tripitaka, "it doesn't matter whether there's food or not. But it's important for us to find a place to stay."

Grasping his precious staff, Sha Monk left the pine forest to search for Eight Rules.

The elder, sitting alone in the forest, became so weary and fatigued that he had to force himself to summon enough energy to get up.

Putting the luggage together in a pile and tying the horse to a tree, he took off his wide splint hat, stuck his priestly staff into the ground, and straightened his clerical robe in order to take a walk in this secluded forest just to rid himself of his depression. He looked at all the wild grass and untended flowers, but he did not hear any chattering of birds heading homeward. The forest, you see, was a place of tall grass and small paths. Because he was rather confused he soon lost his way. He had, to be sure, wanted to dispel his boredom in the first place, and to find Eight Rules and Sha Monk in the second. Little did he realize that they were proceeding westward, whereas he himself, after going in circles for awhile, was heading south. As he emerged from the pine forest, he raised his head and saw all at once flashes of golden light and colorful mists ahead of him. He looked more carefully and found that it was a bejeweled pagoda, whose golden dome was gleaming in the rays of the setting sun. "This disciple truly has no affinity!" he said to himself. "When I left the Land of the East, I made a vow to burn incense in every temple, to worship Buddha when I saw an image of Buddha, and to sweep a pagoda if I came upon a pagoda. Isn't that a golden pagoda that is so brilliant over there? Why didn't I take this road before? Beneath the pagoda there must be a temple, inside of which there must also be a monastery. Let me walk over there.

It's all right, I suppose, to leave the white horse and the luggage here since there is no one passing by. If there's any space there, I'll wait till my disciples return and we can all ask for lodging for the night."

Alas, the time of that elder's misfortune has indeed arrived! Look at him! He strode forward and went up to the side of the pagoda.

There he saw

Boulders ten thousand feet tall;
A large bluff reaching the green sky:
Its roots joining the thick earth,
Its peaks sticking into Heaven.
Several thousand trees of all kinds on both sides;
A hundred miles of snarled creepers front and back.
Bright flowers on grass tips, the wind had its shadows.
In flowing water's parted clouds the moon had no root.
Fallen logs rested in deep streams;
Dried tendrils entangled bare summits.
Beneath a stone bridge
Flowed a bubbling clear stream;
On top of a terrace
Grew flourlike white blossoms.
When seen from afar it seemed the Paradise of Three Isles;
When you drew near it appeared like the lovely Penglai.

Purple bamboos and scented pines enclosed the mountain brook;
Crows, magpies, and monkeys cut through the rugged ridge.
Outside a cave
There were herds of wild beasts coming and going;
In the woods
There were flocks of birds leaving or returning.
In lovely green the fragrant plants thrived;
Radiantly the wild flowers bloomed.
This region, nonetheless, was an evil place.
It was the elder's bad luck to come barging in!

The elder strode up to the door of the pagoda and found a mottled bamboo curtain hanging inside. Walking inside the door, he lifted up the curtain to proceed further when suddenly he saw before him a monster asleep on a stone couch. "How does he look?" you ask.

Indigo face,
Long white fangs,
And a big gaping mouth!
Tousled hair on the head's two sides
Seemed as if it had been dyed red by rouge.
A few stubs of deep purple beard
Bore the look of lychee sprouting.
A nose curvate like a parrot's beak,
And eyes glowing like the morning stars.
His two huge fists
Had the shape of a monk's alms bowl.
Two blue-veined feet
Forked like branches dangling down a cliff.
Half covered by a light yellow robe,
Better than the silk-brocade cassock,
He still grasped a scimitar
Which gleamed and glittered.
He slept on a slab of stone
Both flawless and smooth.
He had led young fiends to make formations like ants,
And old demons to rule with order like bees.
Look at his awesome bearing,
When all his subjects
Raised the cry, "Sire!"
He had made the moon his third friend as he sipped his wine;
He had felt the wind grow beneath his arms as tea was poured.
Look at his vast magic power!
In the twinkling of an eye
He could tour all the Heavens.
In his wild woods screeched birds and fowls;
In his dens slept dragons and snakes.
Immortals tilled his fields to grow white jade;
Daoists calmed his fire to raise cinnabar.
A door of a small cave

Did not, of course, lead to the Hell, Avīci;
But such an ugly monster
Seemed truly a bullheaded yakṣa!

When the elder saw that kind of appearance, he retreated in horror as his body turned numb and his legs flabby. He tried to turn and run, but just as he got out of the door, the monster, who was a rather alert creature, opened his demonic eyes with golden pupils and shouted, "Little ones, go see who is outside our door!"

A little fiend stuck his head out the door and saw that it was a baldheaded elder.

He ran quickly inside and reported, "Great King! It's a priest outside. He has a round head and a large face, with two ears hanging down to his shoulders. He has a body full of tender flesh and very fine skin. He's a good-looking priest!" When the monster heard these words, he laughed aloud, saying, "This is like what the proverb says:

Flies atop a serpent's head—
Food by itself presented!

You, little ones. Chase him down and bring him back here. I have great rewards for you."

Those little fiends rushed out of the door like a swarm of bees.

When Tripitaka saw them, his mind wanted him to move like an arrow and his feet wanted to fly; but he quivered and shook, and his feet were numb and flaccid. Moreover, the mountain road was rugged, the forest was dark, and it was getting late. How could he possibly move fast enough? The little fiends ran him down and hauled him back bodily. Truly, it is like

The dragon in shallow water teased by shrimps,
The tiger on level ground mocked by dogs.
A noble venture may have many snags.
Who's like the Tang Monk when he faces the West?

Look at those little fiends! After having carried the elder back and put him down outside the bamboo curtain, they ran happily to make this report:

"Great King, we have caught the monk and brought him back."

The old monster stole a glance at Tripitaka and saw that he had an erect head and a handsome face. He was indeed a good-looking priest. The monster thought to himself, "Such a goodlooking priest must be someone from a noble nation. I can't treat him lightly. If I didn't show him who's boss here, would he willingly submit to me?" Like a fox affecting the authority of a tiger, he all at once bristled up his red hairs and whiskers while his eyes split wide open. "Bring that monk in!" he bellowed. "Yes, sir!" the various fiends shouted in response, as they shoved Tripitaka inside. As the proverb has it,

Standing beneath low-pitched eaves,
How could one not bow his head?

Tripitaka had no choice but to fold his hands and greet him.

"From what region are you, monk?" demanded the monster. "Where did you come from? Where are you going? Tell us quickly!"

"I'm a monk from the Tang court," said Tripitaka. "Having received the imperial decree of the Great Tang Emperor to seek scriptures in the West, I passed by your noble mountain and decided to seek an audience with the sage beneath this pagoda. I have no intention to disturb Your Eminence. Please forgive me. When I return to the Land of the East after acquiring scriptures in the West, your illustrious name will be recorded gratefully for posterity." When the monster heard these words, he roared with laughter, saying, "I said to myself that you were from a noble nation. So you are indeed! You're exactly the person I want to eat! It's marvelous that you presented yourself here. Otherwise, I might have missed you. You are ordained to be the food of my mouth. Since you have barged in here all by yourself, I couldn't let you go even if I wanted to. And you couldn't escape even if you wanted to!"

He then ordered the little fiends, "Tie up that monk."

The little fiends rushed forward and fastened the elder firmly with ropes to the Spirit-Soothing Pillar.

Grasping his scimitar, the old monster asked again, "Monk, how many persons are there in your entourage? Don't tell me you dare go up to the Western Heaven all by yourself!" When Tripitaka saw him picking up the scimitar, he said candidly, "Great King, I have two disciples named Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk. They all left the pine forest to go beg for food. I have, moreover, one load of luggage and a white horse, which I left in the forest."

"That's luckier yet!" said the old monster. "Two disciples including you make three, and there are really four of you if we count the horse. That's enough for a meal!"

"Let's go and catch them too," said the little fiends. "Don't go out," said the old monster, "but shut the door instead. After begging the food, those disciples would bring it to their master; when they can't find him, they will surely come seeking right up to our door.

The proverb says, 'Business at one's own door is easier to do.' Let's take our time and catch them then."

The little fiends indeed closed the front door.

We speak no more of Tripitaka who met disaster; we tell you instead about Sha Monk, who left the pine forest looking for Eight Rules. He walked for over ten miles but did not see even a village or hamlet. He went up to a knoll to look all around when suddenly he heard someone speaking in the grass down below. Pushing the tall grass apart hurriedly with his staff, he found Idiot inside talking in his sleep. Sha Monk gave one of the huge ears a hard tug and cried, "Dear Idiot! Master told you to beg for food. Did he give you permission to sleep here?" Idiot woke up with a start, mumbling, "Brother, what time is it?"

"Get up, quick!" said Sha Monk. "Master said that it didn't matter whether there was food or not. He told us to try finding a place to stay instead." Picking up the alms bowl and toting his muckrake, Idiot walked back stupidly with Sha Monk. When they reached the forest, their master was nowhere to be seen. Sha Monk began to berate him, saying, "It's all because of you, Idiot, for taking such a long time to find some food. Master must have been seized by a monster."

"Brother," said Eight Rules, laughing, "don't talk nonsense. This forest is a pure, lovely place and it definitely cannot harbor a monster. It must be that that old priest cannot sit still and has gone sightseeing somewhere. Let's go find him."

The two of them picked up the hat and the priestly staff before they left the pine forest, leading the horse and poling the luggage as they searched for their master.

It happened that the Tang Monk at this time was not yet destined to die. Having looked for him for some time to no avail, his two disciples saw beams of golden light coming from the south. "Brother," said Eight Rules, "the blessed will only receive more blessings! Master, you see, must have gone to that bejeweled pagoda over there that is giving off that light. Who will dare to be inhospitable at a place like that? They must insist on preparing vegetarian food and his staying to enjoy it. Why aren't we moving? We should get there and have something, too."

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "you can't tell whether it's a good place or not. Let's go and have a look first."

The two of them walked boldly up to the door of the edifice and found that it was closed. Across the top of the door was a slab of white jade on which were written in large letters the following words:

Casserole Mountain, Current-Moon Cave.

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "this is no monastery. It's a cave-dwelling of a monster. Even if Master were here, I doubt if we could see him."

"Don't be alarmed, Brother," said Eight Rules. "Tie up the horse and stand guard over our luggage. Let me question them."

Holding high his muckrake, Idiot went forward and shouted, "Open the door! Open the door!"

The little fiend who was standing guard inside opened the door. When he saw the two of them, he ran quickly to report, "Great King, business is here."

"What sort of business?" asked the old monster. "There is a monk with large ears and a long mouth outside our cave," replied the little fiend, "and there is also another monk with the gloomiest appearance. They came calling at our door."

Greatly pleased, the old monster said, "They have to be Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk! Ho-ho! They know where to look all right! How did they manage to find our door so swiftly? Well, if they appear so audacious, let's not treat them casually. Bring me my armor!"

The little fiend brought it out and helped him put it on.

Grasping the scimitar, the old monster walked out of the door.

Eight Rules and Sha Monk were waiting outside the door when they saw this savage fiend emerge. "How did he look?" you ask.

Green face, red beard, and floppy scarlet hair.
His yellow gold cuirass both sparkled and gleamed.
A belt inlaid with ribbed shells wrapped his waist;
A silk sash wound tightly round his armored chest.
The wind howled when he stood idly on the mount;
The waves churned when he glumly roamed the seas.
A pair of hands with veins both brown and blue
Grasped firmly the soul-snatching scimitar.
If you would learn this creature's given name,
Remember Yellow Robe, two famous words.

That Old Monster Yellow Robe came out of the door and asked at once, “Where are you from, monk, that you dare cause this racket before my door?”

“My child,” said Eight Rules, “don’t you recognize me? I’m your venerable father! I’m one sent by the Great Tang to go to the Western Heaven, for my master happens to be the royal brother, Tipitaka. If he’s in your house, send him out at once.

That’ll spare me having to level it with my rake!”

“Yes, yes,” said the fiend with a laugh, “there’s a Tang Monk in my house, and I haven’t denied him any hospitality either. I was just preparing some buns filled with human flesh for him to enjoy. You two can go inside and have one also. How about it?” Idiot indeed would have gone inside immediately if Sha Monk had not pulled him back, saying, “Elder Brother, he’s deceiving you.

Since when did you start eating human flesh again?” Only then did Idiot realize his mistake. Raising his muckrake, he brought it down hard on the monster’s face. The monster stepped aside to dodge the blow and then turned to meet him with uplifted scimitar. The two of them, summoning their magic powers, mounted the clouds to fight in midair. Sha Monk abandoned the luggage and the white horse; wielding his precious staff, he joined the fray also. At this time, two fierce monks and one brazen monster began a savage battle on the edge of the clouds. Thus it was that

The staff rose high, met by the scimitar;
The muckrake came, blocked by the scimitar.
One demon warrior used his power;
Two divine monks displayed their might.
The nine-pronged rake, how truly heroic!
The fiend-routing staff, ferocious indeed!
Their blows fell left and right, in front and back,
But squire Yellow Robe showed no fear at all.
See his steel scimitar shining like silver!
And, in truth, his magic power was great.
They fought till all the sky
Was fogbound and beclouded;
And in midmountain
Stones cracked and cliff sides collapsed.
This one, for the sake of his fame,
How could he give up?
That one for the sake of his master
Would surely show no fear.

The three of them closed in again and again in midair for scores of times but a decision could not be reached. Though each of them cared for his life, none of them was about to be separated. We do not know how the disciples manage to rescue the Tang Monk; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

TWENTY-NINE

Free of his peril, River Float arrives at the kingdom
Receiving favor, Eight Rules invades the forest

The poem says:

Vain thoughts cannot be slain by force.
Why must you seek after Suchness?
Refine before Buddha your self-existent mind—
Are not illusion and enlightenment the same?
Enlightened, you reach instantly the Right;
Deluded, you sink in ten thousand kalpas.
If you can cultivate one thought with Truth,
Sins vast as Ganges' sand are wiped out.

We were telling you about Eight Rules and Sha Monk, who fought with that monster for over thirty rounds but a decision could not be reached. Why not, you ask. If it were a matter of matching abilities, you needn't speak of two monks. Even if there were twenty monks, they would still be unable to withstand that monster. It was only because of the fact that the Tang Monk was not yet fated to die that his followers could count on the help of certain deities. Eight Rules and Sha Monk, therefore, were assisted in secret in the air by the Six Gods of Light and Six Gods of Darkness, the Guardians of Five Quarters, the Four Sentinels, and the Eighteen Guardian-Spirits of monasteries.

For the moment we shall speak no more of the battle between the three of them. We tell you instead about the elder, who was weeping piteously in the cave and thinking about his disciples. As tears fell from his eyes, he said to himself, "Wuneng, I don't know in which village you have met a friend of truth and are enjoying being fed. O, Wujing! Where have you gone to search for him, and how will you be able to meet him? Will you two realize that I met a demon, that I'm suffering here? When will I see you both again? When will I escape from this great ordeal so that I can reach the Spirit Mountain soon?"

As he was giving voice to his grief in this manner, he suddenly saw a woman walk out from inside the cave. Holding on to the Spirit-Soothing Pillar, she said, "Elder, where did you come from? Why are you bound here by him?" When the elder heard this, he turned his teary eyes to steal a glance at her and found that she was about thirty years old. "Lady Bodhisattva," he said, "no need for further questions. I must have been fated to die when I entered your door. If you want to devour me, go ahead. Why bother to question me?"

The woman said, "I don't eat people! About three hundred miles west of here is my home, a city by the name of the Precious Image Kingdom.

I'm the third princess of its king, and my childhood name is Hundred Flowers' Shame. Thirteen years ago, on the eve of the fifteenth of the eighth month, I was enjoying the sight of the moon when this monsterspirit kidnapped me and brought me here in a violent wind. I was forced to become his wife for all these thirteen years and to bear his children. It was impossible, of course, for me to send any news back to the Court, and I couldn't see my parents even though I thought of them frequently. But where did you come from, and how did he catch you?"

"This poor monk," said the Tang Monk, "is someone sent to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. I was taking a walk when I bumped into this place. Now he wants to catch my two disciples also so that we will all be steamed and eaten together."

"Elder, please don't worry," said the princess with a smile. "If you are a scripture pilgrim, I can save you, for the Precious Image Kingdom is right on your main path to the West. All I ask of you is to deliver a letter for me to my parents and I'll ask my husband to let you go." Nodding his head, the Tang Monk said, "Lady Bodhisattva, if you can save the life of this poor monk, I shall be glad to serve as your messenger." Quickly running inside, the princess wrote a letter and had it properly sealed. She then went back out to the pillar and untied him before handing him the letter. After he was freed, the Tang Monk held the letter in his hands and said, "Lady Bodhisattva, thank you for saving my life. When this poor monk reaches your kingdom, he will certainly deliver the letter to the king. I fear, however, that such a lengthy separation will make it difficult for your parents to recognize anything from you. What shall I do then? They would not accuse me of lying, would they?"

"No fear," said the princess. "My parents have no son; all they have are us three sisters. When they see this letter, they will look after you."

Tucking the letter deep into his sleeve, Tripitaka thanked the princess again and started to walk out. "You can't go out the front door!" said the princess, tugging at him. "Those monster-spirits, great and small, are all outside waving the banners and beating the drums and gongs to assist the Great King, who is at this very moment fighting with your disciples. You'd better leave by the back door. If the Great King seizes you, he will at least interrogate you. But if the little fiends catch hold of you, they may slaughter you on the spot without further ado. Let me go instead to the front and speak a word on your behalf. If the Great King is willing to let you go, your disciples can take that as a favor and leave with you." When Tripitaka heard these words, he kowtowed to the princess before taking leave of her. After walking out of the back door, he dared not proceed; instead, he hid himself in some bushes and waited.

We tell you now about the princess, who had devised a clever plan. She ran out the front door and pushed her way through the vast throng of monsters. All she could hear was the jangle of weapons, for Eight Rules and Sha Monk were still doing battle in midair with that fiend. The princess shouted, "Lord Yellow Robe!" When the monster king heard the call of the princess, he abandoned Eight Rules and Sha Monk and dropped down from the clouds. Holding his scimitar with one hand, he took the hand of the princess with the other and said, "Mistress, what do you want?"

"Husband," said the princess, "I was sleeping just now within the silk curtains, and I saw in my dream a golden-armored deity."

"That golden-armored deity," said the demon, "what does he want at my door?"

The princess said, "During my youth when I was living in the palace, I made a secret vow that if I found a good husband, I would ascend the famous mountains, visit the immortal abodes, and feed the monks. Since I married you, ours had been such great happiness that I never had the opportunity to mention this to you. Just now that golden-armored deity came to demand that I fulfill my vow; he was shouting at me so vehemently that I woke up with a start. Even though it was all a dream, I made haste to come to tell you about it. Then I saw a monk all tied up on that pillar. I beg you, husband, to be compassionate for my sake and spare that monk. Just regard the matter as if it were my feeding the monks to redeem my vow. Are you willing?"

"Mistress," said the fiend, "you're so gullible! I thought it was something important! All right! If I wanted to eat humans, I can catch a few anywhere. This one monk, what does he amount to? I'll let him go."

"Husband," said the princess, "let him go out the back door."

The monster said, "What nuisance! Just let him go. Why bother about the back door or front door?" He gripped his steel scimitar and shouted, "You, Zhu Eight Rules! Come over here! I'm not afraid of you, but I won't fight with you anymore; for the sake of my wife, I'm going to spare your master. Go quickly to our back door and find him so that you can leave for the West. If you ever trespass our territory again, I will not spare you."

When Eight Rules and Sha Monk heard these words, they felt as if they had been released from the gate of Hell! Leading the horse and poling the luggage, they darted like rodents past the Current-Moon Cave. When they reached the back door, they cried, "Master!" The elder recognized their voices and answered from the thorny bushes. Sha Monk parted the grass and picked up his master, who mounted the horse hurriedly. So,

Almost harmed by the vicious blue-faced spirit,
He met by luck the zeal of Hundred Flowers' Shame.
The scorpaenid has from the golden hook escaped:
He wags his head and tail to swim with the waves.

Eight Rules led the way in front while Sha Monk brought up the rear. They left the pine forest and proceeded on the main road. Look at the two of them! Still bickering and grumbling, they were trying to put the blame on each other, and Tripitaka had to spend all the time attempting to pacify them. At night they sought a place to rest; when the cock crowed they looked at the sky. Stage by stage, they soon traveled some two hundred and ninety-nine miles. When they raised their heads one day, they saw a beautiful city. It was the Precious Image Kingdom, a marvelous place indeed!

How boundless the clouds!
How vast the journey!
Though the land is a thousand miles away,
Its condition is no less prosperous.
Auspicious mist and smoke surround it;
Bright moon and clear wind befriend it.
Green, towering distant mountains
Spread out like a painted scroll;
The flowing stream, surging and bubbling,
Throws up pieces of white jade.
Arable fields, joined by roadways and paths;
Worthy of food, dense sprouting rice crops;
Hooked by the fisherman, three winding brooks of a few households;
Gathered by the woodsman, one load of pepper-wood from two hills.
Each corridor and each rampart
Are made strong as if by metal and liquid;
Every house and every home
Vies with one another in felicity.
Nine-tiered towers rise like palace halls;
Layered terraces soar like beacons.
There are also the Great Ultimate Hall,

The Bright Cover Hall,
The Burn Incense Hall,
The Text- Viewing Hall,
The Policy- Proclaiming Hall,
And the Talent- Engaging Hall—
Every hall lined with jade threshold and gold steps,
With civil and military officials.
There are also the Great Light Palace,
The Bright Sun Palace,
The Long- Lasting Pleasure Palace,
The Bright Clear Palace,
The Memorial- Establishing Palace,
And the Never- Ending Palace—
Each palace, with its chimes, drums, pipes, and vertical flutes,
Releases its boudoir sorrows and springtime griefs.
There are in the forbidden courtyard
Young, fresh faces like flowers bedewed;
There are on the palace moat
Slender waists like willows dancing in the wind.
On the broad boulevard
There may be one who is capped and sashed,
Who, elaborately dressed,
Mounts a five-horse chariot.
At a secluded spot
There may be one holding bow and arrows
Who, pushing through fog and clouds,
Would pierce a pair of hawks.
Alleys of flowers and willows;
Towers of pipes and strings:
Spring breeze here's no lighter than at Luoyang Bridge!
Our scripture-seeking elder
Recalls the Tang court and his bowels almost burst;
Our disciples, flanking their master,
Rest in a post-house and lose their souls in dreams.

There was no end to the sight of such fine scenery at the Precious Image Kingdom. Master and disciples, the three of them, brought the luggage and the horse to a post-house and rested.

Afterwards, the Tang Monk walked to the gate of the court and said to the gate official, "A priest from the Tang court has arrived to seek an audience with the throne and to have my travel rescript certified. Please make this report for me."

The Custodian of the Yellow Gate hurried inside and went before the white jade steps to say, "Your Majesty, there is an illustrious monk from the Tang court, who wishes to have an audience with you in order to have his travel rescript certified." When the king heard that an illustrious monk had arrived from such a great nation as the Tang, he was very pleased and consented at once. "Summon him to come in," he said. When Tripitaka was summoned before the golden steps, he went through an elaborate court ceremony to pay homage to the ruler. None of the civil and military officials lining up

on both sides of the court could refrain from saying, “Truly a man from a noble nation! What exquisite manners!”

The king said, “Elder, why did you come to our Kingdom?”

“This humble monk,” said Tripitaka, “is a Buddhist from the Tang court. I have received the decree of my emperor to go to acquire scriptures in the West. The travel rescript that I originally received should be certified once I arrive at the kingdom of Your Majesty. This is the reason why I dare intrude upon your Dragon Presence.”

“If you have the rescript from the Tang Son of Heaven,” said the king, “bring it up here for me to look at.” Presenting it with both hands, Tripitaka placed the document on the imperial desk and unfolded it. The rescript says:

The travel rescript of the Tang Son of Heaven, who succeeds under the guidance of Heaven to the throne of the Great Tang Empire in the South Jambūdvīpa Continent. Though we humbly acknowledge our poor display of virtue, we are the lawful descendant of a great heritage. In the service to the gods and the government of men, we try to be vigilant night and day, as if we were approaching a deep abyss or walking on thin ice. Some time ago, we failed to save the life of the Old Dragon of Jing River, for which we were chastised by the Most High August One. Our soul and spirit, drifting to the Region of Darkness, had already become a guest of impermanence. Because our allotted age was not yet exhausted, however, we were indebted to the Ruler of Darkness, who released us and returned us to life. Thereafter, we convened a grand mass and established the ritual field for the dead. It was at this time also that the One who saves from afflictions, the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin, revealed to us her golden form, and enlightened us with the knowledge that the West had both Buddha and scriptures, able to redeem the dead and deliver the orphaned spirits. For this reason we now commission Xuanzang, master of the law, to traverse a thousand mountains in order to acquire such scriptures. When he reaches the many nations of the West, it is our hope that they will not extinguish the goodly affinity and allow him to pass through because of this rescript. This is a necessary-to-be-sent document.

An auspicious day in the autumn of the thirteenth year, in the Zhenguan period of the Great Tang. An imperial document. (There were also the marks of nine precious seals on it.)

When the king read it, he took the jade seal of his own nation and stamped it before handing it back to Tripitaka.

After he thanked the king and put away the travel rescript, Tripitaka said, “This humble priest came first of all to have the document certified, and secondly to present to Your Majesty a family letter.”

Delighted, the king said, “What kind of family letter?”

“Your Majesty,” said Tripitaka, “the third princess was kidnapped by the Yellow Robe Fiend of the Current-Moon Cave at the Casserole Mountain. This humble priest met her by chance and it was she who asked me to send you this letter.” When the king heard this, his eyes brimmed with tears. “Thirteen years ago,” he said, “we lost our princess. For that, we banished countless officials, both civil and military, and we did not know how many ladies-in-waiting and eunuchs we had caned to death throughout the palace. For we thought that she had walked out of the palace and lost her way. Since we did not know where to look, we interrogated countless households in the city, but there was not a trace of her. How would we know that a monster had kidnapped her? When I receive this word today, I cannot hold back my grief or tears.”

Thereupon Tripitaka took out the letter from his sleeve and presented it. When the king took it and saw the address on the envelope, his hands turned feeble and could not open the letter. He therefore gave the order to have the Grand Secretary of the Hanlin Academy come before the throne and read the letter. The Grand Secretary ascended the steps as all the civil and military officials before the court and all the

imperial concubines and palace ladies behind the court listened attentively. Opening the letter, the Grand Secretary began to read:

The unfilial daughter, Hundred Flowers' Shame, touches her head to the ground a hundred times before the Dragon-Phoenix Palace to honor Father King of the highest virtue. Long may he live! I bow also before the Bright Sun Palace to my Queen Mother, Queen of the Three Palaces, and to all worthy ministers, both civil and military, of the entire court. Ever since it was my good fortune to have been born into the queen's palace, I have been indebted to you for the countless acts of grievous labor you undertook on my behalf. I regret that I have not done the utmost to please you, nor have I discharged with all my strength my filial duties. It was on the fifteenth day of the eighth month thirteen years ago that Father King, on that lovely evening and auspicious occasion, gave his gracious command for banquets to be be prepared in the several palaces so that we might enjoy the moonlight and celebrate the glorious Festival of Immaculate Heavens. During the moment of festivity, a sudden gust of fragrant wind brought forward a demon king with golden pupils, indigo face, and green hair who took hold of your daughter. Mounting the auspicious luminosity, he carried me away directly to an uninhabited region midway in the mountain and absolutely forbade me to leave. He exploited his fiendish power and forced me to become his wife; I had no alternative but to suffer such ignominy for these thirteen years. Two monster children were born to me, all seeds of this fiend. To speak of this, in fact, is to corrupt the great human relations and to pervert our morals. I should not, therefore, send you such an offensive and insulting letter, but I fear that there would be no explanation should your daughter pass away. As I was thinking of my parents with deep sorrow, I learned that a holy monk from the Tang court was also taken captive by the demon king. It was then that your daughter wrote this letter in tears and made bold to obtain release for the priest, so that he might deliver this small document as an expression of my heart. I beg Father King in his compassion to send his noble generals quickly to capture the Yellow Robe Fiend at the Current-Moon Cave of the Casserole Mountain and bring your daughter back to the court. Yours will be the deepest favor to me. Please pardon my disrespect in writing this letter in haste, and whatever has not been said I hope to tell you face to face. Your disobedient daughter, Hundred Flowers' Shame, kowtows again and again.

When the Grand Secretary finished reading the letter, the king burst into loud wailing; all the three palaces shed tears and the various officials were also overborne by grief.

After the king had wept for a long time, he asked the two rows of civil and military officials, "Who dares lead the troops and captains to capture the monster for us and rescue our Hundred Flowers princess?"

He asked the question several times, but there was not a single person courageous enough to respond. Like generals carved out of wood and ministers molded with clay, they all turned dumb! Sorely distressed, the king wept till tears streamed down his face, whereupon many officials prostrated themselves and memorialized, saying, "Your Majesty, we beseech you to desist from your sorrow. The princess was lost, and for thirteen years there had been no news from her. Although she met by chance the holy monk from the Tang court so that she was able to send us this letter, we are still not fully informed about her situation. Moreover, your subjects are merely mortal creatures. We have studied military manuals and tactics, of course, but our knowledge is limited to placing troops in formations and pitching camps in order to protect the frontiers of our nation from any invasion. The monster-spirit, however, is someone who comes by the fog and goes with the clouds.

Unless we could meet him face to face, how could we attack him and rescue the princess? The scripture pilgrim from the Land of the East is, we believe, a holy monk from a noble nation. As a priest

Whose vast power tames dragons and tigers,
Whose great virtue awes demons and gods,

he must know the art of subduing monsters. As the proverb says,

He who comes and tells of some affair
Is himself involved in that affair.

Let us ask this elder to subdue the monster and rescue our princess; this is our safest policy." When the king heard these words, he turned quickly to Tripitaka and said, "Elder, if you have the ability to release your dharma power and catch the monster so that my child can return to the court, you need not go worship Buddha in the West. You can let your hair grow again, for we will become bond-brothers with you. You may sit on the dragon couch with us and enjoy our riches together.

How about it?"

"This poor monk," said Tripitaka hurriedly, "knows a little of chanting the name of Buddha, but truly he does not know how to subdue monsters."

"If you don't," said the king, "how dare you go seek Buddha in the Western Heaven?" No longer able to hide the truth, the elder had to mention his two disciples. "Your Majesty," he said, "your poor monk would find it very difficult indeed to come here if he were all by himself. I have, however, two disciples, most capable of opening up a pathway in the mountains and building bridges when we come upon the rivers. They have accompanied me here."

"You are an insensitive monk," said the king, chiding him. "If you have disciples, why did you not bring them to see us also? When they enter my court, even if we had no intention to reward them, we could provide at least some food."

Tripitaka said, "The disciples of this poor monk are rather ugly in their appearances, and they dare not enter the court without permission. For I fear that they might cause too great a shock to your Majesty."

"Look at how this monk talks," said the king with a laugh. "Do you think really that we'll be afraid of them?"

"It's hard to tell," said Tripitaka. "My elder disciple has the surname of Zhu, and his given names are Wuneng and Eight Rules. He has a long snout and fanglike teeth, tough bristles on the back of his head, and huge, fanlike ears. He is coarse and husky, and he causes even the wind to rise when he walks. My second disciple has the surname of Sha, and his religious names are Wujing and Monk. He is twelve feet tall and three span wide across his shoulders. His face is like indigo, his mouth, a butcher's bowl; his eyes gleam and his teeth seem a row of nails. With looks like those, how could they dare enter the court without permission?"

"Since you have now given them a thorough description," said the king, "we wouldn't be afraid of them. Summon them in."

He then gave the order that an invitation by a golden plaque should be sent at once to the post-house.

When Idiot saw the invitation, he said to Sha Monk, "Brother, you were saying previously that we should perhaps not deliver that letter. Now you can see what benefits delivering that letter can bring. It must be that after Master had delivered the letter, the king said that a messenger should not be lightly treated and insisted on giving a banquet for him. He has no stomach for that sort of thing, but at least he's considerate toward the two of us by mentioning our names. That's why a golden plaque has been sent to invite us. Let's go and have a good meal then, and we can leave tomorrow."

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "we still don't know the true reason for this.

Let's go and find out."

They therefore turned over the luggage and the horse to the care of the post-house master. Taking their weapons with them, they followed the golden plaque into court and went before the white jade steps. Standing on the left and on the right, they made one bow and then remained erect without moving again. Every member of those civil and military officials was deeply shaken.

"These two monks," they said, "are not only ugly, they are downright uncouth! How could they see our king and not prostrate themselves? After one bow, they just stand there and remain erect. It's preposterous! It's preposterous!"

Eight Rules heard this and he said, "Don't complain, all of you. That's how we are! At first glance, we may appear ugly, but after awhile, you'll get used to us." When the king saw how hideous they were, he was immediately frightened. By the time he heard what Idiot had said, he was shaking so hard that he fell down from his dragon couch. Fortunately, there were attendants nearby who took hold of him and helped him up. The Tang Monk was so terrified that he knelt before the court and kowtowed without ceasing, saying, "Your Majesty, this monk deserves ten thousand deaths, ten thousand deaths! I said that my disciples were ugly and that they should not be granted an audience because it might injure your dragon body. Now, they have indeed alarmed the Throne." Still trembling, the king went forward to raise up the priest, saying, "Elder, it's a good thing that you told me about them before. If you hadn't, the sudden sight of them would have scared me to death!"

After he had calmed down, the king said, "Elder Zhu and Elder Sha, which one of you is good at subduing monsters?"

Foolishly Idiot answered, "Old Hog knows how."

"In what way?" asked the king. "I am the Marshal of the Heavenly Reeds," said Eight Rules.

"Because I transgressed Heaven's decree, I fell to the Region Below where luckily I could embrace the truth and become a monk.

Since our journey from the Land of the East, I have been the one most capable of subduing monsters."

The king said, "If you are a celestial warrior who has descended to Earth, you must know very well the magic of transformation."

"I shouldn't boast," said Eight Rules, "but I do know a few little tricks."

"Try to change into something for me to have a look," said the king. Eight Rules said, "Give me a subject, and I'll change into its form."

The king said, "Change into something big, then."

That Eight Rules happened to know thirty-six kinds of transformation. He stood before the steps and showed off his ability; making the magic sign with his fingers and reciting a spell, he shouted, "Grow!"

He straightened his torso and at once attained the height of eighty or ninety feet just like a pathfinding deity. The two rows of civil and military officials shook in their boots; the ruler and the subjects of the entire kingdom were terror-stricken. One of the palace guardian-generals managed to ask, "Elder, when will you stop growing? Is there a limit to your height?" Idiot could not refrain from spouting idiotic words. "It depends

on the wind," he said. "It's all right if the east wind is blowing, and the west wind is okay, too. But if the south wind rises, I'll bore a great hole in the blue sky!"

Horrified, the king said, "Retrieve your magic. I know your power of transformation." Squatting down, Eight Rules changed back into his original form at once and stood before the steps. "Elder," asked the king once more, "what sort of weapons do you intend to bring with you to do battle on this expedition?"

Eight Rules took out his muckrake and said, "What old Hog uses is a pronged rake."

"That's shameful!" said the king with a chuckle. "We have here whips, maces, gilt bludgeons, mallets, scimitars, spears, halberds with crescent-shaped blades, battle-axes, swords, halberds, lances, and battle sickles. You can pick anything you like and take it with you.

How could you regard that rake of yours as a weapon?"

"You have no idea about this, Your Majesty," said Eight Rules. "This rake may seem a rather crude instrument, but it is one that has stayed with me since my youth. When I was commanding some eighty thousand sailors in the naval department at the Heavenly River, I relied solely on the strength of this rake. Now that I have descended to this mortal world to accompany my master, that which

Plows through the mountain dens of tigers and wolves
And overturns the water homes of dragons and snakes

is all the work of this rake!" Most delighted and reassured by what he heard, the king turned to some of his ladies in the court, saying, "Bring me my own special wine. Take the whole bottle, in fact, so that we can send the elder off properly."

He then poured a goblet of it and presented it to Eight Rules, saying, "Elder, this cup of wine is for the labor you are about to undertake. Wait till you capture the monster and bring back our little girl. We shall have a huge banquet and a thousand pieces of gold to thank you." Idiot took hold of the cup in his hands; though he was a rude and rowdy person, he could act courteously when he wanted to. Bowing deeply to Tripitaka, he said, "Master, you should be the first one to drink this wine. But since it is the king who bestows it on me, I dare not refuse. Please permit old Hog to drink this wine first. It should help inspire me to catch the monster." Idiot drained the goblet with one gulp before filling it again to hand it to his master. Tripitaka said, "I don't drink. You brothers may take it." Sha Monk went forward to receive the cup, while the clouds sprouted beneath Eight Rules's feet and lifted him straight into the air. When the king saw this, he said, "So Elder Zhu knows even cloud soaring!" Idiot left, and after draining the goblet also with one gulp, Sha Monk said, "Master, when that Yellow Robe Fiend caught you, two of us could only battle him to a draw. If Second Brother goes by himself now, I fear that he may not be able to withstand him."

"You are right, disciple," said Tripitaka. "You may go to lend him some assistance."

Hearing this, Sha Monk leaped up and left soaring on the clouds. The king became alarmed and caught hold of the Tang Monk, saying, "Elder, please sit with us for awhile. Don't you go away too, soaring on the clouds."

The Tang Monk said, "Pity! Pity! I can't even move half a step like that!"

At this time, the two of them chatted in the palace, and we shall speak of them no further.

We tell you now about Sha Monk, who caught up with Eight Rules, saying, "Elder Brother, I'm here."

Eight Rules said, "Brother, why did you come?"

"Master told me to come help you," said Sha Monk. Highly pleased, Eight Rules said, "Well said, and welcome! United in our minds and efforts, the two of us can go catch that monster. It may not be much, but we'll spread our fame a little in this kingdom." Look at them:

Swathed in hallowed light they passed the kingdom's edge;
Borne by auspicious air they left the capital.
They went by the king's decree to the mountain cave
To catch with all diligence the monster-spirit.

In a little while, the two of them arrived at the mouth of the cave and lowered the direction of their clouds. Raising his rake, Eight Rules delivered a blow on the door of the Current-Moon Cave with all his might: at once a hole about the size of a barrel appeared in the stone door. The little fiends standing guard at the entrance were so startled that they opened the door immediately and found that it was the two monks. They ran inside to report, crying, "Great King, it's terrible! The monk with a long snout and huge ears and the monk with the gloomiest complexion have returned and busted our door." Surprised, the monster said, "These two have to be Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk. I spared their master already. How dare they come back and wreck my door!"

A little fiend said, "They must have left behind something and returned to get it."

"Rubbish!" cried the old fiend. "You leave something behind and then you go and break down someone's door? There has to be another reason."

He quickly put on his armor, grasped his scimitar, and walked outside. "Monks," he asked, "I have already spared your master. For what reason do you dare come back and break down my door?"

Eight Rules said, "You lawless monster, you have really done something all right!"

"What?" asked the old demon. "You abducted the third princess of the Precious Image Kingdom to this cave and forced her to be your wife," said Eight Rules. "It's been thirteen years, about time that you give her up. I have been decreed by the king specially to capture you. Go inside quickly and come out again after tying yourself up. That'll save old Hog from having to raise his hands." When that old monster heard these words, he grew enraged. Look at him!

Noisily, he ground his teeth;
Round and round, his eyes glowered;
In fury, he lifted his scimitar;
With bloody thought, he slashed at the head.

Eight Rules stepped aside to dodge the blow and returned one with his pronged rake. Immediately, Sha Monk wielded his precious staff and rushed forward to join the battle. This conflict waged on the peak was different from the one before. Truly,

Wrong words and irksome speech arouse one's wrath;

Malice and rancor make one's anger grow.
The scimitar of this big demon king
Slashes at the head;
The nine-pronged rake of that Eight Rules
Confronts him at the face.
Sha Wujing unleashes the precious staff;
The demon king parries this weapon divine.
One savage fiend
And two godlike monks
Move back and forth, taking their time to fight!
This one says, "You defraud a nation and are worthy of death!"
That one says, "You're wrongly indignant at someone's affairs!"
This one says, "You raped a princess and brought her country shame!"
That one says, "It's none of your business, so stop meddling!"
It is all because of a letter sent
That both monks and demon are not at peace.

They battled for eight or nine rounds before the mountain, and Eight Rules began to weaken steadily; he could hardly lift his rake and he was rapidly losing his strength. Why couldn't he prevail against the monster, you ask? When they fought previously, you see, there were the dharma-protecting deities who gave the disciples secret assistance because of the Tang Monk's presence in the cave.

That was why they fought to a draw. At this time, however, all the gods had gone to the Precious Image Kingdom to guard the Tang Monk, and the two disciples by themselves could not withstand their adversary. Idiot said, "Sha Monk, you come up and fight with him for awhile. Let old Hog go shit first!" Not showing the slightest care for Sha Monk, he dove right into a thicket of bramble bushes; without regard for good or ill, without any concern that the thorns were pricking his face and tearing up his scalp, he rolled right inside and lay down, refusing to come out at all. Only half of his ear was left outside, so that he could hear the rattle and learn how the battle was faring.

When the monster saw that Eight Rules had run away, he went after Sha Monk. Completely flustered, Sha Monk did not even have time to try to escape, and he was seized by the monster and hauled back to the cave, where he was bound hand and foot behind his back by the little fiends. We do not know what will happen to his life; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY

A deviant demon attacks the true Dharma
The Horse of the Will recalls Mind Monkey

We were telling you about the fiend who, having had Sha Monk firmly bound, did not proceed to kill him or beat him. He did not, in fact, utter so much as an abusive word to his prisoner. Holding on to his scimitar, he thought to himself instead, "The Tang Monk is a man from a noble nation, who must know the meaning of propriety and righteousness. How could he possibly send his disciples to try to seize me, when it was I who spared his life in the first place? Aha! It has to be some sort of letter sent by that wife of mine back to her kingdom, and that's how the news is leaked! Let me go ask her."

Turning savage all of a sudden, the monster wanted to kill the princess.

The princess, alas, was still in the dark about the whole matter. After putting on her makeup, she was walking along when she saw the fiend approaching with bulging eyes and knitted brows, fiercely grinding his teeth together. Smiling broadly, she said to him, "Husband, what's bothering you so terribly?"

"You filthy bitch!" cried the fiend. "You don't have any regard for human relations! When I first brought you here, you didn't utter half a word of protest. You had silk to wear and gold to put on; whatever you needed I went out to procure. You have been enjoying the goods of all four seasons and my deep affection every day. Why do you still think only of your parents, with no care at all for our marriage?" When the princess heard what he said, she was so terror-stricken that she knelt on the ground at once. "Husband," she said, "why are you speaking such words of separation today?"

"I don't know whether it's you or I who wants separation!" said the fiend. "I caught the Tang Monk and wanted very much to enjoy him. Why did you promise him release before you even consulted me? The fact of the matter had to be that you wrote a letter in secret and asked him to deliver it for you. If it weren't so, why did those two monks come fighting back to my door and demand your return? Didn't you do all this?"

"Husband, you wrong me," said the princess. "Since when did I send any letter?"

"Still trying to deny it, huh?" said the fiend. "I've caught someone here who's going to be a witness."

"Who's he?" asked the princess. The old fiend said, "Sha Monk, the second disciple of the Tang Monk." Now, no human person is likely to accept death willingly even if death is near. Determined to deny everything, the princess said, "Husband, calm yourself and let us go question him. If there were a letter, I would gladly let you beat me to death. But if there were no such letter, wouldn't you have slain me unjustly?" When the fiend heard these words, he did not wait for further discussion. Stretching forth his indigo hand that had the size and shape of a winnow, he grabbed the princess by those ten thousand locks of long, lovely hair and pulled her all the way to the front. He threw her to the ground and then went forward, scimitar in hand, to question the prisoner.

"Sha Monk," he bellowed, "since the two of you dared fight up to our door, I ask you this: was it because this girl had sent a letter back to her country that the king told you to come?" When the shackled Sha Monk saw how furious the monster was, hurling

the princess to the ground and threatening to kill her with the scimitar, he thought to himself, "Of course she sent a letter. But she also saved my master, and that was an incomparably great favor. If I admitted it freely, he would kill the princess on the spot and that would have meant our repaying kindness with enmity. All right! All right! Old Sand, after all, has followed Master all this time and I haven't made the merest of merit. Today, I'm already a bound captive here; I might as well offer my life to repay my master's kindness."

He then shouted, "Monster, don't you dare be unruly! What kind of letter did she send that made you want to accuse her and take her life? There was another reason for us to come to demand from you the princess. Because you had imprisoned my master in the cave, he had the chance to catch a glimpse of the princess, her looks and her gestures. By the time we reached the Precious Image Kingdom and had our travel rescript certified, the king was making all kinds of inquiry about the whereabouts of his daughter with a painted portrait of hers. He showed my master that portrait and asked us whether we had seen her on the way. When my master described the lady he saw at this place, the king knew it was his daughter. He bestowed on us his own imperial wine and commanded us to come here to take you captive and bring his princess back to the palace. This is the truth. Since when was there a letter? If you want to kill someone, you can kill old Sand! But don't harm an innocent bystander and add to your sins!" When the fiend heard how heroically Sha Monk had spoken, he threw away his scimitar and lifted the princess up with both his hands, saying, "I was quite rough with you just now, and I must have offended you deeply. Please forgive me!"

He helped her straighten her hair again and reset the bejeweled ornaments with great tenderness and amiability, hugging her and teasing her as they walked inside. He then asked her to take a seat in the middle of the chamber and apologized again. The princess, after all, was a rather fickle woman; when she saw how penitent he became, she, too, had a change of heart. "Husband," she said, "if you have regard for our love, please loosen those ropes on Sha Monk a little." When the old fiend heard that, he ordered the little ones to untie Sha Monk and lock him up instead. After he was freed and locked up, Sha Monk stood up, secretly pleased and thinking to himself, "The ancients said, 'Kindness to others is really kindness to oneself.' If I were not kind to her, she wouldn't make him untie me, would she?"

The old fiend, meanwhile, asked also for wine and food to be served as a means of making further amends to the princess and calming her fears. After drinking until they were half tipsy, the old fiend suddenly changed into a brightly colored robe and girded a sword on his waist. "Mistress," he said, caressing the princess with his hand, "you stay home and drink some more. Look after our two kids and don't let Sha Monk get away. While the Tang Monk is still in the kingdom, I'm going there to get acquainted with my kin."

"To get acquainted with what kin?" asked the princess. "Your Father King," said the old fiend. "I'm his imperial son-in-law and he's my father-in-law. Why shouldn't I go and get acquainted?"

The princess said, "You can't go."

"Why not?" said the old fiend. The princess said, "My Father King did not win his empire by might on horseback; he inherited it from his ancestors. Since he ascended his throne in his youth, he hasn't even left the gate of the city. We have no violent men with looks so savage and gruesome as yours. If you meet him, you might scare him and that wouldn't be a good thing. It's better that you not go to get acquainted."

"If you put it like that," said the old fiend, "let me change into a handsome fellow and go there."

"Change and let me look at you first," said the princess.

Dear monster! Right before the dining table, he shook his body once and changed into a very comely person. Truly he had

Most elegant features
And a rugged physique.
He spoke like a mandarin
And moved with the grace of youth.
Gifted as Zijian he could rhyme with ease;
He looked like Pan An when they tossed him fruits.
He put on his head a crow-tail cap,
His hair gathered in smoothly;
And wore on his body a lined, white silk robe
With wide, billowy sleeves.
Beneath his feet were patterned black boots;
Around his waist shone the five-colored belt.
He had the true bearing of a striking man:
Handsome, tall, dignified, and full of strength.

The princess was most pleased by what she saw. "Mistress," said that fiend laughing, "is it a good transformation?"

"Marvelous! Marvelous!" said the princess. "Just remember this: once you enter the court, many officials, both civil and military, will no doubt invite you to banquets, since it's my Father King's policy never to reject any relatives. You must be extra careful when you drink not to reveal your original appearance. For once you show yourself in your true form, you don't look that civilized."

"No need for all that instruction," said the old fiend. "I know what to do." Look at him. He mounted the clouds and soon arrived at the Precious Image Kingdom. Lowering their direction, he went before the court and said to the guardian of the gate, "The third imperial son-in-law came especially to seek an audience with the Throne. Please report this for me."

The Custodian of the Yellow Gate went before the white jade steps and made the report, saying, "Your Majesty, the third imperial son-in-law has come to seek an audience with the Throne. He is outside the gate of the court and awaits your summons."

The king was just conversing with the Tang Monk; when he heard of the third imperial son-in-law, he asked his ministers, "We have only two sons-in-law. How is it that there is a third?"

"The third imperial son-in-law," said several of the ministers, "must be that monster."

"Shall we summon him in?" asked the king. Already apprehensive, the elder said, "Your Majesty, it's a monster-spirit! If he's not a spirit, he will not be intelligent. He must know the future and the past, for he is able to mount the clouds and ride the mists. He'll come when you summon him, but even if you did not, he would come in

anyway. You might as well summon him in so that we might be spared any kind of hassle."

The king gave his consent and ordered the fiend be summoned before the golden steps. He, too, went through an elaborate performance of court ritual to pay homage to the king. When all the officials saw how handsome he was, they dared not consider him a monster-spirit; being of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, they regarded him as a good man instead. When the king saw how lofty and dignified he appeared, he also thought that this was a man of distinguished abilities, fit to govern the world. "Son-in-law," he said, "where is your home? What region are you from? When did you marry our princess? Why did you wait until today before coming to be recognized as our kin?"

"My lord," said the old fiend, kowtowing, "your subject comes from a household east of this city, in the Current-Moon Cave of the Casserole Mountain."

The king asked, "How far is your mountain from our place?"

"Not far," replied the old fiend, "only about three hundred miles."

"Three hundred miles," said the king. "How could our princess possibly get there to marry you?" With clever words and the intent to deceive, the monster-spirit replied, "My lord, your subject has been fond of archery and riding since his youth, for I earn my livelihood by hunting. Thirteen years ago, I led scores of houseboys up to the mountain, and we were just sending out our hawks and hounds when we saw a large, striped tiger. It was going down the slope of the mountain carrying a young girl. It was your subject who shot the tiger with a single arrow and brought the girl back to our village, where she was revived with some warm liquids. When I questioned her about her home after saving her life, she never mentioned the word 'princess.' Had she declared that she was the third princess of your Majesty, would I dare be so insolent as to marry her without your consent? I would have tried to enter the golden palace and seek some kind of appointment, however lowly, in order to be worthy of her. Because she claimed, however, that she was a girl from some peasant household, your subject asked her to remain in my village. We seemed to be ideally suited for each other, and we were both willing; that's why we've been married for these thirteen years. After our wedding, I was about to slaughter the tiger and use it to fete the relatives. The princess, however, requested me not to do so, and she put her reason aptly in these poetic lines:

Heaven and Earth made us husband and wife;
With no broker or witness we were wed.
Red threads did bind our feet in previous lives:
That's why the tiger is our go-between.

Because of what she said, your subject untied the tiger and spared its life. Claws flailing and tail wagging, it ran away still carrying the arrow wound. Little did I anticipate that after a few years, the tiger thus spared managed to become a spirit in the mountain through self-cultivation, bent on seducing and hurting people. Some years ago, your subject had heard of several scripture pilgrims, all priests sent by the Great Tang. The tiger, I think, must have taken their lives; he probably got hold of the travel documents and changed into one of their forms to come here to deceive my lord. My lord, the person sitting on that brocaded cushion over there is none other than the tiger which carried away the princess thirteen years ago. He is not a real scripture pilgrim." Look at that capricious ruler! His foolish, undiscerning eyes of the flesh could not recognize the monster-spirit; instead, he regarded that entire specious speech to be the

truth. “Worthy son-in-law,” he said, “how could you tell that this monk is a tiger, the one which carried away our princess?”

“My lord,” said the fiend, “what your subject feeds on in the mountain are tigers; what he wears are also tigers. I sleep with them and rise with them. How could I not recognize them?”

“In that case,” said the king, “make him appear in his true form.”

The fiendish creature said, “Please give me half a cup of clean water, and your subject will make him appear in his true form.”

The king ordered an official to fetch the water for the imperial son-in-law. Taking the cup in his hand, the fiend got up and went forward to exercise the Dim-Eyes, Still-Body Magic. He recited a spell and spat a mouthful of water on the Tang Monk, crying, “Change!”

The true body of the elder at once became invisible; what everyone saw in the palace was a ferocious striped tiger instead.

In those worldly eyes of the king and his subjects, the tiger truly had

A white brow and a round head,
A striped body and lightning eyes.
Its four huge paws
Were straight and rugged;
Its twenty claws
Were hooklike and sharp.
Sawlike teeth filled its mouth;
Pointed ears joined its eyebrows.
Savage, it bore the form of a big cat;
Raging, it had the shape of a brown steer.
Steel hairs stood rigidly like silver strips;
A red tongue, daggerlike, belched nasty air.
It was indeed a striped, ferocious thing,
Blasting the palace with its awesome breaths.

When the king saw it, his soul melted and his spirit fled, while many of his subjects were frightened into hiding. A few courageous military officials led the captains and guards to rush forward and began hacking away with their weapons. If it had not been for the fact that the Tang Monk this time was not yet fated to die, even twenty monks would have been reduced to minced meat. Fortunately, he had at this time the secret protection of Light and Darkness, the Guardians, the Sentinels, and the Protectors of the Faith in the air. For that reason, the weapons of those people could not harm him. The chaos in the palace lasted until evening, when the officials decided to capture the tiger alive and lock it up with chains before placing it in an iron cage. It was then stored in one of the palace chambers.

The king then gave the decree that the Court of Imperial Entertainments prepare a huge banquet to thank the imperial son-in-law for saving him from the monk. After the officials retired from court, the demon entered that evening into the Silver Peace Hall, where eighteen young palace ladies attended him; they sang, danced, and poured his wine for him. Sitting all by himself at the head table, he had on both sides of him all those lovely beauties. Look at him drink and enjoy! By about the hour of the second watch, he got drunk and could no longer refrain from mischief. Leaping up all of a

sudden, he laughed hysterically for a moment and changed back into his original form. He grew violent then and grabbed one of the girls playing the *pipa* with that big winnowlike hand of his. With a crunch, he bit off her head. The other seventeen palace girls were so terrified that they dashed madly for hiding and shelter. Look at them:

The palace ladies panicked;
The maids-of-honor took fright—
The palace ladies panicked
Like rain-struck hibiscus bearing the night rain.
The maids-of-honor took fright
Like wind-blown peonia dancing in the spring wind.
They smashed their pipas, eager to live;
They broke their zithers, fleeing for life.
They dashed out the doors, not knowing north or south!
They quit the main hall, flying both east and west!
They scraped their jadelike features;
They bruised their lovely faces.
Every one scrambled for her life;
Each person darted for safety.

Those people ran out, but they dared not even scream or holler for fear of disturbing the Throne so late at night. Quaking and shaking, they sought to hide beneath the eaves of the low palace wall and we shall speak no more of them.

We tell you now about that fiendish creature who sat in the hall, pouring wine and drinking all by himself. After draining a glass, he would haul the bloody corpse near him and take a couple of bites. As he was thus enjoying himself inside, the people outside the palace began to spread a wild rumor that the Tang Monk was a monster-spirit. All the hubbub soon reached the Golden Lodge posthouse.

At that time, there was no one at the post-house except the white horse, which was consuming hay and feed in the stall. He was originally the dragon prince of the Western Ocean, you recall, but because of past offense against Heaven, his horns were sawed off and his scales were shorn. He was changed into the white horse so that he could carry the Tang Monk to acquire scriptures in the West.

When he suddenly heard people saying that the Tang Monk was a tiger spirit, he thought to himself, "My master is definitely a true man. It had to be that fiend who changed him into a tiger spirit in order to harm him. What's to be done? What's to be done? Big Brother is long gone, and there is no news from either Sha Monk or Eight Rules."

He waited until it was about the second watch, and then he said to himself, "If I don't try to rescue the Tang Monk now, this merit will be undone. Finished!" No longer able to contain himself, he bit through the reins and shook off the saddle; all at once he changed himself once more into a dragon and mounted the dark clouds to rise into the air. We have a testimonial poem for him, and the poem says:

The priest goes West to seek the World- Honored One,
Though foul and fiendish vapors clog the way.
Tonight he's a tiger, what hopeless ordeal!
The white horse drops reins his master to save.

In midair the young dragon prince saw that the Silver Peace Hall was aglow with lights, for there were eight huge candelabra standing inside with all their candles lit. As he lowered the direction of his clouds, he looked carefully and saw the monster seated alone at the head table and gorging himself with wine and human flesh. “What a worthless fellow!” said the dragon with a laugh. “He has shown his hand! He’s revealed himself! It’s not very smart, is it, to eat people! Since I don’t know the where-abouts of Master and I have only this lawless demon before me, I might as well go down there and have some fun with him. If I succeed, I might be able to catch the monster-spirit first and then rescue my master.”

Dear dragon prince! With one shake of his body, he changed himself into a palace maid, truly slender of body and seductive in appearance. She walked swiftly inside and bowed to the demon, saying, “Imperial son-in-law, please don’t hurt me. I came to pour wine for you.”

“Pour then,” said the fiend. Taking up the wine pot, the little dragon began pouring until the wine was about half an inch higher than the rim of the goblet, but the wine did not spill. This was, in fact, the Magic of Water Restriction used by the little dragon, though the fiend did not know it even when he saw it. “What uncanny ability you have,” he said, highly pleased. The little dragon said, “I can pour and make it go even higher.”

“Pour some more! Pour some more!” cried the fiend. The little dragon took the pot and kept on pouring, until the wine rose like a pagoda of thirteen layers with a pointed top; not a drop of it was spilled. The fiendish creature stuck out his mouth and finished a whole goblet before he picked up the carcass and took another bite. Then he said, “You know how to sing?”

“A little,” said the little dragon, who selected a tune and sang it before presenting another goblet of wine to the fiend. “You know how to dance?” said the monster. The little dragon said, “A little also, but I’m empty-handed, and the dance won’t be attractive.” Lifting up his robe, the fiend unbuckled the sword he wore on his waist and pulled the blade out of the sheath.

The little dragon took the sword from him and began to dance in front of the dining table; wielding the sword up and down, left and right, she created intricate patterns of movement.

Waiting until the fiend was completely dazzled by the dance, the little dragon suddenly broke the steps and slashed him with the sword. Dear monster! He lunged sideways and the blow barely missed him; the next thrust of the dragon was met by a candelabrum made of wrought iron and weighing about eighty or ninety pounds, which the monster picked up in a hurry. The two of them left the Silver Peace Palace as the little dragon changed back to his original form to do battle with the fiend in midair. This battle in the darkness was something! “How was it?” you ask.

This one was a monster born and formed on Casserole Mount;
That one was a chastised true dragon of the Western Ocean.
This one gave off bright light
Like white lightning;
That one belched out potent air
Like bursting red cloud.
This one seemed a white-tusked elephant let loose among mankind;
That one seemed a golden-clawed wild cat flown down to earth.

This one was a jade pillar propping up Heaven;
That one was a golden beam bridging the seas.
The silver dragon flew and danced;
The yellow demon flipped and flopped.
The precious sword, left and right, did not slow down;
The candelabrum, back and forth, went on and on.

After the two of them had fought at the edge of the clouds for about eight or nine rounds, the little dragon's hand grew weak and his limbs turned numb. The old demon, after all, was strong and powerful; when the little dragon found that he could no longer withstand his adversary, he aimed the sword at the monster and threw it at him. The monster, however, was not unprepared for this desperate move; with one hand, he caught the blade, and with the other, he hurled the candelabrum at the little dragon. Unnerved, the dragon did not duck fast enough and one of his hind legs was struck by it. Hastily he dropped down from the clouds, and it was his luck that the imperial moat was there to save his life. Chased by the demon, the little dragon dove headfirst into the water and all at once became invisible. Whereupon the demon took the sword and picked up the candelabrum to go back to the Silver Peace Palace; there he drank as before till he fell asleep, and we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

We tell you instead about the little dragon, who hid himself at the bottom of the moat. When he did not hear a sound after half an hour, he gritted his teeth to endure the pain in his leg and leaped up. Treading the dark clouds, he returned to the post-house where he changed once more into a horse and lay down in the stall. He looked pitiful indeed—completely soaked and wounded on his leg! At this time,

Horse of the Will and Ape of the Mind are all dispersed;
Metal Squire and Wood Mother are both scattered;
Yellow Dame is wounded, from every one divorced;
With reason and right so parted, what can be achieved?

Let us say no more about how Tripitaka met disaster and the little dragon encountered defeat. We tell you instead about that Zhu Eight Rules, who, since abandoning Sha Monk, stuck his head deep into the bushes and lay there like a hog snoozing in a pool of mud. The nap, in fact, lasted till the middle of the night, and only at that time did he awake. When he became conscious, he did not even know where he was at first; only after he rubbed his eyes and collected his thoughts a little did he manage to cock his ears to listen to whatever might be happening. Well, what happened was that

This deep mountain had no dog barking;
These spacious wilds lacked even cock crowing.

Looking up at the stars, he figured that it was about the hour of the third watch and he thought to himself, "I would like to try to rescue Sha Monk, but

One silk fiber is no thread;
A single hand cannot clap!

Okay! Okay! Let me go back and see Master first. If I could persuade the king to give me some more help, old Hog would return to rescue Sha Monk tomorrow." Idiot mounted the clouds quickly and went back to the city; in a little while, he reached the post-house. The moon was bright and people had become quiet at this time, but he searched the corridors in vain to find any trace of his master. All he saw was the white horse lying there: his whole body was soaked and on one of his hind legs was the mark

of a bruise about the size of a pan. “This is doubly unfortunate!” said Eight Rules, greatly startled. “This loser hasn’t traveled. Why is he sweating like that, and with a bruise on his leg? It must be that some evil men have robbed our master, wounding the horse in the process.”

The white horse recognized that it was Eight Rules; assuming human speech suddenly, he called out:

“Elder Brother!” Idiot was so shaken that he fell on the ground. Pulling himself up, he was about to dash outside when the white horse caught hold of the monk’s robe by his teeth, saying again, “Elder Brother, don’t be afraid of me.”

“Brother,” said Eight Rules, still shaking, “why are you talking today? When you talk like that, it has to mean that some great misfortune is about to befall us.”

The little dragon said, “Did you know that Master had landed in a terrible ordeal?”

“No, I didn’t,” said Eight Rules.

The little dragon said, “Of course, you didn’t! You and Sha Monk were flaunting your abilities before the king, thinking that you could capture the demon and be rewarded for your merit. You didn’t expect that the demon was so powerful and you were the ones no doubt who were beaten. At least one of you could have returned to give us the news, but there was not one word from either of you.

That monster-spirit had changed himself into a handsome scholar and broken into the court to present himself to the king as an imperial relative. Our master was changed by him into a ferocious striped tiger, who was then taken captive by the officials and locked up in an iron cage in one of the palace chambers. When I heard how Master suffered, my heart felt as if it had been stabbed by a sword.

But you were gone for nearly two days, and I was afraid that any further delay might mean that Master would be killed. So I had no choice but to change back into my dragon body to go and try to rescue him. When I reached the court, I couldn’t find Master, but I met the monster in the Silver Peace Palace. I changed into the form of a palace maid, trying to deceive him. He asked me to do a sword dance, during which I tried to slash him. He escaped my blow and defeated me instead with a candelabrum. I tried desperately to hit him when I threw the sword at him, but he caught it instead and gave me a blow on my hind leg with that candelabrum. I dived into the imperial moat and saved my life; the bruise on my leg was caused by the candelabrum.” When Eight Rules heard these words, he said, “Is that all true?”

“You think I’m deceiving you?” said the little dragon. Eight Rules asked, “What are we going to do? What are we going to do? Can you move at all?”

“If I can,” said the little dragon, “what then?”

“If you can move at all,” said Eight Rules, “move into the ocean then. Old Hog will pole the luggage back to the Old Gao Village to pick up my wife again.” When the little dragon heard this, he clamped his mouth onto Eight Rules’s shirt and refused to let go. As tears fell from his eyes, he said, “Elder Brother, you mustn’t become indolent.”

“Why not?” said Eight Rules. “Brother Sha has already been caught by him, and I can’t beat him. If we don’t scatter now, what are we waiting for?”

The little dragon thought for some time before he spoke again, tears streaming down his cheeks. “Elder Brother, don’t mention the word scatter. If you want to save Master, you have to go and ask a person to come here.”

“Who is that?” asked Eight Rules. The little dragon said, “You’d better hurry and mount the clouds to go to the Flower-Fruit Mountain, so that you can invite our Big Brother, Pilgrim Sun, to come back. Most certainly he has dharma power great enough to subdue this fiend and rescue Master, avenging at the same time the shame of our defeat.”

“Brother,” said Eight Rules, “let me go ask someone else. That monkey and I are not on the best of terms, you know. When he killed that Lady White Bone back there on the White Tiger Ridge, he was mad at me already for wheedling Master into reciting the Tight- Fillet Spell. I was just being frivolous, and I didn’t think that the old priest would really recite it and even banish him. I don’t know how he hates me now, and I’m certain also that he won’t come back. Suppose we have a little argument then: that funeral staff of his is pretty heavy, you know. If he doesn’t know any better at that moment and gives me a few strokes, you think I’ll be able to live?”

The little dragon said, “He won’t hit you, because he is a kind and just Monkey King. When you see him, don’t say that Master is in peril; just tell him that Master is thinking of him and deceive him into coming. When he gets here and sees what’s happening, he will not get mad. He will want most certainly to have it out with the monster-spirit instead. Then the demon will surely be caught and Master will be saved.”

“All right, all right!” said Eight Rules. “You are so dedicated. If I don’t go, it’ll mean that I’m not dedicated. I’ll go, and if indeed Pilgrim consents to come, I’ll return with him. But if he is unwilling, then don’t expect me, because I won’t be coming back either.”

“Go! Go!” said the little dragon. “He will certainly come.” Idiot indeed put away his muckrake and straightened his shirt. He leaped up and mounted the clouds, heading straight toward the East. It so happened that the Tang Monk was not yet fated to die. The wind was blowing in the right direction; all Idiot had to do was to stick up his huge ears, and he sped across the Eastern Ocean as if sails were hoisted on him. The sun was just rising when he dropped from the clouds to find his way in the mountain. As he was walking, he heard someone talking. He took another careful look and found Pilgrim sitting on a huge boulder in a mountain valley. Before him some one thousand and two hundred monkeys lined up in ranks, all shouting, “Long live our Father Great Sage!”

Eight Rules said, “What pleasures! What pleasures! No wonder he doesn’t want to be a monk and wants only to come home! Look at all these goodies! Such a huge household, and so many little monkeys to serve him! If old Hog has a large farm like this, I’m not going to be a monk either. Since I’ve arrived, what shall I do? I suppose I’ll have to see him.”

But Idiot was in truth afraid of Pilgrim, and he dared not show himself openly. Sliding down the grassy meadow, he crawled stealthily into the midst of those thousand-odd monkeys and began to kowtow also along with them. He had no idea how high the Great Sage was sitting and how sharp his vision was. Having seen everything all at once, the Monkey King asked, “Who is that barbarian in the ranks who’s bowing in such a confused manner? Where does he come from? Bring him up here!”

Hardly had he finished speaking when the little monkeys, like a swarm of bees, pushed Eight Rules to the front and pressed him to the ground.

Pilgrim said, “Barbarian, where did you come from?”

“I dare not accept the honor of your questioning me,” said Eight Rules, his head lowered. “I’m no barbarian, I’m an acquaintance.” Pilgrim said, “All the monkeys under the command of the Great Sage here have similar features, not like that lubberly face of yours.

You must be some fiendish demon from another region. If so, and if you want to be a subject of mine, you should have first presented us with your name and the particulars of your age and antecedents on a card so that I can take your roll when you are assigned to our ranks here. But you haven’t even done that, and you dare kneel here to bow to me?” With his head and snout lowered, Eight Rules said, “Oh, for shame! I’ll show you my face! I have been a brother of yours now for a few years, and you still claim that you don’t recognize me, calling me some kind of barbarian!”

“Raise your head and let me have a look,” said Pilgrim with a chuckle. Sticking his snout upward, Idiot said, “Look! Even if you can’t recognize me, you can at least recognize this snout of mine!” Pilgrim could not refrain from laughing and saying, “Zhu Eight Rules.”

As soon as he heard this, he jumped up, crying, “Yes! Yes! I am Zhu Eight Rules.”

He thought to himself also, “If he recognizes me, then it’s easier to speak.” Pilgrim said, “Why aren’t you accompanying the Tang Monk to go fetch scriptures? Why are you here? Could it be that you, too, have offended Master and he banished you also? Do you have any letter of banishment? Let me see it.”

“I didn’t offend him,” said Eight Rules, “and he didn’t give me any letter of banishment. Nor did he dismiss me.”

“If there’s no letter and he didn’t dismiss you, why are you here?” asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules replied, “Master has been thinking of you; he told me to come and invite you to go back.”

“He didn’t think of me, nor did he invite me,” said Pilgrim. “He swore to Heaven that day and he wrote the letter of banishment himself. How could he think of me and ask me to go back? I definitely will not go back.”

Eight Rules lied conveniently, saying, “He really did think of you! He really did think of you!”

“What made him think of me?” asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules said, “As Master was riding on the horse, he called out at one point, ‘Disciple.’ I didn’t hear him, and Sha Monk claimed that he was somewhat deaf! Master at once thought of you, saying that we were worthless and that only you were smart and alert enough to answer once you were called, to give ten replies to one question. That’s how he thought of you, and he has sent me specially to ask you to go back. Please do so, at least for the sake of his expectation and for the sake of my having traveled all this distance.” When Pilgrim heard these words, he jumped down from the boulder. Taking the hand of Eight Rules, he said, “Worthy Brother, sorry that you have to travel such a great distance to come. Let’s you and I go and have some fun.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “this place is quite far away, and I fear that Master might be kept waiting. I don’t want to play.” Pilgrim said, “After all, this is your

first time here. Take a look at least at my mountain scenery." Idiot dared not persist in his refusal and had to walk away with him.

The two of them proceeded hand in hand, while the little monsters followed behind to go up to the highest spot on the Flower-Fruit Mountain. Marvelous mountain! Ever since the Great Sage's homecoming, it had been completely made new by his labor these few days. You see the mountain

Green as carved jade,
Tall like a cloud-scraper.
All around are tigers crouched and dragons coiled;
On four sides are frequent calls of apes and cranes.
At dawn the clouds blockade the summit;
At dusk the sun is poised above the forest.
The flowing stream murmurs like tingling girdle-jade;
The brook sounds drop by drop a psaltery note.
Before the mountain are ridges and tall cliffs;
Behind the mountain are flowers and dense woods.
It touches the jade-girl's hair-washing bowl above;
It joins a branch of Heaven's River down below.
This cosmos-formed beauty surpasses Penglai,
A true cave-mansion born of primal breaths.
Even master artists find it hard to sketch,
Nor can wise immortals depict it all.
Like openworks carved finely fantastic rocks
In fantastic colors soar up at the top.
The sun moves in a thousand purple rays;
Auspicious air forms countless strands of red mist.
A cave-heaven, a blessed place among mankind:
A mountain full of fresh blossoms and fresh trees.

Delighted by the endless splendor of the scenery, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, what a lovely place! Truly the number one mountain in the whole world!"

"Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "think you can pass the time here?"

"Look at the way Elder Brother talks!" chuckled Eight Rules. "This precious mountain is a cave-heaven, a land of blessing. How could you say 'pass the time'?"

The two of them chatted amiably for a long time before descending from the peak. They met on the way several little monkeys, all holding purple grapes, fragrant pears, bright golden loquats, and dark red strawberries. Kneeling by the road, they cried, "Father Great Sage, please have some breakfast."

"My Brother Zhu," said Pilgrim, laughing, "has a huge appetite, and he doesn't take fruits for breakfast.

Nonetheless, please don't be offended by such trifles; use them as snacks and take a few."

Eight Rules said, "Though I have a huge appetite, I do as the natives do anywhere. Yes, by all means bring them up here. I'll try a few for taste."

The two of them ate the fruits, and the sun was fast rising high. Afraid that there might not be enough time to save the Tang Monk, Idiot tried to urge his companion to leave, saying, “Elder Brother, Master is waiting for us. Please hurry and go.”

“Worthy Brother,” said Pilgrim, “I’m inviting you to have some fun with me at the Water-Curtain Cave.”

Eight Rules at once declined, saying, “I appreciate your kind thoughts, Old Brother, but Master has waited for a long time already. There’s really no need for us to enter the cave.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “I dare not detain you. I’ll say good-bye right here.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “aren’t you going with me?” Pilgrim said, “Go where? This place of mine is neither governed by Heaven nor controlled by Earth. I’m completely free here. Why shouldn’t I enjoy this? Why should I become a monk again? I will not go. You have to go back by yourself. And please tell the Tang Monk that once he has dismissed me, don’t ever think of me again.” When Idiot heard these words, he dared not press any further, for he was afraid that Pilgrim’s temper might flare and he would then receive a couple of strokes from the rod. He had no alternative but to take leave meekly and find his way back.

When Pilgrim saw him leave, he ordered two agile little monkeys to follow him and to find out what he was going to say. Indeed, when that Idiot descended the mountain, he did not cover more than three or four miles before he turned around and pointed his finger at the direction of Pilgrim. “You ape,” he cried, “you don’t want to be a priest! You choose to be a monster instead. What an ape! I came here with good intentions to ask him to go back, but he refused. All right! If you don’t want to go, you don’t have to!”

He took a few steps and began his castigations again. The two little monkeys ran back to report, “Father Great Sage, that Zhu Eight Rules is rather sneaky! He’s ranting at you as he walks away.” Pilgrim grew angry and shouted, “Seize him!”

All the little monkeys rushed after Eight Rules and pushed him to the ground. Clutching at his mane and tugging at his ears, pulling his tail and grabbing his hair, they hauled him bodily back to the cave. We do not know how he will be treated or what will happen to him; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-ONE

Zhu Eight Rules provokes the Monkey King to chivalry
Pilgrim Sun with wisdom defeats the monster

Righteousness joined to fraternal feelings,
The dharma returning to its own nature:
Docile Metal and Gentle Wood will bear right fruit.
Mind Monkey and Wood Mother fuse with elixir source—
Both ascending to the world of ultimate bliss,
Both arriving at the gate of undivided truth.
Sūtras are the main path of self-cultivation;
Buddha should unite with one's own spirit.
Brothers, elder and younger, make the kinship of the three;
Forms of monsters and demons match the Five Phases.
Exterminate the Sixfold Path
And you'll reach the Great Thunderclap.

We were telling you about Idiot, who was caught by those monkeys; pulling and tugging at him, they ripped open his shirt as they hauled him away. Over and over again, he muttered to himself, "Finished! I'm finished! This time, I'm going to be beaten to death!" In no time at all, they reached the entrance of the cave, where the Great Sage was sitting again on top of the boulder. "You overstuffed coolie!" he shouted. "You should have just left. Why did you abuse me?" Kneeling on the ground, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, I did not abuse you. If I did, I would bite off this tongue! I only said that if you didn't want to go, I would go back to tell Master and that would have been the end of it. How would I dare abuse you?"

"How could you possibly deceive me?" asked Pilgrim. "If I pull up this left ear of mine, I can find out who's speaking up in the Thirty-third Heaven; if I pull down this right ear of mine, I can discover how the Ten Kings of Hell are sett ling the cases with the judges. You were maligning me as you walked away, and you thought that I couldn't hear you?"

Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, now I know. You are something of a crook and a shakedown artist! You must have changed into some kind of creature and followed me. That's how you found out."

"Little ones," cried Pilgrim, "select for me a large cane! Give him twenty strokes on his shanks as a greeting; then give him another twenty on his back. Thereafter let me use my iron rod to send him on his way!"

Eight Rules was so terrified that he kowtowed at once, saying, "Elder Brother, I beg you to spare me for the sake of Master."

"O, Master is so just and kind!" said Pilgrim.

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules again, "if not for the sake of Master, at least for the sake of the Bodhisattva, please forgive me." When Pilgrim heard him mention the Bodhisattva, he relented somewhat, saying, "Brother, if you put it that way, I won't hit you for the moment. But you must be honest with me and not try to deceive me. Where is that Tang Monk facing an ordeal that has caused you to come and call for me?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "there's no ordeal. He is truly thinking of you."

"Coolie, you must love to be beaten!" shouted Pilgrim. "Why are you still trying to dupe me? Though old Monkey's body has returned to the Water-Curtain Cave, his heart follows the scripture monk. Our master faces an ordeal with each step of the way; he is fated to suffer at every place. You better tell me quickly, or you'll be whipped!" When Eight Rules heard such words, he kowtowed and said, "Elder Brother, I did quite clearly attempt to deceive you into going, but I had no idea how smart you were. Please spare me from a beating and let me tell you standing up."

"All right," said Pilgrim, "rise and talk."

The monkeys took away their hands and Idiot, jumping up at once, began to look wildly left and right. Pilgrim said, "What are you doing that for?"

"To see which road is wide and smooth so that I can run," said Eight Rules. "To where?" asked Pilgrim. "I'll let you have a three days' head start, and old Monkey still has the ability to chase you back. You'd better speak up! If you get me mad again, I won't spare you this time."

Eight Rules said, "To tell you the truth, Elder Brother, since you left us, Sha Monk and I accompanied Master to go forward and we arrived at a black pine forest. Master dismounted and told me to go beg for vegetarian food. Because I didn't find even a single household after walking a great distance, I got a bit tired and napped a little in the grass. Sha Monk, I didn't realize, also left Master to try to find me. You know that Master couldn't sit still, and he took a walk by himself in the forest to enjoy the scenery. When he got out of the forest, he saw a luminescent jeweled pagoda of yellow gold, which he thought was some sort of monastery. He didn't know that there was a monster-spirit beneath the pagoda, who had the name of Yellow Robe, and he was caught by the fiend. Later, when Sha Monk and I returned to look for him, we saw only the white horse and the luggage, but we didn't see Master. We searched until we went to the door of the cave, where we fought the fiend. Meanwhile, Master met a saving star inside, who happened to be the third princess of the Precious Image Kingdom, abducted some time ago by that fiend. She wrote a letter to her family and wanted Master to send it for her; that was the reason why she persuaded the monster to let Master go. When we arrived at the kingdom, we presented the letter, whereupon the king asked Master to subdue the monster. Elder Brother, you should know. How could that old priest subdue any monster? It had to be the two of us again who went back to do battle, but the magic power of the fiend was tremendous and he seized Sha Monk instead. I managed to escape by hiding in the grass. Thereafter, the monster changed himself into a handsome scholar to gain admittance into the court and imperial recognition. Master, on the other hand, was changed by him into a tiger. That evening, it was fortunate that the white dragon-horse revealed himself to go search for Master; he didn't find him, but he saw the fiend drinking in the Silver Peace Palace. Changing into a palace maid, the dragon poured wine for him, did a sword dance, and was about to use that opportunity to try to kill the monster. He was wounded instead by him with a candelabrum, and it was the dragon who told me to come get you. He said that Elder Brother was a just and benevolent gentleman, one who would not dwell on old wrongs and would be willing to go and save Master. I beg you, Elder Brother, remember the truth of 'Once a teacher, always a father,' and do try to save him."

"You Idiot!" said Pilgrim. "At the time of my leaving, I told you again and again that if Master were caught by a monstrous demon, you should tell him that old Monkey was his eldest disciple. Why didn't you say so?"

Eight Rules thought to himself, "To ask a warrior is not as effective as to provoke a warrior. Let me provoke him a bit."

He said therefore, "Elder Brother, it would have been better had I not mentioned you. Once I said something about you, the monster became even more impudent."

"What do you mean?" asked Pilgrim.

Eight Rules replied, "I said, 'Monster, don't you dare be insolent, and don't you dare harm my master. I still have an elder brother, who is called Pilgrim Sun. His magic power is great and he is especially capable of subduing monsters. When he gets here, he'll make you die without picking a place for burial.' When that fiend heard my words, he became more aroused, crying, 'Who's this Pilgrim Sun that I should be afraid of him? If he shows up, I'll skin him alive, I'll pull out his tendons, I'll debone him, and I'll devour his heart. He might be thin, this monkey, but I'll still chop him to pieces and fry him in oil.'" When Pilgrim heard these words, he became so enraged that he jumped up and down, madly scratching his cheeks and pulling at his ears. "Who is this that dares abuse me thus?" he bellowed. Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, calm yourself. It's the Yellow Robe Fiend who is thus abusing you. I was just giving you a rehearsal of what he said."

"Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "get up. I've got to go. If that monster-spirit dared abuse me so, it would be impossible for me not to subdue him. I'll go with you. When old Monkey caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago, all the divine warriors of Heaven would bend their backs and bow to him when they saw him. Every one of them addressed me as the Great Sage. This fiend is truly impudent. He dares abuse me behind my back! I'll go, I'll catch him, and I'll smash him to pieces to avenge myself for being so insulted. When I've done that, I'll come back."

"Exactly, Elder Brother," said Eight Rules. "You go and catch the monster first, and when you have avenged yourself, you can then decide whether you want to come back or not." Leaping down at once from the boulder, the Great Sage dashed into the cave and took off his monster garment. Tucking in his silk shirt and tightly fastening his tiger-skin kilt, he walked right out of the door holding his iron rod. Startled, the various monkeys barred the way and asked, "Father Great Sage, where are you going? Isn't it better that you look after us and have fun with us for a few more years?" Pilgrim said, "Little ones, watch what you are saying. My accompaniment of the Tang Monk is no private matter, for Heaven and Earth know that Sun Wukong is his disciple. He didn't banish me back here; he told me to come home and relax a little before joining him again. That's what this whole thing is about. You all must take good care of our property and don't fail to plant the willows and the pines in due seasons. Wait till I finish accompanying the Tang Monk and taking the scriptures back to the Land of the East.

After that merit is achieved, I'll return to enjoy the joys of nature with you."

Each monkey obeyed the instructions.

The Great Sage then mounted the clouds with Eight Rules to leave the cave and cross the Great Eastern Ocean. When they reached the western shore, he stopped the

cloudy luminosity, saying, “Brother, please stop for a moment and let me go down to the ocean to clean up my body.”

“We are in a hurry,” said Eight Rules. “Why do you need to clean up your body?” Pilgrim said, “You have no idea that the few days since I went back there have caused me to pick up some monster odor. Master loves cleanliness, and I fear that he might be disgusted with me.” Only then did Eight Rules fully realize that Pilgrim was utterly sincere. In a moment the Great Sage finished bathing and mounted the clouds again to proceed westward. Soon they saw the luminescent gold pagoda, to which Eight Rules pointed and said, “Isn’t that the house of the Yellow Robe Fiend? Sha Monk is still inside.”

“Stay in the air,” said Pilgrim, “and let me go down to his door to see what I can do about fighting with the monster.”

Eight Rules said, “Don’t go, the monster is not at home.”

“I know,” said Pilgrim. Dear Monkey King! Lowering his auspicious luminosity, he went straight to the entrance of the cave, in front of which he found two young boys playing field hockey. One was about eight or nine years of age, and the other was over ten years old.

As they were playing, Pilgrim rushed forward and, with no regard at all for whichever family they belonged to, grabbed them by the tufts of their hair and picked them up. Terrified, the boys began to brawl and scream so loudly that the little fiends in the Current-Moon Cave ran to report to the princess, saying, “Lady, some unknown person has carried off the two young princes.”

The two boys, you see, were the sons of the princess and the monster.

When the princess heard that, she ran out of the cave, where she saw Pilgrim holding the two boys. Standing on top of a cliff, he was about to dash them to the ground below. “Hey, you!” screamed the horrified princess. “I have no quarrel with you. Why did you take them away? Their old man is rather mean, and if anything happens to them, he won’t let you get away with it.”

“You don’t recognize me?” said Pilgrim. “I’m Pilgrim Sun Wukong, the eldest disciple of the Tang Monk. My younger brother, Sha Monk, is in your cave.

You go and release him, and I’ll return these boys to you; two for one, you’re getting a bargain already.” When the princess heard what he said, she went quickly inside and told the few little monsters guarding the door to step aside. With her own hands, she untied Sha Monk. “Princess, you’d better not untie me,” said Sha Monk. “When your fiend comes home and demands the prisoner from you, I fear that you would take the blame again.”

The princess said, “Elder, you are my benefactor; not only did you send a letter to my home in my behalf, but you also saved my life. I was trying to think of a way to release you when your eldest brother Sun Wukong showed up at the door of our cave. He told me to release you.”

Holla! When Sha Monk heard the name of Sun Wukong, he felt as if his head had been anointed with mellow wine, as if his heart had been moistened with sweet dew. Joy flooded his countenance; his whole face lit up with spring. He did not behave like someone who heard the announcement of a person’s arrival, but rather like someone who had just discovered a block of gold or jade. Look at him! Flapping his

hands to brush off the dust on his clothes, he ran out the door and bowed to Pilgrim, saying, "Elder Brother, you have truly descended from Heaven! Save me, I beseech you."

"O, you Sandy Bonze!" said Pilgrim with a chuckle. "When Master recited the Tight-Fillet Spell, were you willing to say a word for me? You were just as much a braggart! Why aren't you accompanying Master to go to the West? What are you squatting here for?"

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "no need to talk like that anymore. A gentleman forgives and forgets. We are commanders of a defeated army, hardly worthy to speak of courage. Please save us." Pilgrim said, "Come up," and Sha Monk leaped up to the cliff.

When Eight Rules, who was standing in midair, saw Sha Monk coming out of the cave, he dropped down from the clouds, crying, "Brother Sha! You've had a hard time!" Seeing him, Sha Monk said, "Second Elder Brother, where did you come from?"

Eight Rules said, "After I was defeated yesterday, I went into the city at night where I learned from the white horse that Master was in great difficulty. He was changed into a tiger by the magic of Yellow Robe. The white horse suggested to me that I should go ask Big Brother to come back."

"Idiot," said Pilgrim, "let's not chitchat. Each of you take one of these boys and go into the Precious Image City to provoke the fiend to come here, so that I can slay him."

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "how do you want us to provoke him?" Pilgrim said, "The two of you should mount the clouds and stand above the Palace of the Golden Chimes. Don't bother about the consequence: just hurl the boys down to the ground before the white jade steps. If anyone asks you whose kids they are, just tell them that they are the sons of the Yellow Robe monster caught by the two of you. When the fiend hears this, he will certainly want to return here. I don't want to fight with him inside the city because our battle will scatter cloud and mist, throw up dirt and dust. The officials of the court and the city's whole populace will then be disturbed."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules with a giggle, "the moment you do anything, you start to bamboozle us."

"What do you mean?" asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules replied, "These two kids, after having been seized by you like that, are already shocked beyond cure. Just now they cried till they became voiceless; after awhile, they will die for sure. If we hurl them to the ground from the air, they'll turn into meat patties. You think the fiend will let us go once he catches up with us? He will surely make us pay with our lives, while you get away scot free. There's not even a witness against you! Aren't you bamboozling us?"

"If he tangles with the two of you," said Pilgrim, "just lure him here. We have a smooth and wide battlefield at this place, and I'll be waiting for him."

"Exactly, exactly," said Sha Monk. "Big Brother is right. Let's go." Riding on the power and assurance of Pilgrim, the two of them picked up the boys and left.

Pilgrim leaped down from the boulder and went before the door of the pagoda. "Hey, Monk," said the princess, "you are completely untrustworthy. You said that you would give me back my boys once your younger brother was released. Now that he is, you are still detaining my boys. What are you doing here instead?" Pilgrim smiled at her

and said, “Don’t be offended, princess. You have been here for a long time, and I thought that we should take your sons to present them to their maternal grandfather.”

The princess said, “Monk, you’d better behave! My husband, Yellow Robe, is no ordinary person. If you have frightened my boys, you should try to comfort them first.”

“Princess,” said Pilgrim with a chuckle, “do you know what is considered a crime for a human being living in this world?”

“I do,” said the princess. Pilgrim said, “You are a woman! What do you know?”

“Since the time of my youth in the palace,” said the princess, “I was taught by my parents. I recall an ancient book said, ‘Set against the Five Punishments are some three thousand crimes, but none is greater than an unfilial act.’”

Pilgrim said, “You are precisely an unfilial person. Remember:

O my father, who begot me!
O my mother, who had nursed me! . . .
Pity my father and mother,
How hard they toiled to bear me!

Therefore, filial piety is the foundation of a hundred virtuous acts, the source of all morality. How could you entrust your body to be the mate of a monster-spirit and not think of your parents at all? Haven’t you committed the crime of an unfilial act?” When the princess heard these words of rectitude, she was so embarrassed that she blushed for a long time before blurting out her reply, saying, “The words of the elder are most righteous. How could I not think of my parents? But all my troubles began when the monster kidnapped me here. His orders are very strict, and I cannot travel at all. The distance, furthermore, is great and there is no one able to send word for me. I wanted to commit suicide, but I was afraid that my parents would suspect that I had eloped with someone, and the whole matter would not be cleared up. I had, therefore, no alternative but to prolong my fragile existence. Indeed, I am a great criminal in this whole wide world!” When she finished speaking, tears streamed down her face.

Pilgrim said, “Princess, there’s no need for you to be sorrowful. Zhu Eight Rules did tell me that you wrote a letter and you saved my master’s life. You did express your thoughts for your parents in the letter. Now that old Monkey has arrived, you may be assured that he will catch the monster for you and bring him back to court to see the Throne. You can then find a worthy mate and look after your parents in their old age. How about it?”

“Monk,” said the princess, “don’t look for certain death. Those two younger brothers of yours were quite tough, but they could not overcome my husband, Yellow Robe, during the fight yesterday. Now look at you! You look like a ghost with more tendons than bones! You look like a crab or a walking skeleton! What kind of ability do you have that you dare speak of catching the monster?” Laughing, Pilgrim said, “You really don’t have much judgment, and you can’t discriminate between persons. As the common saying has it,

A urine bladder, though large, has no weight;
A steelyard weight, though small, licks a thousand pounds.

They may look big, but they are useless: creating wind resistance as they walk and wasting cloth when they put on clothes. They may be big as a mountain but they are hollow inside; their heads may touch door frames but they are slack of torsos; and they

may eat a lot but food won't do them any good. I, old Monkey, am small, all right, but hardy."

"You really have the skills?" asked the princess. "Nothing that you have ever seen," said Pilgrim, "but I specialize in subduing monsters and taming demons."

"You'd better not get me into trouble," said the princess. "Certainly not," said Pilgrim. "If you are able to subdue monsters and tame demons," said the princess, "how will you go about catching him?" Pilgrim said, "You'd better be out of sight, or else I can't really move when he gets here. I'm afraid that you still have a lot of feelings for him and can't give him up."

"What do you mean by not giving him up?" said the princess. "My remaining here is not of my choice!"

"If you have been husband and wife for thirteen years," said Pilgrim, "you can't be wholly without affection. But when I see him, I won't be fooling around: a stroke of the rod will be a stroke, and a punch will be a punch. I have to slay him before I can take you back to court to see the Throne."

The princess indeed followed Pilgrim's advice and went off to a secluded spot. Her marriage to the monster, moreover, was fated to end, and that was why the Great Sage made his appearance. After he had the princess hidden, the Monkey King shook his body once and changed into the form of the princess to enter the cave and wait for the monster.

We tell you now about Eight Rules and Sha Monk, who took the two boys to the Precious Image Kingdom and dashed them to the ground before the white jade steps. Alas! They were reduced to two meat patties; their bones were all crushed and blood splattered all over. "Terrible! Terrible!" cried the officials in court. "Two persons have been thrown down from the sky!"

"These boys," shouted Eight Rules from above, "are the sons of the monster, Yellow Robe. They were caught by old Hog and Brother Sha." Still under the effect of wine, the fiend was sleeping in the Silver Peace Palace when he heard someone shouting his name. He turned over and looked up: there were Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk standing on the edge of the clouds hollering. The monster thought to himself:

"If it were just Zhu Eight Rules, I could understand this, but Sha Monk was tied up in my house. How could he get here? Why would my wife let him go? How could my boys land in their hands? Could it be that Zhu Eight Rules, fearful of my unwillingness to do battle with him, is using this to trick me? I can take the bait and go fight with him. Hey! I'm still hungover. If he gives me a whack with his rake, I'll lose all my credibility. Let me go home first and see if they are indeed my sons or not. Then I can speak to these monks."

Dear monster! Without taking leave of the king, he headed straight for his cave in the mountain forest to investigate. At this time, people in the court knew full well that he was indeed a monster. For, you see, he ate one of the palace maids during the night, but the seventeen others who escaped made a thorough report to the king after the hour of the fifth watch. Since he left so abruptly, they knew all the more that he was without doubt a monster. All the king could do was to order the many officials to guard the specious tiger, and we shall speak no more of them for the moment.

We now tell you about the fiend, who went back to the cave. When Pilgrim saw him arriving, he at once devised a plan of deception.

He blinked a few times and tears began to fall like rain; stamping his feet, pounding his chest, and calling for the boys all the time, he bawled lustily in the cave. So sudden an encounter made it impossible for the fiend to recognize that this was not his wife. He went forward instead and embraced Pilgrim, saying, "Mistress, why are you so upset?" With artful invention, with imaginative fable, the Great Sage said tearfully, "Dear Husband! As the proverb says,

If a man has no wife, his wealth has no boss;
If a girl has no mate, she's completely lost!

After you went into court yesterday to present yourself to the kinfolks, why didn't you return? This morning Zhu Eight Rules came back and robbed us of Sha Monk. Furthermore, they took away our two boys by force despite my desperate pleadings. They said that they would also bring the boys into court to present them to their maternal grandfather. Half a day has gone by already and there's no sight of our boys or even news of whether they are alive or dead. And you didn't turn up until just now. How could I part with my babies? That's why I'm so broken up." When the fiend heard those words, he grew very angry, saying, "Did that really happen to my sons?"

"Yes," said Pilgrim, "and they were taken away by Zhu Eight Rules."

The demon was so incensed that he jumped about madly, crying, "Undone! Undone! My sons have been dashed to death by him! They can't be revived! The only thing left is to catch that monk and make him pay with his life. Mistress, don't cry. How do you feel now? Let's take care of you first."

"I'm all right," said Pilgrim, "but I miss my babies so much, and all that weeping has caused my heart to ache."

"No need to worry," said the demon. "Get up first. I have a treasure here; all you need to do is to rub it on the painful spot and it will not hurt anymore. But you must be careful not to fillip your thumb onto the treasure, for if you do, my true form will reveal itself." When Pilgrim heard this, he said, smiling, to himself, "This brazen creature! He's quite honest; even without torture he has made a confession already. Wait till he brings out his treasure. I'm going to strike at it with my thumb and see what kind of monster he is." Leading Pilgrim, the fiend took his companion into the murky depth of the cave before spitting out from his mouth a treasure having the size and shape of a chicken egg. It was an internal elixir, formed crystalline white like a śarīra.

Secretly delighted, Pilgrim said to himself, "Marvelous thing! God knows how many sedentary exercises had been performed, how many years of trials and sufferings had elapsed, how many times the union of male and female forces had taken place before this śarīra of internal elixir was formed. What great affinity it has today that it should encounter old Monkey!"

The monkey took it over. Of course, he did not have any pain, but he rubbed it deliberately on his body somewhere before filliping his thumb at it. Alarmed, the fiend immediately stretched forth his hand to try to snatch it away. Think of it! This monkey is just too slick and shifty a character! He popped the treasure in his mouth and with one gulp swallowed it whole. The demon raised his fist and punched at him, only to be parried by the arm of Pilgrim. With his other hand, Pilgrim wiped his own face once and changed back to his original appearance, crying, "Monster, don't be unruly! Take a look! Who am I?" When the fiend saw what he saw, he was greatly shaken, saying "Gosh, Mistress! How did you manage to bring out a face like that?"

"You impudent imp!" chided Pilgrim. "Who's your mistress? You can't even recognize your own ancestor!" Suddenly comprehending, the fiend said, "I think I know you." Pilgrim said, "I won't hit you just yet, take another look."

The fiend said, "Though you do look familiar, I just can't think of your name at the moment. Who indeed are you? Where do you come from? Where have you moved my wife? How dare you come to my house to cheat me of my treasure? This is most reprehensible!"

"So you don't recognize me," said Pilgrim. "I am the eldest disciple of the Tang Monk, and my name is Pilgrim Sun Wukong. I'm also your old ancestor of five hundred years ago!"

The fiend said, "No such thing! No such thing! When I caught the Tang Monk, I found out that he had only two disciples named Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk. No one had ever mentioned that there was someone by the name of Sun.

You must be a fiend from somewhere who came here to deceive me."

"The reason why I didn't accompany the two of them," said Pilgrim, "was because my habitual slaying of monsters had offended my master. A kind and compassionate person, he dismissed me when I slaughtered one too many. That's why I was not traveling with him. Are you still ignorant of your ancestor's name?"

"How feckless you are!" said the fiend. "If you were banished by your master, how could you have the gumption to face people here?" Pilgrim said, "You impudent creature! You wouldn't know about the sentiment of 'Once a teacher, always a father,' nor would you know that 'Between father and son, there's no overnight enmity.' If you plan to harm my master, you think I wouldn't come to rescue him? And you didn't stop at that; you even abused me behind my back. What have you got to say to that?"

"Since when did I abuse you?" asked the fiend. Pilgrim replied, "Zhu Eight Rules said you did."

"Don't believe him," said the fiend.

"That Zhu Eight Rules, with his pointed snout, has a tongue like an old maid's! Why do you listen to him?"

"No need for such idle talk," said Pilgrim. "I'll just say that during old Monkey's visit to your house today, you have not shown your distant guest sufficient hospitality. Though you may not have food and wine to entertain your visitor, you have a head. Stick it over here quickly and let old Monkey beat it once with the rod. I'll consider that my taking tea." When the fiend heard this, he roared with laughter, saying, "Pilgrim Sun, you've miscalculated! If you wanted to fight, you shouldn't have followed me here. The various imps under my command, young and old, number in the hundreds. Though you may have arms all over your body, you won't be able to fight your way out." Pilgrim said, "Don't talk rot! And don't mention a few hundreds! Even if you have hundreds of thousands, just call them up one by one and I'll slay them. Every stroke of my rod will find its mark. I guarantee that they will be wiped out! Exterminated!" When the monster heard these words, he quickly gave the order and called up all the monsters before and behind the mountain, all the fiends in and out of the cave. Each holding weapons, they lined up thickly and completely barricaded the several doors inside the cave. When Pilgrim saw this, he was delighted. Gripping his rod with both hands, he shouted "Change!" and changed at once into a person having three heads and six arms. One wave of the golden-hooped rod and it changed into three

golden-hooped rods. Look at him! Six arms wielding the three rods, he plunged into the crowd—like a tiger mauling a herd of sheep, like an eagle alighting on chicken coops. Pity those little fiends! One touch, and heads were smashed to pieces! One brush, and blood flowed like water! He charged back and forth, as if he had invaded an uninhabited region. When he finished, there was only one old monster left, who chased him out the door, crying, "You brazen ape! You are nasty and noxious! You dare oppress people right at their own door!" Spinning around, Pilgrim waved at him, crying, "Come! Come! It's no merit until I've struck you down." Lifting his scimitar, the monster aimed at his opponent's head and hacked away, as dear Pilgrim brandished the iron rod to face him. This time they fought on top of the mountain, halfway between mist and cloud.

Great Sage had great magic power;
The demon had vast abilities.
This one struck sideways with the raw iron rod;
That one raised aslant the steel scimitar.
The scimitar rose softly, and bright mist glowed;
The rod parried lightly, and colored clouds flew.
Back and forth it circled to protect the head;
Round and round it turned to guard the body.
One followed the wind to change his looks;
One shook his body standing on the ground.
This one widened his fiery eyes and stretched his simian arms;
That one flared his golden pupils and bent his tigerlike waist.
Coming and going, they fought round and round—
Rod and scimitar giving blow for blow.
The Monkey King's rod conformed to battle art;
The fiend's scimitar followed the rules of war.
One had always worked his skills to be a demon-lord;
One had used his vast power to guard the Tang Monk.
The fierce Monkey King became more fierce;
The violent monster grew more violent.
Heedless of life or death they fought in the air,
All for Tang Monk's quest for Buddha from afar.

The two of them fought for over fifty rounds, but a decision could not be reached. Secretly pleased, Pilgrim thought to himself, "The scimitar of this brazen monster is quite a match for the rod of old Monkey! Let me pretend to blunder and see if he can detect it."

Dear Monkey King! He raised the rod above his head with both his hands, using the style of "Tall-Testing the Horse."

The fiend did not perceive that it was a trick. When he saw that there was a chance, he wielded the scimitar and slashed at the lower third of Pilgrim's body. Pilgrim quickly employed the "Great Middle Level" to fend off the scimitar, after which he followed up with the style of "Stealing Peaches beneath the Leaves" and brought the rod down hard on the monster's head. This one blow made the monster vanish completely. He retrieved his rod to look around, but the monster-spirit was nowhere to be seen. Greatly startled, Pilgrim said, "O my child! You can't take much beating! One stroke, and you're dead! But even if you were beaten to death, there had to be some blood or pus left. Why isn't there a trace of you? You must have escaped, I suppose." Leaping up quickly to the edge of the clouds, he stared in all four directions, but there was not the

faintest movement anywhere. “These two eyes of old Monkey,” he said, “can see everything anywhere. How could he vanish just like that? Ah, I know! That fiend said that he recognized me somewhat, and that meant that he couldn’t possibly be an ordinary monster of this world. Most likely he was a spirit from Heaven.” Unable to suppress his anger, the Great Sage somersaulted all at once and leaped up to the South Heavenly Gate, wielding his iron rod. Pang, Liu, Gou, Bi, Zhang, Tao, Deng, Xin, and the other celestial captains, were so startled that they bowed on both sides of the gate and dared not stop him. He fought his way in and arrived before the Hall of Perfect Light. Zhang, Ge, Xu, and Qiu, the Celestial Masters, asked him, “Why did the Great Sage come here?”

“Because I accompanied the Tang Monk until the Precious Image Kingdom,” said Pilgrim, “where there was a demon who had seduced the princess and sought to harm my master. Old Monkey waged a contest with him, but as we were fighting I suddenly lost him. I don’t think he’s an ordinary fiend of Earth; he has to be a spirit from Heaven. I came especially to investigate whether any monster deity has left the ranks.” When the Celestial Masters heard this, they entered the Hall of Divine Mists to make the report, and an order immediately was issued to take the roll among the Nine Luminaries, the Twelve Branches, the Five Planets of the Five Quarters, the numerous gods of the Milky Way, the Gods of the Five Mountains, and the Four Rivers. Every one of the Heavenly deities was present, for none dared to leave his post. The investigation was then extended beyond the Big Dipper Palace, and the count, back and forth among the Twenty-eight Constellations, had turned up only twenty-seven members. Revatī, the Wood-Wolf Star, was missing.

The Preceptors returned to report to the Throne, saying “Revatī, the Wood-Wolf Star, has left for the Region Below.”

The Jade Emperor said, “For how long has he been away from Heaven?”

“He was absent for four muster-roll calls,” said the Preceptors. “The roll is taken once every three days, so today is the thirteenth day.”

“The thirteenth day in Heaven,” said the Jade Emperor, “is the thirteenth year on Earth.”

He thereupon gave the order for the Star’s own department to recall him back to Heaven.

After having received the decree, the Twenty-seven Constellations went out of the Heavenly Gate and each of them recited a spell, which aroused Revatī. “Where was he hiding?” you ask. The Star, actually, had been a celestial warrior who was terror stricken when the Great Sage caused great disturbance in Heaven previously. Just now, the Star hid himself in a mountain stream, and the water vapor had covered up his monster-cloud. That was why he could not be seen. Only when he heard his own colleagues reciting their spells did he dare emerge and follow the crowd to return to the Region Above. He was met by the Great Sage at the gate, who wanted to hit him, but fortunately the other Stars managed to put a stop to it. He was then taken to see the Jade Emperor. Taking out the golden plaque from his waist, the fiend knelt below the steps of the hall and kowtowed, admitting his guilt.

“Revatī, the Wood-Wolf Star,” said the Jade Emperor, “there is boundless beauty in the Region Above. Instead of enjoying this, you chose to visit in secret another region. Why?”

"Your Majesty," said Revatī the Star, kowtowing, "please pardon the mortal offense of your subject. The princess of the Precious Image Kingdom is no ordinary mortal; she is actually the jade girl in charge of incense in the Spread Incense Hall. She wanted to have an affair with your subject, who was afraid, however, that this act would defile the noble region of the Celestial Palace. Longing for the world, she went first to the Region Below where she assumed human form in the imperial palace. Your subject, not wanting to disappoint her, changed himself into a demon. After I occupied a famous mountain, I abducted her to my cave dwelling where we became husband and wife for thirteen years. Thus 'not even a sup or a bite is not foreordained,' and it is fated that Great Sage Sun should accomplish his merit at this time." When the Jade Emperor heard these words, he ordered that the Star's golden plaque be taken away from him; he was then banished to the Tushita Palace to be a paid fire-tender for Laozi, with the stipulation that he would be restored to his rank if he made merit, and that he would be punished further if he did not.

When Pilgrim saw how the Jade Emperor disposed of the matter, he was so pleased that he bowed deeply to the Throne. Then he said to the other deities, "All of you, thanks for taking the trouble."

"This ape," said one of the Masters, laughing, "is still so uncouth! We have taken captive for him the monster-god, and instead of showing his gratitude to the Heavenly Grace properly, he leaves after only taking a bow."

The Jade Emperor said, "We count it our good fortune already if he doesn't start any trouble and leaves Heaven in peace." Lowering the direction of his auspicious luminosity, the Great Sage went back directly to the Current-Moon Cave of the Casserole Mountain, where he found the princess. As he was just giving her an account of all that went before, they heard Eight Rules and Sha Monk shouting in midair, "Elder Brother, save a few monster-spirits for us to beat, too."

"They are all finished," said Pilgrim. "In that case," said Sha Monk, "nothing should detain us here. Let's bring the princess back to court. Brothers, let's do the magic of Shortening the Ground."

All the princess heard was the rushing of wind, and in a moment, they were back in the city. The three of them brought the princess up to the Palace of the Golden Chimes, where she bowed reverently to her parents and met again her sisters. Thereafter, the various officials all came to pay their respects. "We are truly beholden to Elder Sun," said the princess to the Throne, "whose boundless dharma power subdued the Yellow Robe Fiend and brought me back to our kingdom."

"What kind of monster is that Yellow Robe?" asked the king. Pilgrim said, "The son-in-law of Your Majesty happens to be the Star Revatī from the Region Above, and your daughter was the jade girl in charge of incense. Because of her longing for the world, they both descended to Earth to assume human forms. It was no small thing that they should consummate a marriage contracted in their previous existence. When old Monkey went to the Celestial Palace to report to the Jade Emperor, it was discovered that the fiend had not answered the muster-roll for four times. This meant that he had left Heaven for thirteen days, and correspondingly thirteen years had passed on Earth, for a day in Heaven is a year down here. The Jade Emperor ordered the Constellations of his department to recall him to the Region Above, where he was then banished to work for further merit in the Tushita Palace. Old Monkey was then able to bring back your daughter."

After the king had thanked Pilgrim for his kindness, he said, “Let’s go and take a look at your master.”

The three disciples followed the king and descended from the treasure hall to go into one of the chambers in the court, where the officials brought out the iron cage and loosened the chains on the specious tiger. Everyone still saw the tiger as a tiger, but Pilgrim alone saw him as a man. The master, you see, was imprisoned by diabolical magic; though he understood everything, he could neither walk nor open his eyes or mouth. “Master,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “you are a good monk. How did you manage to end up with a fearsome look like that? You blamed me for working evil and violence and banished me. You claimed that you wanted to practice virtue single-mindedly. How did you acquire such features all at once?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “please save him. Don’t just ridicule him.”

“You pick on me in everything,” said Pilgrim, “and you are his favorite disciple. Why don’t you save him? Why do you ask old Monkey instead? Remember what I said originally, that after I had subdued the monster to avenge myself from his abuse, I would go back.” Sha Monk drew near and knelt down, saying, “Elder Brother, the ancients said, ‘If you don’t regard the priest, do regard the Buddha.’ If you are here, I beseech you to save him. If we could do so, we wouldn’t have traveled all that distance to plead with you.” Raising him with his hands, Pilgrim said, “How could I possibly be content not to save him? Get me some water, quick!”

Eight Rules rushed back to the post-house and took out the purple gold alms bowl from the luggage. He returned and handed to Pilgrim the bowl half-filled with water. As he took the water in his hand, Pilgrim recited a magic spell and spat a mouthful of water on the tiger. At once the diabolical magic was dispelled and the tigerish illusion was broken.

After the elder had appeared in his original body, he recovered sufficiently to open his eyes and recognize Pilgrim, whom he took hold of with his hands immediately. “Wukong,” he cried, “where did you come from?” Standing to one side, Sha Monk gave a thorough account of what had taken place, and Tripitaka was filled with gratitude, saying, “Worthy disciple, I owe you everything! I owe you everything! Let’s hope that we’ll reach the West soon. When we return to the Land of the East, I’ll report to the Tang emperor that yours is the highest merit.”

“Don’t mention it! Don’t mention it!” said Pilgrim with laughter. “Just don’t recite that little something, and your living kindness will be most appreciated.” When the king heard this, he also gave thanks to all four of them before preparing a huge vegetarian banquet for them in the Eastern Palace. After they had enjoyed these royal favors, master and disciples took leave of the king and headed for the West. The king led all his ministers through great distance to send them off. So it was that

The king returned to the palace, his empire secured;
The monk went to worship Buddha at Thunderclap.

We do not know what took place thereafter or when they would reach the Western Heaven; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-TWO

On Level-Top Mountain the sentinel brings a message
At Lotus-Flower Cave Wood Mother meets disaster

We were telling you about the Tang Monk, who acquired again the service of Pilgrim Sun; master and disciples thereupon embarked on the road to the West, united once more in heart and mind. After they had rescued the princess of the Precious Image Kingdom and been sent off by its king and officials, they journeyed without ceasing, taking food and drink when they hungered and thirsted, resting by night and traveling by day. Soon it was again the time of Triple Spring, a season when

Light breezes blow on willow green as silk,
A lovely scene most fit for verse.
The times hasten bird songs;
The warmth kindles flowers,
Fragrant blooms all around.
A pair of swallows comes to the apple court,
Just in time to enjoy spring:
Red dust on purple paths,
Strings, pipes, and the silk gowns,
Games and passing the wine cups.

As master and disciples walked and enjoyed the scenery, they found another mountain barring their way. "Disciples," said the Tang Monk, "please be careful. We have a tall mountain before us, and I fear that tigers and wolves might be here to obstruct us."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "a man who has left the family should not speak as those who remain in the family. Don't you remember the words of the *Heart Sūtra* given to you by that Crow's Nest Priest:

'No hindrances, and therefore, no terror or fear; he is far removed from error and delusion'? Only you must

Sweep away the filth of your mind,
And wash off the dust by your ears.
Not tasting the most painful of pain,
You'll never be a man among men.

You mustn't worry, for if you have old Monkey, everything will be all right even if the sky collapses. Don't be afraid of any tiger or wolf!" Pulling in the reins of his horse, the elder said, "Since I

Departed Chang'an that year by decree,
My sole thought fixed on Buddha in the West—
That bright, golden image in Śārī-land,
Those jade-white brows in the pagoda blessed.
I searched through this world's waters without name;
I climbed all the mountains unscaled by man.
Fold upon fold the mists and waves extend,
When can I myself true leisure attain?"

When Pilgrim heard what he said, he roared with laughter, saying, “If Master wants true leisure, it’s not that difficult! When you achieve your merit, then all the nidānas will cease and all forms will be but emptiness. At that time, leisure will come to you most naturally.”

Hearing these words, the elder had to be content to put aside his anxiety and urge his horse on. Master and disciples began to ascend the mountain, which was truly rugged and treacherous. Marvelous mountain!

The tall, rugged peak;
The sharp, pointed summit.
Within the deep, winding brook—
Beside the lone, rugged cliff—
Within the deep, winding brook
You hear water loudly splashing as a serpent turns;
Beside the lone, rugged cliff
You see the big mountain tiger wagging its tail.
Look above:
The jutting peaks stab through the green sky.
Turn your eyes:
The canyon’s deep and dark as the empyrean.
Start climbing:
It’s like a ladder, a stair.
Walk down there:
It’s like a moat, a ditch.
It’s truly a weird, hillocked range;
It’s indeed a steep-banked precipice.
On top of the hillocked range
The herb-picker is wary of walking;
Before the precipice
The woodsman finds it hard to move an inch!
Foreign goats and wild horses madly gallop;
Wily hares and mountain bulls seem to form in ranks.
The mountain’s height does hide the sun and stars;
One often meets strange creatures and white wolves.
Through dense grassy path the horse can hardly pass.
How could one see Buddha at Thunderclap?

As the elder pulled back his horse to survey this mountain, which was so difficult to ascend, he saw a woodcutter standing on the green slope above. “How was he dressed?” you ask.

His head wore an old rain hat of blue felt;
He had on him a monk-robe of black wool.
The old rain hat of blue felt:
Indeed a rare thing to ward off sunlight and mists;
The monk-robe of black wool:
A sign of utter contentment rarely seen.
His hands held a steel ax polished highly;
He tied his machete-cut firewood firmly.
The spring hues at the ends of his pole

Quietly overflowed in all four seasons;
His carefree life as a recluse
Had always been blessed by the Three Stars.
He resigned himself to grow old in his lot.
What glory or shame could invade his world?

That woodcutter

Was just chopping firewood before the slope,
When the elder came abruptly from the East.
He stopped his ax to go out of the woods
And walked with big strides up the rocky ledge.

In a severe voice, he cried out to the elder, "The elder who is going toward the West, please stop for a moment. I have something to tell you. There is a bunch of vicious demons and cruel monsters in this mountain devoted to eating travelers who come from the East and go toward the West." When the elder heard what he said, his spirit left him and his soul fled. He shook so violently that he could hardly sit on the saddle.

Turning around quickly, he shouted to his disciples, "Did you hear what the wood-cutter said about the vicious demons and cruel monsters? Which of you dare go and ask him in greater detail?"

"Master, relax!" said Pilgrim. "Old Monkey will go and question him thoroughly."

Dear Pilgrim! He strode up the mountain and addressed the woodcutter as "Big Brother" before bowing to him with folded hands.

The woodcutter returned his greeting, saying, "Elder, why did you people come here?"

"To tell you the truth, Big Brother," said Pilgrim, "we were sent from the Land of the East to go acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. That one on the horse is my master.

He is rather timid; when he heard just now what you said about vicious demons and cruel monsters, he asked me to question you. For how many years have there been demons and monsters? Are they real professionals, or are they just amateurs? Let Big Brother take the trouble to tell me, so that I may order the mountain god and the local spirit to send them away in custody." When the woodcutter heard these words, he faced the sky and roared with laughter, saying, "So, you are really a mad monk!"

"I am not mad," said Pilgrim, "and this is the honest truth."

"If you are honest," said the woodcutter, "how dare you talk about sending them away in custody?" Pilgrim said, "The way you are magnifying their power, the way you have stopped us with your foolish announcement and silly report, could it be that you are somehow related to these monsters? If you are not a relative, you must be a neighbor; if not a neighbor, you must be a friend."

"You mad, impudent monk!" said the woodcutter, laughing. "You are so unreasonable! My intentions were good and that was why I made a special effort to bring this message to you, so that you could take precaution at all times when you journey. Now you are blaming me instead. Let's not say just yet that I don't know

anything about the origin of those monsters. But suppose you have found that out, how would you dispose of them? Where would you send them away in custody?"

"If they are demons from Heaven," said Pilgrim, "I'll send them to see the Jade Emperor. If they are demons of Earth, I'll send them to the Palace of Earth. Those of the West will be returned to Buddha; those of the East will be returned to the sages; those of the North will be returned to Zhenwu; those of the South will be returned to Mars.

If they are dragon spirits, they will be sent to the Lords of Oceans; if they are ghosts and ogres, they will be sent to King Yama. Every class has its proper place and direction, and old Monkey is familiar with all of them. All I need to do is to issue a court order, and they will be sent off in a hurry. Even at night!"

The woodcutter could hardly stop his scornful laughter, saying, "You mad, impudent monk! You must have made a pilgrimage to some place and learned some paltry magic of drawing up charms and casting spells with water. You may be able to drive away demons and suppress ghosts, but you have never run into such vicious and cruel monsters."

"In what way are they vicious and cruel?" asked Pilgrim. The woodcutter said, "The length of this mountain range is about six hundred miles, and it's called the Level-Top Mountain.

In the mountain is a cave by the name of Lotus-Flower Cave. There are two old demons in the cave who had portraits made with the intent to catch the priests, and who had names and surnames written down because they insisted on eating the Tang Monk. If you have come from another region, you might get by, but if you are in any way associated with the word 'Tang' you'll never pass here."

"We are exactly those who have come from the Tang court," said Pilgrim. The woodcutter said, "And they specifically want to devour you."

"Lucky! Lucky!" said Pilgrim. "How would they like to eat us?"

"Why do you ask?" said the woodcutter. "If they want to eat me headfirst," said Pilgrim, "it's still manageable, but if they want to eat me feetfirst, it'll be more bothersome."

The woodcutter asked, "What's the difference between eating you headfirst and feetfirst?"

"You haven't experienced this," replied Pilgrim. "If he eats me headfirst, one bite will kill me, of course. Even if he were to fry, saute, braise, or boil me thereafter, I wouldn't know the pain. But if he eats me feetfirst, he can start by munching on my shanks and then proceed to gnaw on my thighs. He can devour me up to my pelvic bones, and I still might not die in a hurry. Will I not be left to suffer bit by bit? That's why it is bothersome."

"Monk," said the woodcutter, "he is not going to spend all that effort on you. All he wants is to catch you and have you bound in a large steamer. Once you are cooked, he'll eat you whole!"

"That's even better! That's even better!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "There won't be pain; I have to endure a little stuffiness, that's all."

"Don't be so sassy, monk," said the woodcutter, "for those monsters have with them five treasures which possess tremendous magic powers. Even if you happen to be the jade pillar that holds up the sky, or the golden bridge that spans the ocean, if you

want to protect the priest of the Tang court and pass this place safely, you will have to become a little mad."

"For how many times?" asked Pilgrim. "At least three or four times," replied the woodcutter. Pilgrim said, "That's nothing! Throughout a year, we must have become mad for seven or eight hundred times. These three or four—what's that to us? A little madness and we are through."

Dear Great Sage! He was not at all afraid. Eager only to accompany the Tang Monk, he abandoned the woodcutter and returned with big strides to where the horse was standing before the mountain slope. "Master, it's nothing serious," he said. "There are a couple of puny monster-spirits, to be sure, but people around here are rather timid and overly concerned. You have me, so why worry? Let's get going! Let's get going!" When the elder heard what he said, he had no choice but to proceed. As they walked, the woodcutter vanished.

The elder said, "Why did that woodcutter who brought us the message disappear all at once?"

"Our luck must be rather poor," said Eight Rules, "we have met a ghost in broad daylight."

"He must have crawled back into the forest to find firewood," said Pilgrim. "Let me take a look."

Dear Great Sage! He opened wide his fiery eyes and diamond pupils to scan the mountain far and near, but there was no trace of the woodcutter. He raised his head and suddenly saw the Day Sentinel on the edge of the clouds. Mounting the clouds, he gave chase immediately, shouting several times, "Clumsy devil!" When he caught up with the deity, he said, "If you had something to say, why didn't you present yourself and speak plainly? Why did you have to put on all that transformation to make fun of old Monkey?"

The sentinel was so frightened that he bowed before he said, "Great Sage, please do not take offense at my tardiness in bringing you the news. Those fiends do have great magic powers, and they know many ways of transformation. It's up to you to use all your cleverness, to exercise all your divine intelligence to guard your master carefully. If you are the slightest bit negligent, you can't get through this road to reach the Western Heaven." When Pilgrim heard this, he drove away the sentinel, though the words he kept firmly in his mind. Lowering the direction of his cloud, he returned to the mountain. As he saw the elder proceeding with Eight Rules and Sha Monk, he thought to himself, "If I give an honest account of what the sentinel said to Master, he will weep for sure. He's so weak! If I don't tell him the truth, I can put something over him and lead him forward. But as the proverb says, 'Wading suddenly into a swamp, you can't tell if it's deep or shallow.' If Master indeed were to be taken by the monsters, won't old Monkey be asked to expend his energy again? Let me take good care of Eight Rules instead. I'm going to make him go and wage a battle with those monsters first and see what happens; if he wins, we will consider that to be his merit. If his abilities are no good and he is caught by the monsters, there will still be time for old Monkey to go rescue him. I can display my powers then and further spread my fame." Using the mind to question the mind, he was thus deliberating with himself:

"I fear that Eight Rules is so lazy that he will refuse to volunteer his service. Master, moreover, is so protective toward him. I'll have to use some gimmick."

Dear Great Sage! Look at the chicanery he's resorting to! Rubbing his eyes for awhile, he managed to squeeze out some tears as he walked back facing his master. When Eight Rules saw that, he cried out at once, "Sha Monk, put down your pole. Bring the luggage over here and we two will divide it up."

"Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "Why divide it up?"

"Divide it!" said Eight Rules.

"You can then go back to the River of Flowing Sand and become a monster again. Old Hog will return to the Old Gao Village to see how my wife is doing; we can sell the white horse and buy a coffin for Master in preparation for his old age. All of us can scatter. Why bother about going to the Western Heaven?" When the elder heard this on the horse, he said, "This coolie! We are still journeying. What's all this babble?"

"Only your son babbles!" said Eight Rules. "Don't you see that Pilgrim Sun is weeping over there as he walks toward us? He's a stalwart warrior who's not afraid of hacking by the ax, burning by fire, or even a pot of boiling oil, one who can penetrate Heaven and pierce the Earth.

Now he has put on a cap of sorrow and arrived gushing tears. It has to be that the mountain is rugged, and that the monsters are truly vicious. How then do you expect weaklings like us to proceed?"

The elder said, "Stop this nonsense! Let me question him and see what he says."

He therefore asked, "Wukong, if you have something to say, let's discuss the matter face to face. Why are you so distressed all by yourself? Are you trying to frighten me with that tearful face of yours?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "just now the one who brought us the message happened to be the Day Sentinel. He said that the monster-spirits were most vicious, making this place a difficult one to pass through. It is indeed a treacherous road through a tall mountain. I don't think we can go through it now; we may as well wait for another time." When the elder heard these words, he was greatly shaken. Tugging at Pilgrim's tiger-skin kilt, he said, "Disciple, we have covered almost half the journey. Why are you speaking such discouraging words?"

"I'm not undevoted to our cause," said Pilgrim, "but I fear that the demons are many and my strength is limited if I have no help. As the saying goes, 'Even if it's a piece of iron in the furnace, how many nails can you beat out of it?'" "Disciple," said the elder, "you have a point there. It is difficult for a single person to handle this matter, for as the military book says, 'The few cannot withstand the many.' But I have Eight Rules and Sha Monk here, both my disciples. I permit you to command and use them as you wish, so that they can serve as your helpers, someone to protect your flank. Only you should work together to clear up a path and lead me across this mountain. Will we not then be attaining the right fruit?"

All that legerdemain of Pilgrim, you see, was aimed at eliciting from the elder these few words. He wiped away his tears, saying, "Master, if you want to cross this mountain, Zhu Eight Rules has to agree to do two things for me. Only then will we have about a third of a chance to get by. If he doesn't agree to help me, you might as well forget about the whole matter."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "if we can't do it, let's scatter. Don't drag me down."

"Disciple," said the elder, "let's ask your Elder Brother first and see what he wants you to do." Idiot indeed said to Pilgrim, "Elder Brother, what do you want me to do?"

"The first thing is to look after Master," said Pilgrim, "and the second is to go patrol the mountain."

Eight Rules said, "Looking after Master means sitting right here, whereas to patrol the mountain means taking a walk somewhere. Do you want me to sit awhile and walk awhile? How can I do two things at once?"

"I'm not telling you to do two things at once," said Pilgrim, "but to select one only."

"That's easier to decide," said Eight Rules, chuckling, "but I don't know what's involved in looking after Master or in patrolling the mountain. Tell me something of my duties and I can then carry them out accordingly."

"To look after Master," said Pilgrim, "means that if he wants to move his bowels, you wait on him; if he wants to journey, you assist him; if he wants to eat, you go to beg for vegetarian food. If he suffers from hunger even slightly, you'll be beaten; if he pales a little, you'll be beaten; if he loses some weight, you'll be beaten."

Horrified, Eight Rules said, "This is terribly difficult! Terribly difficult! To wait on him or to help him to walk—that's nothing, and even if I have to carry him bodily, it's still an easy matter. But if he wants to send me to beg for food, I fear that there might be those on this road to the West who won't recognize that I'm a monk seeking scriptures. They might think that I'm a healthy hog just reaching maturity and then have me surrounded by many people with brooms, rakes, pitchforks, and all. I'll be taken to their homes, slaughtered, and cured for the new year. Wouldn't that be like meeting the plague?"

"Then go and patrol the mountain," said Pilgrim.

"What does that involve?" asked Eight Rules.

Pilgrim replied, "Go into the mountain and find out how many monsters there are, what kind of mountain this is, and what kind of cave there is. We can then make plans to pass through."

"This is a small thing," said Eight Rules. "Old Hog will go patrol the mountain."

Hitching up his garment at once, Idiot held high his muckrake and strode energetically up the road leading into the mountain.

As he watched Eight Rules leave, Pilgrim could not suppress his giggles. "You impudent ape!" scolded the elder. "As a brother, you haven't shown the least bit of sympathy or kindness. You are constantly envious of one another. With all that base cunning, all those 'clever words and an ingratiating appearance,' you have managed to trick him already into the so-called patrolling the mountain. Now you are even mocking him with your laugh!"

"I'm not mocking him," said Pilgrim, "because there's another meaning in my laughter. You see that Eight Rules has left, but he will not go to patrol the mountain, nor will he dare to face the monsters. He will go instead somewhere to hide for awhile and then come back to deceive us with some story that he has made up."

"How do you know that about him?" asked the elder. Pilgrim replied, "I suspect that's how he will behave. If you don't believe me, let me follow him and find out. I can also lend him some assistance in subduing the monsters, and see at the same time whether he is earnest in seeking the Buddha."

"Fine! Fine! Fine!" said the elder, "but you must not play tricks on him." Pilgrim agreed and ran up the slope of the mountain. Shaking his body once, he changed into a tiny mole cricket, indeed a delicate and lightsome transformation. You see

Thin wings dance in the wind without effort;
A small waist sharp as a pin.
He darts through rushes and the floral shades
Faster than even a comet.
Eyes that are shining bright;
A voice that's soft and faint.
Of insects he's one of the smallest:
Slender, shapely, and sly.
A few times he rests idle in the secluded woods—
His whole body out of sight,
Lost to a thousand eyes.

Spreading his wings, he flew with a buzz up there, caught up with Eight Rules, and alighted on his neck beneath the bristles behind his ear. Idiot was intent on traveling; how could he know that someone had landed on his body? After walking for seven or eight miles, he dropped his muckrake, turned around, and faced the direction of the Tang Monk. Gesturing vehemently with hands and feet, he began to let loose a string of abuses. "You doddering old priest!" he said. "You unscrupulous Ban-Horse-Plague! You sissy Sha Monk! All of you are enjoying yourselves, but you trick old Hog into stumping the road. All of us seeking the scriptures hope to attain the right fruit, but you have to make me do this so-called patrolling the mountain. Ha, ha, ha! If there are monsters known to be in this place, we should have taken cover and tried to get by undetected. But that's not sufficient for you; you have to make me go find them instead! Well, that's your bad luck! I'm going to find some place and take a nap. When I am through sleeping, I'll go back and give you a vague story about having patrolled the mountain, and that will be that!" It was the good fortune of the moment for Idiot. As he walked further along, carrying his muckrake, he discovered a clump of red grass in the fold of the mountain. He crawled inside at once and used his muckrake to create for himself some sort of floor mat. Lying down and stretching himself, he said, "O joy! Even that Ban-Horse-Plague is not as comfortable as I am now!"

But Pilgrim, you see, who had stationed himself behind his ear, heard every word. No longer able to contain himself, Pilgrim flew up and decided to badger him a little. With one shake of his body he changed again into a small woodpecker. You see

A fine bill iron hard and glossy red
And bright, gleaming patterned plumage.
Owning a pair of steel claws sharp as nails,
Famished he fears not quiet woods.
He loves best the dried trunks worm-rotted;
He cares, too, for the lonely old tree.
Round-eyed, fan-tailed, he's very perky—
His pecking sounds are worth hearing!

This creature was neither too big nor too small, weighing perhaps only several ounces. Armed with a red bronze-hard bill and black iron claws, he hurtled straight down from the air. Eight Rules was just sleeping soundly with head upturned when his snout received a terrific bite. So startled was Idiot that he scampered up at once, madly shouting, "A monster! A monster! He stabbed me with the lance! Oh, my mouth is sore!"

He rubbed it with his hands and blood spurted out. "That's weird!" he said, "I'm not involved in any happy event. Why has my mouth been painted red?"

He stared at his bloody hands, muttering to himself confusedly, but he could not detect the least trace of movement around him. He said, "There's no monster. Then why was I stabbed by a lance?"

He raised his head to look upward and suddenly discovered a small woodpecker flying in the air. Gritting his teeth, Idiot shouted, "You wretched outcast! Isn't it enough that Ban-Horse-Plague should oppress me? Why must you, too, oppress me? Ah, I know! He must not have recognized that I'm a human, thinking instead that my snout is a charred, rotted tree trunk with worms inside. He's looking for worms to eat and that's why he gives me a bite. Let me hide my snout in my chest."

Tumbling on the ground, Idiot again lay down to sleep. Pilgrim flew down once more and gave the base of his ear another bite.

Alarmed, Idiot jumped up, saying, "This wretched outcast! He's really harassing me! This must be where his nest is located, and he's worried that I have taken his eggs or offspring. That's why he's harassing me. All right! All right! All right! I'm not going to sleep anymore." Poling his rake, he left the red grass meadow and started up the road again. Meanwhile, Pilgrim Sun nearly broke up with amusement, the Handsome Monkey King almost collapsed with laughter. "This coolie!" he said. "Even those wide open eyes couldn't recognize one of his own!"

Dear Great Sage! Shaking his body and changing again into a mole cricket, he attached himself firmly to Idiot's ear once more.

After walking four or five miles deep into the mountain, Idiot came upon in a valley three square slabs of green rock, each about the size of a table. Putting down his rake, Idiot bowed deeply to the rocks. Laughing silently to himself, Pilgrim said, "This Idiot! The rocks are no humans; they know neither how to talk nor how to return his greeting. Why bow to them? That's truly blind homage!"

But Idiot, you see, pretended that the rocks were the Tang Monk, Sha Monk, and Pilgrim. Facing the three of them, Idiot was rehearsing what he would say. Said he, "This time when I go back to see Master, I'll say that there are monsters, should they ask me. And if they ask me what kind of mountain this is, I'll say that it's molded of clay, made of mud, wrought of tin, forged by copper, steamed with flour, plastered with paper, and painted with the brush. If they claim that I'm speaking idiotic words, I'm going to say some more. I'll say that this is a rocky mountain. If they ask me what sort of a cave there is, I'll say there is a rocky cave. If they ask me what kind of doors there are, I'll say there are sheet-iron doors studded with nails. If they ask me how deep is the cave inside, I'll say that there are some three sections in the dwelling. If they persist in trying to learn everything, such as how many nails there are on the door, I'll only say that old Hog is too preoccupied to remember the exact number. Well, now that I have everything all made up, I'm going to go back to hoodwink that Ban-Horse-Plague."

Having fabricated his story, Idiot dragged his rake along to retrace his steps. He did not know, however, that Pilgrim heard everything behind his ear. When Pilgrim saw him turning back, he stretched his wings and flew back first, changing back to his original form to see his master. "Wukong, so you have come back," said the master. "Why don't we see Wuneng also?"

"He's just making up some lies," said Pilgrim, chuckling. "He'll be here soon."

The elder said, "A person like him who has his eyes covered by his ears has to be a stupid fellow. What sort of lies can he make up? It's got to be some hum-buggery of yours again, trying to put the blame on him."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "you are always covering up his faults. What I have to tell you, however, is based on evidence."

He thereupon gave a complete account of how Idiot crawled into the clump of grass to sleep and was bitten by the woodpecker, and how he bowed to the rocks and made up the story on monster-spirits in the rocky mountain, in the rocky cave with the sheet-iron doors.

After he finished, Idiot came walking back in a little while. As he was afraid that he might forget what he had made up, he was still rehearsing with head bowed when Pilgrim shouted at him, "Idiot, what are you reciting?" Sticking up his ears so that he could glance around, Eight Rules said, "I'm back at the old homestead!"

He went forward and knelt down, but the elder raised him up, saying, "Disciple, you must be tired!"

"Yes," said Eight Rules, "the person who walks or climbs mountains is the one most tired."

"Are there any monsters?" asked the elder. Eight Rules said, "Yes, yes! There is a whole bunch of them!"

"How did they treat you?" asked the elder. Eight Rules said, "They called me Ancestor Hog and Grandfather Hog; they also prepared some vegetarian food and soup noodles for me to eat, saying that they would put on a big parade to take us across this mountain."

"Could this be your talking in your dreams, after you have fallen asleep in the grass?" asked Pilgrim. When Idiot heard the question, he was so astounded that he almost lost two inches of his height, saying, "O Father! How could he know about my sleeping?" Pilgrim went forward and caught hold of him, saying, "You come over here! Let me ask you!" Idiot became even more alarmed; trembling all over, he said, "You can ask me anything. Why do you have to grab me like that?"

"What kind of a mountain is there?" asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules said, "It's a rocky mountain."

"What kind of a cave?"

"It's a rocky cave," he said. "What kind of doors are there?" Pilgrim asked. "There are sheet-iron doors studded with nails," he said. "How deep is the cave inside?"

"There are three sections inside," he said. "No need for you to say any more," said Pilgrim. "I can remember the last part quite clearly, but because I fear that Master still won't believe me, I'll say that for you."

"You sneak!" said Eight Rules. "You didn't even go with me! What do you know that you can say for me?"

"How many nails are there on the doors?" said Pilgrim, laughing, "Just say that old Hog is too preoccupied to remember clearly. Isn't that about right?" Idiot was so frightened that he fell on his knees at once. Pilgrim said, "You bowed to the rocks and began speaking to them as if they were the three of us. Isn't that right? You also said, 'Let me make up this story so that I can go hoodwink that Ban-Horse-Plague.' Isn't that right also?"

"Elder Brother," said Idiot, kowtowing unceasingly, "could it be that you accompanied me when I went to patrol the mountain?"

"You overstuffed coolie!" scolded Pilgrim. "This is an important area. We asked you to go patrol the mountain, and you went to sleep instead. If the woodpecker hadn't jabbed you up, you would still be sleeping there. After you were roused, you even made up such a big lie. You could completely ruin our important enterprise, couldn't you? Stick out your shanks at once, and you'll receive five strokes of the rod as a keepsake."

Horrified, Eight Rules said, "That funeral staff is very heavy: a little touch and my skin will collapse, a little brush and my tendons will snap. Five strokes mean certain death for me." Pilgrim said, "If you are afraid of being beaten, why do you lie?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "it's just this once. I'll never dare do that again."

"All right," said Pilgrim, "I'll give you just three strokes this time."

"O Father!" said Eight Rules. "I can't even bear half a stroke!" Without any alternative, Idiot caught hold of the master and said, "You must speak for me."

The elder said, "When Wukong told me that you were making up this lie, I would not believe him. Now that it is really so, you certainly deserve to be beaten. But we are trying to cross this mountain at the moment, and we need everyone we can use. So Wukong, you may as well spare him now. Let's cross the mountain first, and then you can beat him." Pilgrim said, "The ancients said, 'To obey the sentiments of one's parents is to perform a great filial act.' If Master tells me not to beat you, I'll spare you for the moment. You must go to patrol the mountain again. If you start lying and botch things up once more, I'll not spare you from even one stroke!" Idiot had no choice but to scamper up and leave on the main road. Look at him! As he walked along this time, he was haunted by suspicion, supposing with every step of the way that the transformed Pilgrim was following him. As soon as he came upon an object or thing, he would immediately suspect that it was Pilgrim. After he had gone for about seven or eight miles, he saw a tiger running across the slope. Undaunted, he lifted up his muckrake and said, "Elder Brother, did you come again to listen to my fibs? I told you I wouldn't do that anymore."

As he walked further, a violent mountain gust toppled a dead tree, which rolled up to him. Pounding his chest and stamping his feet, he cried, "Elder Brother! Why did you do this? I told you I would not try to deceive you anymore. Why did you have to change into a tree to strike at me?"

He proceeded still further and saw in the air a white-necked old crow, which squawked several times overhead. He said again, "Elder Brother, aren't you ashamed of yourself? I told you I wouldn't lie anymore.

Why did you still change into an old crow? Are you trying to eavesdrop on me again?"

But this time Pilgrim, you see, did not follow him; he was simply ridden with suspicion and surmise, and we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

We now tell you about the mountain, which was named Level-Top Mountain, in which there was a cave called the Lotus-Flower Cave. There were two fiends in the cave: one had the name of the Great King Golden Horn and the other, the Great King Silver Horn.

As they sat in the cave that day, Golden Horn said to Silver Horn, "Brother, how long has it been since we patrolled the mountain?" Silver Horn said, "It's been half a month."

"Brother," said Golden Horn, "go and patrol it today." Silver Horn said, "Why today?"

"You don't know what I heard recently," said Golden Horn, "that the Tang emperor in the Land of the East had sent his royal brother, the Tang Monk, to worship Buddha in the West. He has three other companions by the names of Pilgrim Sun, Zhu Eight Rules, and Sha Monk; including the horse, there are five of them altogether. Go see where they are and capture them for me." Silver Horn said, "If we want to eat people, we can catch a few anywhere. Where can these monks be? Let them pass."

Golden Horn said, "You don't know about this. The year when I left the Heavenly Region, I heard people say that the Tang Monk is the incarnation of the Elder Gold Cicada, a man who has practiced religion for ten existences, and one who has not allowed any of his yang energy to be dissipated. If anyone can have a taste of his flesh, his age will be vastly lengthened."

"If eating his flesh," said Silver Horn, "can lengthen our age and prolong our lives, what need we to practice sedentary meditation, to arrive at certain attainment, to cultivate the dragon and the tiger, or to achieve the union of the male and the female?

We should just eat him. Let me go and catch him at once."

Golden Horn said, "Brother, you are rather impulsive. Let's not hurry. If you walk out this door and grab any monk that comes along, you would be breaking the law unnecessarily if he were not the Tang Monk. I still recall how the real Tang Monk looks. Let's have portraits made of the master and his disciples that you can take along with you. When you see some monks, you can check whether they are the real ones."

He thereupon had portraits drawn up, and the name of each person was written beside the picture.

Taking the sketches with him, Silver Horn left the cave after calling up thirty little fiends to follow him to patrol the mountain.

We now tell you about Eight Rules, whose fortune was about to take a turn for the worse. As he walked along, he ran right into the various demons, who barred his way and asked, "Who is he that's approaching?" Raising his head and pushing his ears aside, Idiot saw that they were demons and he became quite frightened. He said to himself, "If I say that I'm a monk going to seek scriptures, they may want to seize me. I'd better say I'm only a traveler."

The little fiends reported back to their master, saying, "Great King, it's a traveler."

Among those thirty little fiends, there were some who did not recognize Eight Rules. There were a few, however, who found his face somewhat familiar, and pointing at him, they said, "Great King, this monk looks like the portrait of Zhu Eight Rules."

The old fiend told them at once to hang up the picture so that they could examine it more closely. When Eight Rules saw it, he was greatly shaken, muttering to himself, "No wonder I feel somewhat dispirited of late! They have caught my spirit in this portrait!"

As the little fiends held up the picture with their spears, Silver Horn pointed with his hand, saying, "This one riding the white horse is the Tang Monk, and this one with a hairy face is Pilgrim Sun."

Hearing this, Eight Rules said, "City Guardian, it's all right if I'm not included! I'll present you with three hog's heads, twenty-four portions of pure libation . . ." Mumbling to himself repeatedly, he kept making all sorts of vows.

The fiend, meanwhile, went on to say, "That long dark one is Sha Monk, and this one having a long snout and huge ears is Zhu Eight Rules." When Idiot heard what he said, he was so startled that he lowered his snout toward his chest and tried to conceal it. "Monk, stick out your mouth," cried the fiend. "It's a birth defect," said Eight Rules. "I can't stick it out."

The fiend told the imps to pull it out with hooks, and Eight Rules became so alarmed that he stuck out his snout at once, saying, "It's no more than a homely feature! Here it is! If you want to look at it, just look. Why do you want to use hooks?" Recognizing that it was Eight Rules, the fiend took out his precious blade and hacked away. Idiot parried the blow with his rake, saying, "My child, don't be brazen! Watch my rake!"

The fiend said with a chuckle, "This man became a monk in the middle of life."

"Dear child!" said Eight Rules. "You do have some intelligence! How do you know right away that your father became a monk in the middle of life?"

"If you know how to use the rake," said the fiend, "you must have stolen it after hoeing the fields or gardens of some household."

Eight Rules said, "My child, you won't recognize the rake of your father, for it is not like any ordinary rake for hoeing the ground. We have here

Huge teeth made in the shape of dragon claws,
Adorned with gold and like a tiger formed.
When used in battle it draws down cold wind;
When brought to combat it emits bright flames.
It can for Tang Monk all barriers remove,
Catch all monsters on this road to the West.
When it's wielded, mists hide the sun and moon;
When it's held high, clouds make dim the pole stars.
It knocks down Mount Tai and tigers panic;
It o'erturns oceans and dragons cower.
Though you, monster, may have many skills,
One rake will nine bloody holes produce!"

The fiend heard the words, but he was not ready to step aside. Wielding his sword of seven stars, he charged Eight Rules and they closed in again and again in the

mountain. Even after some twenty rounds, neither appeared to be the stronger one. Growing more and more fierce, Eight Rules began to fight as if he had no regard whatever for his life. When the fiend saw how his opponent flapped his huge ears and spat out saliva, whooping and yelling all the time, he became somewhat frightened. He therefore turned around to call up all his little fiends to do battle. Now, if it were a one-to-one combat, it would have been manageable for Eight Rules. But when he saw all those little fiends approaching, he panicked and turned to flee. The road, however, was not very smooth and he immediately tripped over some vines and dried creepers along the way. As he was struggling to run, one of the little fiends made a flying tackle at his legs, and he hit the ground headfirst like a dog eating shit! The others swarmed all over him, pressing him on the ground, pulling at his mane and his ears, grabbing his legs, and tugging at his tail. They hoisted him up bodily to return to the cave. Alas! Thus it is that

A whole body bursting with demons is hard to destroy;
Ten thousand ills arise, they are tough to remove.

We do not know what happens to the life of Zhu Eight Rules; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-THREE

Heresy deludes the True Nature
Primal Spirit helps the Native Mind

We were telling you about that fiend who hauled Eight Rules into the cave, crying, “Elder Brother, we caught one!”

Delighted, the old demon said, “Bring him here for a look.”

“Isn’t this the one?” said the second demon. “Brother,” said the old demon, “you caught the wrong one. This monk is useless.”

Eight Rules at once jumped at this opportunity and said, “Great King, please release a useless monk and let him go. It’s a crime!”

“Elder Brother,” said the second demon, “don’t release him. Even if he’s useless, he is part of the Tang Monk’s company, and he’s called Zhu Eight Rules. Let’s soak him thoroughly in the pure water pool in the back; when the bristles are plucked and the hide is peeled after the soaking, we can pickle him with salt and sun him dry. He’ll be a good appetizer with wine on a cloudy day.” When Eight Rules heard these words, he said, “What rotten luck! I’ve met up with a monster who traffics in pickled food!”

The little fiends hauled Eight Rules inside and threw him into the water, and we shall speak of him no further.

We tell you now about Tripitaka sitting before the slope; his ears became flushed and his heart began to pound. Growing very restless, he called out, “Wukong, why is it that Wuneng has taken so long to patrol the mountain this time and hasn’t returned?” Pilgrim said, “Master still doesn’t know anything of how his mind works!”

“How does it work?” asked Tripitaka. “Master,” said Pilgrim, “if this mountain truly has monsters, he will find it difficult to advance even half a step. Instead, he will run back to report to us with all sorts of exaggerations. I suppose, however, that there are no monsters, and he must have gone ahead directly when he found the road quiet and safe.”

“If he really has gone ahead,” said Tripitaka, “where shall we meet him? This a wild, mountainous region, not like somewhere in a village or town.” Pilgrim said, “Don’t worry, Master, please mount up. That Idiot is rather lazy, and without doubt he moves very slowly. Urge your horse a little and we’ll certainly catch up with him to proceed together again.”

The Tang Monk indeed climbed on his horse; as Sha Monk poled the luggage, Pilgrim led the way in front to ascend the mountain.

We tell you now instead about the old fiend, who said to the second demon, “Brother, if you have caught Eight Rules, there must also be the Tang Monk somewhere. Go and patrol the mountain again, and make certain that you don’t miss him.”

“At once! At once!” said the second demon, who immediately called up some fifty little fiends to go patrol the mountain with him. As they journeyed, they saw auspicious clouds and luminous ether circling. The second demon said, “Here comes the Tang Monk!”

"Where is he?" asked the various little fiends. The second demon said, "Auspicious clouds will alight on the head of a virtuous man, whereas the black ether emitted from the head of a wicked man will rise up to the sky. That Tang Monk is actually the incarnation of the Elder Gold Cicada, a virtuous man who has practiced austerities for ten existences. That's why he is encircled by these auspicious clouds."

Those little fiends, however, still could not perceive where the monk was. Pointing with his finger, the second demon said, "Isn't that he?" Immediately, Tripitaka on the horse shuddered violently; the demon pointed again, and Tripitaka shuddered once more. This went on for three times, and Tripitaka grew very anxious, saying, "Disciples, why am I shuddering like this?"

"You must have an upset stomach," said Sha Monk, "and that's why you are feeling the chill."

"Nonsense!" said Pilgrim. "Going through this tall mountain and rugged cliff must have made Master rather apprehensive, that's all.

Don't be afraid! Don't be afraid! Let old Monkey put on a show for you with my rod to calm your fears somewhat."

Dear Pilgrim! Whipping out his rod, he began to go through a sequence of maneuvers with the rod as he walked before the horse: up and down, left and right, the thrusts and parries were made in perfect accord with the manuals of martial arts. What the elder saw from the horse was a sight incomparable anywhere in the world! As Pilgrim led the way toward the West, the monster, who was watching on top of the mountain, almost fell over with fear. Scared out of his wits, the monster blurted out, "I have heard about Pilgrim Sun for several years, but today I know that this is no false rumor."

Drawing closer to him, the various fiends said, "Great King, why do you 'magnify the determination of others to diminish your own authority'? Of whom are you boasting?"

"Pilgrim Sun," said the second demon, "truly possesses vast magical powers. We won't be able to eat the Tang Monk."

"Great King," said the fiends, "if you don't have the abilities, let a few of us go and report to the Great, Great King. Ask him to call up all the fighters, young and old, of our cave, and we will all join to form a solid battle front. You fear that he'll be able to escape then?"

"Can't you all see that iron rod of his?" asked the second demon. "It's powerful enough to vanquish ten thousand foes. We have but four or five hundred soldiers in the cave, and they won't be able to take even a single stroke of his rod!"

The fiends said, "If you put it that way, the Tang Monk certainly will not be our food. Doesn't that mean that we have also made a mistake in seizing Zhu Eight Rules? Let's return him to the monks."

"We haven't quite made a mistake," said the second demon, "nor should we send him back so easily. In the end, we are determined to devour the Tang Monk, but we can't do it just yet."

"If you put it that way," said the fiends, "should we wait for a few more years?"

The second demon said, "No need for a few more years. I perceive now that that Tang Monk must be sought for with virtue and not be taken by violence. If we want to

use force to catch him, we won't be able to get even a whiff of him. The only way we can move him is to feign virtue, so that his mind will be made to fuse with our minds, in the process of which we shall plot against him, exploiting the very virtue of his."

The fiends said, "If the Great King wants to devise a plan to catch him, will you want to use us?"

"Each of you may return to our camp," said the second demon, "but you are not permitted to report this to the Great King. If you disturb him and leak the news, my plan may be ruined. I have my own power of transformation, and I can catch him."

The various monsters dispersed; the demon by himself leaped down from the mountain. Shaking his body by the road, he changed into an aged Daoist. "How was he dressed?" you ask. You see

A shining star-patterned cap,
And tousled whitish hair;
A feathered gown wrapped in silk sash,
And sandals tied with yellow coir;
Nice features and bright eyes like a man divine,
A light, healthy body as the Age Star's.
Why speak of the Blue Buffalo Daoist?
He's as strong as White Tablet Master—
A specious form disguised as the true form,
Falsehood feigning to be the honest truth!

By the side of the main road, he masqueraded himself as a Daoist with a bloody, broken leg, whimpering constantly and crying, "Save me! Save me!" We were telling you about Tripitaka, who, relying on the strength of Great Sage Sun and Sha Monk, was proceeding happily when they heard repeatedly the cry, "Master, save me!" When this reached the ears of Tripitaka, he said, "My goodness! My goodness! There is all around not a single village in the wilderness of this mountain. Who could it be that's calling? It must be, I suppose, someone terrified by the tiger or the leopard." Reining in his fine horse, the elder called out, "Who is the person facing this ordeal? Please show yourself."

The fiend crawled out of the bushes and at once banged his head on the ground without ceasing, facing the elder's horse.

When Tripitaka saw that it was a Daoist, and an elderly one at that, he felt sorry for him. Dismounting at once, he tried to take hold of him with his hands, saying, "Please get up! Please get up!"

The fiend said, "It hurts! It hurts!" When Tripitaka released his hold, he discovered that the man's leg was bleeding. "O Master," said the startled Tripitaka, "where did you come from? How is it that your leg is wounded?" With clever speech and specious tongue, the fiend answered falsely, saying, "Master, west of this mountain is a clean and secluded temple, of which I am a Daoist."

Tripitaka said, "Why are you not tending the incense and fires or rehearsing the scriptures and the rituals in the temple? Why are you walking around here?"

"A patron at the southern part of this mountain," said the demon, "invited the Daoists to pray to the stars and distribute the blessings day before yesterday. Last night my disciple and I were walking home when we ran into a ferocious striped tiger in a deep canyon. It seized my disciple and dragged him away in its mouth, while your

terrified Daoist, madly attempting to flee, broke his leg when he fell on a pile of rocks. I couldn't even find my way back. But it must be a great Heavenly affinity that caused me to meet Master today, and I beseech you in your great compassion to save my life. When I get to our temple, I will repay your profound kindness even if it means selling myself into slavery!" When Tripitaka heard these words, he thought they were the truth and said to him, "O Master, we two belong to the same calling— I'm a monk and you're a Daoist. Though our attire may differ, the principles in cultivation, in the practice of austerities, are the same.

If I don't save you, I shouldn't be ranked among those who have left the family. But though I intend to save you, I see that you can't walk."

"I can't even stand up," said the fiend, "so how can I walk?"

"All right, all right!" said Tripitaka. "I can still walk. I'll let you take my horse for this distance. When you get to your temple, you can return the horse to me."

The fiend said, "Master, I'm grateful for your profound kindness, but my inner thigh is hurt. I can't ride."

Tripitaka said, "I see," and he said to Sha Monk, "Put the luggage on my horse, and you carry him."

"I'll carry him," said Sha Monk.

Stealing a quick glance at Sha Monk, the fiend said, "O Master, I was so terrified by that ferocious tiger. Now that I see this priest with such a gloomy complexion, I'm even more frightened. I dare not let him carry me."

"Wukong," said Tripitaka, "you carry him then." Pilgrim immediately answered, "I'll carry him. I'll carry him."

Having made certain that it was Pilgrim who would carry him, the monster became very amiable and did not speak anymore. "You cockeyed old Daoist!" said Sha Monk, laughing. "You don't think it's good for me to carry you, and you want him instead. When he is out of Master's sight, he'll smash even your tendons on a sharp, pointed rock!" Pilgrim, meanwhile, had agreed to put the monster on his back, but he said, chuckling, "You brazen demon, how dare you come to provoke me! You should have made some inquiry on how many years old Monkey has been around! Your fib can deceive the Tang Monk, but do you really think you could fool me? I can tell that you are a fiend of this mountain who wants to eat my master, I suppose. But is my master an ordinary person, someone for you to eat? And even if you want to devour him, you should at least have given a larger half to old Monkey!" When the demon heard Pilgrim muttering like this, he said, "Master, I am the descendant of a good family who has become a Daoist.

It's my misfortune this day to have met this adversity of the tiger. I'm no monster."

"If you fear the tiger and the wolf," said Pilgrim, "why don't you recite the Scripture of the Northern Dipper?"

When Tripitaka heard these words just as he was mounting, he chided, "This wanton ape! 'Saving one life is better than erecting a seven-tiered pagoda.' Isn't it enough that you carry him? Why speak of the Classic of the Northern Dipper or the Classic of the Southern Dipper?" When Pilgrim heard him, he said, "Lucky for this fellow! My master happens to be someone who is inclined toward compassion and

virtue, but also someone who prefers external appearance more than inward excellence. If I don't carry you, he'll blame me, so I'll carry you, all right. But I have to make it clear to you: if you want to piss or shit, tell me first. For if you pour it down my back, I can't take the stink, and there is no one around to wash and starch my clothes when they are soiled."

"Look at my age," said the fiend, "you think I don't understand what you said?" Only then did Pilgrim pull him up and put him on his back before setting out on the main road to the West with the elder and Sha Monk. When they reached a spot in the mountain where the road became bumpy, weaving up and down, Pilgrim took care to walk more slowly, allowing the Tang Monk to proceed first. Before they had gone four or five miles, the master and Sha Monk descended into a fold of the mountain and became completely out of sight. More and more annoyed, Pilgrim thought to himself, "Master is such a fool even though he's a grown man! Traveling this great distance, one gets weary even if one were empty-handed—and he tells me instead to carry this monster! I wish I could throw him off! Let's not say he's a monster; even if he were a good man, he should die without regret for having lived so long. I might as well dash him to the ground and kill him. Why carry him any further?"

As the Great Sage was about to do this, the monster knew instantly of his plan. Knowing how to summon mountains, he resorted to the magic of Moving Mountains and Pouring out Oceans. On Pilgrim's back he made the magic sign with his fingers and recited a spell, sending the Sumeru Mountain into midair and causing it to descend directly on Pilgrim's head. A little startled, the Great Sage bent his head to one side and the mountain landed on his left shoulder. Laughing, he said, "My child, what sort of press-body magic are you using to pin down old Monkey? This is all right, but a lopsided pole is rather difficult to carry."

The demon said to himself, "One mountain can't hold him down."

He recited a spell once more and summoned the Emei Mountain into the air. Pilgrim again turned his head and the mountain landed on his right shoulder. Look at him! Carrying two mountains, he began to give chase to his master with the speed of a meteor! The sight of him caused the old demon to perspire all over, muttering to himself, "He truly knows how to pole mountains!"

Exerting his spirit even more, he recited another spell and sent up the Tai Mountain to press down on Pilgrim's head. With this magic of the Tai Mountain Pressing the Head, the Great Sage was overpowered as his strength ebbed and his tendons turned numb; the weight was so great that the spirits of the Three Worms inside his body exploded and blood spouted from his seven apertures.

Dear monster! After he used his magic power to pin down Pilgrim, he himself mounted quickly a gust of violent wind to catch up with the Tang Monk. From the edge of the clouds, he stretched down his hand to try to seize the rider of the horse. Sha Monk was so startled that he threw away the luggage and whipped out his fiend-routing staff to block the attempt. Wielding the sword of the seven stars, the demon met him head on and it was some battle!

The sword of seven stars,
The fiend-routing staff,
All flashed golden beams as lightning bright.
This one, eyes glowering, seemed the black god of death;
That one, iron-faced, was the true Curtain- Raising Captain.

The fiend before the mountain showed his power,
Solely bent on catching Tripitaka Tang.
This man, earnestly guarding the true monk,
Would not let go e'en at the threat of death.
The two belched fog and cloud to reach Heaven's Palace;
They sprayed dirt and dust to cover the stars.
They fought till the red sun grew dim and lost its light—
The great earth, the cosmos, turned dusky all.
Back and forth they scuffled for eight, nine rounds:
Twas quick defeat for which Sha Monk was bound!

The demon was exceedingly ferocious; the thrusts and slashes of his sword fell on his opponent like meteor showers. Growing weaker by the moment, Sha Monk could no longer withstand him and turned to flee, when the precious staff was forced aside and he was seized by a huge hand. Wedging Sha Monk beneath his left arm, the demon dragged Tripitaka off the horse with his right hand; with the tip of his feet hooked on to the luggage and his mouth tugging at the mane of the horse, he used the magic of removal and brought them all to the Lotus-Flower Cave in a gust of wind. Shouting at the top of his voice, he cried, "Elder Brother, all the monks are caught and brought here!" When the old demon heard these words, he was very pleased, saying, "Bring them here for me to have a look."

"Aren't these the ones?" asked the second demon. "Worthy brother," said the old demon, "you caught the wrong ones again."

"But you told me to catch the Tang Monk," said the second demon. The old demon said, "It was the Tang Monk, all right, but you did not manage to catch the able Pilgrim Sun. We have to catch him first before we can enjoy eating the Tang Monk. If we haven't caught him, be sure not to touch any of his companions. That Monkey King, you see, has vast magic powers and knows many ways of transformation. If we devour his master, you think he'll accept that? He will certainly come to quarrel with us at our door and we will never be able to live in peace."

"Elder Brother," said the second demon with a laugh, "you know only how to exalt others! According to your words, that monkey is unique on Earth, and rare even in Heaven. But as I see him, he's so-so only, with not many abilities."

"You caught him, then?" asked the old demon. "He has already been pinned down by three large mountains that I summoned," said the second demon, "and he can't move even an inch. That's how I managed to transport the Tang Monk, Sha Monk, the white horse, and even the luggage back here." When the old demon heard these words, he was filled with delight, saying, "What luck! What luck! Only after we have caught this fellow can the Tang Monk be food in our mouths."

He thereupon said to the little fiends, "Prepare some wine at once. Let's present to our Second Great King the goblet of merit."

The second demon said, "Elder Brother, let's not drink wine yet. Let's order the little ones to scoop Zhu Eight Rules out of the water and hang him up."

Eight Rules was thus hung up in the east side of the cave, Sha Monk in the west side, and the Tang Monk in the middle. The white horse was placed in a stable while the luggage was brought inside the cave.

Smiling, the old demon said, “Worthy Brother, what marvelous ability! You went out twice and you caught three monks. Though Pilgrim Sun, however, has been pressed beneath the mountains, we must find a way to bring him here so that he can be steamed together with the others.”

The second demon said, “If Elder Brother wants to bring Pilgrim Sun here, there’s no need for us to move.

Please take a seat. We need only order two little monsters to put him in two treasures of ours and bring him here.”

“Which treasures should they take along with them?” asked the old demon. The second demon said, “Take my red gourd of purple gold and your pure mutton-jade vase.”

Bringing out the treasures, the old demon said, “Whom should we send?”

The second demon said, “Let’s send Sly Devil and Wily Worm, the two of them.”

He then gave the instructions to the two, saying, “Take these treasures and go to the tallest peak of the three mountains. Turn one of them upside down so that its mouth will face the ground and its bottom, the sky. Call out the name, ‘Pilgrim Sun,’ and if he answers, he will be sucked immediately inside. You will then seal the container with the tape bearing the words, ‘May Laozi Act Quickly According to This Command.’

In one and three-quarter hours, he will be reduced to pus.”

The two little fiends kowtowed before they left to fetch Pilgrim, and we shall speak no more of them for the moment.

We tell you now about the Great Sage, who was pressed beneath the mountains by the magic of the demon.

Suffering, he thought of Tripitaka;
In adversity, he recalled the holy monk.

He cried out with a loud voice, “O Master! I remember how you went to the Mountain of Two Frontiers to lift up the tape that had me pressed down, and it was then that old Monkey escaped his great ordeal to embrace the vow of complete poverty. Thanks to the Bodhisattva, I was given the dharma decree so that you and I could stay together and practice religion together, so that we would be brought under the same affinity and attain the same enlightenment and knowledge. How should I expect that we would run into such a demonic obstacle here, and that I would be pinned down again by his mountains. O pity it all! You may be fated to die, but pity Sha Monk, Eight Rules, and the little dragon who took all that trouble of changing into a horse. Truly as the saying goes,

A tall tree beckons the wind, the wind will rock the tree;
A man lives for his name, his name will wreck the man.”

When he finished this lamentation, tears rained down his cheeks.

All that noise, however, immediately disturbed the mountain god, the local spirit, and the Guardians of Five Quarters, who came together with the Golden-Headed Guardian. The last one said, “Whose mountains are these?”

“Ours,” said the local spirit. “Do you know who it is that you have pinned down beneath the mountains?”

"No, we don't," said the local spirit. "So, you don't know," said the Guardian, "but he happens to be the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, the Pilgrim Sun Wukong who caused tremendous disturbance in Heaven five hundred years ago. Now he has embraced the right fruit to follow the Tang Monk as his disciple. How could you permit the demon to borrow these mountains to pin him down? You are as good as dead! If he ever finds release and comes out, you think he'll spare you? Even if he lets you all go lightly, the local spirit will be demoted to an attendant in a post-house, the mountain god will be banished to military service, and even we will be placed under a terrible obligation." Only then did the mountain god and the local spirit become frightened; they said, "We really didn't know. All we heard was the spell for moving mountains recited by the demon and we transferred the mountains here. How could we know that it was the Great Sage Sun?"

The Guardian said, "Don't be afraid now. The Law says, 'The ignorant will not be held culpable.' You and I can discuss the matter and see how we can release him without making him beat us."

"This is becoming rather ridiculous," said the local spirit. "Will he beat us even after we have released him?"

"You have no idea," said the Guardian, "that he possesses a compliant golden-hooped rod, a most powerful weapon indeed. One stroke of it means death; one touch, a bad wound! A small tap and the tendons snap, a tiny brush and the skin collapses!"

Growing more and more alarmed, the mountain god and the local spirit had a discussion with the Guardians of Five Quarters before walking up to the front of the three mountains and crying, "Great Sage, the mountain god, the local spirit, and the Guardians of Five Quarters have come to see you."

Dear Pilgrim! Though he might be like a lean tiger at the moment, his prowess remained. When he heard the announcement, he replied at once resolutely in a ringing voice, "Why do you want to see me?"

The local spirit said, "Allow me to report this to the Great Sage. I ask your permission to move the mountains away so that the Great Sage might come out and pardon the crime of disrespect unknowingly committed by this humble deity." Pilgrim said, "Move the mountains away. I won't hit you." When he said this, it was as if an official pardon had been announced! The various gods began reciting their spells and the mountains were sent back to their original locations.

Once released, Pilgrim leaped up; shaking off the dirt and tightening up his skirt, he whipped out his rod from behind his ear and said to the mountain god and the local spirit:

"Stick out your shanks. Each of you will receive two strokes so that old Monkey may find some relief for his misery!"

Terrified, the two gods said, "Just now the Great Sage promised to pardon us. How could you change your word, now that you have come out, and want to hit us?"

"Dear local spirit! Dear mountain god!" said Pilgrim. "You are not afraid of old Monkey, you are afraid of the monsters instead!"

The local spirit said, "Those demons have vast magical powers. With their incantations and spells, they would summon us into their cave and we would have to take turns to be on duty." When Pilgrim heard these two words "on duty," he, too, was

quite shaken. Lifting his head to face the sky, he cried in a loud voice, "O Azure Heaven! Since the division of chaos and the creation of Heaven and Earth, and since the Flower-Fruit Mountain gave birth to me, I did search all around for the enlightened teacher to transmit to me the secret formula for longevity. Think of it, I can change with the wind, tame the tiger, and subdue the dragon; I even caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace and acquired the name Great Sage. But I never dared to be so insolent as to order a mountain god or a local spirit around. These demons today are truly lawless! How could they be so arrogant as to make the mountain god and the local spirit their servants, forcing them to take turns to be on duty? O Heaven, if you had given birth to old Monkey, why did you give birth to these creatures also?"

As the Great Sage was thus sighing, he saw in the distance beams of light rising from a mountain valley. "Mountain god, local spirit," said Pilgrim, "since you have been on duty in the cave, you must know what objects are those emitting the light."

"They must be the luminescent treasures of the demons," said the local spirit. "Some monster spirits, I suppose, are coming with the treasures to subdue you." Pilgrim said, "This is a lot more fun! Let me ask you quickly, who would socialize with them in the cave?"

The local spirit said, "Those they love are are persons who heat the cinnabar and refine the herbs; those whom they delight in are the Quanzhen Daoists."

"No wonder he changed into an old Daoist to lure my master away," said Pilgrim. "Since this is the case, your beating will be deferred for the moment. You may leave, let old Monkey himself catch them."

The various deities rose into the air and left.

This Great Sage shook his body once and changed into an old adept. "How was he dressed?" you ask.

His head had two buns of hair;
He wore a clerical robe;
His hand struck a bamboo fish;
A Master Lü sash circled his waist.
Reclining by the main road,
He waited for the little fiends.
In awhile the fiends arrived;
The Ape King released his tricks.

In no time at all, the two little fiends came before him and Pilgrim stuck out his golden-hooped rod. Unprepared for this, one of the little fiends tripped on it and fell; only when he scrambled up did he see Pilgrim. "Villainy! Villainy!" he began to cry. "If our Great Kings didn't have a special fondness for your kind of people, I would scrap with you."

"What's there to scrap about?" said Pilgrim, smiling amiably. "A Daoist meeting a Daoist, we are all in the same family!"

"Why did you lie here," said the fiend, "and cause me to stumble?" Pilgrim said, "A Daoist youth like you, when you run into an aged Daoist like me, must take a fall—it's a sort of substitute for presenting an introductory gift."

The fiend said, “Our Great Kings only demand a few ounces of silver as introductory gifts. Why do you insist on someone taking a fall? This must be the custom of another region, and you can’t possibly be a Daoist from around here.”

“Indeed, I’m not,” said Pilgrim, “for I came from Penglai Mountain.”

The fiend said, “But Penglai is an island in the territory of immortals.”

“If I’m not an immortal,” said Pilgrim, “who’s an immortal?”

Turning all at once from anger to delight, the fiend approached him and said, “Old Immortal, Old Immortal! We are of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, and that’s why we can’t recognize you. Our words have offended you. Please pardon us.”

“I won’t blame you,” said Pilgrim, “for as the saying goes, ‘The immortal frame does not tread on ground profane.’ How could you know? The reason why I have landed on your mountain today is that I want to enlighten a good man to become an immortal, to understand the Dao. Which of you is willing to follow me?” Sly Devil said, “Master, I’ll follow you,” while Wily Worm also said, “Master, I’ll follow you.”

Though he knew the reason already, Pilgrim nonetheless asked, “Where did you two come from?”

“From the Lotus-Flower Cave,” said one of the fiends.

“Where are you going?”

“Our Great Kings have ordered us,” said the fiend, “to go capture Pilgrim Sun.”

“To capture whom?” asked Pilgrim. “To capture Pilgrim Sun,” said the fiend again. Pilgrim said, “Could it be Pilgrim Sun, the one who’s following the Tang Monk to seek scriptures?”

“Exactly, exactly,” said the fiend. “You know him too?”

“That monkey is rather rude,” said Pilgrim. “I know him all right, and I am a little mad at him. I’ll go with you to capture him; we’ll consider this my assisting you in making merit.”

“Master,” said the fiend, “no need for you to assist us in making merit. Our Second Great King has considerable magic powers: he summoned three huge mountains and had that monkey pinned down, unable to move even an inch. He then told us to come with treasures to store him up.”

“What kind of treasures?” asked Pilgrim. Sly Devil said, “Mine is a red gourd, while his is a pure jade vase.”

“How do you plan to store him up?” asked Pilgrim. The little fiend replied, “Turn my treasure upside down so that its mouth will face the earth and its bottom the sky. I’ll then call him once, and if he answers me, he will at once be sucked inside. I will then seal the treasure with a tape bearing the words, ‘May Laozi Act Quickly According to This Command.’ In one and three-quarter hours, he will be reduced to pus.” When Pilgrim heard that, he said to himself in secret alarm, “Formidable! Formidable! Previously the Day Sentinel said that they had five treasures, and these must be two of them. I wonder what sort of things are the other three?”

He smiled and said to the two of them, “Could you two permit me to have a look at the treasures?”

Completely unsuspecting, the little fiends took out from their sleeves at once the two treasures and presented them to Pilgrim with two hands. When Pilgrim saw them, he was delighted, saying to himself, "Marvelous things! Marvelous things! I could wag my tail once and leap clear of this place, making off with the treasures as if they had been presented to me as gifts."

He then thought to himself, "It's no good! I can rob them of these things, but old Monkey's reputation will be ruined. This is nothing but committing robbery in broad daylight."

He therefore returned the treasures to the fiends, saying, "You haven't seen my treasure yet." One of the fiends said, "What kind of treasure does Master have? Would you permit us profane people to have a look, to ward off calamities, perhaps?"

Dear Pilgrim! Stretching forth his hand, he pulled off a piece of hair from his tail and gave it a squeeze, crying "Change!" It changed at once into a huge red gourd of purple gold, about seventeen inches tall. He took it out from his waist, saying, "You want to see my gourd?"

Having received it in his hands and examined it, Wily Worm said, "Master, your gourd is big, and it has nice form. It's good to look at all right, but I'm afraid that it's not good to use."

"What do you mean by not good to use?" asked Pilgrim. The fiend said, "Each one of our treasures can store up to a thousand people."

"So," said Pilgrim, "yours can store up people. What's so rare about that? This gourd of mine can even store up Heaven!"

"It can?" said the fiend. "Indeed," said Pilgrim. "I'm afraid you are lying," said the fiend. "Store it up for us to see and we'll believe you; otherwise, we'll never believe you."

"If Heaven irritates me," said Pilgrim, "I usually store it up seven or eight times within a single month. If it doesn't bother me, I will not store it up for as long as half a year."

"Elder Brother," said Wily Worm, "a treasure that can store up Heaven! Let's exchange ours with his." Sly Devil said, "How would he be willing to exchange his with ours, which can only store up people?"

"If he's unwilling," said Wily Worm, "we'll make it good with our vase also." Secretly delighted, Pilgrim thought to himself:

A gourd repays a gourd,
We add a vase of jade.
Two things exchanged for one:
That's what I call fair trade!

He therefore went forward and caught hold of Wily Worm, saying, "If I store up Heaven, you will trade with me?"

"If you do, yes," said the fiend. "If I don't, I'll be your son!"

"All right! All right!" said Pilgrim. "I'll store it up for you to see."

Dear Great Sage! Bowing his head and making the magic sign, he recited a spell that brought him the God of Day Patrol, the God of Night Patrol, and the Guardians of Five Quarters, to whom he gave the following instruction:

"Report for me at once to the Jade Emperor and say that old Monkey has embraced the right fruit to accompany the Tang Monk to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. Our path has been blocked at a tall mountain, where my master encounters grievous calamity. I would like to entice certain demons, who possess some treasures, into trading with me. I therefore beseech His Majesty with due reverence to let old Monkey borrow Heaven to be stored up for half an hour so that I may accomplish my task. If he but utters half a 'No,' I shall ascend to the Divine Mists Hall and start a war!"

The deities went past the South Heaven Gate and stood below the Hall of Divine Mists to report to the Jade Emperor. "This impudent ape!" said the Jade Emperor. "He still speaks in such an unruly manner. Some time ago when Guanyin came to inform us that he had been released to accompany the Tang Monk, we even sent him the Guardians of the Five Quarters and the Four Sentinels to take turns ministering to him. Now he even wants to borrow Heaven to be stored up! How could Heaven be stored up?"

Hardly had he finished speaking when the Third Prince Naṭa stepped forward from the ranks and memorialized, saying, "Your Majesty, Heaven, too, can be stored up."

"How?" inquired the Jade Emperor.

Naṭa said, "When Chaos first divided, that which was pure and light became Heaven, and that which was heavy and turbid became Earth. Heaven, then, is a round mass of clear ether that nonetheless supports the Jasper Palace and the Heavenly ramparts. In principle, therefore, Heaven cannot be stored up. However, the matter of Pilgrim Sun's accompaniment of the Tang Monk journeying westward to acquire scriptures is itself a source of blessings great as Mount Tai and deep as the sea. Today we should help him to succeed."

The Jade Emperor said, "How would our worthy minister help him?"

"Let Your Majesty issue a decree," said Nata, "and ask Zhenwu, the Lord of the North at the North Heaven Gate, to lend us his banner of black feathers, which should then be unfurled across the South Heaven Gate. The sun, the moon, and the stars will be covered, and it will be so dark on Earth that people cannot see each other even if they are standing face to face. The fiends will be deceived into thinking that Heaven has been stored up, and that is how we may help Pilgrim to succeed."

The Jade Emperor gave his consent to this suggestion, and the prince received the command to go to the North Heaven Gate, where he gave the account to Zhenwu. The patriarch at once handed the banner to the prince.

Meanwhile, the Day Patrol God swiftly returned to the Great Sage and whispered in his ear, "Prince Naṭa has come to help you." Looking up, Pilgrim saw auspicious clouds looming up: indeed a deity was approaching. He turned to the little fiends, saying, "I'm going to store up Heaven."

"Go ahead," said one of them. "Why keep dragging your feet?"

"I was just exercising my spirit and reciting a spell," said Pilgrim. The two little fiends stood there wide-eyed and determined to find out how he was going to store up Heaven.

Pilgrim gave the specious gourd a mighty heave and tossed it up into the air. Think of it: that gourd was changed from a piece of hair.

How heavy could it be? Lifted up by the mountain wind, it drifted here and there for at least half an hour before dropping down.

Meanwhile, Prince Nața at the South Heaven Gate flung wide the black banner and in one instant covered the sun, the moon, and all the planets. Truly

The cosmos seemed dyed by ink,
The world was made indigo.

Astounded, the little fiends said, "It was just about noon when we were talking. How is it that it's dusk already?"

"Heaven has been stored up," said Pilgrim. "You can't tell time! How can it not be dusk?"

"Why is it so dark?" they cried. Pilgrim said, "The sun, the moon, and the stars are all contained inside. There's no light outside. How can it not be dark?"

"Master," said one of the little fiends, "where are you speaking?"

"Am I not in front of you?" asked Pilgrim. The little fiend stretched out his hand to try to touch him, saying, "I can hear you, but I can't see your face. Master, where are we?"

To deceive them further, Pilgrim said, "Don't move. This is the shore of the Gulf of Zhili. If you stumble and fall into the sea, you won't reach bottom even after seven or eight days."

"Stop! Stop! Stop!" cried the horrified fiends. "Release Heaven, please! We know now how it is stored up. If we fool around anymore and drop into the sea, we'll not get home."

Dear Pilgrim! When he saw that they took the whole thing for the truth, he recited the spell again to alert the prince, who rolled up the banner and the sunlight of noon was seen once more. "Marvelous! Marvelous!" cried the little fiends, laughing. "Such fantastic treasure, if we don't exchange for it, we are certainly no better than bastards!" Sly Devil at once took out the gourd and Wily Worm the pure vase; both of them then handed the treasures to Pilgrim. In return, Pilgrim gave them the specious gourd. After the exchange, Pilgrim wanted to make certain that the bargain stuck. Pulling off a piece of hair from beneath his belly, he blew on it and it changed into a copper penny. "Young man," he said, "take this penny and buy us a piece of paper."

"What for?" asked the little fiend. "So that I can draw up a contract with you," said Pilgrim. "The two of you used your human-storing treasures to exchange with me a single piece of Heaven-storing treasure. I fear that you may not consider that quite fair and that after a few years you will come to regret our deal.

That's why I want a contract for all of us."

"We don't even have brush or ink around here," said one of the fiends. "Why bother about writing a document? Let's exchange vows instead."

"What kind of vow?" asked Pilgrim. The two little fiends said, "We gave two human-storing treasures to you in exchange for one Heaven-storing treasure. If we ever regret our decision, may we be stricken with plague in all four seasons."

"I'll never regret mine," said Pilgrim, smiling. "If I do, may I also be stricken like you."

After he made this vow, he leaped up and with one wag of his tail arrived before the South Heaven Gate, where he thanked Prince Naṭa for unfurling the banner and lending him assistance. The prince then went back to the palace to report to the Jade Emperor and to return the flag to Zhenwu. Pilgrim, meanwhile, stood in the air and looked at those little fiends. We do not know what happens thereafter; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-FOUR

The demon king's plotting entraps Mind Monkey
The Great Sage, ever adroit, wangles the treasures

We were telling you about those two little fiends who took the specious gourd in their hands and, for some time, fought to examine it.

Raising their heads, they suddenly discovered that Pilgrim had vanished. "Elder Brother," said Wily Worm, "even an immortal would lie. He said that after we had exchanged our treasures he would enlighten us to become immortals. Why did he leave without even telling us?" Sly Devil said, "When you tally up the score, we are the ones who have by far the greater gain. Why worry about his leaving? Give me the gourd. Let me store up Heaven, just for practice!"

He indeed tossed the gourd up into the air, but it plopped down again immediately. "Why doesn't it work?" asked a startled Wily Worm. "Could it be that Pilgrim Sun had changed into a false immortal and used a specious gourd to trade off our real one?"

"Don't talk nonsense!" said Sly Devil. "Pilgrim Sun is pinned down by those three mountains. How could he come out? Give it to me again. Let me recite those few words of the spell he said and see if it will store up Heaven."

Again the fiend tossed the gourd up into the air, crying, "If there is but half a 'No,' we shall ascend to the Divine Mists Hall and start a war."

Before he had even finished saying that, the thing plopped down again. "It doesn't work! It doesn't work!" shrieked the little fiends. "It's got to be a fake!"

As they were clamoring like this, the Great Sage Sun saw and heard everything in midair. Fearing that they might learn the truth if they played with the thing too long, he shook his body and retrieved the piece of hair that had been changed into the gourd. The two fiends were left with four empty hands. "Brother," said Sly Devil, "give me the gourd."

"You were holding it," said Wily Worm. "My God! How come it disappeared?"

They searched madly on the ground and in the bushes; they stuck their hands into their sleeves and slapped their waists. But there was nothing to be found. Stupefied, the two fiends mumbled, "What shall we do? What shall we do? The Great King at the time gave us the treasures and told us to capture Pilgrim Sun. Not only have we not caught Pilgrim Sun, but we have even lost the treasures now. How dare we go back to give our report? We will simply be beaten to death. What shall we do? What shall we do?"

After a while, Wily Worm said, "We'd better go."

"Where?" asked Sly Devil. "Never mind where," said Wily Worm. "If we go back and say that we have no treasures, we will lose our lives for sure." Sly Devil said, "Don't run away, let's go back instead. The Second Great King is ordinarily quite good to you; I'll put a little blame on you. If he is in the mood to be somewhat lenient, our lives may be spared; if not, we'll at least be beaten to death at home but we won't be left dangling here. Let's go. Let's go."

After they had discussed the matter, the fiends began their walk back to their mountain.

When Pilgrim in midair saw them leaving, he shook his body again and changed into a fly to follow them. If he changed into a fly, you might ask, where did he put those treasures? If he left them by the road, or even if he hid them in the grass, people could pick them up if they saw them, and all his efforts would have been in vain. No, he had to take them with him, carrying the treasures on his body.

But a fly is no bigger than the size of a pea. How could he carry them? The treasures, you see, were just like his golden-hooped rod; they were also called compliant Buddha-treasures. They would transform according to the size of the body: they could become large or small, and that was why even a tiny body like a fly could hold them. With a buzz, Pilgrim thus flew down and steadfastly followed the fiends till in no time they reached the cave.

The two head demons were sitting there and drinking wine when the little fiends faced them and knelt down. Pilgrim alighted on the door frame and listened. “Great Kings,” said the little fiends. “Have you returned?” said the second demon, putting down his cup.

“Yes,” said the little fiends. “Have you caught Pilgrim Sun?” he asked again. The little fiends began to kowtow, not daring to make a sound. The old demon asked again, but they did not dare reply; all they did was to kowtow. Questioned again and again, they finally prostrated themselves on the ground and said, “Please pardon your little ones for the crime of ten thousand deaths! Please pardon your little ones for the crime of ten thousand deaths! When we took the treasures and reached the middle of the mountain, we ran into an immortal from Penglai Mountain. He inquired where we were going and we told him that we were going to catch Pilgrim Sun. When the immortal heard this, he said that he, too, was mad at Pilgrim Sun and wanted to give us assistance. We told him that there was no need for his assistance and explained how our treasures could store up humans. That immortal also had a gourd most capable of storing up Heaven. Moved by vain hopes and illicit desires, we thought we should exchange our treasures, which could only store up people, with his, which could store up Heaven. Originally, we wanted to exchange gourd for gourd, but Wily Worm decided to make good the deal by adding the pure vase. We had no idea that his immortal object could not be touched by the hands of the profane. Just as we were experimenting with it, it disappeared completely with the man, too. We beseech you to pardon our mortal offense.” When the old demon heard this, he was so aroused that he bellowed thunderously, “Undone! Undone! This has to be Pilgrim Sun who masqueraded himself as an immortal to dupe them. That ape has great magic powers and vast acquaintances. I don’t know which clumsy deity has let him out, and he has wangled our treasures.”

The second demon said, “Don’t be so angry, Elder Brother. I didn’t expect that ape head to be so insolent. If he has the ability, he can escape and that’s all right. Why did he have to wangle our treasures? If I don’t catch him, I’ll never be a monster on this road to the West!”

“How will you catch him?” asked the old demon. The second demon said, “We have five treasures; two are gone but we still have three others. We must make certain that Pilgrim Sun will be caught by one of these.”

"Which three do we have now?" asked the old demon. "I still have with me the sword of the seven stars and the palm-leaf fan," said the second demon, "but the yellow-gold rope is kept at the Crush-Dragon Cave of the Crush-Dragon Mountain, the place of our aged mother. We should now send two little fiends to invite mother to come to dine on the Tang Monk's flesh, and tell her at the same time to bring that yellow-gold rope to capture Pilgrim Sun."

The old demon said, "Whom should we send?"

"Not these useless creatures," said the second demon, and then he shouted to them, "Get up!"

"Lucky! Lucky!" said the two of them. "We were neither beaten nor scolded. We are let go just like that!"

The demon said, "Ask Hill-Pawing Tiger and Sea-Lolling Dragon, who often accompany me to come here."

The two little fiends arrived and knelt down. "You must be careful," instructed the second demon. "We shall be careful," they replied. "You two must be cautious."

"Yes, we shall be cautious," they replied. "Do you know where the Old Madam's home is?" asked the second demon again.

"Yes, we do," they replied. "If you do, get there quickly, and when you reach her house, inform her reverently that she is invited to come here to dine on the flesh of the Tang Monk. Tell her also to bring along the yellow-gold rope in order that we may catch Pilgrim Sun."

The two little fiends obeyed and raced out of the cave; they did not know that Pilgrim on one side had heard everything clearly.

Stretching his wings, he flew out of the cave, caught up with Hill-Pawing Tiger, and landed on his body. After they had gone for two or three miles, he was about to slay them when he thought to himself, "To kill them is hardly difficult, but that Old Madam of theirs has the yellow-gold rope, and I don't know where she lives. Let me question them a bit first before I slaughter them."

Dear Pilgrim! He darted away with a buzz and allowed the little fiends to walk ahead for about a hundred steps. Then with one shake of his body he also changed into a little monster wearing a fox-skin cap and a tiger-skin kilt hitched up to the waist. Running up to them, he said, "You on the road, wait for me."

Turning around, Sea-Lolling Dragon asked, "Where did you come from?"

"Dear Brother," said Pilgrim, "you can't even recognize someone from the same clan?"

"You are not in our clan," said the little fiend. "What do you mean?" said Pilgrim. "Take another look."

"You don't look familiar at all," said the little fiend. "We haven't met before."

"Indeed," said Pilgrim, "you have never seen me. I belong to the external division."

The little fiend said, "I haven't met any officer from the external division at all. Where are you going?" Pilgrim said, "The Great King told you two to invite Old Madam to dine on the flesh of the Tang Monk as well as to bring along the yellow-gold

rope to capture Pilgrim Sun. But he fears that the two of you would not walk fast enough, and your love of play would delay this important enterprise. That's why he sent me along also to tell you to hurry." When the little fiends saw that his words went straight to the bottom of the truth, they did not suspect anything, thinking instead that Pilgrim indeed was a member of the same clan. Hurriedly, they sprinted forward for eight or nine miles.

"We have run too fast," said Pilgrim. "How far have we gone since we left home?"

"About sixteen miles," said the little fiend.

Pilgrim said, "How much farther do we have to go?" Pointing with his finger, Sea-Lolling Dragon said, "Inside the dark forest up ahead—that's it." Pilgrim raised his head and saw a large dark forest not far away, and he figured that the old fiend had to be within that vicinity. He stood still, allowing the other two little fiends to proceed; then he caught up with them and gave them a swiping blow with the iron rod. Alas, they were no match for the rod at all and were reduced instantly to two meat patties! Pilgrim picked them up and hid them inside some bushes by the road. Pulling off a piece of hair, he blew on it a magic breath, crying "Change!" It changed at once into Hill-Pawing Tiger, while he himself changed into Sea-Lolling Dragon. The two specious monsters then proceeded directly to the Dragon-Crushing Cave to invite the old madam. This is what we call

Seventy-two transformations—what magic might!
Ever adroit with things—such great ability!

With four, five leaps, he bounded right into the forest. As he was looking around, he saw two stone doors half-closed nearby. Not daring to enter abruptly, he had to call out, "Open the door, open the door."

A female monster standing guard inside opened wide the door and asked, "Where did you come from?" Pilgrim said, "I came from the Lotus-Flower Cave of the Level-Top Mountain with an invitation for Old Madam."

"Inside," said the female monster. When Pilgrim reached the second door, he stuck his head inside to take a look and found an old woman sitting squarely in the middle. "How did she look?" you ask. You see

Snow-white hair all tousled,
And starlike eyes all aglow.
Her face, though ruddy, has many wrinkles;
She's full of spirit though few teeth remain.
Charming—like the frosted chrysanthemum;
Rugged—like an old pine tree after rain.
A scarf of fine-spun white silk wraps her head,
And bejeweled gold rings hang from her ears.

After he had seen her, the Great Sage Sun did not go inside at once. Instead, he remained crestfallen outside the second door and began to weep silently. "Why did he weep?" you ask. Could it be that he was afraid of her? Even if he were, he would hardly weep.

Moreover, he was courageous enough to have bilked the monsters of their treasures and slain the little fiends. Why then did he weep? In times past, he could have entered a giant tripod of boiling oil, and even if he had been fried for seven or eight

days, he would not have shed half a tear. It was, however, the thought of the misery inflicted on him on account of the Tang Monk's going to acquire scriptures that moved him to tears. He thought to himself, "If old Monkey had displayed his ability and changed into a little fiend to invite this aged monster, there would be absolutely no reason for him to speak standing up. I must kowtow when I see her! A hero all my life, I have only kowtowed to three persons:

I bowed to Buddha of the Western Heaven, Guanyin of the South Sea, and four times to Master when he saved me at the Mountain of Two Frontiers. For him I have used up even my innards and my bowels! Ah, how much could a roll of scripture be worth? Yet, I'm forced to prostrate myself before this fiend today. If I don't, I'll be discovered for sure. O misery! In the last analysis, Master is in sad straits and that's why I have to bear such humiliation." When he came to that point in his thoughts, he had no choice but to race inside and kneel down, facing her. "Madam," he said, "please receive my kowtow."

The fiend said, "My child, stand up."

"Fine! Fine! Fine!" said Pilgrim to himself. "That's an honest address!"

"Where did you come from?" asked the old fiend. "From the Lotus-Flower Cave of the Level-Top Mountain," said Pilgrim. "I received the order of the two Great Kings to invite Madam to go and dine on the flesh of the Tang Monk. You have also been requested to bring along the yellowgold rope to catch Pilgrim Sun."

Exceedingly pleased, the old fiend said, "What filial sons!" She at once called for her sedan chair. "O my child!" said Pilgrim to himself. "Even monsters ride in sedan chairs!"

From behind, two female monsters carried out a sedan chair made of fragrant rattan, on which they hung curtains of blue silk. The old fiend walked out of the cave and sat in the chair, followed by several little female monsters carrying toilet boxes, mounted mirrors, towels, and a perfume box. "Why did you all have to come out?" asked the old fiend. "I'm going to my own home, and you think that there will be no one there to serve me? We don't need your big mouths there. Go back! Shut the doors and look after the house!"

Those few little monsters indeed went back, and only two remained to pole the sedan chair. "What are the names of those two who have been sent here?" asked the old fiend. "He's called Hill-Pawing Tiger," said Pilgrim quickly, "and my name is Sea-Lolling Dragon."

The old fiend said, "Walk in front, the two of you. Shout and clear the way for me."

"This had to be my misfortune!" thought Pilgrim. "We have not yet acquired the scriptures, but I have to be her slave at this moment!"

He did not dare refuse; walking ahead, he shouted to clear the way.

After they had gone for five or six miles, he sat down on a slab of stone to wait for the two carrying the sedan chair. When they arrived, Pilgrim said, "How about resting awhile? Your shoulders must be getting sore."

The little fiends did not suspect anything, of course, and they put down the sedan chair. Walking behind it, Pilgrim pulled off a piece of hair from his chest and changed it

into a huge biscuit, which he held and began to munch on. “Officer,” said one of the chair carriers, “what are you eating?”

“I’m embarrassed to tell you,” said Pilgrim, “but we have walked all this distance to invite Old Madam, and she didn’t give us any reward. I’m getting hungry, and that’s why I’m eating some of our own dried goods before we move again.”

“Please give us some, too,” said the carriers.

Pilgrim said, “Come on. We all belong to the same family. Why do you ask?” Not knowing any better, the little fiends both surrounded Pilgrim to divide the dried food. Whipping out his iron rod, Pilgrim gave their heads a terrific blow: the one hit directly was reduced at once to pulp, while the other who was swiped by the rod did not die immediately and was still moaning. When the old fiend heard someone moan and stuck her head out to look, Pilgrim leaped before the sedan chair and slammed the rod down on her head. Brains burst out and blood spurted in every direction from the gaping hole. Pilgrim dragged her from the sedan chair and discovered that she was a nine-tailed fox.

“Cursed beast!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “Who are you that you should be called Old Madam? If you are addressed as Old Madam, you should call old Monkey as your great, grand ancestor!”

Dear Monkey King! He searched and found the yellow-gold rope, which he stuffed into his own sleeve, saying happily, “Those lawless demons may be powerful, but three treasures now belong to him whose name is Sun.”

He yanked off two pieces of hair (which he changed into Hill-Pawing Tiger and Sea-Lolling Dragon), and two more (which he changed into the fiends who carried the sedan chair). He himself changed into the form of the old woman and sat in the sedan chair. They then started out on the main road once more.

In a little while, they reached the entrance of the Lotus-Flower Cave. Those little fiends which were changed from the hairs cried out in front, “Open the door! Open the door!”

The little fiends inside who were guarding the door opened it and said, “Hill-Pawing Tiger and Sea-Lolling Dragon, have you two returned?”

“Yes,” said the pieces of hair. “Where is Old Madam whom you were to invite?”

“Isn’t she there inside the sedan chair?” said the pieces of hair, pointing. “Stay here,” said one of the little fiends. “Let me go and report.” When the two head demons heard the announcement, “Great King, Old Madam has arrived,” they gave the order at once that an incense table be prepared to receive her. When Pilgrim heard this, he was delighted, saying to himself, “What luck! Now it’s my turn to be somebody! When I first changed into a little fiend to go invite that old monster, I kowtowed to her once. But now that I have changed into the old monster, who is supposed to be their mother, they must perform the ceremony of four bows. It may not be much, but I’m reaping the profit of two heads kowtowing to me!”

Dear Great Sage! He descended from the sedan chair and, shaking off the dirt from his clothes, retrieved the four pieces of hair onto his body. The little fiends who stood guard at the door carried the empty sedan chair inside, and he followed them slowly from behind, mincing all the while to imitate the gait of the old fiend. When they went inside, the entire flock of monsters, old and young, all came to receive him, as

drums and flutes were played harmoniously and curls of fragrant smoke rose from the Boshan urn.

He arrived at the main hall and sat down, facing south; the two head demons knelt before him and kowtowed, saying, "Mother, your children are bowing."

"My sons," said Pilgrim, "please rise." We tell you now about Zhu Eight Rules, who, hanging there on the beam, suddenly let out a guffaw. "Second Brother," said Sha Monk, "this is quite marvelous! They hang you till you laugh out loud!"

"Brother," said Eight Rules, "I have a reason for laughing." Sha Monk asked, "What reason?"

"We were afraid," said Eight Rules, "that when Madam arrived, we would be steamed and eaten.

Now I see that it's not Madam; it's the dear old thing."

"What dear old thing?" asked Sha Monk. "Ban-Horse-Plague is here," said Eight Rules, chuckling. Sha Monk said, "How could you recognize him?"

"When he bent his back to return their greetings, saying, 'My sons, please rise,'" said Eight Rules, "that monkey tail of his flipped up from behind. I'm hung higher than you, and that's why I can see more clearly." Sha Monk said, "Let's not talk, let's hear what he has to say."

"Exactly, exactly," said Eight Rules.

Sitting in the middle, the Great Sage Sun asked, "My sons, why did you invite me here?"

"Dear Mother," said one of the demons, "for days your children have not had the opportunity to fulfill our filial responsibilities. This morning we managed to catch the Tang Monk from the Land of the East, but we dared not eat him all by ourselves. We therefore invited Mother to come so that he might be presented live to you, and then he will be steamed as your food to prolong your life."

"My sons," said Pilgrim, "I'm not at all keen to dine on the Tang Monk's flesh, but I hear that the ears of one Zhu Eight Rules are quite marvelous. Why don't you cut them down and fix them up as appetizers for my wine?" Startled by what he heard, Eight Rules said, "Plague on you! Did you come here to cut down my ears? If I announce aloud who you are, it won't sound very good!"

Alas! This one careless statement of Idiot at once unmasked the transformation of the Monkey King. Just then, a few little fiends who went to patrol the mountain and a few others who stood guard at the door all rushed in also, saying, "Great King, disaster! Pilgrim Sun has beaten to death Old Madam, and he disguised himself to come here." When the head demon heard these words, he did not wait for any further report; pulling out his sword of seven stars, he slashed at the face of Pilgrim. Dear Great Sage! He shook his body once, and brilliant red light filled the cave as he made his escape. Such abilities made the whole episode fun and games for him. For truly he had mastered this secret: coming together he took on form, but dispersing he became ether. So shaken were the inhabitants of the cave that the old demon's spirit left him, and the various monsters bit their fingers and shook their heads.

"Brother," said the old demon, "take the Tang Monk, Sha Monk, Eight Rules, the white horse, and the luggage—take them all and return them to Pilgrim Sun. Let's shut the door on conflict."

"What are you saying, Elder Brother?" said the second demon. "You have no idea how much effort I spent in devising this plan to bring back all those monks. And now intimidated by Pilgrim Sun's trickery you want to return them to him unconditionally. You have become, in fact, a person who fears the knife and shuns the sword. Is that manliness? Sit down and don't be afraid. I heard you say that Pilgrim Sun had vast magic powers; though I met him, I have yet to wage a contest with him. Bring me my armor. Let me fight three rounds with him: if he can't defeat me in those three rounds, the Tang Monk is still our food. If I can't prevail against him in those three rounds, there's still time then for us to return the Tang Monk to him."

The old demon said, "You are right, Worthy Brother."

He ordered at once for the armor to be brought out.

After the various fiends hauled out his armor, the second demon suited up himself properly and walked out the door, holding the treasure sword. "Pilgrim Sun," he cried, "where have you gone to?"

At the time, you see, the Great Sage had already reached the edge of the clouds. When he heard his name called, he turned quickly and saw that it was the second demon. "How is he dressed?" you ask.

He wears a phoenix helmet whiter than snow
And an armor made of bright Persian steel.
The belt on his waist is dragon's tendon.
Plum-flower shaped gaiters top his goat-skin boots.
He seems the living Lord of Libation Stream;
He looks no different from Mighty Spirit.
He holds in his hands the sword of seven stars,
Stern and imposing in a towering rage.

"Pilgrim Sun," cried the second demon, "give us back quickly our mother and our treasures. I'll let you and the Tang Monk go to acquire scriptures." Unable to contain himself any longer, the Great Sage roared, "This impudent monster! You've made a mistake in thinking that your Grandpa Sun will let you go so easily! Return at once my master, my younger brothers, the white horse, and our luggage, and give us, moreover, some travel money for us to take on our road to the West. If half a 'No' leaks through your teeth, you might as well hang yourself with rope. That'll save your Grandpa from having to raise his hands." When the second demon heard these words, he leaped up to the clouds swiftly and stabbed with the sword. Pilgrim met him face to face with the uplifted iron rod, and it was some battle between the two of them in midair.

The chess master finding his match,
The general meeting a good warrior—
Finding his match the chess master can't suppress his joy;
Meeting a good warrior the general must apply himself.
When those two divine fighters come together,
They seem like tigers brawling on South Mountain
Or dragons striving in North Sea.
As dragons strive,
Their scales sparkle;
When tigers brawl,
Teeth and claws strike madly.

Teeth and claws strike madly like silver hooks,
And sparkling scales upturn like iron leaves.
This one all in all
Uses a thousand ways to attack;
That one back and forth
Does not let up for half a moment.
The golden-hooped rod
Is only three-tenths of an inch from the head.
The seven-stars sword,
Poised at the heart, needs only one thrust.
The imposing air of this one chills the Great Dipper;
The angry breaths of that one menace like thunder.

The two of them fought for thirty rounds but no decision was reached.

Secretly delighted, Pilgrim said to himself, "This lawless monster does manage to withstand the iron rod of old Monkey. But I have already acquired three of his treasures. If I continue to fight bitterly like this with him, won't it just delay what I want to do? Perhaps I should use the gourd or the pure vase to store him up."

He then thought further, "No good! No good! The proverb says, 'Each thing has its master.' If I call him and he doesn't answer, it will just defeat my purpose. Let me use the yellow-gold rope to lasso his head."

Dear Great Sage! He used one hand to wield his iron rod while his other hand whipped out the rope and lassoed the demon's head. The demon, however, knew a Tight-Rope Spell and a Loose-Rope Spell. If the rope had bound another person, he would recite the Tight- Rope Spell and that person would not be able to escape. But if the rope had been fastened on one of his own, he would recite the Loose-Rope Spell and no harm would come to the person. When he saw, then, that it was his own treasure, he recited at once the Loose-Rope Spell; the rope loosened itself and he came out of the noose. Taking the rope, he threw it at Pilgrim instead and it caught hold of the Great Sage instantly. The Great Sage was about to exercise his magic of thinning the body when the demon recited the Tight-Rope Spell and it had him firmly bound. It was impossible for him to escape, for when the rope was drawn down to his neck, one end of it changed into a gold ring tightly enclosing him. The fiend then gave the rope a tug and pulled Pilgrim down before he gave that bald head seven or eight blows with the sword. The skin on Pilgrim's head did not even redden at all.

"This monkey," said the demon, "has quite a hard head! I won't hack at you anymore. Let me take you back to the cave first before I hit you again. But you'd better return my other two treasures right now."

"What treasures have I taken from you?" asked Pilgrim, "that you should ask me for them?"

The demon searched Pilgrim carefully and found both the gourd and the vase. Using the rope as a leash, he brought Pilgrim back to the cave, saying, "Elder Brother, I've caught him."

The old demon said, "Whom did you catch?"

"Pilgrim Sun!" said the second demon. "Come and look! Come and look!"

The old demon took one look and recognized that it was indeed Pilgrim. He smiled happily and said, “It’s he! It’s he! Tie him up with a long rope to the pillar just for fun.”

They indeed had Pilgrim tied to a pillar, after which the two demons went to the hall in the back to drink.

As the Great Sage was crawling around beneath the pillar, he was seen by Eight Rules. Hanging on the beam, Idiot laughed loudly, saying, “Elder Brother, you can’t quite manage to eat my ears!”

“Idiot,” said Pilgrim, “are you comfortably hung up there? I’ll get out right now, and you can be certain that I’ll rescue all of you.”

“Aren’t you ashamed of yourself?” asked Eight Rules. “You can’t even escape yourself, and you want to rescue others. O, let it be, let it be! Master and disciples might as well die together so that we could ask for our way in the Region of Darkness.” Pilgrim said, “Stop babbling nonsense! You watch me leave here.”

“I’ll see how you leave here,” said Eight Rules. Though the Great Sage was talking to Eight Rules, his eyes were fixed on those two demons. He saw that they were drinking inside, and there were a few little fiends running madly back and forth to bring in the dishes and to pour wine. When their guard lapsed momentarily and no one stood near the Great Sage, he at once exercised his divine powers. Slipping out his rod, he blew on it, saying, “Change!” and it changed instantly into a file of pure steel. Gripping the gold ring on his neck, he filed it through with four or five strokes and freed himself by pulling the ring apart. Yanking off a piece of hair, he commanded it to change into a specious form of himself tied to the pillar; his true self, however, changed with one shake of the body into a little monster and stood to one side.

“Bad news! Bad news!” cried Eight Rules once more on the beam. “The one tied up is a false product. The one hanging is genuine.” Putting down his cup, the old demon asked, “What’s that Zhu Eight Rules yelling about?” Pilgrim, who had changed into a little monster, went forward to say, “Zhu Eight Rules is trying to persuade Pilgrim Sun to escape by transformation, but Sun isn’t willing.

That’s why Zhu is hollering.”

“And we say that Zhu Eight Rules is without guile!” said the second demon. “Now I see what a sneak he is! He should have his mouth caned twenty times.” Pilgrim indeed went to get a cane for the beating. “You’d better hit me lightly,” said Eight Rules. “If the strokes are even slightly heavy, I’ll yell again that I recognize you.” Pilgrim said, “It’s for the sake of all of you that old Monkey has undergone the transformation. Why did you have to let the truth leak out? All the monster-spirits of this cave can’t recognize me. Why does it have to be you who can recognize me?”

“Though you have changed your features,” said Eight Rules, “your ass hasn’t been changed! Aren’t those two patches of red still on your buttocks? That’s why I can recognize you.” Pilgrim slipped out to the kitchen and wiped some soot off the pots to blacken his buttocks before returning to the front. When Eight Rules saw him, he said, chuckling, “This monkey must have gone somewhere to mess around so that he has now come back with a black ass!” Pilgrim still remained standing there for he wanted to steal their treasures. Indeed a clever person, he walked up the hall and halfknelt to the fiend, saying, “Great King, look how that Pilgrim Sun is crawling all over the pillar. The

yellow-gold rope, I fear, may be ruined by all that rubbing and stretching. We should get something thicker to tie him up."

"You are right," said the old demon, and he took off a belt with a lion buckle from his own waist to hand to Pilgrim. Taking the belt, Pilgrim fastened his false form to the pillar, but the rope he stuffed instantly into his own sleeve. Then he pulled off another piece of hair, which with one blow of his breath he changed into a fake yellow-gold rope, and which he presented with both hands to the fiend. Eager only for his wine, the fiend did not bother to examine it before putting it away. This is what we mean by

The Great Sage, ever versatile, displays his skills:
The hair is now exchanged for the golden rope.

As soon as he had acquired this treasure, he leaped out the door and changed back into his true form. "Monster!" he shouted. A little fiend guarding the door asked, "Who are you, that you dare shout here?"

"Go in quickly," said Pilgrim, "and report to those lawless demons that a Grimpil Sun is here."

The little fiend indeed made the report as he was told.

Highly startled, the old demon said, "We have caught Pilgrim Sun already! How is it that there is a Grimpil Sun?"

"Elder Brother," said the second demon, "Why fear him? The treasures are all in our hands. Let me take the gourd out and have him stored up."

"Brother," said the old demon, "do be careful."

The second demon took out the gourd and walked out the door, where he encountered someone who seemed to be an exact image of Pilgrim Sun but only a little shorter. "Where did you come from?" he asked. Pilgrim said, "I'm the brother of Pilgrim Sun. When I heard that you caught my elder brother, I came to settle the score with you."

"Yes, I caught him all right," said the second demon, "and he's locked up in the cave. Now that you have arrived, you want to fight with me, I suppose, but I won't cross swords with you. Let me call your name once. Do you dare answer me?"

"Even if you call me a thousand times, I won't be afraid," said Pilgrim. "I'll answer you ten thousand times!" Leaping into the air with his treasure held upside down, the demon called out, "Grimpil Sun!" Pilgrim dared not reply, thinking to himself, "If I answer him, I'll be sucked inside."

"Why don't you answer me?" said the demon.

"My ears are a little stuffed up," said Pilgrim, "and I can't hear you. Call louder."

The fiend indeed shouted, "Grimpil Sun!" Squeezing his fingers together to do some calculations down below, Pilgrim thought to himself, "My real name is Pilgrim Sun, but this Grimpil Sun is a fake name that I've made up. With the real name I can be sucked inside, but how could it work with a false name?"

He could not refrain from answering, and instantly he was sucked into the gourd, which was then sealed by the tape. That treasure, you see, had no regard for whether the name called out was true or false: if one even breathed an answer, one would be sucked inside instantly.

When the Great Sage arrived inside the gourd, he found only total darkness. He tried to push up with his head but to no avail at all, for whatever was stopping the mouth of the gourd was exceedingly tight. Growing anxious, he thought to himself, "Those two little fiends I met on the mountain at the time told me that if a man was sucked into either the gourd or the vase, he would be reduced to pus in one and three-quarter hours. Could I be dissolved like that?"

He thought further to himself, "It's nothing. I can't be dissolved! When old Monkey caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago and was refined for forty-nine days in the eighttrigram brazier of Laozi, the process in fact gave me a heart strong as gold and viscera hardy as silver, a bronze head and an iron back, fiery eyes and diamond pupils. How could I be reduced to pus in one and three-quarter hours? Let me follow him inside and see what he does."

The second demon went inside with the gourd, saying, "Elder Brother, I've caught him."

"Caught whom?" asked the old demon.

The second demon said, "Grimpil Sun has been stored up in the gourd by me."

Delighted, the old demon said, "Worthy Brother, please take a seat. Don't move the gourd. We'll shake it after awhile and we'll lift the seal only if it swashes."

Hearing this, Pilgrim thought to himself, "If my body remains like this, how could it swash? I have to be reduced to liquid before the gourd can swash when shaken.

Let me leave some urine here; when he shakes it and it swashes, he will certainly lift up the seal and I can then beat it!"

But he thought again, "No good! No good! The urine can make the noise, but my shirt will be soiled. I'll wait until he shakes the gourd, and then I'll spit out a lot of saliva. All that drippy mess will deceive him into lifting the seal, and old Monkey can then escape."

The Great Sage made this preparation, but the fiend was busy drinking and did not try to shake the gourd at all. Devising another plan to deceive them, the Great Sage suddenly cried out, "Heavens! My shanks have dissolved!"

The demons did not shake the gourd, and the Great Sage cried out again, "O Mother! Even my pelvic bones are gone!"

"When his waist is gone," said the old demon, "he's almost finished. Lift up the seal and take a look." When the Great Sage heard this, he pulled off a piece of hair, crying "Change!" It changed into half a body stuck at the bottom of the gourd, while his true self was changed into a tiny insect attached to its mouth. As soon as the second demon lifted up the seal, the Great Sage flew out at once and with a roll changed instantly again into the form of Sea-Lolling Dragon, that little fiend who was sent formerly to fetch the Old Madam. He stood to one side, while the old demon took hold of the gourd and peered inside. Half a body was squirming down below, and he did not wait to determine whether it was genuine or not before he shouted, "Brother, cover it up, cover it up! He hasn't been completely dissolved yet."

The second demon again taped on the seal, not realizing that the Great Sage on one side was snickering to himself, saying, "You don't know that old Monkey is right over here!"

Taking the wine pot, the old demon poured a full cup of wine and presented it with both hands to the second demon, saying, “Worthy Brother, let me toast you with this cup.”

The second demon said, “Elder Brother, we have drunk wine for quite a while already. Why do you have to toast me with the cup now?”

“It’s no big thing, perhaps, that you caught the Tang Monk, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk,” said the old demon, “but you even managed to tie up Pilgrim Sun and store up Grimpil Sun. For making such great merit, you should be toasted with many cups more.” When the second demon saw how his elder brother sought to honor him, he dared not refuse, but he dared not accept the cup with one hand either, for he was holding the gourd with the other. Quickly passing the gourd to Sea-Lolling Dragon, he then received the cup with both hands. Little did he realize, of course, that Sea-Lolling Dragon was in fact the transformed Pilgrim Sun. Look at him! He waited on the demons with great attentiveness. After the second demon took the wine and drank it, he wanted to return the toast. “No need to toast me,” said the old demon. “Here, I’ll drink a cup with you.”

The two of them kept exchanging niceties like that for some time, while Pilgrim, holding the gourd, fixed his eyes on them. When he saw them passing the wine cup back and forth without the slightest regard for what he was doing, he slipped the gourd into his sleeve and used another piece of hair to form a specious gourd exactly the same as the genuine one. The demon, after presenting wine for awhile, took the gourd out of Pilgrim’s hands without bothering to examine it. They sat down at their tables again and continued to drink as before. Having acquired the treasure again, the Great Sage turned and left, highly delighted and saying to himself,

Though this demon has his wizardry,
The gourd’s still owned by the Sun family!

We do not know what he had to do thereafter to exterminate the fiends and rescue his master; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-FIVE

Heresy uses power to oppress the proper Nature
Mind Monkey, bagging treasures, conquers deviate demons

His nature's perfect: thus he knows the Way.
Turning, he leaps clear of the net and snare.
To learn transformation's no easy thing,
Nor is it common to achieve long life.
Luck changes him to things pure and impure;
Free of fated kalpas he moves at will.
For countless aeons he is fancy-free—
A ray divine fixed always on the void.

The meaning of this poem, you see, subtly corresponds to the wonders of the Dao attained by the Great Sage Sun. Since he had acquired the true treasure from that demon, he concealed it in his sleeve, saying happily to himself, "Though that lawless demon tries so hard to capture me, his efforts are no better than the attempt to fish the moon out of water. But when old Monkey wants to catch him, it's as simple as melting ice over fire!"

Hiding the gourd, he slipped out the door and changed back into his original form.

"Monster spirits," he shouted, "open the door!"

A little fiend said, "Who are you that you dare make noises here?" Pilgrim answered, "Report at once to those old lawless demons that a Sun Pilgrim has arrived."

The little fiend dashed inside to make the report, saying, "Great King, there is a so-called Sun Pilgrim showing up outside our door."

"Worthy Brother," said the old demon, deeply shaken, "that's bad! We have stirred up a whole nest of pestilence! Look! The yellowgold rope has caught a Pilgrim Sun, while the gourd has stored up a Grimpil Sun. How can it be that there is another Sun Pilgrim? It must be that they have several brothers and they have all arrived."

"Relax, Elder Brother," said the second demon. "This gourd of ours can hold up to a thousand people, and we have only one Grimpil Sun inside. Why worry about another Sun Pilgrim? Let me go out and take a look. I'll store him up also."

"Do be careful, Brother," said the old demon.

Look at that second demon! Holding the specious gourd, he walked out the door as resolutely and confidently as before. "Who are you," he cried, "that you dare make noises around here?" Pilgrim said, "So, you don't recognize me!

I lived at Flower- Fruit Mountain.
My home: the Water-Curtain Cave.
For disturbing Heaven's Palace
I ceased to strive for a long time.
Lucky to be freed of my woes,
I left Dao and followed a monk
To reach, obedient, Thunderclap,
To seek scriptures and right knowledge.

When I meet wild, lawless demons,
I work with my mighty magic.
Return my monk of Great Tang
That we go West to see Buddha.
Our conflict will then be ended,
And each one can enjoy his peace.
Don't stir up old Monkey's ire,
Or your stale life will expire!"

"You come over here for a moment" said the demon, "but I'm not going to fight with you. I'm about to call your name once. You dare answer me?"

"If you call me," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "I'll answer you. But if I call you, will you answer me?"

"I call you," said that fiend, "only because I have a treasure gourd which can store up people. What do you have that makes you want to call me?" Pilgrim said, "I, too, have a little gourd."

"If you do," said the fiend, "take it out for me to have a look." Pilgrim took the gourd out of his sleeve, saying, "Lawless demon, you look!"

He waved it once and stuffed it immediately back into his sleeve, for he was afraid that the demon might want to snatch it away.

When the demon caught sight of the gourd, he was greatly shaken, saying, "Where did that gourd of his come from? How is it that it is exactly like mine? Even if it grew from the same branch, there ought to be some difference in size or shape. How could they be exactly alike?" With complete seriousness, he said, "Sun Pilgrim, where did your gourd come from?" Pilgrim, of course, did not know the history of the gourd, but he turned the question around and asked instead, "Where did yours come from?" Not realizing that it was a trick, the demon thought that it was an honest query and he proceeded to give a complete account of its origin, saying, "This gourd of mine came into existence during the time when chaos divided and Heaven and Earth were created. There was then a Supreme Primordial Old Patriarch, who through death changed himself into Nüwa and took on her name. She melted stones in order to repair the heavens and save the mundane world. When she reached a crack in the northwest region at the base of the Kunlun Mountain, she discovered a strand of immortal creeper on which was formed this red gourd of purple gold. It is, therefore, something handed down by Laozi until now." When the Great Sage heard this story, he at once used it as a model for his own account, saying, "My gourd also came from the same spot."

"How so?" asked the demon. "Since the division of the pure and the turbid," said the Great Sage, "Heaven was incomplete at the northwest corner, and Earth was incomplete in the southeast corner. The Supreme Primordial Daoist Patriarch through death changed himself into Nüwa.

After she had repaired the heavens, she journeyed to the base of the Kunlun Mountain, where there was a strand of immortal creeper on which two gourds had formed. The one I have is a male, while yours is a female."

The fiend said, "No need to distinguish the sexes; if it can store up people, it's a good treasure."

"You are right," said the Great Sage, "I'll let you try first."

Highly pleased, the fiend leaped into the air, held up the gourd, and cried, “Sun Pilgrim!” When he heard the call, the Great Sage replied in one breath eight or nine times without stopping, but nothing happened to him at all. Dropping down from the air, the demon beat his breast and stamped his feet, crying, “Heavens! And we say that only human life has not changed in the world! Even a treasure like this is afraid of her mate: when the female meets the male, it ceases to be effective!”

“Why don’t you put yours away,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “for it’s old Monkey’s turn to call you.” Swiftly somersaulting into the air, he turned the gourd upside down and took aim at the demon, crying, “Great King Silver Horn!” Not daring to close his mouth, the fiend made his reply, and instantly he was sucked into the gourd, which was then sealed by Pilgrim with the tape bearing the words, “May Laozi Act Quickly According to This Command.” Secretly pleased, Pilgrim said, “My child, you are going to try something new today!”

He descended from the cloud, holding the gourd, and headed straight for the Lotus-Flower Cave, every thought of his set on rescuing his master. The road on that mountain, you see, was pockmarked with holes, and he, moreover, was somewhat bowlegged. As he scurried along, the gourd was shaken repeatedly, and soon there came from within a loud swashing sound continuously. “How is it that it swashes already?” you ask. The Great Sage, you see, had a body which had been so thoroughly refined that he could not be dissolved speedily. On the other hand, the fiend might know some such paltry magic as mounting the clouds and riding the fog, but he had not been completely delivered from his mortal constitution. The moment he was sucked into the treasure, he was dissolved.

Pilgrim, however, did not quite believe that that had been the case. “O my child,” he said, laughing, “I don’t know whether you are pissing or gargling! But this sort of business is most familiar to old Monkey. Not until after seven or eight days, when you have become thin liquid, will I lift the cover to look. Why hurry? What’s the rush? When I think of how easily I got out, I wouldn’t spy on you for a thousand years!”

As he held the gourd and talked to himself like that, he soon arrived at the entrance of the cave. He gave the gourd a shake and it was swashing even more loudly. “This sounds like the rattle of a fortune-telling tube,” he said. “Old Monkey should make an inquiry to see when Master can come out of this door.” Look at him! He shook the thing in his hand constantly while reciting, “The *Classic of Change* of King Wen, Great Sage Confucius, Master Zhou of *Lady Peach-Blossom*, Master Ghost Valley.”

When the little fiends in the cave saw that, they cried, “Great King, disaster! Sun Pilgrim has stored up our Second Great King in the gourd and he’s using that for fortune-telling now.” When the old fiend heard these words, he was so horrified that his spirit left him and his soul fled, his bones weakened and his tendons turned numb. He fell on the ground and began to wail, crying, “O Worthy Brother! When you and I left the Region Above in secret and found our lives in this mortal world, our hope was to enjoy together riches and glory as permanent lords of this mountain cave. How could I know that, because of this monk, your life would be taken away and our fraternal bond be broken?” The various fiends of the entire cave all began to wail aloud.

When Zhu Eight Rules, hanging there on the beam, heard the wailing of the whole family, he could not refrain from calling out, “Monster, don’t cry! Let old Hog tell you something. The Pilgrim Sun who arrived first, the Grimpil Sun who came next, and finally the Sun Pilgrim who came last—all three of them are in fact a single person, my elder brother. He is very versatile, knowing seventytwo ways of transformation. It

was he who stole your treasure and had your brother stored up. Since your brother is now dead, there is no need for you to mourn like that. You should clean up your pots and pans quickly and fix up some dried mushrooms, fresh butt on mushrooms, bean sprouts, bamboo shoots, soybean cakes, wheat glutens, wood ears, and vegetables. Invite us master and disciples for a meal, and we will be pleased to recite for you once the *Receive Life Sūtra*." Infuriated by what he heard, the old demon said, "I thought Zhu Eight Rules was a guileless person, but he's actually most sassy. He dares to make fun of me at this moment! Little ones, stop mourning. Untie Zhu Eight Rules and steam him until he's soft and tender.

Let me have a full stomach first, and then I'll go catch Pilgrim Sun to avenge my brother."

Turning to Eight Rules, Sha Monk chided him, saying, "Isn't that nice? I told you not to talk so much! Now your talking means that you'll be steamed and eaten." Idiot himself became somewhat alarmed, but a little fiend then spoke up, saying, "Great King, it's not good to steam Zhu Eight Rules."

"Amitābha Buddha!" said Eight Rules. "Which elder brother is trying to pile up secret merits? I'm indeed no good if I'm steamed."

Another fiend said, "After he's skinned, he'll then be good to steam."

Horrified, Eight Rules said, "I'm all right! I'm all right! Though my bones and skins are coarse, I'll be tender the moment the water boils."

As they were speaking, another little fiend came from the front door to report, "Sun Pilgrim is reviling us at our door!"

"This fellow," said a startled old demon, "abuses us because he thinks there is nobody here."

He then gave the order, "Little ones, hang up Zhu Eight Rules as before, and find out how many treasures there are still in the house."

A little fiend, who was the housekeeper, said, "There are three treasures yet in the cave."

"Which three?" asked the old demon. "The sword of seven stars," said the housekeeper, "the palm-leaf fan, and the pure-jade vase."

"That vase is useless!" said the old demon. "It was supposed to store up anyone who answered when his name was called, but the formula was somehow passed on to that Pilgrim Sun and now our own brother has been put away. I won't use the vase; leave it here at home. Bring me the sword and the fan, quickly."

The housekeeper handed over the two treasures to the old demon, who stuck the fan into his collar behind his neck and held the sword in his hand. He then called up about three hundred monsters, young and old, and told all of them to arm themselves with spears, clubs, ropes, and knives. The old demon himself also put on helmet and cuirass, covered with a flaming red silk cape. As the monsters rushed out the door, they lined up in battle formation, intent on catching the Great Sage Sun. Knowing by now that the second demon had been dissolved in the gourd, the Great Sage fastened the gourd to the belt around his waist while his hands held high the golden-hooped rod to prepare for combat. As red banners unfurled, the old fiend leaped out the door.

How was he dressed?

His helmet's tassle shimmered on his head,
And from his belt fresh, radiant colors rose.
He wore a cuirass knit like dragon scales,
Topped with a long red cape like crackling flames.
His round eyes opened wide and lightning flashed;
Wiry whiskers flared up like turbid fumes.
His hand held lightly the seven-star sword,
His shoulder half-hidden by the palm-leaf fan.
He moved like clouds rushing past the ocean's peaks;
Like thunder his voice shook mountains and streams.
An awesome Heaven-defying warrior,
Leading many monsters, he stormed out of the cave.

After ordering the little fiends to take their battle stations, the old demon shouted, "You ape! You are utterly wretched! You murdered my brother and broke up our fraternal bond. You are truly despicable!"

"Monster, you are the one who's asking for death!" replied Pilgrim, "Do you mean to tell me that one life of a monster-spirit is worth more than those of four creatures like my master, my younger brothers, and the white horse? You think that I can bear the thought of their being hung up in the cave at this moment? That I would agree to that? Bring them out at once and return them to me.

You can add also some travel expenses and send off old Monkey amiably. Then I might spare this cur-like life of yours!"

The fiend, of course, would not permit any further exchanges; lifting his treasure sword, he slashed at the head of the Great Sage, who met him with uplift ed iron rod. This was quite a battle outside the entrance of the cave. Aha!

The seven-star sword and the golden-hooped rod
Clashed, and sparks flared up like lightning bright;
The spreading cold air brought oppressive chill
As vast dark clouds concealed the peaks and cliffs.
This one because of his fraternal bond
Would not let up a bit.
That one on account of the scripture monk
Would not slow down one whit.
Each one hated with the same kind of hate;
Both parties cherished such hostility.
They fought till Heaven and Earth darkened, scaring gods and ghosts;
The sun dimmed, the smoke thickened, as dragons and tigers quaked.
This one ground his teeth like filing down jade nails;
That one grew so mad that flames leaped out his eyes!
Back and forth they showed their heroic might,
And kept on brandishing both sword and rod.

The old demon fought with the Great Sage for twenty rounds, but neither could gain the upper hand. Pointing with his sword, the old demon shouted, "Little fiends, come up together!"

Those three hundred monster-spirits rushed up together and completely surrounded Pilgrim. Dear Great Sage! Not in the least afraid, he wielded his rod and

lunged left and right, attacking with it in front and protecting himself in the rear. Those little fiends, however, all had some abilities; the longer they fought, the more ferocious they became—like cotton floss sticking to one's body, they tackled Pilgrim at the waist and tugged at his legs, refusing to be beaten back. Alarmed, the Great Sage resorted to the magic of the Body beyond the Body. He plucked off a handful of hairs from under his left arm, chewed them to pieces, and spat them out, crying, "Change!"

Every piece of the hair changed into a Pilgrim. Look at all of them! The tall ones wielded rods, the short ones boxed with their fists, and the tiniest ones grabbed the monsters' shanks and began to gnaw on them. They fought till all the fiends were scattered in every direction, crying, "Great King, we're finished! We can't fight anymore! The mountain is full of Pilgrim Suns!"

The magic of the Body beyond the Body thus sent the flock of monsters into a hasty retreat: only an old demon was left in the middle, surrounded on all sides, sorely pressed but with no way to run at all.

Terribly frightened, the demon switched the treasure sword to his left hand; with his right, he reached behind his neck and pulled out the palm-leaf fan. Facing the direction of due south (which is the direction of fire), he made a sweeping motion with the fan from the left and fanned at the ground once. Flames leaped up instantly from the ground. The treasure, you see, could produce fire just like that.

An unrelenting person, the fiend fanned at the ground for seven or eight more times, and a fierce fire raged everywhere. Marvelous fire!

The fire was neither the fire of Heaven
Nor the fire of a brazier;
Neither the wild fire on the meadows
Nor the fire inside an oven.
It was a spark of spiritual light taken naturally from the Five Phases.
The fan also was no common thing in the mortal world,
Nor was it made by any human skill.
It was a true treasure formed since the time chaos parted.
When the fan was used to start this fire,
Bright and brilliant,
It was like the red bolts of lightning;
Clear and ablaze,
It seemed mists iridescent.
There was not even a strand of blue smoke,
Only a mountain full of scarlet flames.
It burned till the summit pines became fire trees,
And cedars changed into lanterns before the cliff.
The beasts of the caves, eager to live,
Dashed to the east and the west;
The birds of the woods, zealous for their feathers,
Flew high and retreated wide.
This divine, air-filling holocaust
Burned till rocks broke, rivers dried up, and all the ground turned red!

When the Great Sage saw how ferocious the fire was, he, too, became quite shaken, crying, "It's bad! I can stand it myself, but my hairs are no good. Once they fall into the fire, they will be burned up." Shaking his body once, he retrieved all his hairs

except one piece, which he used to change into a specious form of himself, pretending to flee the fire. His true body, making the fire-resisting sign with his fingers, somersaulted into the air and leaped clear of the blaze. He then headed straight for the Lotus-Flower Cave with the intent of rescuing his master. As he sped up to the entrance of the cave and lowered the direction of his cloud, he saw a hundred-odd little fiends outside the door, every one of them with head wounds or broken legs, with lesions and bruises. They were the ones injured by his magic of the Body beyond the Body, all standing there whimpering and in pain. When the Great Sage saw them, he could not suppress the savagery in his nature; lifting up the iron rod, he fought all the way inside. How pitiful it was that he should bring at once to nothing

The fruits of bitter exercise to acquire human forms!
They all became again old pieces of hair and hide!

After the Great Sage had finished off all the little fiends, he raced into the cave with the intent of untying his master. Just then he saw again a fiery glow inside, and he became terribly flustered, crying, "Undone! Undone! If this fire is starting again even at the back door, old Monkey will find it hard to save Master."

As he was thus in alarm, he looked again more carefully. Ah! It was not the glow of fire, but actually a beam of golden light. Composing himself, he walked inside to have another look and found that the source of the glow was the pure mutton-jade vase. Filled with delight, he said to himself, "What a lovely treasure! This vase was glowing also when the little fiends took it up the mountain. Then old Monkey got it, only to have it taken away again by the monster. It's hidden here and today it's still glowing." Look at him! He stole the vase at once and turned quickly to walk out of the cave, not even bothering to try to rescue his master. As soon as he came out the door, he ran into the demon returning from the south, holding the treasure sword and the fan. The Great Sage did not have time to hide himself, and the demon lifted his sword instantly to slash at his head. Mounting his cloud somersault, the Great Sage leaped up and vanished immediately.

When the fiend arrived at his own door, he saw corpses lying everywhere, all the monster-spirits under his command. He was so stricken that he lifted his face toward Heaven and sighed loudly before bursting into tears, crying "O misery! O what bitterness!"

For him we have a testimonial poem, and the poem says:

Hateful are the sly ape and the froward horse!
The seeds divine who came to the world of dust,
For one erring thought of leaving Heaven,
Fell on this mountain and destroyed themselves.
What bitter grief when flocks of birds break up!
How tears flow when monster troops are wiped out!
When will the scourge end, the chastisement cease,
That they may return to their primal forms?

Overborne by grief, the old demon wailed step by step into the cave; he saw that the furniture and other belongings remained, but not even a single person was in sight. In this total silence, he became sadder than ever: as he sat all by himself in the cave, he placed his head on a stone table, his sword he leaned against the table, and the fan he stuck back into his collar. Soon, he fell into a deep sleep, just as the proverb says:

Your spirit is full when you are happy;

Once dejected you tend to be sleepy!

We tell you now about the Great Sage Sun, who turned the direction of his cloud somersault around and stood before the mountain, thinking again of trying to rescue his master. Fastening the vase tightly to his belt, he returned to the entrance of the cave to see what was happening. The two doors he found wide open, but not a sound could be heard. With light, stealthy steps he slipped inside and discovered the demon sleeping soundly, leaning on the stone table. The palm-leaf fan was sticking out of his collar, half covering the back of his head, while the sword of seven stars was placed against the table. He tiptoed near the demon, pulled out the fan, and turned at once to flee outside. The fan, however, scraped against the hair of the fiend when it was pulled out, rousing him from his sleep.

When he lifted his head to look and found that his fan had been stolen by Pilgrim Sun, he gave chase at once with the sword. The Great Sage leaped out the door and, having stuck the fan into his waist, met the fiend with both hands wielding the iron rod. This was a marvelous battle!

The maddened demon king,
His cap raised by angry hair,
Wanted to swallow with one gulp his foe—
But e'en that was no relief!
He reviled the monkey thus:
"You mock me far too much!
You took our many lives.
You steal my treasure now.
This time I'll not spare you,
I'll see that you are dead!"
The Great Sage rapped the demon:
"You don't know what's good for you!
A student wants to fight old Monkey?
How could an egg smash up a rock?"
The treasure sword came,
The iron rod moved:
The two would no longer cherish kindness.
Again and again a contest they waged;
Over and over they used their martial skill.
Because of the scripture monk
Who sought at Spirit Mount a place,
Bringing discord to Metal and Fire,
The Five Phases, confused, lost their peace.
They showed their awe-inspiring, magic power;
They kicked up dust and stones to flaunt their might.
They fought till the sun was about to sink:
The demon grew weak and retreated first.

The demon fought with the Great Sage for more than thirty rounds; when the sky darkened, the demon fled in defeat and headed for the southwest in the direction of the Crush-Dragon Cave. We shall speak no more of him for the moment.

Lowering the direction of his cloud, the Great Sage dashed into the Lotus-Flower Cave and untied the Tang Monk, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk. After they were freed, they thanked Pilgrim while asking, "Where did the demons go?"

"The second demon has been stored up in the gourd," said Pilgrim, "and he must be completely dissolved by now. The old demon was defeated by me just now and he fled toward the Crush-Dragon Cave in the southwest. Over half of the little fiends of the cave have been killed by the body-division magic of old Monkey, and the rest who were defeated have also been wiped out by me. Only after that could I come in here to rescue and free all of you." Profoundly grateful, the Tang Monk said, "Disciple, you must have worked awfully hard!"

"Indeed," said Pilgrim, laughing, "though all of you had to bear the pain of being hung up, old Monkey hasn't been able even to rest his legs! I had to be on the go even more frequently than the postal messenger: coming in and getting out, there was never a moment's pause. Only after having managed to steal his treasures could I defeat the demons."

"Elder Brother," said Zhu Eight Rules, "take out the gourd and let us have a look inside. The second demon, I suppose, must have been dissolved by now."

The Great Sage first untied the pure vase; he then took out the gold rope and the fan before he held the gourd in his hands. Then he said, "Don't look! Don't look! Just now he had old Monkey stored up, and only after I deceived him into opening the lid by feigning some gargling noise did I escape. We must not, therefore, lift up the lid, for he may still pull some tricks and escape."

Thereafter master and disciples happily searched the cave and found some of the monsters' rice, noodles, and vegetables; after heating and washing some of the pots and pans, they prepared a vegetarian meal and ate their fill. They rested in the cave for the night and soon it was morning again.

We tell you now about that old demon, who went straight to the Crush-Dragon Mountain and gathered together all the female fiends, to whom he gave a thorough account of how his mother was beaten to death, how his brother was sucked into the gourd, how his monster soldiers were wiped out, and how his treasures had been stolen. The female fiends all burst into tears, wailing for a long time.

Then the old demon said, "Stop crying, all of you. I still have with me the sword of seven stars, and I plan to go with all of you, female soldiers, to the back of this Crush-Dragon Mountain to borrow some more troops from my maternal relative. I'm determined to capture that Pilgrim Sun to exact vengeance."

Before he had even finished speaking, a little fiend came from the door to report, saying, "Great King, your Venerable Maternal Uncle from behind the mountain has led his troops here." When the old demon heard this, he quickly changed into mourning garments of plain white silk and bowed to receive his visitor. The Venerable Maternal Uncle, you see, was the younger brother of his mother who went by the name, Great King Fox Number Seven. Because he had already received the report from some of his monster soldiers out on patrol that his elder sister was beaten to death by Pilgrim Sun, who then changed into the form of his sister to swindle treasures from his nephew, and that there had been fighting for several days on the Level-Top Mountain, he called up some two hundred soldiers from his own cave to offer his assistance. He stopped first at his sister's home to find out whether indeed she had died. The moment he walked in the door, however, he saw the old demon in mourning garments, and the two of them burst

into loud wailing. After some time, the old demon knelt down to give a complete account of what had taken place. Growing very angry, Number Seven ordered the old demon to take off his mourning garments, to pick up his treasure sword, and to call up all the female monsters. Together they mounted the wind and the cloud, speeding toward the northeast.

The Great Sage just then was telling Sha Monk to prepare breakfast so that they could journey after the meal, when suddenly he heard the sound of the wind. Walking out the door, he found a horde of fiendish troops approaching from the southwest. Somewhat startled, Pilgrim dashed inside, calling to Eight Rules, "Brother, the monster-spirit has brought fresh troops to help him." When Tripitaka heard these words, he paled with fright, saying, "Disciple, what shall we do?"

"Relax, relax!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "Give me all of his treasures."

The Great Sage fastened the gourd and the vase to his waist, stuffed the gold rope into his sleeve, and stuck the palm-leaf fan into his collar. Wielding the iron rod with both hands, he told Sha Monk to stand and guard their master sitting in the cave, while he and Eight Rules holding the muckrake went out to meet their adversaries.

The fiendish creatures ranged themselves in battle formation, and the one at the very forefront was the Great King Number Seven, who had a jadelike face, a long beard, wiry eyebrows, and knifelike ears. He wore a golden helmet on his head and a knitted cuirass on his body; his hands held a "square-sky" halberd.

In a loud voice he shouted, "You audacious, lawless ape! How dare you oppress people like that! You stole our treasures, slaughtered our relatives, killed our soldiers, and you even had the nerve to take over our cave dwelling. Stick out your neck quickly and accept death, so that I can avenge my sister's murder!"

"You reckless hairy lump!" cried Pilgrim. "You don't know what your Grandpa Sun can do! Don't run away! Take a blow from my rod!"

The fiend stepped aside to dodge the blow before turning again to meet him with the halberd. The two of them fought back and forth on the mountain for three or four rounds, and the fiend grew weak already. As he fled, Pilgrim gave chase and encountered the old demon, who also fought with him for three rounds. Then the Number Seven Fox turned around and attacked once more. When Eight Rules on this side saw him, he quickly stopped him with the nine-pronged rake; so, each of the pilgrims took on a monster and they fought for a long time without reaching a decision. The old demon shouted for all the monster soldiers to join the battle also.

We tell you now about the Tang Monk, who was seated in the cave when he heard earth-shaking cries coming from outside. "Sha Monk," he said, "go and see how your brothers are doing in the battle." Lifting high his fiend-routing staff, Sha Monk gave a terrific cry as he raced outside, beating back at once many of the monsters. When Number Seven saw that the tide was turning against them, he spun around and ran, only to be caught up by Eight Rules, who brought the rake down hard on his back.

This one blow caused nine spots of bright red to spurt out;
Pity one spirit's true nature going to the world beyond.

When Eight Rules dragged him aside and stripped off his clothes, he found that the Great King, too, was a fox spirit.

When the old demon saw that his maternal uncle was slain, he abandoned Pilgrim and attacked Eight Rules with the sword. Eight Rules blocked the blow with the

muckrake; as they fought, Sha Monk charged near and struck with his staff. Unable to withstand the two of them, the demon mounted wind and cloud to flee toward the south with Eight Rules and Sha Monk hard on his heels. When the Great Sage saw that, he swiftly leaped into the air, untied the vase, and took aim at the old demon, crying, "Great King Golden Horn!"

The fiend thought that it was one of his defeated little demons calling him, and he turned to give his reply. Instantly he was sucked also into the vase, which was then sealed by Pilgrim with the tape bearing the words, "May Laozi Act Quickly According to This Command."

The sword of seven stars dropped to the ground below and it, too, became the property of Pilgrim. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, coming up to meet Pilgrim, "you've got the sword. But where's the monster-spirit?"

"Finished!" said Pilgrim, chuckling, "He's stored up in this vase of mine." When they heard this, Sha Monk and Eight Rules were utterly delighted.

After they had completely wiped out the ogres and monsters, they went back to the cave to present the good news to Tripitaka, saying, "The mountain has been purged of all monsters. Let Master mount up so that we may journey again."

Highly pleased, Tripitaka finished the morning meal with his disciples, whereupon they put in order the luggage and the horse and found their way to the West.

As they walked, a blind man suddenly appeared from the side of the road and caught hold of Tripitaka's horse, saying, "Monk, where are you going? Give me back my treasures!"

Horrified, Eight Rules cried, "We are finished! Here's another old monster coming to ask for his treasures!" Pilgrim looked at the man carefully and saw that he was actually Laozi. Hurriedly he drew near and bowed, saying, "Venerable Sir, where are you going?"

The old patriarch swiftly mounted his jade throne, which rose and stopped in midair. "Pilgrim Sun," he said, "return my treasures."

The Great Sage also rose into the air saying, "What treasures?"

"The gourd," said Laozi, "is what I use to store elixir, while the pure vase is my water container. The treasure sword I use to subdue demons, the fan is for tending my fires, and the rope is actually a belt of my gown. Those two monsters happen to be two Daoist youths: one looks after my golden brazier, while the other my silver brazier. I was just searching for them, for they stole the treasures and left the Region Above. Now you have caught them, this will be your merit."

The Great Sage said, "Venerable Sir, you are not very honorable! That you would permit your kin to become demons should make you guilty of oversight in the governance of your household."

"It's really not my affair," said Laozi, "so don't blame the wrong person.

These youths were requested by the Bodhisattva from the sea three times; they were to be sent here and transformed into demons, to test all of you and see whether master and disciples are sincere in going to the West." When the Great Sage heard these words, he thought to himself, "What a rogue is this Bodhisattva! At the time when she delivered old Monkey and told me to accompany the Tang Monk to procure scriptures in the West, I said that the journey would be a difficult one. She even promised that she

herself would come to rescue us when we encounter grave difficulties, but instead, she sent monsterspirits here to harass us. The way she double-talks, she deserves to be a spinster for the rest of her life!"

He then said to Laozi, "If Venerable Sir didn't show up personally, I would never have returned these things to you. But since you have made the appearance and told me the truth, you can take them away."

After receiving the five treasures, Laozi lifted the seals of the gourd and the vase and poured out two masses of divine ether. With one point of his finger he transformed the ether again into two youths, standing on his left and right. Ten thousand strands of propitious light appeared as

They all drifted toward the Tushita Palace;
Freely they went straight up to Heaven's canopy.

We do not know what happens thereafter, how the Great Sun accompanies the Tang Monk, or at what time they reach the Western Heaven; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-SIX

When Mind Monkey is rectified, the nidānas cease
Smash through the side door[2] *to view the bright moon*

We were telling you about Pilgrim, who lowered the direction of his cloud and presented to his master a thorough account of how the Bodhisattva requested for the youths and how Laozi took back his treasures. Tripitaka was deeply grateful; he redoubled his efforts and determination to go to the West at all costs. He mounted the horse once more; while Zhu Eight Rules poled the luggage, Sha Monk took hold of the bridle, and Pilgrim Sun took up his iron rod to lead the way down the tall mountain. As they proceeded, we cannot tell you in full how they rested by the waters and dined in the wind, how they were covered with frost and exposed to the dew. Master and disciples journeyed for a long time and again they found a mountain blocking their path.

"Disciples," said Tripitaka loudly on the horse, "Look how tall and rugged is that mountain. We should be most careful, for I fear that there may be some demonic miasmas coming to attack us." Pilgrim said, "Stop thinking foolish thoughts, Master. Compose yourself and keep your mind from wandering; nothing will happen to you."

"O Disciple," said Tripitaka, "why is it so difficult to reach the Western Heaven? I remember that since leaving the city Chang'an, spring has come and gone on this road several times, autumn has arrived to be followed by winter—at least four or five years must have gone by. Why is it that we still haven't reached our destination?"

"It's too early! It's too early!" said Pilgrim, roaring with laughter. "We haven't even left the main door yet!"

"Stop fibbing, Elder Brother," said Eight Rules. "There's no such big mansion in this world."

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "we are just moving around in one of the halls inside." Laughing, Sha Monk said, "Elder Brother, stop talking so big to scare us. Where could you find such a huge house? Even if there were, you wouldn't be able to find cross beams that were long enough."

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "from the point of view of old Monkey, this blue sky is our roof, the sun and moon are our windows, the five sacred mountains our pillars, and the whole Heaven and Earth is but one large chamber." When Eight Rules heard this, he sighed, "We're finished! We're finished! All right, move around some more and we'll go back."

"No need for this kind of silly chatter," said Pilgrim. "Just follow old Monkey and move."

Dear Great Sage! Placing the iron rod horizontally across his shoulders, he led the Tang Monk firmly up the mountain road and went straight ahead. As the master looked around on the horse, he saw some lovely mountain scenery. Truly

The rugged summits touch the dipper stars,
And treetops seem to join the sky and clouds.
Within piles of blue mist
Ape cries oft arise from the valley;
In the shades of riotous green

You hear cranes calling beneath the pines.
Howling mountain sprites rear up in the streams
To mock the woodsman;
Aged fox spirits sit beside the cliff
To frighten the hunter.
Marvelous mountain!
Look how steep it is on all sides,
How precipitous every where!
Strange knotty pines topped by green canopies;
Dried, aged trees dangling creepers and vines.
The stream surges,
Its piercing cold chills e'en the hairs of man;
The peak shoots up,
Its eye-smarting clear wind makes one skittish.
Frequently you listen to big cats roar;
Now and then you hear mountain birds call.
Flocks of fallow deer cut through the brambles,
Leaping here and there;
Hordes of river deer seeking food of the wilds
Stampede back and forth.
Standing on the meadow,
One can't see any traveler;
Walk in the canyons
And there are wolves on all sides.
It's no place for Buddha to meditate,
Wholly the domain of darting birds and beasts.

With fear and trembling, the master entered deep into the mountain. Growing more melancholy, he stopped the horse and said, "O Wukong! Once

I was resolved to make that mountain trip,
To send me from the city the king did not wait.
I met on the way the three-cornered sedge;
I pushed hard my horse decked with bridle bells.
To find scriptures I searched steep slopes and streams;
To bow to Buddha's spirit I scaled the peaks.
If myself I guard to complete my tour,
When may I go home to bow to the court?"

When the Great Sage heard these words, he roared with laughter, saying, "Master, don't be so anxious and impatient. Relax and push forward. In due time, I assure you that 'success will come naturally when merit's achieved.'"

As master and disciples enjoyed the mountain scenery while they walked along, the red orb soon sank toward the west. Truly

No traveler walked by the ten-mile arbor,
But stars appeared in the ninefold heavens.
Boats of eight rivers returned to their piers;
Seven thousand towns and counties shut their gates.
The lords of six chambers and five bureaus all retired;
From four seas and three rivers fish-lines withdrew.

Gongs and drums sounded on two tall towers;
One orb of bright moon filled the universe.

As he peered into the distance on the back of the horse, the master saw in the fold of the mountain several multistoried buildings.

"Disciples," said Tripitaka, "it's getting late now and we are fortunate to find some buildings over there. I think it must be either a Daoist abbey or a Buddhist monastery. Let's go there and ask for lodging for the night, and we can resume our journey in the morning." Pilgrim said, "Master, you are right. Let's not hurry, however; let me examine the place first." Leaping into the air, the Great Sage stared intently and found that it was indeed a Buddhist monastery. He saw

Eight-word brick wall painted muddy red;
Doors on two sides studded with nails of gold;
Rows of tiered-terrace sheltered by the peak;
Buildings, multistoried, hidden in the mount.
Buddhas Alcove faced the Tathāgata Hall;
The Morning- Sun Tower met the Great Hero

Gate.
Clouds rested on a seven-tiered pagoda,
And glory shone from three honored Buddhas.
Mañjuśrī Platform faced the monastic house;
Maitreya Hall joined the Great Mercy Room.
Blue light danced outside the Mount- Viewing Lodge;
Purple clouds bloomed above the Void- Treading Tower.
Pine retreats and bamboo courts—fresh, lovely green.
Abbot rooms and Zen commons—clean every where.
Gracefully, quietly services were held.
Solemn but joyful priests walked the grounds.
Chan monks lectured in the Chan classrooms,
And instruments blared from music halls.
Udumbara petals dropped from the Wondrous- Height Terrace;
Pattra leaves grew beneath the Law- Expounding Platform.
So it was that woods sheltered this land of the Three Jewels,
And mountains embraced this home of a Sanskrit Prince.
Half a wall of lamps with flickering lights and smoke;
A row of incense obscured by fragrant fog.

Descending from his cloud, the Great Sage Sun reported to Tripitaka, saying, "Master, it's indeed a Buddhist monastery. We can go there to ask for lodging."

The master urged his horse on and went straight up to the main gate. "Master," said Pilgrim, "what monastery is this?"

"The hoofs of my horse have just come to a stop, and the tips of my feet have yet to leave the stirrups," said Tripitaka, "and you ask me what monastery this is? How thoughtless you are!" Pilgrim said, "You, your venerable self, have been a monk since your youth, and you must have studied the Confucian classics before you proceeded to lecture on the dharma sūtras. You must have mastered both literature and philosophy before you received such royal favors from the Tang Emperor. There are big words on the door of this monastery. Why can't you recognize them?"

"Impudent ape!" snapped the elder. "You mouth such senseless words! I was facing the west as I rode and my eyes were momentarily blinded by the glare of the sun. There might be words on the door, but they are covered by grime and dirt.

That's why I can't make them out." When Pilgrim heard these words, he stretched his torso and at once grew to over twenty feet tall.

Wiping away the dirt, he said, "Master, please take a look."

There were seven words in large characters:

"Precious Grove Monastery Built by Imperial Command."

After Pilgrim changed back into his normal size, he said, "Master, which one of us should go in to ask for lodging?"

"I'll go inside," said Tripitaka, "for all of you are ugly in your appearance, uncouth in your speech, and arrogant in your manner. If you happen to offend the local monks, they may refuse our request, and that won't be good."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "let Master go in at once. No need for words anymore."

Abandoning his priestly staff and untying his cloak, the elder straightened out his clothes and walked inside the main gate with folded hands. There he found behind red lacquered railings a pair of Vajra-guardians, whose molten images were fearsome indeed:

One has an iron face and steel whiskers as if alive;
One has bushy brows and round eyes that seem real.
On the left, the fist bones like raw iron jut out;
On the right, the palms are cragged like crude bronze.
Golden chain armor of splendid luster;
Bright helmets and wind-blown sashes of silk.
Offerings in the West to Buddha are bounteous:
In stone tripods the incense fires glow red.

When Tripitaka saw this, he nodded and gave a lengthy sigh, saying, "If in our Land of the East there are enough people who would mold such huge bodhisattvas with clay and worship them with fires and incense, this disciple would have no need to go to the Western Heaven."

As he was saying this to himself, he reached the second gate, where he discovered inside the images of the Four Devarājas:

Dhṛtarāṣṭra, Vaiśravaṇa, Virūḍhaka, and Virūpākṣa. Each of them, stationed according to his position in the east, north, south, and west, was also symbolic of his powers to make the winds harmonious and the rains seasonal. After he entered the second gate, he saw four tall pines, each of which had a luxuriant top shaped like an umbrella. As he raised his head, he discovered that he had arrived before the Precious Hall of the Great Hero. Folding his hands with complete reverence, the elder prostrated himself and worshipped; afterwards, he arose and went past the Buddha platform to reach the rear gate. There he found the image of the reclining Guanyin, who proffered deliverance to the creatures of South Sea.

On the walls were carvings—all done by skillful artisans—of shrimps, fishes, crabs, and turtles; sticking out their heads and flapping their tails, they were frolicking

in the billows and leaping over the waves. The elder again nodded his head four or five times, sighing loudly, "What a pity! Even scaly creatures would worship Buddha! Why is it that humans are unwilling to practice religion?"

As he was thus speaking to himself, a worker emerged from the third gate. When he saw the uncommon and handsome features of Tripitaka, he hurried forward and bowed, saying, "Where did the master come from?"

"This disciple," said Tripitaka, "was sent by the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go to the Western Heaven and seek scriptures from Buddha. It was getting late when we arrived at your honored region, and I came to ask for lodging for one night."

"Please do not be offended, Master," said the worker, "but I can't assume responsibility here. I'm just a manual laborer in charge of sweeping the grounds and tolling the bell.

There's an old master inside who is the head of the household. Let me go in and report to him; if he wishes to ask you to stay, I'll come out to give you the invitation; if not, I dare not detain you."

Tripitaka said, "Sorry for all that inconvenience."

The worker hurried to the abbot chamber and reported, "Venerable Father, there's someone outside."

The monk-official arose immediately, changed his clothes, adjusted his Vairocana hat, and put on a cassock before he went to open the door to receive his visitor. "What man has arrived?" he asked the worker, who pointed with his finger and replied, "Isn't that a man there behind the main hall?"

Bald-headed, wearing a Bodhidharma gown that was in shreds and a pair of sandals muddy and wet, Tripitaka was reclining by the door. When the monk-official saw him, he became enraged, saying, "Worker, you deserve to be flogged! Don't you know that a monk-official like me would come out and receive only the gentlemen from the cities who come here to offer incense? For this sort of a monk, why did you give me a phony report and ask me to receive him? Just look at his face! He can't be an honest man! He has to be some kind of mendicant who wants to sleep here now that it's getting late. You think I'm going to permit him to mess up our abbot chamber? Tell him to squat in the corridor. Why bother me?"

He turned around and left immediately.

When the elder heard these words, tears filled his eyes and he said, "How pitiful! How pitiful! Truly 'a man away from home is cheap!' This disciple left home from his youth to become a monk. I did not

Do penance while eating meat with wicked glee,
Or read scriptures in wrath to soil the mind of Chan.

Nor did I

Cast tiles and stones to damage Buddha's hall,
Or rip down the gold from an arhat's face.

Alas, how pitiful! I don't know which incarnation it was that I had offended Heaven and Earth, so that I have to meet unkind people so frequently in this life. Monk, if you don't want to give us lodging, that's all right. But why must you say such nasty

things, telling us to go and squat in the corridors? I'd better not repeat these words to Pilgrim, for if I did, that monkey would come in and a few blows of his iron rod would break all your shanks. All right! All right! The proverb says, 'Man must put propriety and music first.' Let me go inside and ask him once more and see what he really intends to do with us."

Following the tracks of the monk-official, the master went up to the door of the abbot chamber, where he found the monk-official who, having taken off his outer garments, was sitting inside, still panting with rage. He was not reciting the sūtras, nor was he drawing up any service for a family; all the Tang Monk could see was a pile of papers on a table beside him. Not daring to walk inside abruptly but standing instead in the courtyard, Tripitaka bowed and cried out, "Old Abbot, this disciple salutes you." Somewhat annoyed by the fact that Tripitaka followed him inside, the monk only pretended to return the greeting, saying, "Where did you come from?"

"This disciple," replied Tripitaka, "has been sent by the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go to the Western Heaven and seek scriptures from the Living Buddha. I passed through your honored region, it was getting late, and I came to ask for lodging for one night. Tomorrow, I'll leave before daybreak. I beseech the Old Abbot to grant me this request." Only then did the monk-official get up from his seat and say, "Are you that Tripitaka Tang?"

Tripitaka said, "Yes."

"If you are going to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures," said the monk-official, "how is it that you don't even know your way?"

Tripitaka said, "Your disciple has never passed through your honored region and that's why he doesn't know the way here."

"Due west of here," he said, "about four or five miles is a Thirty-Mile Inn, in which there is also someone selling food. It will be convenient for you to stay there, whereas it's not convenient here for me to entertain a monk like yourself who has come from a great distance."

"Abbot," said Tripitaka with hands folded, "the ancients declared that 'A Daoist abbey or a Buddhist monastery all may be considered a lodge for a priest, who has a claim for three percent of the food the moment he sees the temple gate.' Why do you refuse me?"

"You mendicant monk!" shouted the monk-official angrily. "All you know is how to cajole and wheedle!"

Tripitaka said, "What do you mean by cajole and wheedle?"

The monk-official said, "Remember what the ancients said?

A tiger comes to town;
Each house will shut the door.
Though no one is bitten,
Its name's already poor!"

"What do you mean by 'Its name's already poor'?" asked Tripitaka.

"A few years ago," said the monk-official, "there was a group of mendicants who arrived and sat in front of our monastery gate. I took pity on their hardship when I saw how destitute they were, every one of them bald-headed and barefooted, shoeless and in rags.

So I invited them into the abbot chamber, gave them honored seats, and fed them a vegetarian meal. Moreover, I even gave each of them an old suit of clothes to wear and asked them to stay for a few days. How would I know that they could become so greedy for easy food and clothing that they would remain for seven or eight years, never giving a thought to leaving again? I didn't mind even their staying, but they indulged in all sorts of shabby activities."

"What kind of shabby activities?" asked Tripitaka. The monk-official said, "Just listen to my tale:

Idle, they threw tiles by the pale;
Bored, they pulled nails off the wall.
In winter they fed fires with ripped window panes,
Leaving torn doors, when hot, on the road.
They pulled banners to make leggings;
Gluttonous, they stole our turnips.
From glass vases they often poured our oil,
Gaming by grabbing bowls and dishes!"

When Tripitaka heard these words, he said to himself, "How pitiful! Is this disciple that kind of spineless monk?"

He was about to cry, but he feared also that the old monk in the monastery would laugh at him. Swallowing his pride and his annoyance while wiping away his tears secretly with his robe, he walked out quickly and met his three disciples. When Pilgrim saw how angry his master looked, he went forward to ask, "Master, did the monks in the monastery strike you?"

"They didn't," said the Tang Monk. "They must have done so," said Eight Rules, "for if they haven't, why is your voice cracking?"

"Have they scolded you?" asked Pilgrim. The Tang Monk said, "They haven't either."

"If they haven't struck you," said Pilgrim, "or scolded you, why are you upset? You must be getting homesick."

"Disciples," said the Tang Monk, "they say that it's not convenient here."

"They must be Daoists here, then?" said Pilgrim, laughing. "Only a Daoist abbey has Daoists," said the Tang Monk, raging. "There are only monks in a monastery." Pilgrim said, "You are useless! If there are monks here, they are the same as we. The proverb says,

Gathered in Buddha's assembly
Are all men of affinity.

You sit here, and let me go inside to look around."

Dear Pilgrim! Giving the fillet on his head a squeeze and tightening the skirt around his waist, he went straight up to the Precious Hall of the Great Hero, holding his iron rod. There he pointed at the statues of the three Buddhas and said, "You are actually idols molded with clay and adorned with gold. You don't possess one whit of efficacy inside! Or do you? Old Monkey, who is accompanying the Tang Monk to go to the Western Heaven and seek the true scriptures from Buddha, has come here tonight specially to ask for lodging. You'd better hurry and announce my arrival. If you don't put us up, my rod will smash the golden bodies and reveal your original forms of mud!"

As the Great Sage was making his threats and intimidations, a worker in charge of vespers arrived with several sticks of lighted incense to be placed in the urn before the images of Buddha. One snarl of Pilgrim sent him tumbling; when he scrambled up and saw the face, he fell down again. Stumbling all over, he fled into the abbot chamber and made the report, saying, "Holy Father, there's a monk outside."

"All of you workers deserve to be flogged!" said the monk-official. "I told you people before that they should be sent to squat in the corridors up front. Why make another announcement? One more word and I'll give you twenty lashes!"

"Holy Father," said the worker, "this monk is not the same as the other one; he's mean and fierce looking."

"How does he look?" asked the monk-official. The worker replied, "He's someone with round eyes, forked ears, a face full of hairs, and a beak like the thunder god's. He has a rod in his hands, furiously grinding his teeth to find someone to beat."

"Let me go out and have a look," said the monk-official.

The moment he opened the door, he saw Pilgrim barging in. It was a hideous sight indeed! A bumpy, scabrous face, a pair of yellow eyeballs, a sunken forehead, and long, protruding fangs—he seemed virtually an overcooked crab with meat inside and cartilage outside! So panic-stricken was the old monk that he slammed shut the door of the abbot chamber at once. Pilgrim, however, rushed up to it and smashed it to pieces, crying, "Hurry up and clean out one thousand rooms! Old Monkey wants to take a nap!"

As he attempted to hide in the room, the monk-official said to the worker, "No wonder he's so ugly! Talking big has caused him to end up with a face like that! Our place here, including abbot chambers, Buddha halls, bell-and-drum towers, and the two corridors, has barely three hundred rooms. He wants a thousand for him to take a nap. Where are we going to get these rooms?"

"Master," said the worker, "I'm a man whose gall has been busted by fear. I'll let you answer him any way you please."

Trembling all over, the monkofficial said in a loud voice, "The elder who wants lodging, please hear me. It's truly inconvenient for this small, humble monastery of ours to entertain you. Please go somewhere to stay." Pilgrim transformed his rod until it had the circumference of a basin's; then he stuck it straight up in the courtyard. "Monk," he said, "if it's inconvenient, you move out."

The monk-official said, "We have lived here since our youth; our grand-masters passed the place on to our masters, and they in turn to us. We want to give it to our heirs. What sort of a person is he that he would so rashly ask us to move?"

"Venerable Father," said the worker, "we can't muddle through like this. Why not move out? That pole of his is going to come smashing in!"

"Stop babbling!" said the monk-official. "We have altogether five hundred monks here, old and young. Where are we going to move to? Even if we do move out, we have no other place to stay."

Hearing this, Pilgrim said, "Monk, if you have no place to move, one of you must come out and be caned."

The old monk said to the worker, "You go out and take the caning for me."

Horrified, the worker said, “O Father! With that huge pole, and you ask me to take the caning!”

The old monk said, “As the proverb says, ‘It may take a thousand days to feed an army, but only one day to use it.’ Why don’t you go out?”

“Don’t speak of being caned by that huge pole,” said the worker. “Even if it just falls on you, you’ll be reduced to a meat patty.”

“Yes,” said the old monk, “let’s not speak of falling on someone. If it remains standing in the courtyard, one can crack his head bumping into it at night if one forgets it’s there.”

“Master,” said the worker, “if you know that’s how heavy it is, why do you ask me to go out and take the caning for you?”

After he asked this question, the two of them began to quarrel between themselves.

Hearing all that noise, Pilgrim said to himself, “They really can’t take it. If I kill each of them with one blow of my rod, Master will accuse me again of working violence. Let me find something to strike at and show them what I can do.”

He lifted his head and discovered a stone lion outside the door of the abbot chamber. Raising up the rod, he slammed it on the lion and reduced it to powder.

The monk caught sight of the blow through a tiny hole in the window and, almost paralyzed with fear, began crawling under the bed while the worker tried desperately to creep into the opening of the kitchen range, yelling all the time:

“Father! The rod’s too heavy! The rod’s too heavy! I can’t take it! It’s convenient! It’s convenient!” Pilgrim said, “Monk, I won’t hit you now. I’m asking you, how many monks are there in this monastery?” Shaking all over, the monk-official said, “There are two hundred and eighty-five chambers back and front, and we have altogether five hundred certified monks.”

“Go quickly and call up every one of those five hundred monks,” said Pilgrim. “Tell them to put on their long robes and receive my master in here. Then I won’t hit you.”

“Father,” said the monk-official, “if you won’t hit us, we’ll be glad even to carry him inside.”

“Go now!” said Pilgrim. The monk-official said to the worker, “Don’t tell me that your gall has been busted by fear. Even if your heart is busted, you still have to go and call up these people to welcome the Holy Father Tang.” With no alternative at all, the worker had to risk his life. He dared not, however, walk out the door, but crawled out instead in the back through the dog hole from where he went to the main hall in front. He began striking the bell on the west and beating the drum on the east. The sounds of these two instruments soon aroused all the monks living in their quarters along the two corridors. They arrived at the main hall and asked, “It’s still early. Why do you beat the drum and strike the bell?”

“Change your clothes quickly,” said the worker, “and line yourselves up to follow Old Master to go out of the gate in order to welcome a Holy Father from the Tang court.”

The various monks indeed arranged themselves in order to go out of the gate for the reception; some of them put on their cassocks, while others put on their togas. Those who had neither wore long, bell-shaped gowns, while the poorest ones folded up their skirts and draped them over both their shoulders. When Pilgrim saw them, he asked, "Monks, what kind of clothes do you have on?" When the monks saw how fierce and ugly he looked, they said, "Father, don't hit us. Let us tell you what we have on. The cloth was donated to us by the families in the city. As we don't have any tailor around here, we have to make our own clothes. The style is called A Wrap of Woe." Smiling silently to himself when he heard these words, Pilgrim guarded the monks and saw to it that each one of them walked out of the gate and kneeled down. After he kowtowed, the monk-official cried out:

"Venerable Father Tang, please go to the abbot chamber and take a seat." When Eight Rules saw what was happening, he said, "Master is so incompetent! When you walked inside just now, you returned not only with tears, but you were pouting so much that you looked as if two flasks of oil had been hung on your lips.

Now, what sort of cunning does Elder Brother have that makes them kowtow to receive us?"

"You Idiot!" said Tripitaka. "You don't know what's going on! As the proverb says, 'Even ghosts are afraid of nasty people.'" When the Tang Monk saw them kowtowing, he was very embarrassed and he approached them, saying, "Please rise, all of you."

The various monks continued to kowtow, saying, "If the Venerable Father could speak on our behalf to your disciple and ask him not to hit us with that pole, we would be willing to kneel here for a whole month."

"Wukong," cried the Tang Monk, "don't hit them."

"I haven't," said Pilgrim, "for if I did, they would have been exterminated." Only then did those monks get up; some went to lead the horse while others took up the pole of luggage. They lifted up the Tang Monk, carried Eight Rules, and took hold of Sha Monk—all crowded inside the monastery gate and headed for the abbot chamber in the back.

After the pilgrims took their seats, the monks came again to do obeisance. "Abbot, please rise," said Tripitaka. "There's no need for you to go through such ceremony anymore, or your poor monk will find it much too burdensome. You and I, after all, are all disciples within the gate of Buddha."

"The Venerable Father," said the monk-official, "is an imperial envoy of a noble nation, and this humble monk has not properly welcomed you when you reached our desolate mountain. Our vulgar eyes could not recognize your esteemed countenance, though it was our good fortune that we should meet. Permit me to ask the Venerable Father to tell me whether he was eating meat or vegetarian food on the way. We can then prepare your meal."

"Vegetarian food," said Tripitaka. "Disciples," said the monk-official, "this Holy Father prefers vegetarian food." Pilgrim said, "We, too, have been eating vegetarian food. We have maintained such a diet, in fact, even before we were born."

"O Father!" exclaimed that monk. "Such violent men would eat vegetarian food, too?"

Another monk, who was slightly more courageous, drew near and asked again, "If the Venerable Fathers prefer vegetarian food, how much rice should we cook?"

"You cheapskates!" said Eight Rules. "Why ask? For our family, cook a picul of rice."

The monks all became frightened; they went at once to scrub and wash the pots and pans and to prepare the meal. Bright lamps were brought in as they set the table to entertain the Tang Monk.

After master and disciples had eaten the vegetarian dinner, the monks took away the dishes and the furniture. "Old Abbot," said Tripitaka, thanking him, "we are greatly indebted to you and your hospitality."

"Not at all, not at all," said the monk-official, "we haven't done anything for you."

Tripitaka asked, "Where should we sleep?"

"Don't be impatient, Venerable Father," said the monkofficial.

"This humble cleric has everything planned."

He then asked, "Worker, do you have some people there who are free to work?"

"Yes, Master," said the worker. The monk-official instructed them, saying, "Two of you should go and get some hay to feed the horse of Venerable Father Tang. The rest can go to the front and clean up three of the Chan halls; set up bedding and mosquito nets so that the Venerable Fathers can take their rest."

The workers obeyed and each of them finished the preparation before returning to invite the Tang Monk to go take his rest. Master and disciples led the horse and toted the luggage; they left the abbot chamber and went to the door of the Chan halls, where they saw inside brightly lit lamps and four rattan beds with bedding all laid out. Pilgrim asked the worker who brought the hay to haul it inside the Chan halls, where they tied up the white horse also. The workers were then told to leave. As Tripitaka sat down beneath the lamps, two rows of monks—all five hundred of them—stood on both sides and waited upon him, not daring to leave. Tripitaka got up and said, "Please go back, all of you. This humble cleric can then rest comfortably."

The monks refused to retire, for the monk-official had given them this instruction:

"Wait upon the Venerable Father until he retires. Then you may leave." Only after Tripitaka said, "I'm all cared for, please go back," did they dare disperse.

The Tang Monk stepped outside the door to relieve himself, and he saw a bright moon high in the sky. "Disciples," he called out, and Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk all came out to wait on him. Moved by the bright, pure light of the moon—a round orb loftily hung to illumine the great Earth—and filled with longing for his homeland, Tripitaka composed orally a long poem in the ancient style.

The poem said:

The bright soul, mirror-like, hangs in the sky,
Her radiance pervades the whole, vast world:
Pure light fills jasper towers and jade halls;
Crisp air swaths an ice tray, a silver pan.
Ten thousand miles are all made luminous;

Her beams tonight are this year's brightest—
Like a cake of frost leaving dark blue sea,
Or an ice-wheel hung on the jade-green sky.
When one guest pines by an inn's cold transoms,
Or an old man sleeps in a mountain lodge,
She comes to the Han court to shock grey hair
And hastens late makeup, reaching towers of Qin.
For her Yu Liang has verse for History of Jin,
And Yuan Hong stays up to sail his river skiff.
Floating on cup rims she's a cold, weak gleam;
Lighting the yard, she's brilliant as god.
By each window one can sing of white snow
And press in every house the icy strings.
Now her pleasure comes to a monastery.
When will she join me to return back home?

When Pilgrim heard these words, he approached him and said, "Master, all you know is that the moonlight fills you with longing for home, but you don't understand that the moon may symbolize the rules and regulations of nature's many modes and forms.

When the moon reaches the thirtieth day, the metal; [phase] in its yang spirit is completely dissolved, whereas the water; [phase] of its yin soul is filled to the brim of the orb. This is the reason for the designation of that day with the term Obscure, for the moon is completely dark and without light. It is at this moment also that the moon copulates with the sun, and during the time of the thirtieth day and the first day of the month, it will become pregnant by the light of the sun. By the third day, one; [stroke] of the yang will appear, and two; [strokes] of the yang will be born by the eighth day. At this time, the moon will have half of its yang spirit in the middle of its yin soul, and its lower half is flat like a rope. That is the reason why the time of the month is callled the Upper Bow. By the fifteenth day, all three; [strokes] of the yang will be ready, and perfect union will be achieved. That is why this time of the month is called To Face.

On the sixteenth day, one; [stroke] of the yin will be born, and the second stroke will make its appearance on the twenty-second day. At that time half of the yin soul will be in the middle of the yang spirit, and its upper half is flat like a rope. That is the reason why this time of the month is called the Lower Bow. By the thirtieth day, all three; [strokes] of the yin will be ready, and the moon has then reached the state of obscurity once more. All this is the symbol of the process of cultivation practiced by nature. If we can nourish the Two Eights until we reach the perfection of Nine Times Nine, then it will be simple for us at that moment to see Buddha, and simple also for us to return to our home. The poem says:

After the First Quarter and before the Last:
Medicine well-blended, the outlook's perfect.
What you acquire from picking, smelt in the stove—
Determination's fruit is Western Heaven."

When the elder heard what he said, he was immediately enlightened and understood completely these words of realized immortality.

Filled with delight, he thanked Wukong repeatedly.

On one side, Sha Monk smiled and said, "Though Elder Brother spoke most appropriately concerning how the first quarter of the moon belonged to the yang and the last quarter belonged to the yin, and how in the midst of yin and in the middle of yang one could obtain the metal of water, he did not mention

Water and fire mixed—each to the other drawn—
Depend on Earth Mother to make this match.
Three parties thus fused face no war or strife:
Water's in Long River, the moon's in the sky."

When the elder heard that, his dull mind was again opened up. Thus it was that

Truth, grasped by the heart's one hole, clears up a thousand.
Once you solve the riddle of no birth, you are a god.

Then Eight Rules walked up to the elder and tugged at him, saying, "Master, don't listen to all their babblings and delay your sleep.

This moon,

After it wanes, will soon grow round again.
Like me it was born none too perfectly!
At meals I'm disliked for too large a maw;
I drool too much, they say, on bowls I hold.
They have their blessings earned through cleverness;
I have affinity stocked by foolishness.
I tell you that
Fetching scriptures will end your three karmic paths.
Wagging head and tail you'll go up to Heav'n!"

"All right, Disciples," said Tripitaka, "you must be tired from all this journeying. You may go to sleep first, and let me meditate on this roll of scripture."

"Master, you must be mistaken," said Pilgrim. "You left the family in your youth to become a monk. How could you not be completely familiar with all the scriptures you studied when you were young? Then you received the command from the Tang emperor to go to the Western Heaven and see Buddha for the True Canon of Mahāyāna. But at this moment, your merit has not been perfected, you have not seen the Buddha, and you have not yet acquired the scriptures. Which roll of scripture do you want to meditate on?"

Tripitaka said, "Since I left Chang'an, I have been traveling day and night, and I fear that the scriptures I learned in my youth might slip away from me. Tonight there's a little time, and I want to do some reviewing."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "we'll go to sleep first."

The three disciples indeed lay down on three of the rattan beds. Closing the door of the Zen hall and turning up the lamp, the elder opened his roll of scripture and began to read and meditate in silence. Truly it was that

First watch struck from a tower, human bustle ceased,
When fishing-boat fires by wild banks went out.

We don't know how that elder will depart from the monastery; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-SEVEN

The ghost king visits Tripitaka Tang at night
Wukong, through wondrous transformation, leads the child

We were telling you about Tripitaka sitting in the Chan hall of the Precious Grove Monastery. He meditated for awhile beneath the lamps on the *Water Litany of King Liang*, and he read for awhile the *True Sūtra of the Peacock*. Not until about the hour of the third watch did he wrap up the scriptures again in his bag. He was just about to get up and walk over to his bed when he heard the weird moan of a strong gust outside the door. Fearing that it might blow out the lamp, he tried hurriedly to shade it with the sleeve of his gown. When he saw the lamp flicker, he began to tremble, but at the same time, he was overcome by fatigue and soon dozed off with his head resting on the reading desk. Though his eyes were closed, he still seemed to be half conscious, able to hear all the time the continuous sighing of the dark wind outside his window. What a wind! Truly it

Whistled and whiffled—
It swayed and scattered—
It whistled and whiffled as fallen leaves flew;
It swayed and scattered the floating clouds.
Heaven's stars and planets were all darkened;
The whole Earth's dust and sand were strewn afar.
For awhile it was fierce;
For awhile it was mild.
When mild, bamboos and pines beat out their pure rhymes;
When fierce, waves of lakes and rivers heaved and churned.
It blew till mountain birds grew restless, their voices choked,
And sea fishes had no peace as they tossed and turned.
Windows and doors fell off in both east and west halls;
Gods and ghosts glowered in hallways front and back.
The Buddha Hall's flower vase was blown to the ground;
The oil chalice tumbled and wisdom-lamp grew faint;
The incense urn turned over and ashes spilled out;
The candlesticks were tilted as flames changed to smoke.
Banners, sacred canopies were all awry.
Bell-and-drum towers were shaken to the roots!

In his dream the elder seemed to hear, after the wind had passed, a faint voice outside the Chan hall crying, "Master!"

He raised his head in his dream to look and discovered a man standing outside the door who was soaked from head to toe. As tears rolled down from his eyes, he kept calling, "Master!"

Tripitaka rose up and said, "Could you be a goblin or a ghost, a fiend or a demon, coming to mock me at the depth of night? I am neither a rapacious nor a wrathful person, but rather an honest and upright priest. Having received the imperial decree from the Great Tang in the Land of the East, I am on my way to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from Buddha. I have three disciples under my command, all valiant men able to tame tigers and subdue dragons, heroic warriors capable of repelling

demons and extirpating monsters. If they see you, you will be reduced to powder and dust. Take note, therefore, of my compassionate intent and my mind which knows how to use skillful means.

Leave this place, go somewhere far away while there's still time, and don't come up to the door of our Chan hall." Reclining firmly by the door of the hall, the man said, "Master, we are not a demon or monster, nor are we a goblin or bogie."

"If you are not that kind of a creature," said Tripitaka, "why are you here so late in the night?"

"Open wide your eyes, Master," said the man, "and look at us."

The elder indeed fixed his gaze on his visitor. Ah!

His head had on it a rising-to- Heaven cap;
A green-jade belt he tied around his waist.
He wore on his body a reddish brown robe with dancing phoenixes and flying dragons;
His feet trod on a pair of carefree boots of embroidered cloud pattern;
His hands held a white jade token adorned with planets and stars.
His face seemed the immortal King of Tai Mountain;
His form was like the civilized Lord Wenchang.

When Tripitaka saw this figure, he paled with fright and hurriedly bowed low before his visitor, shouting, "Which dynasty do you belong to, Your Majesty? Please take a seat."

He then tried to take hold of his visitor's hands, only to find that he succeeded in grasping nothing but thin air. Spinning around, he sat down and looked: there was the man again. The elder asked once more, "Your Majesty, in what region are you a king? Of what empire are you a ruler? Could it be that there is strife in your kindgom and you are so oppressed by treacherous ministers that you have to flee for your life and arrive here at night? What do you have to say? Please tell me." Only then did the man,

As tears rolled down his cheeks, describe events of old;
As sorrow knitted his brow, disclose the former cause.

"Master," he said, "our home is located due west of here, only about forty miles away, where there is a city, the place we founded our kingdom."

"What is its name?" asked Tripitaka. "To tell you the truth," said the man, "when we established our reign, we gave it the name Black Rooster Kingdom."

"Why is it that Your Majesty seems so frightened," said Tripitaka, "and for what reason did you come to this place?"

The man replied, "O Master! Five years ago we had a drought here, so severe that no vegetation could grow and the people were all starving to death. It was dreadful." When Tripitaka heard these words, he nodded and smiled, saying, "Your Majesty, the ancients said, 'When the kingdom is upright, then even the Mind of Heaven is agreeable.' You must not have been treating your subjects with compassion. If there were drought and famine in the land, how could you forsake your domain? You should have opened up your warehouses in order to bring relief to the people; you should repent of all the sins you have committed and try to do good henceforth. When you have freed and pardoned those who were unjustly accused and condemned, then the

Mind of Heaven will be pacified and the winds and the rains will become timely and auspicious once more."

"The warehouses in my kingdom," said the man, "were all empty and both our revenue and food were exhausted. The salaries for our civil and military officials had to be stopped, and there was not meat in our royal diet. I attempted to imitate the way King Yu conquered the flood, by suffering with our people, by ritual cleansing, maintaining a vegetarian diet, and practicing abstinence. Night and day we offered prayers and incense to Heaven. This went on for three years, but all we had as a result were parched rivers and dried wells. As we reached our most desperate moment, there came to us suddenly from Zhongnan Mountain a Daoist of the Complete Truth Order, who was able to summon the wind and call for rain, to transform rock into gold.

He first presented himself to the civil and military officials, and then he met with us. We, of course, invited him to ascend the liturgical platform and offer prayers, which were indeed efficacious. As he struck aloud his ritual placard, torrential rain came down in a moment. We thought that three feet of rain would be quite sufficient, but he said that since the drought had been so severe for such a long time, he would ask for an extra two inches. When we saw how magnanimous he was, we went through the ceremony of Eight Bows with him and became bond-brothers."

"This," said Tripitaka, "had to be the greatest joy for Your Majesty."

"What joy was there?" asked the man.

Tripitaka said, "If the Daoist had that kind of abilities, you could tell him to make rain when you wanted rain, and to make gold when you wanted gold. What need was there that made you leave the city and come here now?"

"Indeed, we became so intimate with him that we shared our food and rest together for two years," said the man, "when it was the time of spring again. As flowers bloomed seductively on the apricot and peach trees, every household in the kingdom was going out to enjoy the lovely scenery. At the time when our officials retired to their residences and our consorts to their chambers, we walked handin- hand with the Daoist into the imperial garden. When we came near our well with octagonal marble walls, he threw something in it that emitted myriad shafts of golden light and tricked us into approaching the side of the well to see what sort of treasure was in it.

Moved to treachery all at once, he pushed us into the well, which he then covered with a slab of stone. He sealed off the entire well with mud and dirt, and he even transplanted a plantain tree on it. Alas, pity us! We have been dead now for three years, a ghost who lost his life in the well and whose wrong has yet to be avenged." When the Tang Monk heard that the man was in fact a ghost, he turned numb with fear as his hairs stood on end. He had, however, no choice but to question his visitor further, saying, "Your Majesty, there is something unreasonable in what you have just said. If you have indeed been dead for three years, how could those civil and military officials, those consorts of three palaces, not miss you and seek you when they had to attend court once every third morning?"

The man said, "Master, when one speaks of the Daoist's abilities, they are truly rare in the world. Since he murdered us, he shook his body once in the garden and transformed himself into an exact image of us. Then and there he took over our empire and usurped our kingdom. Our two divisions of civil and military officials—some four hundred court ministers—and the consorts and ladies of three palaces and six chambers now all belong to him."

"Your Majesty," said Tripitaka, "you are too timid."

"Why timid?" asked the man. Tripitaka said, "Your Majesty, that fiend indeed must have some magic powers in order to change into your form and usurp your kingdom. The civil and military officials might not recognize him, and the consorts might not realize what has happened. But you understand, even though you have died. Why didn't you file suit against him before King Yama in the Region of Darkness? You can at least give an account of the wrongs perpetrated."

"His magic powers are great indeed," said the man, "and he's intimate with most of the divine officials. The city's tutelary guardian drinks with him frequently; the ocean's dragon kings are his relatives; Equal-to-Heaven of the Tai Mountain is his dear friend, and the Ten Kings of Hell happen to be his bond-brothers. That's why we have no place to go even to file suit."

Tripitaka said, "Your Majesty, if you cannot bring suit against him in the Region of Darkness, why do you come here to the World of Light?"

"O Master," said the man, "you think that this slip of a wronged soul would dare approach your gate? Before this monastery you have the various tutelary devas, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, the Guardians of Five Quarters, the Four Sentinels, and the Eighteen Guardians of the Faith, all of them closely watching over you and your horse. Just now it was the Night Patrol God who brought us in here with a gust of divine wind. He said that our water ordeal of three years is now fulfilled, and that we should come to seek an audience with you. He told us that you have under your command a senior disciple, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who is able to slay fiends and subdue demons. We have come with all sincerity to plead with you. We beseech you to go to our kingdom and seize the demon, so that the true and the deviate can properly be distinguished. To repay the kindness of Master, we shall imitate those who express their gratitude by weaving grass ropes or holding bracelets in the mouth."

"Your Majesty," said Tripitaka, "so you came here to ask my disciple to get rid of those monsters for you?"

"Exactly! Exactly!" said the man. Tripitaka said, "My disciple may not be good in doing something else, but if you ask him to subdue demons and catch fiends, the work will suit him to a tee. But Your Majesty, though you may order him to seize the monster, I fear that he may find it difficult to carry out."

"Why should it be difficult?" asked the man.

Tripitaka replied, "If that fiend indeed possesses such great magic powers that he has managed to transform himself into an exact image of you, then it will mean also that all the civil and military officials of the court and all your consorts have been nothing but friendly and amiable toward him. Though my disciple may be able, he would not engage in warfare recklessly. For if we were caught by the officials, who should accuse us of plotting against the kingdom and charge us with the crime of treason, we would be imprisoned in your city. Wouldn't our efforts then be like the failed attempt of drawing a tiger or carving a heron and turning it into another creature?"

"I still have someone in the city," said the man. Tripitaka said, "That's good, that's good! He must be, I suppose, an hereditary prince of the first order, dispatched to a command post somewhere."

"No," said the man, "I have in the palace a prince, an heir apparent of my own begetting."

"Has the prince been banished by the demon?" asked Tripitaka. "Not yet," said the man, "but he has been asked to remain in the Hall of Golden Chimes, either to discuss the classic texts with one of the secretaries, or to sit on the throne with the Daoist. For these three years, the prince was forbidden to enter the palace and unable to see his mother."

Tripitaka asked, "For what reason?"

The man said, "This was a plan of that fiend, for he feared that if mother and son had a chance to meet, their casual conversations might lead them to discover the truth."

"Though your ordeal no doubt has been preordained of Heaven," said Tripitaka, "it is nonetheless similar to what I had to undergo.

Long ago my father was killed by a pirate, who also took my mother by force. After three months, she gave birth to me, and I escaped with my life in the waters. It was my good fortune that a gracious master at the Gold Mountain Monastery reared me till I was grown.

Come to think of it,

I had neither father nor mother when I was young,
And the prince at this place has lost his parents.

How pitiful indeed! But let me ask you, though you may have a prince still in court, how can I possibly get to meet him?"

"Why not?" asked the man. Tripitaka said, "He's now guarded by the demon, and he cannot even see his own mother. I'm only a monk. For what reason would I be able to have an audience with him?"

The man said, "But he is leaving the court tomorrow."

"What for?" asked Tripitaka. The man said, "During the time of the early court tomorrow, the prince plans to lead three thousand men and horses, together with falcons and dogs, to go hunting outside the city. Master will certainly have a chance to meet him; when you do and if you are willing to tell him what I told you, he will believe you."

"He's of fleshly eyes and mortal stock," said Tripitaka. "Having been deceived by the demon into remaining in the hall, was there a day when he did not address the spurious ruler as father king? How could he possibly believe my words?"

"If you are afraid that he won't believe you," said the man, "we shall leave with you a sign to indicate that you are telling the truth."

"What kind of sign?" asked Tripitaka. The man put down the white jade token inlaid with gold he had in his hands and said, "This thing can be a sign."

"What's the significance of this thing?" asked Tripitaka. The man said, "After the Daoist had changed into our form, all he lacked was this treasure.

When he entered the palace, he claimed that the rain-making Daoist had robbed him of this jade token, which for three years now he had not been able to recover. If our prince sees it, the sight of the thing will remind him of its true owner, and our wrongs will be avenged."

"All right," said Tripitaka, "let me have it, and I'll ask my disciple to take care of you. Will you wait here?"

"We dare not," said the man. "We plan to ask the Night Patrol God to use another gust of divine wind and send us into the inner palace, where we shall appear in a dream to our true queen of the central palace. We want to make certain that mother and son will be of one mind with all of you."

Tripitaka nodded in agreement and said, "Please go."

The wronged soul bowed to take leave of Tripitaka, who was trying to walk outside to send him off. Somehow he tripped and fell, and when Tripitaka woke up with a start, it was all a dream. As he faced the dim, flickering lamp in fear, he cried repeatedly, "Disciples! Disciples!"

"What's all this hollering for the local spirit?" mumbled Eight Rules, beginning to stir. "I used to be a man of might dedicated to passing my days by devouring humans, and I loved the taste of blood and meat. What enjoyment! You have to leave the family and ask us to protect you on a journey. I thought I was to be a monk, but in fact I'm a slave! During the day I have to pole the luggage and lead the horse, while at night, I have to carry the night pot and smell someone's stinky feet by sharing his bed. And even at this hour, you are not asleep! What are you calling disciples for?"

"Disciples," said Tripitaka, "just now I fell asleep on the table and had a weird dream." Leaping up all at once, Pilgrim said, "Dreams arise from your thoughts. Before you ascended a mountain, you were afraid of monsters already. You worried over the distance to Thunderclap, which you have yet to reach; you also thought of Chang'an and wondered when you would be able to return.

When your mind is restless, you have many dreams. But look at old Monkey! With true single-mindedness I seek to see Buddha in the West, and that's why I don't have even the tiniest dream!"

Tripitaka said, "Disciple, this dream of mine is not a homesick dream. When I closed my eyes just now, a violent gust of wind brought into my view a king standing outside the door of our chamber. He said that he was the ruler of the Black Rooster Kingdom, but his whole body was dripping wet and he was weeping."

He then proceeded to give a thorough account of their conversation in the dream to Pilgrim. "No need to say anything more," said Pilgrim, chuckling. "If he appears in this dream of yours to you, he's plainly trying to take care of old Monkey by giving me some business. There must be a fiend there trying to usurp the throne and seize the kingdom. Let me distinguish the true from the false for those people. When my rod reaches that place, success is assured."

"But disciple," said Tripitaka, "he said that the fiend has great magic power."

"Don't be afraid of whatever greatness he has!" said Pilgrim. "Just remember that when old Monkey arrives, he'll have no place to run."

Tripitaka said, "I also remember that he left us something as a sign."

"Master, don't fool around," said Eight Rules. "It's just a dream. Why keep up this chit-chat?" Sha Monk said, "As the saying goes,

Don't believe the honesty of the honest;
Guard against the unkindness of the kind.

Let us fetch some torches and open our door, then we can see what has happened." Pilgrim indeed opened the door, and as they looked together, they saw in the light of the stars and moon there was truly a white jade token inlaid with gold placed on the steps. Eight Rules walked forward and picked it up, saying, "Elder Brother, what is this?"

"This is a treasure usually held by a king," said Pilgrim, "and it's called a jade token. Master, since we do have such a thing, the matter of your dream has to be true. You can depend entirely on old Monkey for catching the fiend tomorrow. But I want you to face three unlucky things."

"Fine! Fine! Fine!" said Eight Rules. "It's enough to have a dream. You have to tell him about it, too! Since when has this fellow failed to play tricks on people? Now he wants you to face three unlucky things."

As he walked back inside, Tripitaka asked, "What three things?" Pilgrim said, "Tomorrow I want you to take the blame, take abuse, and catch the plague."

"Just one of these is bad enough," said Eight Rules, laughing. "How could one bear all three of them?"

The Tang Monk, after all, was an intelligent elder. He therefore asked, "Disciple, can you tell me more about what these three things involve?"

"No need to tell you," said Pilgrim, "but first let me give you these two objects."

Dear Great Sage! Pulling off one of his hairs, he blew on it a mouthful of divine breath and cried, "Change!" It changed instantly into a red lacquered box plated in gold. After he placed the white jade token inside the box, he said, "Master, in the morning, you should hold this thing in your hands and put on your brocade cassock. Then go sit in the main hall and recite some sūtras. Let me go first to the city to have a look; if there is indeed a fiend, I'll slay him so that we can achieve some merit at this place. But if there is no fiend, we ought not to incur calamity on ourselves."

"Exactly! Exactly!" said Tripitaka. Pilgrim said, "If the prince doesn't leave the city, then there may not be much that I can do. But if he indeed comes out of the city in accordance with your dream, I will certainly bring him here to see you."

"What shall I say to him when I see him?" asked Tripitaka. Pilgrim replied, "When he arrives, let me first come in and announce him. You can then pull the cover of the box open slightly, and I shall change into a tiny monk about two inches tall so that I, too, can be placed inside the box. You can hold the whole thing in your hands. When the prince enters the monastery, he will most certainly want to pay homage to Buddha. Let him bow all he wants, but don't you pay him any attention. When he sees that you do not even rise before him, he will surely order you seized. Let him do that—in fact, let him beat you, tie you up, or execute you."

"Hey!" said Tripitaka. "He's capable of issuing a high military order. If he truly wants to have me executed, what shall I do?"

"No fear, for I'm around," said Pilgrim. "When you get to the crucial moment, I'll be there to protect you. If he asks who you are, you can identify yourself as a monk sent by imperial decree from the Land of the East to present treasures to Buddha and to acquire scriptures from him in the Western Heaven. If he asks what sort of treasure you have, you can tell him about the brocade cassock of yours. Say to him, however, that it is only a third-class treasure, and that you have in your possession good things that

belong to the first and second classes. When he asks you some more, you can then tell him that there is a treasure in this box, which has knowledge of the past five hundred years, the present five hundred years, and the future five hundred years. All in all, this treasure has complete knowledge of the events of past and future for a period of one thousand five hundred years. Let old Monkey come out then, and I shall tell the prince what you heard in your dream. If he believes me, I'll go catch the demon, so that his father king may be avenged and our reputation may be established at this place. If he doesn't believe me, we can then show him the white jade token. I fear that he might be a bit young even to recognize the token." When Tripitaka heard these words, he was very pleased, saying, "O Disciple, this is a most marvelous plan! But talk about these treasures, one will be called brocade cassock and the other white jade token. What shall be the name of that treasure you will change into?"

"Let's call him King-Making Thing," said Pilgrim.

Tripitaka agreed and kept these words in his heart. That whole night master and disciples did not, of course, have any sleep.

Impatiently waiting for the dawn, they wish they could

By nodding their heads call forth the eastern sun,
And with one breath disperse all Heaven's stars.

In a little while, the eastern sky paled with light. Pilgrim thereupon gave the following instruction to Eight Rules and Sha Monk, "Don't disturb the monks, so that they won't be milling about in the monastery. When I have accomplished what I must do, then we'll journey again."

He took leave of them and somersaulted at once into the air. Opening wide his fiery eyes to look toward the West, he discovered that there was indeed a city. "How could he see it so readily?" you ask. The fact of the matter was that the city, as we told you before, was only forty miles away. So, the moment Pilgrim rose into the air, he saw it immediately.

As Pilgrim drew near the city and stared at it carefully, he saw that it was shrouded by unending layers of eerie mists and battered by constant gusts of demonic wind. Sighing to himself in the air, Pilgrim said,

If a true king ascends his precious throne,
Auspicious light and clouds will this place enfold.
Since a fiend has usurped the dragon seat,
Rising black mist seals up the doors of gold.

He was thus speaking to himself when he heard the loud booms of cannons. As the eastern gate swung open, a troop of men and horses appeared, indeed a hunting corps most fearsome in appearance. You see them:

Leaving the capital at dawn,
They go to hunt on the meadow.
Bright banners unfurl in the sun;
White stallions race against the wind.
The lizard-skin drums roll and roll
As tasseled lances strike in pairs.
The falconers are ferocious,
And whippers-in both mean and strong.
Fire cannons rattle the heavens

And birdlime poles glow in the sun.
Each one props up his arrows;
Every man wears his carved bows.
Spreading their nets beneath the slope,
They pull taut the ropes in the paths.
At one crack like a thunderclap,
A thousand steeds charge leopards and bears.
Tricky hares cannot save their lives;
Wily deer are at their wits' end;
Foxes are fated to expire;
Antelopes perish in the midst.
If pheasants can't fly to escape,
Could wild fowls find refuge from harm?
All of them ransack the mountain range to capture wild beasts,
And cut down the forest to shoot at flying things!

After those people had come out of the city, they spread out in the countryside toward the east, and in a little while they reached the rice fields on the highland some twenty miles away. In the midst of the troops there was a young warrior, who

Wore a helmet
And a cuirass;
A cummerbund, too,
Of eighteen layers.

His hands held a treasure sword of blue steel and he rode a brown warhorse. A fully strung bow also hung from his waist. Truly

He seemed faintly like a king,
A ruler with noble looks.
His features were not uncouth:
Like a true dragon he moved.

Secretly pleased in the air, Pilgrim said to himself, "That one has to be the crown prince. Let me tease him a little."

Dear Great Sage! He lowered his cloud and darted straight into the army of the prince. Shaking his body once, he changed instantly into a little white rabbit, scampering about before the prince's horse. When the prince saw it, he could not have been more delighted. Pulling out an arrow, he stretched his bow to the fullest and shot the rabbit squarely with it.

The Great Sage, of course, had made it possible for the prince to hit him; being quick of hand and eye, he actually had caught the arrow. After dropping some of the arrow's feathers on the ground, he turned and sped away. When the prince saw the arrow had found its mark on the rabbit, he urged his horse on to give chase all by himself. He did not realize that he was being led away deliberately: when the horse galloped, Pilgrim ran like the wind, but when the horse slowed down, Pilgrim also took up a more leisurely pace just to stay slightly ahead of him. Mile after mile it went on like this, until the prince was lured right up to the gate of the Precious Grove Monastery. Changing back into his true form (the rabbit thus disappeared and only the hawk-feathered arrow was stuck on the doorpost), Pilgrim raced inside yelling to the Tang Monk, "Master, he's here, he's here!"

He changed again, this time into a tiny monk about two inches tall, and crawled at once into the red box.

We now tell you about the prince, who chased his prey right up to the monastery gate; he could not find the white rabbit, but he saw an eagle-plumed arrow stuck on the doorpost. Greatly startled and turning pale, the prince said, "Strange! Strange! I clearly shot the white rabbit with my arrow. How could the rabbit disappear, and only the arrow be seen here? It must be that after years and months, the rabbit has turned into a spirit."

He pulled out the arrow and raised his head to look: there on top of the gate of the monastery were written seven words in large characters, "Precious Grove Monastery Built by Imperial Command."

"Now I know," said the prince.

"Years ago my father king, I recall, did send some officials from the Hall of Golden Chimes to take some gold here so that the monks could redecorate the images and the halls. I didn't expect that I would be here today. Truly,

There, in a bamboo-shaded walk,
With a good monk I fell to talk.
So in this tedious mortal round
One afternoon of peace I found.

Let me go inside for a walk." Leaping down from the horse, the prince was about to enter the monastery, when those three thousand men and horses who were accompanying him also arrived. As they crowded into the monastery, the resident monks hurriedly came kowtowing to receive them into the main hall so that they could pay homage to the images of Buddha. Afterwards, they raised their eyes to look about, intending to tour the corridors and enjoy the scenery, when they suddenly discovered that there was a monk sitting right in the middle of the hall.

Becoming enraged at once, the prince said, "This monk is terribly rude! Half a throne of this dynasty has entered this monastery.

Though I have issued no decree for this visit so that he has been spared from meeting us at a great distance, he should now at least get up when soldiers and horses are at the door. How dare he sit there unmoved? Seize him!"

He said "Seize," and the guards on both sides immediately attempted to catch hold of the Tang Monk so that they could bind him with ropes. Sitting in the box, Pilgrim recited in silence a spell, saying, "You various Guardians of the Faith, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, I am drawing up a plan to subdue a fiend. This prince, ignorant of the matter, is about to have my master bound with ropes. All of you must protect him. If he's really bound, you all will be found guilty." When the Great Sage gave such an order in secret, who would dare disobey him! The deities indeed gave protection to Tripitaka in such a way that those people could not even touch his bald head. It was as if a brick wall had come between them, so that they could not approach him at all.

"Where did you come from, monk," said the prince, "that you dare use this magic of body concealment to mock me?"

Tripitaka walked up to him instead and saluted him, saying, "This poor monk does not know any magic of body concealment. I am the Tang Monk from the Land of

the East, a priest going to present treasures to Buddha and to acquire scriptures from him in the Western Heaven."

The prince said, "Though your Land of the East is actually the central plains, it is incomparably poor. What kind of treasures do you have? You tell me!"

"The cassock I have on my body," said Tripitaka, "is a treasure of the third class. But I have in addition those of the first and second classes as well, and they are even better things."

"That garment of yours," said the prince, "covers only one side of your body, while your arm sticks out on the other side. How much could it be worth that you dare call it a treasure?"

Tripitaka said, "Though this cassock does not completely cover the body, I have several lines of a poem which will reveal its excellence. The poem says:

The Buddha's gown's a half robe, there's no need to say.
It hides within the Real, free of worldly dust.
Countless threads and stitches perfect this right fruit;
Eight treasures and nine pearls fuse with the primal soul.
Maidens divine did make it reverently
To give to a monk to cleanse his sullied frame.
It's all right to see but not to greet the Throne.
But you, your father's wrong unrequited, have lived in vain!"

When the prince heard these words, he grew very angry, saying, "This brazen Chan monk is talking rubbish! Your clever mouth and slippery tongue may boast all you will of that half a piece of garment. But since when have I not requited my father's wrong? You tell me."

Taking a step forward, Tripitaka folded his hands and said, "Your Highness, how many favors does a man receive as he lives in this world?"

"Four favors," said the prince. "Which four?" asked Tripitaka. "The favor of shelter and support provided by Heaven and Earth," said the prince, "the favor of the luminous presence of the sun and the moon, the favor of provisions from the ruler and his land, and the favor of his parents' breeding and nurture." With a smile, Tripitaka said, "The words of Your Highness are not quite right.

A man has only the shelter and support of Heaven and Earth, the luminous presence of the sun and the moon, and the provisions from the land of his king. Where does he get his parent's breeding and nurture?"

"This monk," said the prince angrily, "is an idle and ungrateful man, who shaves his hair only to commit treason! If a man has no parental breeding and nurture, where does his body come from?"

"Your Highness," said Tripitaka, "this humble monk does not know the answer, but inside this red box is a treasure called the King- Making Thing. He has knowledge of events of the past five hundred years, the present five hundred years, and the future five hundred years. All in all, he knows completely the events of past and future for a period of one thousand five hundred years, and he knows that there is no such favor of parental breeding and nurture. It is he who has ordered your poor monk to wait here for you for a long time."

Hearing this, the prince gave the order, "Bring him here for me to see."

Tripitaka pulled open the box's cover; Pilgrim leaped out and began to hobble all over the place. The prince said, "This little midget! What can he know?" When Pilgrim heard this remark about his size, he at once resorted to magic. Straightening up his torso, he grew about three and a half feet instantly. "If he can grow that rapidly," said the soldiers, highly startled, "it will only be a few days before he pierces the sky." When Pilgrim reached his normal height, however, he stopped growing. Then the prince asked him, "King-Making Thing, this old monk claims that you have the knowledge of past and future, of good and evil. Do you divine by the tortoise shell, by the stalks of plants, or do you use books to determine human fortunes?"

"None of these," said Pilgrim, "for

I need my three-inch tongue solely,
When I know all things completely."

"This fellow, too, is babbling!" said the prince. "Since the time of antiquity, the book, *Classic of Change* of the Zhou dynasty, has proved to be supremely marvelous in determining throughout the world good and evil for man to seek or avoid. Therefore tortoise shells or plant stalks are used for divination. But if one relies solely on your words, what evidence is there? Your empty words on luck or misfortune can only vex the minds of people." Pilgrim said, "Please do not be hasty, Your Highness. You are actually a prince begotten of the King of the Black Rooster Kingdom.

Five years ago, you had a severe drought here and all the people were in such great suffering that your king and his subjects had to offer fervent prayers. Though not a drop of rain came, a Daoist arrived from the Zhongnan Mountain, who was an expert in summoning wind and rain and in transforming stone into gold. The king was so fond of him that he became his sworn brother. Is all this true?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" said the prince. "Say some more." Pilgrim said, "After three years, the Daoist disappeared, and who is he now who uses the royal 'we'?"

The prince said, "There was indeed a Daoist, with whom father king swore to be his brother. In fact, they ate together and rested together. Three years ago when they were enjoying the sights of the imperial garden, the Daoist used a gust of magic wind and transported back to Zhongnan Mountain the gold inlaid white jade token that father king had in his hands. Even now, however, father king still misses him, and because of his absence, has closed down the garden for three years. But who is now ruling, if not my father king?" When Pilgrim heard these words, he began to snicker. The prince asked him again, but instead of replying, he only continued to snicker some more. "Why don't you speak when you should?" said the prince angrily. "Why do you snicker like that?"

"I still have plenty to say," said Pilgrim, "but there are so many people around and it's not convenient for me to speak up." When the prince saw that there might be some reason for such a statement, he waved his sleeve once to dismiss the soldiers. The captain of the guards immediately gave the order to have the three thousand men and horses stationed outside the monastery gate. The hall was thus nearly emptied of people, with only the prince sitting in the middle, the elder standing before him, and Pilgrim to his left.

After even the resident monks retired, then Pilgrim went forward and said to him soberly, "Your Highness, the one who left with the wind is actually your true father, but the one who occupies the throne now is the Daoist who made rain."

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" said the prince. "Since the departure of the Daoist, my father has governed so well that the wind and rain are seasonal, the country is prosperous, and the people are secure. But if what you say is true, then the present ruler is not my father king.

It's a good thing that I am young and I can be somewhat tolerant. If my father king hears such treasonous words from you, he will have you seized and hewn to pieces."

He dismissed Pilgrim with a snort. Turning to the Tang Monk, Pilgrim said, "You see? I said that he wouldn't believe me, and indeed he does not. Take the treasure now and present it to him. After certifying our rescript, we can proceed to the Western Heaven." Tripitaka handed the red box over to Pilgrim, who having received it, shook his body and the box disappeared. It was, you see, actually the transformation of his hair that was retrieved by him. With both hands, Pilgrim presented the white jade token to the prince.

When he saw the object, the prince shouted, "What a monk! What a monk! You were the Daoist of five years ago who came to cheat our household of this treasure. Now you are disguised as a monk to present it back to us? Seize him!" When he shouted the order like that, the elder was so frightened that he pointed at Pilgrim and said, "You Ban-Horse-Plague! You have a special knack for causing trouble and bringing calamity on me!"

"Don't shout!" said Pilgrim, walking up to the prince to stop him. "Don't let this thing leak out.

I'm not called King-Making Thing, for I have a real name." "You come up here!" said the prince angrily. "Answer me with your real name so that I can send you to the bureau of justice to sentence you."

Pilgrim said, "I'm the senior disciple of this elder, and my name is Wukong Pilgrim Sun. Because my master and I were on our way to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven, we arrived last night and found lodging here. My master was reading the sūtras in the night, and at about the hour of the third watch, he dreamed that your father appeared to him. Your father claimed that he was harmed by that Daoist, who pushed him into the octagonal well with the marble wall in the imperial garden. The Daoist changed into the form of your father, and this was not known to any of the court officials nor to you since you were so young. You were forbidden to enter the inner palace, and the garden was shut down so that the truth could not be discovered, I suppose. Your father king came specially in the night to ask me to subdue this demon. At first, I was afraid that the murderer was not a demon, but when I surveyed the city in midair, I could see that there was a monster-spirit all right. I was about to seize him when you came out of the city to hunt. The white rabbit that you shot with your arrow happened to be this old Monkey, who led you here to the monastery to see my master. Every word that we have said to you is the truth. If you could recognize this white jade token, how could you possibly not think of your father's care and love and seek vengeance for him?"

When the prince heard these words, he became grief stricken, thinking to himself sorrowfully, "Even if I don't believe him, his words seem to have at least thirty percent truth. But if I believe him, how could I face the father king now in the palace?" This is what we call

To advance or retreat is hard, so the mind asks the mouth;

To think thrice, to have patience—as the mouth asks the mind.

When Pilgrim saw how perplexed he was, he said again, "Your Highness, there's no need for perplexity. Let Your Highness return to your kingdom, and make inquiry of your queen mother. Ask her whether the feelings between her and her husband are the same as three years before. Just this one question will reveal the truth." Persuaded by this, the prince said, "Yes, let me go and inquire of my mother." Leaping up, he took hold of the white jade token and wanted to leave. Pilgrim, however, tugged at him, saying, "If all these men and horses of yours return with you, someone is bound to leak out information, and it'll be hard for me to succeed. You must, therefore, go back alone, and don't make a show of yourself. Don't go through the Central Gate of the Sun, but enter the palace through the Rear Gate of the Servants. When you get to see your mother in the palace, you must remember not to speak loftily or loudly; you must speak quietly and in a subdued manner. For I fear that the fiend has great magic powers, and if he ever gets wind of the news, it'll be difficult to preserve the lives of you and your mother."

The prince obeyed this instruction; walking out the door, he gave this order to the officers; "Stay and camp here. Don't move. I have something to attend to. When I return, we shall go back to the city together." Look at him!

He gave his troops the order to pitch their camp,
And sped to his city on a flying horse.

As he left, we do not know what they have to say when he sees his mother; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-EIGHT

The child queries his mother to learn of deviancy and truth
Metal and Wood, reaching the deep, see the false and the real

I meet you to speak just on the cause of birth
That'll make you one of Buddha's assembly.
One calm thought sees Him in this realm of dust;
The whole world watches the god who subdues.
If you'd know today's true, enlightened lord,
You must ask your mother of former years.
There's another world you have never seen,
For each step in life may bring something new.

We were telling you about the prince of the Black Rooster Kingdom, who, after he took leave of the Great Sage, soon returned to his city. Indeed, he did not approach the gate of the court, nor did he dare announce his arrival. Going instead to the Rear Gate of the Servants, he found that it was guarded by several eunuchs. When they saw the prince approaching, however, they dared not stop him and let him pass. Dear prince! Pressing his horse, he galloped inside and went straight up to the Brocade Fragrance Pavilion, in which the queen was seated, with scores of palace maidens waving their fans on both sides. The queen, however, was reclining on the carved railings of the pavilion and shedding tears. Why was she shedding tears, you ask? For at the hour of the fourth watch, you see, she too had a dream, but she could remember only half of it. She was trying very hard to recall the other half when the prince dismounted and knelt beneath the pavilion, saying, "Mother!"

Forcing herself to appear delighted, the queen cried out, "Son, what joy! What joy! For these two or three years, you have been staying in the front palace to study with your father king and I have not been able to see you. How I have thought of you! How is it that you have the leisure today to come see me instead? This is truly my greatest joy, my greatest joy! O son, why do you sound so sad? Your father king, after all, is getting on in his years. There will be a day when the dragon returns to the jade-green sea and the phoenix will go back to the scarlet heavens. You will then inherit the throne. What could there possibly be to make you unhappy?"

The prince kowtowed before he said, "Mother, permit me to ask you: who is he that is on the throne now? Who is the man who uses the royal 'we'?" When the queen heard this, she said, "This child has gone mad! The one who is ruling is your father king. Why do you ask such questions?"

Again kowtowing, the prince said, "I beseech my mother to grant her son a pardon first. Only then would I dare present a further question. If you do not, I'll dare not ask."

"Between mother and son," said the queen, "how could there be any criminal offense? Of course I'll pardon you. Speak up, quickly!"

The prince said, "Let me ask you this: are your relations with your husband just as warm and intimate as three years before?" When the queen heard this question, her spirit left her and her soul fled. She dashed out of the pavilion and embraced the prince tightly as tears fell from her eyes. "My child," she said, "I haven't seen you for such a long time. Why do you come to the palace today and ask this question?"

"Mother," said the prince, becoming irritated. "If you have something to say, say it. If you don't speak up, you might jeopardize a very important affair." Only then did the queen dismiss all her attendants and spoke, quietly weeping, "This matter, if you, son, did not ask me, would never have come to light even when I reached the Nine Springs down below. Since you have asked me, listen to what I have to say:

Three years ago he was loving and warm;
For three years now he has been cold as ice.
By the pillows I've pressed him long and hard;
He said, '
I'm old, I'm frail, I can't make that something rise'!"

When the prince heard these words, he at once struggled free and mounted his horse once more. Clutching at him desperately, the queen said, "Child, what are you doing? Why do you leave before we finish speaking?"

Again the prince knelt on the ground and said, "Mother, I dare not speak, though I must! During the time of the early court this morning, I went out by imperial decree to hunt with falcons and dogs. By chance I met a holy monk sent by the Throne in the Land of the East to fetch scriptures. He has under him a senior disciple by the name of Pilgrim Sun, who is an expert in the subjugation of fiends. I was told that my real father king had been murdered in the imperial garden; he died, in fact, in the well with the octagonal marble walls. It was the Daoist, who falsely changed into the form of father king and usurped his dragon seat. Last night, father king appeared to the monk in a dream and asked him to send his disciple to the city to catch this fiend. Your child did not dare believe them completely and that was why I came specially to question you. Now that mother has spoken like this, I know that there must be a monster-spirit here."

"O son," said the queen, "how could you take the words of some stranger outside as the truth?"

The prince said, "I did not, but father king left them a sign." When the queen asked what sort of sign it was, the prince took out that white jade token inlaid with gold and handed it to her. Recognizing at once it was a treasure that had belonged to the king, the queen could not hold back the torrents of tears. "My lord!" she cried. "How could you not come to see me first, if you had been dead for three years? How could you go to see the sage monk first, and then the prince afterwards?"

"Mother," said the prince, "what are you saying?"

The queen said, "My child, I also had a dream last night at about the hour of the fourth watch. I dreamed that your father king stood before me dripping wet, and he told me himself that he was dead. His spirit, he said, had gone to plead with the Tang Monk to subdue the specious king and to save his former body. I clearly recall these words, but there is another half of the dream which I just cannot remember. I was speculating just now by myself when you arrived with your questions and this treasure. Let me put away the jade token for the moment. You should go and ask the sage monk to do what he must do quickly, so that the demonic miasma may be dispelled and the perverse and true can be distinguished. That's the way you can repay your father king's kindness in rearing you." Swiftly mounting his horse, the prince went out of the Rear Gate of the Servants and slipped away from the city. Truly

Holding back his tears, he kowtowed to leave the queen;
In grief he went to bow again to the Tang Monk.

In a little while, he was out of the city gate and went straight to the gate of the Precious Grove Monastery, where he dismounted. As the soldiers came to receive him, the sun began to set. The prince gave the order for the soldiers to remain where they were stationed.

Again by himself, he walked inside after straightening out his clothes to solicit Pilgrim's assistance.

Just then the Monkey King swaggered out from the main hall, and the prince at once went to his knees, saying, "Master, I've returned." Pilgrim went forward to raise him, saying, "Please rise. Did you ask anyone when you reached the city?"

"I did," said the prince, and he gave a complete account of the conversation with his mother. Smiling gently, Pilgrim said, "If he is that cold, he must be the transformation of some kind of coldblooded creature. Don't worry! Don't worry! Let old Monkey get rid of him for you. But it's getting late now, and I can't move. You go back first, and I'll arrive tomorrow morning." Kowtowing repeatedly, the prince said, "Master, I'll stay here to wait upon you until tomorrow, and then I can travel with you."

"That's no good," said Pilgrim. "If we enter the city together, the fiend would become suspicious; instead of a chance meeting, he'll think that you have gone somewhere especially to fetch me. The whole arrangement will make him blame you, will it not?"

"Even if I go back now," said the prince, "he will still blame me."

"Why?" asked Pilgrim. The prince said, "I was commanded during the early court to lead this number of men and horses, of falcons and dogs, to leave the city. But when I go back today, I have no game to present to the throne. If he accuses me of being incapable and has me jailed in Youli, whom would you rely on when you enter the city in the morning? There is no one, after all, in the ranks who knows about this."

"That's nothing!" said Pilgrim. "You should have told me earlier about this, and I'd have found some game."

Dear Great Sage! Look at the way he shows off before the prince! With a bound he leaped straight up to the clouds, made the magic sign, and recited the spell, Let *Oṃ* and *Ram* purify the Dharma-realm, which summoned a mountain god and a local spirit. They arrived and bowed to him in midair, saying, "Great Sage, what is your wish when you command these humble deities to appear?" Pilgrim said, "Old Monkey arrives here in the company of the Tang Monk, and he now intends to catch a wicked demon. Unfortunately, the prince did not catch any game during the hunt and he dared not return to the court. I am, therefore, going to ask you for a small favor. Please find for us some fallow deer, antelopes, wild hares, and fowls—a few pieces of each kind—so that we can send him off." Not daring to disobey when they heard this instruction, the mountain god and the local spirit inquired as to how many heads of wild game were needed. "It doesn't matter," said the Great Sage, "just bring us some."

The two deities, leading the demon soldiers under their command, called up a strong gust of dark wind to round up the wild animals. They caught some grouse and pheasants; horned deer and fat fallow deer; foxes, badgers, and hares; tigers, leopards, and wolves—all in all, several hundred of these which they brought before Pilgrim. Pilgrim said, "Old Monkey has no need of these. Pull out their leg tendons and place them on both sides of the forty-mile road leading back to the city. Those people will

then be able to take them back without having to use falcons and dogs, and this will be counted as your merit."

The deities obeyed; calming the dark wind, they placed the game beside the road.

Pilgrim dropped down from the clouds and said to the prince, "Your Highness, please go back. There is game on the road that you may collect."

After having seen the kind of power Pilgrim displayed on top of the clouds, the prince had no doubts whatever. He kowtowed to take leave of Pilgrim before walking out of the monastery gate to order the soldiers to return to the city. As they journeyed, they found indeed a large number of wild game laid out on both sides of the road. Without releasing falcons and dogs, the soldiers caught them by merely lifting their hands. All of them, therefore, shouted bravos and congratulated the prince, saying that it was his great luck that brought them the game, but not knowing, of course, that it was the might of old Monkey. Listen to their songs of triumph as they proceeded back to the city! Pilgrim, meanwhile, returned to protect Tripitaka. When those monks in the monastery saw how intimate the pilgrims had become with the prince, how could they dare not be reverent? They again prepared a vegetarian meal to serve to the Tang Monk, who then rested once more in the Zen hall. By about the hour of the first watch, Pilgrim, who had something on his mind, was unable to fall asleep. Rolling off his bed, he dashed up to the Tang Monk and cried, "Master."

The elder at this time actually was not yet asleep, but knowing that Pilgrim could be rather restless and frenetic, he pretended that he was and did not respond. Pilgrim caught hold of his bald head and started to shake it violently, crying, "Master, how is it that you are already asleep?"

"You rascal!" said the Tang Monk, growing angry. "You aren't going to sleep at this hour? What are you clamoring for?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "I have a little matter that I want to discuss with you."

"What matter?" asked the elder.

Pilgrim said, "During the day I boasted to the prince that my abilities were higher than a mountain and greater than an ocean. To catch that monster-spirit, I said, was as easy as reaching for something in my pocket—all I had to do was to stretch forth my hand and take it. Now I can't sleep, and when I think about the matter, I find that there's some difficulty."

"If you say that it's going to be difficult," said the Tang Monk, "then let's not try to catch him."

"We still have to," said Pilgrim, "but we cannot justify our action."

The Tang Monk said, "This ape is babbling again! The monster-spirit has usurped the throne of a ruler.

What do you mean that we cannot justify our action?" Pilgrim said, "Your venerable self only knows how to recite sūtras and worship Buddha, how to sit and meditate. Since when have you ever seen the legal codes established by Xiao He?

The proverb says, 'If you arrest a thief, you must seize him with the stolen goods.' That fiend has been a king for three years, but he has not permitted his secret to leak out in any way. He has slept with the ladies of the three palaces, and he has ruled

amiably with his two rows of civil and military officials. Even if old Monkey has the ability to arrest him, it will not be easy to convict him of his crime."

"Why not?" asked the Tang Monk. Pilgrim said, "Even if he is a mouth-less gourd, he will have a row with you for awhile. Can't you hear him? 'I'm the king of the Black Rooster Kingdom. What offense against Heaven have I committed that you dare come to arrest me?' What evidence do I have with which I can argue with him?"

"What do you plan to do, then?" said the Tang Monk.

With a chuckle, Pilgrim said, "The plan of old Monkey is already made, but one obstacle I have to face right now is that you, Dear Sir, have a tendency to dote on people."

"What do you mean?" asked the Tang Monk. Pilgrim said, "Eight Rules is rather stupid, but you are somewhat partial to him."

"How am I partial to him?" asked the Tang Monk. "If you are not," said Pilgrim, "then you should try to be more courageous and stay here with Sha Monk. Let old Monkey and Eight Rules take this opportunity now to go into the Black Rooster Kingdom first and find the imperial garden. We will break open the marble well and fish out the corpse of the true king, which we will wrap in our bags. When we enter the city tomorrow, we won't bother with having our rescript certified; as soon as we see the fiend, I'll attack him with my rod. If he has anything to say, we'll show him the skeleton and tell him, 'You killed this man!' We can tell the prince to come out and mourn his father, the queen to give recognition to her husband, and the various officials to see their true lord. Old Monkey and the brothers, meanwhile, can lift our hands to fight. Now, that's what I call a worthwhile litigation because there's something we can go on!" Secretly pleased by what he heard, the Tang Monk nevertheless said, "My only fear is that Eight Rules is unwilling to go with you."

"You see!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "I told you that you doted on him! How did you know that he would be unwilling to go? Perhaps you think that he'll be like you when I called you just now, and after half an hour, I would give up. But watch me! If you let me go near him, I'll use only my healthy, three-inch tongue to persuade him. Never mind that he is Zhu Eight Rules; even if he were Zhu Nine Rules, I would have the ability to make him go with me."

"All right," said the Tang Monk, "you may go and rouse him." Walking away from his master, Pilgrim went straight up to the side of Eight Rules's bed and shouted, "Eight Rules! Eight Rules!" Idiot, after all, was a man overcome by travel fatigue: once he put his head down, he snored so hard that nothing could wake him.

Pilgrim finally grabbed his ears and took hold of his bristles; giving a terrific pull, he yanked Eight Rules right up while shouting, "Eight Rules!" Idiot was still shuddering when Pilgrim hollered again. Idiot mumbled, "Let's sleep! Don't play around! We have to travel tomorrow."

"I'm not playing," said Pilgrim. "There's some business that you and I must attend to."

"What business?" asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim said, "Did you happen to hear what the prince said?"

"I haven't even seen him," said Eight Rules. "I haven't heard what he had to say."

"The prince told me," said Pilgrim, "that that monster-spirit had in his possession a treasure that could overwhelm ten thousand warriors. When we enter the city tomorrow, we can't avoid doing battle with him; but if that fiend brings out his treasure and defeats us, that won't be good. So, I thought that if we couldn't vanquish him, we should do something first. You and I, in fact, should go and steal his treasure. Isn't that much better?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you are trying to persuade me to be a thief! Well, I know this sort of business, so I can be your customer. But let me say this to you clearly first: when we have stolen the treasure and subdued the monster-spirit, I won't put up with this niggardly practice of dividing the loot. I'm going to keep the treasure."

"What for?" asked Pilgrim. "I'm not eloquent like all of you," said Eight Rules, "and it's not easy for me to beg for food. This body of old Hog is sluggish, and his words are dull. Moreover, I can't even recite sūtras. When I get to those wild, uninhabited places, I have hopes that I can exchange the treasure for food." Pilgrim said, "Old Monkey is only concerned with acquiring a reputation, not a treasure. Of course I'll give it to you." When Idiot heard that it was to be given to him, he was delighted and scrambled up at once. Climbing into his clothes, he left with Pilgrim. Truly as the saying goes:

Even clear wine reddens a man's face,
And yellow gold moves the mind of Dao.

The two of them opened the door stealthily and slipped away from Tripitaka; mounting the auspicious luminosity, they headed straight for the city.

In a little while, they reached their destination; as they lowered their clouds, they heard the sound of the second watch struck from a tower. "Brother," said Pilgrim, "it's the second watch."

"Just right!" said Eight Rules. "Everybody is sleeping soundly inside." Instead of heading for the Central Gate of the Sun, the two of them went to the Rear Gate of the Servants, where they heard also the sound of the rattle struck by guards on patrol. "Brother," said Pilgrim, "the front and rear gates are all tightly guarded. How can we get in?"

Eight Rules said, "Have you ever seen a thief walking through a door? Let's just jump over the wall." Pilgrim agreed and leaped at once onto the palace wall, followed by Eight Rules. Sneaking inside, the two of them searched for their way to the imperial garden.

As they walked along, they came upon a towered gate with triple eaves and flying white banners. Painted on top of the gate were three large words that were luminescent in the light of the stars and moon:

"The Imperial Garden." When Pilgrim drew near and saw that the gate was locked and sealed with several layers of crossed strips of paper, he told Eight Rules to go to work. Idiot lifted up his iron rake and brought it down on the gate as hard as he could: the gate was pulverized at once. Pilgrim led the way to enter the garden, but no sooner had he stepped inside when he began to jump up and down, whooping and howling. Eight Rules was so startled that he ran forward to tug at him, saying, "Elder Brother, you scare me to death! I have never seen a thief bellowing like that! If you wake up the people and they catch us and send us to court, even if we are not executed we would be banished to our native province for military service."

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "you may wonder why I'm making such a fuss. Just look at those

Carved and painted railings in ruin;
Bejeweled sheds and towers crumbling;
Banks of sedges and smart-weeds all buried in dirt;
Peonia and tumi *both wilted.*
The scent of jasmines and roses is slight;
Tree-peonias and lilies bloom vainly.
Hibiscus, a few kinds, give way to bushes and shrubs;
Rare flowers and plants all perish.
Artificial rock mountains collapse;
Ponds dry up and fishes decline.
Green pines, purple bamboos—they're like dried firewood;
Wormwood and artemisia grow rank on the paths.
From cassia and peach trees twigs break off;
Roots of pear and plum trees are upturned.
There's green moss on the bridge-*head's winding path:*
The scene of this garden's desolate!"

"Why waste your breath in this lamentation?" said Eight Rules. "Let's go finish our business quickly."

Though Pilgrim was saddened by what he saw, he also thought of the dream of the Tang Monk, when he was told that the well could be found only beneath a plantain tree. As they walked along, they saw indeed such a tree, whose luxuriant growth was quite different from the other plants.

Truly she is

A fine, spiritual root of a kind,
Her empty self's

Heaven-endowed.
Every branch is thin like paper;
Every leaf can fold like a petal;
A thousand fine strands of green
Enclose one cinnabar heart within.
She grieves when saddened by night rain
And droops for fear of autumn's wind.
She grows in the primal strength of Heav'n;
Her nurture's the work of Creation.
A parchment forms her wondrous usage;
As a fan she makes rare merit.
How could phoenix plumes approximate her?
Could e'en phoenix tails resemble her?
Bathed in droplets of light dew,
Swathed in slender wisps of smoke,
Her green shade shrouds windows and doors;
Her green shadow mounts curtains and screens.
Wild geese aren't allowed to perch here,
Nor may horses be tied to her.

A frigid sky will make her dejected,
A moonlit night her colors faint.
She can only dispel high heat
And protects from the scorching sun.
Bashful for lacking the peach and pear's charm,
She stands alone east of the white wall.

"Eight Rules," said Pilgrim, "let's get started. The treasure's buried beneath the plantain tree." Idiot lifted his rake with both hands and toppled the plantain tree, after which he used his snout to burrow into the ground. After digging up some three or four feet of dirt, he discovered a slab of stone. Delighted, Idiot said, "Elder Brother, we're lucky! There's indeed a treasure here, covered by a slab of stone. I wonder if it's contained in a jar or a box."

"Lift the stone up and take a look," said Pilgrim.

Idiot indeed used his snout to give the slab of stone a shove; immediately, glimmering shafts of light shot up. Laughing, Eight Rules said, "Lucky! Lucky! The treasure's glowing."

He went forward to take another careful look and saw that it was actually the glow of the stars and moon reflected in the water of a well. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "when you want to do something, you ought to get to the bottom of it."

"How so?" asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules said, "This is a well. If you had told me in the monastery that the treasure would be found in a well, I would have brought along those two ropes we use to tie our bags. Then we would have been able to find a way to lower old Hog down there. Now we're empty-handed. How could we go down there to fetch the thing up here?"

"You want to go down there?" asked Pilgrim. "Of course," said Eight Rules, "but we have no ropes."

"Take off your clothes," said Pilgrim, "and I'll give you the means."

Eight Rules said, "I don't have any good clothes! All I have to do is untie this shirt."

Dear Great Sage! He took out his golden-hooped rod and gave both its ends a pull, crying, "Grow!" It grew to about seventy or eighty feet long. "Eight Rules," he said, "you grab hold of one end, and I'll let you down the well."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you can do that, but when we reach the surface of the water, you stop."

"I know," said Pilgrim. Idiot then wrapped himself around the rod at one end, and with no effort at all Pilgrim picked him up and lowered him into the well. In a little while, they reached the edge of the water and Eight Rules said, "We're touching water." When Pilgrim heard that, he gave the rod a plunge downward and with a loud splash Idiot fell into the water headfirst. Abandoning the iron rod, he began at once to tread water, muttering to himself, "Damn him! I told him to stop when we reached water, but he gave me a plunge instead." Pilgrim retrieved his rod and said, laughing, "Brother, is there any treasure?"

"What treasure?" said Eight Rules, "only a well of water!" Pilgrim said, "The treasure has sunk deep into the water. Why don't you go below and feel around?" Idiot indeed knew well the nature of water; he ducked his head under the surface and dove

straight down. Ah, the well was extremely deep! He plunged hard a second time before opening his eyes to look around, and he saw all at once a towered edifice, on which were written the three words, “Water Crystal Palace.”

Highly shaken, Eight Rules said, “Undone! Undone! I got on the wrong way. I must have fallen into the ocean, for only the ocean has a Water Crystal Palace. How could there be one in a well?”

Eight Rules, you see, did not know that this happened to be the palace of the Well Dragon King.

As Eight Rules was speaking to himself, a yakṣa on patrol opened the gate of the palace. When he saw what he saw, he ran inside to report, saying, “Great King, disaster! From the well above fell a monk with a long snout and huge ears, stark naked and without a stitch of clothing. He isn’t dead yet, and he is talking.” When the Well Dragon King heard this, he was greatly startled. “This must be the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds. Last night the Night Patrol God came here by imperial decree from above to take the soul of the king of the Black Rooster Kingdom to see the Tang Monk. They were to ask the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, to subdue a fiend. This has to be the Great Sage and the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds. We should not treat them rudely. Hurry, we must welcome them.” Straightening out his clothes, the dragon king led his water kinsmen out the door and cried in a loud voice, “Marshal of Heavenly Reeds, please take a seat inside.”

Eight Rules became very pleased and said to himself, “So there’s a friend here!” Without regard for etiquette or decency, Idiot walked right into the Water Crystal Palace and, still stark naked, took the honored seat above. “Marshal,” said the dragon king, “I heard recently that your life was spared when you embraced the Buddhist faith to accompany the Tang Monk to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. For what reason have you come here?”

“I was just about to tell you that,” said Eight Rules. “My elder brother, Sun Wukong, wanted to send you his most earnest greetings. He told me to come to ask you for a certain treasure.”

“That’s pitiful!” said the dragon king. “Where do I have any treasure around here? I’m not like those other dragon kings of such big rivers as the Yangzi, the Yellow River, the Huai, and the Ji. When they can fly and soar through the air most of the time to transform, they will have treasures. I have been stuck here for a long time; I can’t even get to see the sun and the moon regularly. Where would I get any treasures?”

“Don’t refuse me,” said Eight Rules. “If you have any, bring them out.”

“I do have just one treasure,” said the dragon king, “but I can’t bring it out. The Marshal himself will have to go and take a look. How about it?”

“Wonderful! Wonderful! Wonderful!” said Eight Rules. “I’ll go and take a look.”

The dragon king walked in front, while Idiot followed. They passed the Water Crystal Palace and came upon a long corridor, inside of which they found a six-foot corpse. Pointing with his finger, the dragon king said, “Marshal, that’s the treasure.”

Eight Rules went forward to look at it. Ah, it was actually a dead king; still wearing a rising-to-Heaven cap, a reddish brown robe, a pair of carefree boots, and a jade belt, he lay there stiff as a board. “Hard! Hard! Hard!” said Eight Rules, chuckling.

“This can’t be considered a treasure! When I recall the time when old Hog was a monster in the mountain, this thing was frequently used as food. Don’t ask me how many such things I have seen—even as far as eating was concerned, I have consumed countless numbers. How could you call this a treasure?”

“So you don’t know, Marshal,” said the dragon king, “that he is actually the corpse of the king of the Black Rooster Kingdom. Since he reached the well, I have embalmed him with a feature-preserving pearl so that he won’t deteriorate. If you are willing to carry him out of here on your back to see the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who, by the way, may have the wish to revive him, don’t speak of treasures—you can have anything you want.”

“In that case,” said Eight Rules, “I’ll carry him out on my back for you. But how much cartage are you going to pay me?”

The dragon king said, “I don’t have any money.”

“You want to use people free!” said Eight Rules.

“If you really don’t have any money, I won’t carry him.”

“If you don’t,” said the dragon king, “please go.”

Eight Rules left at once.

The dragon king, however, ordered two powerful yakṣas to haul the corpse out of the Water Crystal Palace’s gate. They threw him down, took off the water-repelling pearl, and water began to close in on all sides noisily.

Turning around quickly to look, Eight Rules could no longer see the gate of the Water Crystal Palace. When he stretched out his hands, all he could lay hold of was the corpse of the king, the touch of which made his legs weaken and his tendons turn numb with fear. He darted up to the surface of the water; with his hands clinging to the wall of the well, he shouted, “Elder Brother, stick your rod down here to save me!”

“Is there any treasure?” asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules said, “There isn’t any! Beneath the water, however, there’s a Well Dragon King, who told me to carry a dead man on my back. I wouldn’t do it, and he sent me out the door; that was when his Water Crystal Palace disappeared also. When I felt that corpse, I was so scared that my hands grew weak and my tendons turned numb; I could hardly move. Elder Brother, for good or ill please save me.”

“That’s precisely the treasure,” said Pilgrim. “Why won’t you carry him up here?”

Eight Rules said, “He must have been dead for quite awhile. Why should I carry him on my back?”

“If you won’t,” said Pilgrim, “I’ll go back.”

“Where?” asked Eight Rules.

“I’m going back to the monastery,” said Pilgrim, “to get some sleep with Master.”

“You mean I can’t go with you?” said Eight Rules.

Pilgrim said, “If you can climb up here, I’ll take you back with me; if you can’t, well that’s it!”

Eight Rules was horrified, for how could he possibly climb up the well. “Take a look,” he yelled. “Even the city wall was hard to scale already, whereas this well is large down below with a small mouth on top. All around the circular wall is straight up and down. Moreover, it has been such a long time since anyone has bailed water from this well that it’s covered with moss everywhere. It’s terribly slippery. How could I possibly climb it? Elder Brother, let’s not upset our fraternal feelings, let me go and carry him up on my back.”

“Exactly,” said Pilgrim. “Do it quickly, and I’ll go back with you to sleep.” Idiot put his head underwater again and dove straight down; after he found the corpse, he pulled it onto his back and shot back up to the surface. Supporting himself on the wall of the well, he cried, “Elder Brother, I’m carrying him.” Pilgrim stared into the well and saw that the body was indeed placed on Eight Rules’s back. Only then did he lower the golden-hooped rod into the well. A man who had been sorely tried, Idiot opened his mouth and held on to the tip of the iron rod with his teeth; he was then lifted up out of the well by Pilgrim with no effort at all.

Putting down the corpse, Eight Rules grabbed his own clothes and put them on. When Pilgrim took a look, he found that the features of the dead king had not altered in the slightest—it was as if he were still alive. “Brother,” said Pilgrim, “this man has been dead for three years. How could his features not deteriorate?”

“You have no idea about this,” said Eight Rules. “This Well Dragon said to me that he had embalmed the corpse with a feature-preserving pearl, and that’s why it has not deteriorated.”

“Lucky! Lucky!” said Pilgrim.

“This has to mean that his wrong has yet to be requited, and that we are fated to succeed. Brother, put him on your back again quickly and we’ll leave.”

“Where do you want me to carry him?” asked Eight Rules.

“To see Master,” said Pilgrim.

Eight Rules began to grumble, saying, “How am I going to live with this? I was sleeping nicely when this monkey fooled me with his clever talk into doing this so-called business with him. It turns out to be this sort of enterprise—carrying a dead man on my back! When I carry him, some putrid stinking fluid is bound to drip on me and soil my clothes, and there is no one ready to wash and starch them for me. The few patches on my garment may even turn damp again when the sky is grey. How can I wear them?”

“Look, you just carry him,” said Pilgrim, “and when we get to the monastery, I’ll exchange clothes with you.”

“Aren’t you ashamed of yourself?” asked Eight Rules. “You have hardly anything to wear, and you are going to exchange clothes with me?” Pilgrim said, “Oh, you are so smart mouthed! You aren’t going to carry him?”

“No!” said Eight Rules. “Stick out your shanks then,” said Pilgrim, “and I’ll give you twenty strokes of my rod!”

Horrified, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, that’s a heavy rod! If you give me twenty strokes, I’d be like this king!”

“If you are afraid of being beaten,” said Pilgrim, “then hurry up and put him on your back so that we can leave.”

Eight Rules was indeed afraid of being beaten; rather listlessly, he yanked the corpse over and put it on his back before turning to walk out of the garden.

Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and sucked in a mouthful of air facing the ground in the southwest. When he blew it out, a violent gust immediately arose and lifted Eight Rules out of the palace. They left the city instantly; as the wind subsided, the two of them dropped to the ground and proceeded slowly on foot. Nursing his rage in silence, Idiot planned to repay Pilgrim in kind, saying to himself, "This monkey has pulled a nice prank on me, but when I get to the monastery I'm going to pull one on him, too. I'm going to persuade Master to insist on restoring the king back to life. If that monkey can't do it, I'll make Master recite that Tight-Fillet Spell until this monkey's brains burst. That will give me some relief!"

He walked along and thought further to himself, "No good, no good! If you make him heal the man, all he has to do is to go and ask King Yama for the soul, and the man will live again. I must set the conditions so that he won't be permitted to go to the Region of Darkness; the king has to be restored to life through some means found in the World of Light. Only such a plan is good."

Hardly had he finished speaking to himself when they reached the gate of the monastery. Eight Rules walked right through it and went up to the door of the Chan hall, where he threw down the corpse and cried, "Master, get up and look at this." Unable to sleep, Tripitaka was just chatting with Sha Monk on how Pilgrim had deceived Eight Rules into going with him, and how they did not return after such a long time. When he heard the call, the Tang Monk quickly arose and said, "Disciple, what do you want me to look at?"

"The grandpa of Pilgrim," said Eight Rules, "whom old Hog has brought back on his back."

"You pie-eyed Idiot!" said Pilgrim.

"Where do I have a grandpa?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "if he isn't your grandpa, why did you ask old Hog to bear him here? You don't know how much energy I've wasted!"

The Tang Monk and Sha Monk opened the door to look, and they discovered that the countenance of the king had not altered at all.

Turning sad all at once, the elder said, "Your Majesty, in which previous existence did you incur an enemy who had to catch up with you in this one and cause you to lose your life? Alas, you left your wife and your child, unknown to all the civil and military officials! Pity your wife who's still in the dark! Who will burn incense or pour tea for you?"

He was so broken up that he could not speak anymore as tears rained down his cheeks.

"Master," said Eight Rules, laughing, "what does his death have to do with you? He isn't one of your ancestors. Why weep for him?"

"O disciple!" said the Tang Monk, "the fundamental principle of life for those who have left the family is compassion. How could you be so hardhearted?"

"I'm not hardhearted," said Eight Rules, "for Elder Brother told me that he could restore him to life. If he couldn't, I wouldn't have carried him back here."

This elder, after all, had a head full of water! Shaken by these few words of Idiot, he said at once, "Wukong, if you indeed have the ability to restore this king to life, you would have accomplished something greater than building a seven-storied stūpa. And even we would have been benefited as if we had worshipped Buddha in the Spirit Mountain." Pilgrim said, "Master, how could you believe the nonsense of this Idiot! When a man dies, he can pass through the periods of three times seven or five times seven; at most, he may wait for seven hundred days, when after having suffered for all the sins committed in the World of Light, he will then proceed to the next incarnation. This man here died three years ago. How could I revive him?" When Tripitaka heard these words, he said, "Oh, all right!" Still bitterly resentful, however, Eight Rules said, "Master, don't believe him. He's a little sick in his brain! Just recite that little something of yours, and you are certain to get a living man."

The Tang Monk indeed began to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell, and the monkey had such a headache that his eyes bulged. We do not know how he managed to heal the dead king; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

THIRTY-NINE

One pellet of cinnabar elixir found in Heaven
A king, dead three years, lives again on Earth

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who could hardly bear his headache. "Master," he pleaded pitifully, "stop reciting! Stop reciting! Let me try to heal him."

"How?" asked the elder. Pilgrim said, "All I need to do is to go to the Region of Darkness and find out in which of the Ten Kings' chambers his soul is residing. I'll fetch it and he'll be saved."

"Master, don't believe him," said Eight Rules. "He told me originally that he needn't go to the Region of Darkness, that his real ability could not be seen unless a cure was found in the World of Light."

Believing in such perverse tattle, the elder began to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell once more. Pilgrim was so horrified that he had to say repeatedly, "I'll find some means in the World of Light! I'll find some means in the World of Light!"

"Don't stop," said Eight Rules, "just keep reciting!"

"You idiotic cursed beast!" chided Pilgrim. "You are just trying to coax Master into putting that spell on me!" Laughing until he nearly collapsed, Eight Rules said, "O Elder Brother! You only know how to pull tricks on me, but you don't realize that I can do the same on you."

"Master, please stop," said Pilgrim, "and let old Monkey find a cure in the World of Light for the king."

"Where would you find it in the World of Light?" asked Tripitaka. "With a single cloud somersault," said Pilgrim, "I shall penetrate the South Heaven Gate, but I'll not go into the Big Dipper Palace nor into the Divine Mists Hall. Instead, I shall go straight up to the Thirty-third Heaven, to the Tushita Palace of the Griefless Heaven. When I see Laozi there, I shall beg him for one pellet of his Soul-Restoring Elixir of Nine Reversions, which will certainly make this man live again." When Tripitaka heard these words, he was very pleased and said, "Go quickly and come back."

"It's about the hour of the third watch at this moment," said Pilgrim, "but by the time I get back, it'll be dawn. The trouble with this man sleeping here like this is that the whole atmosphere seems so dull and heartless. Someone here should mourn him and that'll be more like it."

"It goes without saying," said Eight Rules, "that this monkey would like me to mourn the king."

"Yes, but I'm afraid that you won't," said Pilgrim. "If you won't, I can't heal him either!"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you may go. I'll mourn him." Pilgrim said, "There are several ways of mourning: when you merely open your mouth to make noises, that's called howling; when you squeeze out some tears, that's weeping. When you mourn with both tears and feelings, then we may call that wailing."

"I'll give you an example of how I can wail!" said Eight Rules, who pulled out a scrap of paper from somewhere and rolled it into a thin strip, which he stuck into his nostrils twice.

Look at him! After sneezing a few times, tears and snivel all came out and he began to wail, mumbling and muttering protests all the time as if someone in his family had actually died. He bawled lustily, and when his passion rose to a terrific pitch, even the Tang elder was moved to tears. "That's the sort of grief I want you to show," said Pilgrim with a laugh, "and you are not permitted to stop. For if you, Idiot, think that you can quit mourning after I leave, you are mistaken, for I can still hear you. You'll be all right if you keep this up, but the moment I discover that your voice has stopped, your shanks will be given twenty strokes."

"You go!" said Eight Rules, chuckling. "Once I start to mourn, it will take me a couple of days to finish." When Sha Monk heard how stern Pilgrim's reprimand of Eight Rules was, he went and lit a few sticks of incense to bring to offer to the dead king. "Fine! Fine! Fine!" said Pilgrim, laughing.

"When the whole family shows reverence like that, old Monkey can then exert his efforts."

Dear Great Sage! At this hour of midnight, he took leave of master and disciples, the three of them; mounting the cloud somersault, he entered at once the South Heaven Gate. Indeed, he did not go before the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists, nor did he ascend to the Big Dipper Palace. Treading on his cloudy luminosity, he went straight to the Griefless Heaven, the Tushita Palace of the Thirty-third Heaven. The moment he walked inside the door, he discovered Laozi sitting in the elixir chamber: in the process of making elixir, he and a few divine youths were tending the fires with plantain fans. When he saw Pilgrim approaching, he immediately instructed the youths with these words:

"Take care, each of you. The thief who once stole our elixir is here."

Bowing to him, Pilgrim said with laughter, "Venerable Sir, don't be so silly! Why take such precaution against me? I don't do those things anymore!"

"Monkey," said Laozi, "when you caused great disruption in Heaven five hundred years ago, you stole and consumed countless efficacious elixirs of mine. And when we sent the Little Sage Erlang to arrest you and bring you to the Region Above, you were sent to be refined in my elixir brazier for forty-nine days and made me squander who knows how much charcoal. You were lucky to have regained your freedom when you embraced the Buddhist fruit and resolved to accompany the Tang Monk to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures. But even then, you were still giving me a hard time when I asked you for my treasures after you had subdued the demons some time ago on the Level-Top Mountain. What are you doing here today?"

"I didn't give you a hard time," said Pilgrim. "Old Monkey at the time gave you back your five treasures without delay. Why are you still so suspicious?"

"Why aren't you on the road then?" asked Laozi. "Why did you sneak into my palace?" Pilgrim said, "After we parted, we proceeded toward the West until we came to the Black Rooster Kingdom. The king there had been murdered by a monster-spirit masquerading as a Daoist able to summon wind and rain. The monster then changed himself into the form of the king, and now he sits in the Hall of Golden Chimes. When my master read the sūtras during the night before last in the Precious Grove Monastery,

the king's spirit appeared to him and requested earnestly for old Monkey to subdue the fiend for him.

Because old Monkey considered the problem of evidence, he went to the imperial garden with Eight Rules to look for the burial site.

Within a well of octagonal marble walls, we fished out the king's corpse, so perfectly preserved that neither his color nor his appearance had changed. When we brought him back to my master, he was moved by compassion and wanted me to revive him. The condition was set, however, that I could not go to the Region of Darkness to fetch his soul, and that I must find some means to revive him in the World of Light. I concluded that there was no other remedy available, and that was why I came especially to see you. I beseech the Patriarch of Tao to be merciful and lend me one thousand tablets of your Soul-Restoring Elixir of Nine Reversions, so that old Monkey can save the king."

"This ape is babbling!" said Laozi. "What are you saying—one thousand tablets, two thousand tablets! You eat them like rice? You think they are kneaded with mud? That easy? No! Go quickly! I have none!"

"All right," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "how about a hundred tablets?"

"I don't have any," said Laozi. "Just ten tablets, then," said Pilgrim. "This wretched ape is an absolute pest!" said Laozi angrily. "I don't have any. Get out! Get out!"

"You really don't have any?" said Pilgrim, laughing. "I'll go somewhere to look for help then."

"Go! Go! Go!" shouted Laozi. Turning around, the Great Sage strode out at once.

Laozi suddenly thought to himself, "This monkey is such a rogue! When I told him to go, he left, but I fear that he might sneak back in and start stealing."

He ordered a divine youth to call Pilgrim back at once, saying, "You ape, you have itchy hands and feet! I'll give you one tablet of my Soul-Restoring Elixir."

"Venerable Sir," said Pilgrim, "if you know the talent of old Monkey, you will bring out your golden elixir at once and divide up what you have with me equitably. That'll be your good fortune! Otherwise, I'm going to swipe them clean for you."

Taking out his gourd, the patriarch turned it upside down and poured out one pellet of golden elixir. He handed it over to Pilgrim, saying, "That's all I have. Take it, take it! I'm *giving* it to you, you know, and when that king is revived, it'll be counted as your merit." Pilgrim took it and said, "Let's not hurry! I'm going to have a taste of it first, for I'm not going to be duped by some bogus pill!"

He popped it into his mouth at once. The old patriarch was so startled that he dashed forward and grabbed the skin on Pilgrim's head. Holding high his fist, he shouted, "You wretched ape! If you dare swallow it, I'll kill you!"

"Shame on you!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "Don't be so petty! Who's going to eat your stuff! How much could it be worth, this flimsy stuff? Isn't it right here?"

The monkey, you see, had a little pouch just beneath his jowl, and that was where he kept the golden elixir. After the patriarch had felt it with his fingers, he said, "Go away! Don't bother me here anymore!"

Then the Great Sage thanked the old patriarch and left the Tushita Heaven Palace. Look at him!

In countless hallowed beams he left the arches of jade;
On myriad auspicious clouds he went to the world of dust.

In a moment, he left the South Heaven Gate behind and, as the sun came up, he dropped from the clouds and arrived at the gate of the Precious Grove Monastery.

Eight Rules's weeping could still be heard when he approached, crying, "Master."

"Wukong has returned," said Tripitaka, delighted.

"Do you have any elixir or medicine?"

"I do," said Pilgrim. "He couldn't possibly not have it!" said Eight Rules. "He would have brought back something even if he had to steal it!"

"Brother," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "you can get out of the way, I don't need you anymore. Wipe away your tears, or you can go somewhere to weep. Sha Monk, please fetch me some water." Sha Monk hurried to the well in the rear where there was a bucket nearby. He bailed out half an alms bowl of water and brought it to Pilgrim. After he took it, Pilgrim spat out the elixir and placed it inside the lips of the king. Then with both hands, he pulled the jaws of the king apart, and using a mouthful of clean water, he flushed the golden elixir down to the king's stomach. After about half an hour, loud gurgling noises came from the belly of the king, although his body remained immobile. "Master," said Pilgrim, "even my golden elixir seems unable to revive him! Could it be that old Monkey's going to be finished off by blackmail?"

Tripitaka said, "Nonsense! There's no reason for him not to live. How could he swallow that water if he had been only a corpse dead for a long time? It had to be the divine power of that golden elixir, which entrance into his stomach now causes the intestines to growl. When that happens, it means that circulation and pulse are in harmonious motion once more. His breath, however, is still stopped and cannot flow freely. But that's to be expected when a man has been submerged in a well for three years; after all, even raw iron would be completely rusted. That's why his primal breath is all used up, and someone should give him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation."

Eight Rules walked forward and was about to do this when he was stopped by Tripitaka. "You can't do it," he said. "Wukong still should take over."

That elder indeed had presence of mind, for Zhu Eight Rules, you see, had been a cannibal since his youth, and his breath was unclean. Pilgrim, on the other hand, had practiced self-cultivation since his birth, the food sustaining him being various fruits and nuts, and thus his breath was pure. The Great Sage, therefore, went forward and clamped his thundergod beak to the lips of the king: a mighty breath was blown through his throat to descend the tiered towers.

Invading the bright hall, it reached the cinnabar field and the jetting-spring points beyond before it reversed its direction and traveled to the mud-pill chamber of the crown. With a loud swoosh, the king's breath came together and his spirit returned; he turned over and at once flexed his hands and feet, crying, "Master!"

Going then to his knees, he said, "I remember my soul as a ghost did see you last night, but I did not expect this morning my spirit would return to the World of Light."

Tripitaka hurriedly tried to raise him, saying, “Your Majesty, I didn’t do anything. You should thank my disciple.”

“Master, what are you saying?” said Pilgrim with laughter. “The proverb says, ‘A household does not have two heads.’ You should accept his bow.”

Greatly embarrassed nonetheless, Tripitaka raised the king up with both hands and they went together into the Chan hall. The king insisted on greeting Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk before he would take a seat. The resident monks of the monastery had just finished preparing the morning meal and they were about to present it when they discovered a king with soaking wet garments.

Everyone became frightened; each of them began to speculate. Pilgrim Sun, however, leaped into their midst and said, “Monks, don’t be so alarmed. This is in fact the king of the Black Rooster Kingdom, the true ruler of all of you. Three years ago he was murdered by a fiend, but old Monkey revived him last night. We plan to go with him to the city presently to distinguish the perverse from the true. If you have some vegetarian food prepared, bring it here, so that we can start our journey after we eat.”

The monks then presented hot water also so that the king could wash up and change his clothes. The royal reddish brown robe was discarded, and he put on instead two cloth shirts given to him by the monk-official. They took off the jade belt and tied him up with a yellow silk sash; after the carefree boots were removed, he was given a pair of old monk sandals. Then they had their vegetarian breakfast before going to saddle the horse.

“Eight Rules,” said Pilgrim, “how heavy is your luggage?”

“I’ve been toting it every day,” said Eight Rules, “and I really don’t know how heavy it is.” Pilgrim said, “Divide one and let the king take up the other one. We should get to the city early to do our work.”

Delighted, Eight Rules said, “Lucky! Lucky! When I brought him here on my back, I used up a lot of my strength. I had no idea that he could be my substitute after he had been healed.” Resorting at once to mischief, Idiot divided the luggage; he carried the lighter load with a flat pole that he acquired from the monastery, whereas the heavier load he gave to the king to pole. “Your Majesty,” said Pilgrim with a chuckle, “I hope you don’t mind our treatment, dressing you in that manner and asking you to pick up a pole to follow us?” Kneeling down immediately, the king said, “Master, you are like parents who have given me a new birth. Don’t mention anything about poling some luggage. I’m even willing to pick up the whip and hold the stirrups to look after the Venerable Father and follow him all the way to the Western Heaven.” Pilgrim said, “There’s no need for you to do that, but I have a reason for making you do this at the moment. You can help us carry the luggage for these forty miles until we have entered the city and caught the monster-spirit. Then you can become a king again, and we will go and fetch our scriptures.”

Hearing this, Eight Rules said, “In that case, he is going to pole for only forty miles. After that, old Hog will remain as a long-term laborer!”

“Brother, no more foolish talk!” said Pilgrim. “Get out there and lead the way.”

Eight Rules indeed walked with the king in front to lead the way, while Sha Monk helped his master to mount the horse and Pilgrim took up the rear. Arranged in an orderly formation, the five hundred monks of that monastery followed them all the way to the gate, playing and blowing their musical instruments. Smiling, Pilgrim said, “No

need for you monks to accompany us any further. I fear that if any of this is leaked to the officials, our enterprise will be ruined. Go back quickly! Go back quickly! Only see to it that the king's clothing and belt are cleaned and prepared. Send them to the city either late tonight or early tomorrow morning. I'll ask for some reward for you."

The monks obeyed and returned to their quarters, while Pilgrim in big strides caught up with his master to proceed with him. So it is that

The West has mystery, it's good to seek the truth.
Wood and Metal in concord, then spirit can be refined.
The elixir mother recalls in vain a foolish dream;
The child deplores deeply how powerless he is.
You must seek at a well's bottom the enlightened lord,
And then bow to Laozi in the Hall of Heaven.
Back to your own nature once you see form's emptiness,
You're thus truly a Buddha-led man of affinity.

It did not take master and disciples even half a day on the road when they saw a city approaching. "Wukong," said Tripitaka, "I suppose that must be the Black Rooster Kingdom ahead of us."

"Exactly," said Pilgrim. "Let's enter the city quickly so that we can do our business."

After they entered the city, master and disciples found the population well-mannered and engaged in a great deal of bustling activities. As they walked along, they soon came upon the phoenix bowers and dragon towers, exceedingly grand and ornate edifices for which we have a testimonial poem. The poem says:

These outland buildings are like the sovereign state's;
Like those of old Tang, people sing and dance.
Flowers greet jeweled fans trailed by roseate clouds;
Fresh robes, sun-lit, glimmer in jade-green fog.
Peacock screens open and fragrant mist pours out;
Pearly shades roll up as colored flags unfurl.
A picture of peace most worthy of praise:
Quiet rows of nobles but no memorials.

"Disciples," said Tripitaka as he dismounted, "we might as well go right into the court to have our rescript certified and not be bothered by some bureaucratic office."

"That's reasonable," said Pilgrim. "We brothers will go in with you; it's easier to talk when you have more people on your side."

The Tang Monk said, "If all of you are going inside, you must not be rowdy. Let's go through the proper ceremony of greeting a ruler before we do any talking."

"If you want to go through that," said Pilgrim, "it means that you have to prostrate yourself."

"Exactly," said the Tang Monk, "we have to undertake the grand ceremony of five bows and three kowtows."

"Master, you are too insipid!" said Pilgrim with a chuckle. "It's so unwise of you to want to pay homage to that character! Let me go in first, for I know what I'm going to do. If he has anything to say to us, let me answer him. If I bow, you all can bow with me; if I crouch, you crouch also." Look at that mischievous Monkey King! He

went straight up to the gate of the court and said to the guardian official, "We have been sent by the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go worship Buddha in the Western Heaven and to acquire scriptures from him. Having arrived in this region, we would like to have our rescript certified. May we trouble you to report this to the king so that the act of virtuous fruit will not be delayed."

The Custodian of the Yellow Gate went at once to the gate of the main hall and knelt before the vermilion steps to memorialize, saying, "There are five monks outside the gate of the court, who claim that they have been sent by imperial decree from the Tang nation in the Land of the East to go to see Buddha for scriptures in the Western Heaven. They would like to have their rescript certified, but they dare not enter the court, and they await your summons."

The demon king at once gave the order to summon them inside. The Tang Monk then proceeded to walk inside the court followed by the king who had been revived. As they walked, the king could not stop the tears from rolling down his cheeks, thinking to himself, "How pitiful indeed! My bronze-guarded empire, my iron-clad domain, had been secretly taken over by him."

"Your Majesty," said Pilgrim softly, "you must not show your sorrow at this moment, for we may reveal everything. The rod in my ear is getting rather restless. In a moment, it will achieve a great merit by beating a demon to death and banishing all perversity. Your empire will soon be returned to you."

The king dared not disobey; pulling up his robe to wipe away the tears, he followed them resolutely up to the Hall of Golden Chimes.

The rows of civil and military officials, some four hundred of them, all stood there with great sobriety and noble looks. Pilgrim led the Tang Monk up to the white jade steps; he then stood still and remained erect. All those officials beneath the steps became terrified, saying, "This monk is most foolish and base! When he sees our king, why does he not prostrate himself, nor does he express his praise? He does not even give a bow! How audacious and rude!"

Before they even finished speaking, the demon king asked, "Where did this monk come from?" Pilgrim replied boldly, "I am from the Great Tang nation in the Land of the East, in the South Jambūḍvīpa Continent, someone sent by imperial decree to go seek the living Buddha in the Great Thunderclap Monastery of India in the Western Territories for true scriptures. Having reached this region, I do not want to pass through it without having our travel rescript certified." When the demon king heard what he said, he became angry, saying, "So what if you are from the Land of the East? We are not paying tribute in your court, nor have we any intercourse with your nation. How dare you neglect your etiquette and not bow to us?" Laughing, Pilgrim said, "Our celestial court in the Land of the East was established in antiquity, and ours had been called the superior state for a long time. Yours is only a state of the hinterlands in an inferior region. Haven't you heard of the ancient saying?

The king of the superior state
Is father and ruler;
The king of the inferior state
Is son and subject.

You haven't even received me properly, and you dare chide me for not bowing to you?" Infuriated, the demon king shouted to the civil and military officials, "Seize

this wild monk!" When he said, "Seize," all the officials surged forward. Pointing immediately with his finger, Pilgrim cried, "Cease!"

That, you see, was the magic of immobilization, which made the various officials unable to move at all. Truly

The captains before the steps looked like idols of wood,
And marshals in the palace resembled men of clay.

When the demon king saw how Pilgrim had rendered immobile all the officials, he leaped up from the dragon couch and was about to seize Pilgrim himself. Secretly pleased, the Monkey King thought, "Good! Exactly what old Monkey wanted! The moment you come near, your head, even if it's made of raw iron, is going to have a gaping hole when my rod finds it."

He was about to strike, when suddenly a saving star appeared from one side. "Who was it?" you ask. It was none other than the prince of the Black Rooster Kingdom. Dashing up to tug at the demon king's garment, the prince knelt before him and said, "Let the anger of father king subside."

"What do you want to say, my child?" asked the monster-spirit.

"Let me report this to father king," said the prince. "Three years ago I heard already that there was a sage monk sent by the Throne of the Tang in the Land of the East to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven, but I did not expect that he would arrive this day. The honored nature of father king is powerful and ferocious, I know. But if you seize this monk and have him executed, the great Tang could be greatly angered if ever they should learn of this one day. Remember that Li Shimin who, since he established his throne, did succeed in uniting his empire. Still not content, he went on various expeditions of conquest to foreign lands. If he discovers that our king has murdered the sage monk, his bond-brother, he will most certainly call up troops and horses to war with us. When we realize then how small is our army and how weak our generals are, it will be too late for regrets. Let the father king approve the memorial of his son, let him make a thorough investigation of the background of these four monks. We must first establish why they would not pay homage to the Throne before we convict them."

This entire speech, you see, was motivated by the prince's caution, who feared that the Tang Monk might be hurt and that was why he deliberately stopped the demon. The prince, of course, did not know that Pilgrim was about to strike. Consenting indeed to the words of the prince, the demon king stood before the dragon couch and loudly asked, "When did this monk leave the Land of the East? For what reason did the Tang emperor ask you to seek scriptures?"

Again Pilgrim replied boldly, "My master is the bond-brother of the Tang emperor, and his honorific is Tripitaka. There is a prime minister before the Tang throne whose name is Wei Zheng, and who has by the decree of Heaven beheaded an old dragon of the Jing River. Because of this, the Great Tang emperor also had to tour the Region of Darkness in his dream, and after he was revived, he opened wide the plot of truth by giving a Grand Mass of Land and Water to redeem the wronged souls and damned spirits. As my master recited and performed the sūtras to magnify the power of compassion, the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin of South Sea revealed to him suddenly that he should journey to the West. Making a grand promise, my master accepted the commission freely and gladly to serve his nation, and that was when the emperor bestowed on him the rescript. On the third day before the fifteenth, during the ninth

month of the thirteenth year in the Zhenguan period of the Great Tang, he left the Land of the East. When he reached the Mountain of Two Frontiers, he accepted me as his disciple. My surname is Sun, and my name is Wukong Pilgrim. Next, we arrived at the Gao Family Village of the Qoco Kingdom, where my master made his second disciple; his surname is Zhu, and his name is Wuneng Eight Rules.

At the Flowing Sand River, the third disciple joined the fold; his surname is Sha, and his name is Wujing Monk. The day before yesterday at the Precious Grove Monastery Built by Imperial Command, we newly acquired a mendicant worker who now helps us with poling the luggage."

After the demon king heard this speech, he found it difficult to turn up an excuse for examining the Tang Monk further, and it was even more difficult for him to try to overwhelm Pilgrim with deceptive interrogation. Glowering, he said, "You, monk! When you first left the Land of the East, you were all by yourself, but then you accepted all these four persons into your company. Those three monks may be all right, but this worker looks most suspicious. This mendicant must have been kidnapped from somewhere. What is his name? Does he have a certificate of ordination? Bring him up here and let him make a deposition."

Trembling all over, the king said, "O Master! How shall I make this deposition?"

Giving him a pinch, Pilgrim said, "Don't be afraid. Let me do it for you."

Dear Great Sage! He strode forward and said to the fiend in a loud voice, "Your Majesty, this old worker is not only dumb, but he is also somewhat deaf. We took him on because he knew the way to the Western Heaven, having gone there himself in his younger days.

I know everything about him—his background, his origin, his rise and fall. I beg your Majesty's pardon, but let me make the deposition for him."

"Do it quickly and truthfully," said the demon king, "lest he be convicted of a serious offense." Pilgrim said,

Of this deposition the mendicant's quite old;
Deaf, dumb, and dim-witted, he's also poor!
A man whose native home was in this place,
He met defeat and ruin five years ago.
With no rain from the sky,
Folks turned shriveled and dry.
King and subjects all fasted and abstained;
They bathed and burned incense to pray to Heav'n,
But no cloud was seen for ten thousand miles.
While people starved as though hung upside down,
There came from Zhongnan a Complete Truth fiend
Who called up wind and rain to show his power,
And then took in secret the king's own life.
The victim was pushed down a garden well;
The dragon seat was taken unknown to man.
Luckily I came.
My merit was great:
No snag it was to bring life back from death.

Willing to submit as a mendicant,
He would follow the monk to face the West.
That specious king is a Daoist in fact;
This worker is in truth the rightful king.

When that demon king on the Hall of Golden Chimes heard this speech, he became so frightened that his heart pounded like the feet of a young deer and his face was flushed with red clouds. He wanted to run away at once, but he did not even have a weapon in his hands. Turning around, he saw one of the captains of palace guards, who had a scimitar buckled to his waist and who had been rendered a dumb and stupid person standing there by Pilgrim's magic of immobilization. Dashing up to him, the demon king took this scimitar and then immediately mounted the clouds to escape in the air. Sha Monk and Zhu Eight Rules were so annoyed by this turn of events that they screamed at Pilgrim, "You impatient ape! Why did you have to say all those things at once? You could have tricked him into staying if you had used a slower approach. Now that he has mounted the clouds and escaped, where would you go to search for him?"

"Don't scream madly like that, brothers," said Pilgrim with laughter. "Let me ask the prince to come out and bow to his father and the queen to greet her husband first. Let me then recite another spell to release those ministers from my magic so that they can learn the truth about what has happened and pay homage to the real king. Then I can go look for him."

Dear Great Sage! After he had disposed of everything he said he would do, he told Eight Rules and Sha Monk, "Take care to guard ruler and subjects, father and son, husband and wife, and our master. I'm off!"

Hardly had he finished speaking before he was completely out of sight.

Rising straight up to the clouds of the Ninefold Heaven, Pilgrim opened wide his eyes to stare all around: the demon king, having escaped with his life, was fleeing toward the northeast. Pilgrim caught up with him in no time, shouting, "Fiend, where are you going? Old Monkey's here." Swiftly turning around, the demon king brought out his scimitar and said with a loud voice, "Pilgrim Sun, what a rogue you are! I took the throne of another man, but that didn't concern you. Why did you have to be involved in someone's affairs and reveal my secret?" Roaring with laughter, Pilgrim said, "You audacious, lawless fiend! You think you ought to be permitted to be a king? If you recognized old Monkey, you should have fled at the earliest opportunity to the farthest place. How dare you try to give my master a hard time, asking for that so-called deposition? That deposition I gave you just now, was that accurate or not? Don't run away now! If you're a man, have a taste of old Monkey's rod!"

The demon king stepped aside to dodge the blow before he wielded the scimitar to meet his opponent. The moment their weapons joined, it was a marvelous battle. Truly

The Monkey King is fierce,
The demon king is strong—
Rod and scimitar dare each other oppose.
This day the Three Regions are bedimmed by fog,
All for a king's restoration to his court.

After the two of them fought for a few rounds, the demon king could no longer withstand the Monkey King and fled instead back into the city on the way he came. Hurling himself into the two rows of civil and military officials before the white jade

steps, the demon king gave his body a shake and changed into an exact image of Tripitaka Tang, both of them standing hand-in-hand before the steps. The Great Sage arrived and was about to strike with the rod when the fiend said, "Disciple, don't hit me! It's I!" Pilgrim turned the rod toward the other Tang Monk who also said, "Disciple, don't hit me! It's I!"

There were two Tang Monks exactly alike and most difficult to distinguish. Thinking to himself, "If I kill the monster spirit with one blow of the rod, it would be my merit, all right; but what would I do if that blow happens to kill my true master?" Pilgrim had to stop and ask Eight Rules and Sha Monk, "Which is the fiend and which is our master? Point him out to me so that I can strike at him."

"You two were yelling and fighting in midair," said Eight Rules, "and when I blinked my eyes, I saw two masters the next moment. I don't know who is real and who is false." When Pilgrim heard these words, he made the magic sign with his fingers and recited a spell, which called together the various deva guardians, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, the Guardians of Five Quarters, the Four Sentinels, the Eighteen Guardians of the Faith, the local spirit, and the mountain god of that region. He said to them, "Old Monkey is trying to subdue a monster here, who has changed himself into the likeness of my master. Both their form and substance seem exactly the same and it's difficult to tell them apart. But you may be able to distinguish them in secret; if so, make my master walk up the steps into the main hall so that I can catch this demon."

The fiend, you see, was accomplished in magic; when he heard these words of Pilgrim, he quickly bounded into the Hall of Golden Chimes. Pilgrim raised his rod and brought it down hard on the Tang Monk. Alas! If it had not been for desperate efforts of those several deities summoned to this place, the blow would have reduced even twenty Tang Monks to meat patties! Fortunately the various deities managed to block the blow, saying, "Great Sage, the fiend knows his magic. He has gone up to the hall first." Pilgrim gave chase at once, and the demon king ran outside the hall to catch hold of the Tang Monk once more in the crowd. After this confusion, they again could not be distinguished.

Pilgrim was highly displeased, and when he saw, moreover, that Eight Rules was snickering on one side, he became enraged, saying, "What's the matter with you, stupid coolie? Now you have two masters whose calls you must answer and whom you must serve. Are you overjoyed?" Laughing, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, you say I'm dumb; well, you're even dumber! If you can't recognize who is the real master, why waste all this energy? You try to endure a little pain on your head for a moment and ask Master to recite that little something of his. Sha Monk and I will each hold on to one of them and listen: that person who does not know how to recite the spell must be the monster. What's so difficult about that?"

"Thank you, Brother," said Pilgrim. "You've got it. That little something indeed is known only to three persons: born of the very mind of our Buddha Tathāgata, it was transmitted to the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin, who then imparted it to my master. There is no other person who has knowledge of it. All right, Master, start your recital." In truth the Tang Monk began to recite, but how could the demon king know what to do? All he could do was mumble something, and Eight Rules said, "This one mumbling is the monster!"

He let go and raised his muckrake to strike at the demon king, who leaped up and tried to flee, treading the clouds.

Dear Eight Rules! With a shout, he mounted the clouds also to give chase. Sha Monk hurriedly abandoned the Tang Monk and brought out his precious staff to do battle. Only then did the Tang Monk stop reciting his spell; the Great Sage Sun, enduring his headache, dragged his iron rod up to midair. Ah, look at this battle! Three fierce monks have surrounded a brazen demon! The demon king, you see, was attacked left and right by Eight Rules with his rake and Sha Monk with his staff. Chuckling to himself, Pilgrim said, "If I go attack him face to face, he will try to escape as he is already somewhat afraid of me. Let old Monkey get up higher and give me a garlic-pounding blow from the top down. That'll finish him off!" Mounting the auspicious luminosity, the Great Sage rose to the Ninefold Heaven and was about to show his decisive hand when a loud voice came from a petal of colored cloud in the northeast:

"Sun Wukong, don't do it!" When Pilgrim turned to look, he discovered the Bodhisattva Mañjuśrī. Quickly putting away his rod, he drew near and bowed, saying, "Bodhisattva, where are you going?"

"I came," said Mañjuśrī, "to put away this fiend for you." Pilgrim thanked him and said, "I'm greatly obliged."

Taking out an imp-reflecting mirror from his sleeve, the Bodhisattva aimed it at the fiend and the image of its original form became visible at once.

Pilgrim called Eight Rules and Sha Monk to come to greet the Bodhisattva and to look into the mirror. Exceedingly ferocious in appearance, that demon king had

Eyes like large goblets of glass;
A head like a cooking vat;
A body of deep summer green;
And four paws like autumn's frost;
Two large ears that flipped downward;
A tail as long as a broom;
Green hair full of fighting ardor;
Red eyes emitting gold beams;
Rows of flat teeth like jade slabs;
Round whiskers rearing up like spears.
The true form seen in the mirror
Was Mañjuśrī's lion king.

"Bodhisattva," said Pilgrim, "so this is the green-haired lion who serves as your beast of burden. How was it that he had been turned loose so that he could become a spirit here? Aren't you going to make him submit to you?"

"Wukong," said the Bodhisattva, "he was not turned loose. He had been sent by the decree of Buddha to come here." Pilgrim said, "You mean that this beast's becoming a spirit to usurp the throne of a king was a decree of Buddha? If that's the case, old Monkey, who is accompanying the Tang Monk through all his trials, should have been given several imperial documents!"

The Bodhisattva said, "You don't know that this king of the Black Rooster Kingdom was dedicated to virtue and to the feeding of monks at first. The Buddha sent me to lead him to return to the West so that he could attain the golden body of an arhat. I could not, of course, reveal myself to him in my true form, and so I changed myself into an ordinary mortal monk to beg some food from him.

During our conversation a few words of mine put him on the spot; not realizing that I was a good man after all, he tied me up with a rope and sent me into the imperial moat. I soaked in there for three days and nights before the Six Gods of Darkness rescued me back to the West. Tathāgata therefore sent this creature here to push him down the well and have him submerged for three years, in order to exact vengeance for my water adversity of three days. Thus 'not even a sup or a bite is not foreordained,' and we had to wait for all of you to arrive and achieve this merit."

"You might have repaid the private grievance of your so-called one sup or one bite," said Pilgrim, "but who knows how many human beings that fiendish creature has harmed."

"He has not," said the Bodhisattva. "In fact, these three years after his arrival have seen nothing but winds and rains in season, prosperity for the kingdom, and peace for the inhabitants. Since when has he harmed anyone?"

"Even so," said Pilgrim, "those ladies of the three palaces did sleep with him and rise with him. His body has defiled many and violated the great human relations countless times. And you say that he has not harmed anyone?"

The Bodhisattva said, "He has not defiled anyone, for he's a gelded lion." When Eight Rules heard this, he walked near and gave the creature a pat, saying with a chuckle, "This monster-spirit is truly a 'red nose who doesn't drink'! He bears his name in vain!"

"All right," said Pilgrim, "take him away. If the Bodhisattva did not come here himself, I would never have spared his life." Reciting a spell, the Bodhisattva shouted, "Beast, how long are you going to wait before you submit to the Right?"

The demon king at once changed back to his original form, after which the Bodhisattva released the lotus flower seat to be placed on the back of the lion. He then mounted the lion, who trod on the auspicious luminosity and left. Aha!

He went straight to the Wutai Mountain;
To hear sūtras explained before the lotus seat.

We do not know finally how the Tang Monk and his disciples leave the city; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FORTY

The child's playful transformations confuse the Chan Mind
Ape, Horse, Spatula gone, Wood Mother, too, is lost

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun and his two brothers, who lowered their clouds and returned to the court. They were met by the king, the queen, and their subjects—all of them lined up in rows to bow and to express their thanks. Pilgrim then gave a complete account of how the Bodhisattva came to subdue the monster, and all the officials in court touched the top of their heads to the ground in adoration. As they were thus rejoicing, the Custodian of the Yellow Gate arrived to announce, "My lord, there are four more monks who have arrived at the gate."

A little apprehensive, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, could it be that the monster-spirit, having used magic to disguise himself as the Bodhisattva Mañjuśrī to deceive us, has now changed again into some kind of monk to match wits with us?"

"How could that be?" said Pilgrim, who then asked that the monks be summoned inside.

After the civil and military officials transmitted the order and the visitors entered, Pilgrim saw that they were monks from the Precious Grove Monastery, who came bearing the rising-to-Heaven cap, the green-jade belt, the brownish yellow robe, and the carefree boots. Highly pleased, Pilgrim said, "It's wonderful that you've come!"

He asked the mendicant worker to step forward: his head-wrap was taken off and the rising-to-Heaven cap was placed on his head; the cloth garment was stripped off and he put on the brownish yellow robe instead; after he untied the silk sash and took off the monk sandals, he buckled on the jade-green belt and climbed into the carefree boots. The prince was then told to bring out the white jade token so that the king might hold it in his hands, and he was asked to ascend the main hall to be the king once more. As the ancient proverb said, "The court should not be one day without a ruler."

But the king absolutely refused to sit on the throne; weeping profusely, he knelt on the steps and said, "I've been dead for three years, and I'm indebted to Master for making me return to life. How could I dare assume such honor again? Let one of these masters be the ruler; I'll be perfectly content to go with my wife and child outside the city to live as a commoner."

Tripitaka, of course, would have none of this, for he was intent on going to worship Buddha and to acquire the scriptures. The king then turned to Pilgrim, who said to him, smiling, "To tell you the truth, if old Monkey wanted to be a king, he would have been one throughout the myriad kingdoms in the world. But all of us are used to the leisurely and carefree existence of monks. If I become a king, I will have to let my hair grow again; I won't be able to retire when it's dark, nor will I be able to sleep beyond the hour of the fifth watch. I'll be anxious when reports from the borders arrive; I'll have endless worries when there are disasters or famines. How could I live with these things? So, you may as well be the king, and we shall continue to be monks to cultivate our merit."

After pleading with them bitterly to no avail, the king had no choice but to ascend the treasure hall once more to face south and resume the use of the royal "we."

After giving a general pardon throughout his empire, he also bestowed huge rewards on the monks of the Precious Grove Monastery before they left. Then he opened up the eastern palace to give a banquet to honor the Tang Monk; at the same time, painters were summoned into the palace to make portraits of the four pilgrims, so that these could be permanently revered in the Hall of Golden Chimes.

After they had securely established the kingdom, master and disciples, reluctant to stay too long, were about to take leave of the throne to face the West. The king, the queen, the prince, and all their subjects took out the crown treasures together with gold, silver, and silk to present to the master as tokens of gratitude, but Tripitaka refused to accept any of these. All he wanted was to have his travel rescript certified so that he could tell Wukong and his brothers to saddle the horse and leave. Feeling very keenly that he had not expressed his gratitude in an adequate manner, the king called for his imperial chariot and invited the Tang Monk to sit in it. The two rows of civil and military officials were told to lead the way in front, while he, the prince, and the ladies of the three palaces pushed the chariot themselves. Only after they had gone out of the city wall was the Tang Monk permitted to descend from the dragon chariot to take leave. "O Master," said the king, "when you have reached the Western Heaven and retrace your steps with your scriptures, you must pay our region a visit."

"Your disciple obeys you," said Tripitaka, and the king went back to the city tearfully with his subjects.

The Tang Monk and his three disciples again took up the labyrinthine path, their minds intent only on bowing at the Spirit Mountain. It was now the season of late autumn and early winter, and they saw

Frost blighting the maples to make each forest sparse,
And rain-ripened millet, plenty every where.
Warmed by the sun, summit plums spread their morning hues;
Rocked by the wind, mountain bamboos voice their chilly plaint.

After they left the Black Rooster Kingdom, master and disciples journeyed during the day and rested at night; they had been on the road for more than half a month when they came upon another tall mountain, truly Heaven-touching and sun-obstructing. Growing alarmed on the horse, Tripitaka quickly pulled in his reins to call Pilgrim. "What do you want to say, Master?" asked Pilgrim. "Look at that huge mountain with those rugged cliffs before us," said Tripitaka. "You must take caution and be on your guard, for I fear that some deviate creature all of a sudden will come to attack me again."

"Just get moving," said Pilgrim with a chuckle. "Don't be suspicious. Old Monkey has his defense."

The elder had to banish his worries and urged his horse to enter the mountain, which was truly rugged. You see,

Whether tall or not,
Its top reaches the blue sky;
Whether deep or not,
A stream with depth like Hell down there.
Before the mountain
Are often seen rings of white clouds rising
And boiling waves of dark fog;
Red plums and jadelike bamboos;

Verdant cedars and green pines;
Behind the mountain
Are soul-rending cliffs ten thousand yards deep,
Behind which are strange, grotesque, demon-hiding caves,
In which water drips down from rocks drop by drop,
Leading to a winding, twisting brooklet down below.
You see also fruit-bearing apes prancing and leaping,
And deer with horns forked and zigzagged;
Dull and dumbly staring antelopes;
Tigers climbing the hills to seek their dens at night;
Dragons churning the waves to leave their lairs at dawn.
When steps at the cave's entrance snap and crackle,
The fowls dart up with wings loudly beating.
Look also at these beasts pawing noisily through the woods.
When you see this horde of birds and beasts,
You will be stricken with heart-pounding fear.
The Due-to- Fall Cave faces the Due-to- Fall Cave;
The cave facing the Due-to- Fall Cave faces a god.
Green rocks are dyed like a thousand pieces of jade;
Blue-green gauze enshrouds ten thousand piles of mist.

As master and disciples became more and more apprehensive, they saw a red cloud rising up from the fold of the mountain ahead of them; after it reached midair, it condensed and took on the appearance of a fireball. Greatly alarmed, Pilgrim ran forward to catch hold of one of the Tang Monk's legs and pulled him from the horse, crying, "Brothers, stop! A monster is approaching!"

Eight Rules and Sha Monk quickly took out their muckrake and precious staff and surrounded the Tang Monk.

Let us now tell you that there was indeed a monster-spirit inside the ball of red light. Several years ago he heard people saying that the Tang Monk sent from the Land of the East to acquire scriptures from the Western Heaven was the incarnation of the elder, Gold Cicada, a good man who had practiced austerities for ten existences. Any person who could taste a piece of his flesh, they said, would be able to prolong his life until it became the same as Heaven and Earth. Every morning, therefore, he waited in the mountain, and suddenly he found that the pilgrim had arrived. As he watched in midair, he saw that the Tang Monk beside the horse was surrounded by three disciples, all ready to fight. Marveling to himself, the spirit said, "Dear monk! This white-faced, chubby cleric riding a horse was just coming into my view, when all of a sudden these three ugly monks had him surrounded. Look at them! Everyone is rolling up his sleeves, stretching out his fists and wielding his weapon—as if he is about to fight with someone. Aha! One of them with some perception, I suppose, must have recognized me. Well, if it's going to be like this, it'll be difficult for anyone trying to get a taste of the Tang Monk's flesh."

As he thought to himself, questioning his mind with mind like that, he said, "If I try to overpower them, I may not even get near them, but if I try to use the good to deceive them, I may succeed. As long as I am able to beguile their minds, I can trick them even with the good. Then I'll catch them for sure. Let me go down and tease them a little."

Dear monster! He made the red light disperse and lowered his cloud toward the fold of the mountain. Shaking his body, he changed immediately into a little mischievous boy, about seven years of age and completely naked, who was bound by a rope and suspended from the top of a pine tree. “Help! Help!” he cried without ceasing.

We were just telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who raised his head and found that the red cloud had completely dissipated and the flames all vanished. He therefore said, “Master, please mount up again for the journey.”

“You just told us that there was a fiend approaching,” said the Tang Monk. “Do we dare proceed now?”

“A little while ago,” said Pilgrim, “I saw a red cloud rising up from the ground, and by the time it reached midair, it condensed into a flaming ball of fire. It had to be a monster-spirit. But now the red cloud has dissipated, and so it must be a monster who’s a passerby and who does not dare harm people. Let’s go.”

“Elder Brother is truly clever with words,” said Eight Rules, chuckling. “Even monster-spirits can be passersby!”

“How would you know?” asked Pilgrim. “If some demon king of a certain cave in a certain mountain has sent out invitations to spirits of sundry mountains and caves to attend a festival, monster-spirits from all quarters—north, south, east, and west—would respond. Perhaps he’s just interested in going to the festival and not in harming people. That’s a monster-spirit who’s a passerby.” When Tripitaka heard these words, he was only half-convinced, but he had little alternative other than to climb on his saddle to journey into the mountain. As they proceeded, they heard suddenly repeated cries of “Help!”

Highly startled, the elder said, “O Disciples! Who’s calling out in the midst of this mountain?” Pilgrim walked forward and said to him, “Master, keep moving. Don’t harp on such things as human carriage, donkey carriage, open carriage, or reclining carriage. Even if there were a carriage in a place like this, there wouldn’t be anyone to carry you.”

“I’m not talking about carriages,” said the Tang Monk. “I’m referring to someone calling us.”

“I know,” said Pilgrim with laughter, “but mind your own business. Let’s move on.”

Tripitaka agreed and urged his horse forward once more. Before they had traveled a mile, they heard again the call, “Help!”

“Disciple,” said the elder, “the sound of this call can’t be that of a demon or a goblin, for if it were, there would be no echo. Just listen to it: there was a call a moment ago, and now we have another one. It must have come from a man in dire difficulty. Let’s go and help him.” Pilgrim said, “Master, please put away your compassion just for today! When we have crossed this mountain, you can be compassionate then. If you know those stories about strange plants and possessed vegetations, you should know that everything can become a spirit. In most cases, they may not be too dangerous, but if you should run into something like a python, which has become an evil spirit after prolonged self-cultivation, you’d be in trouble. A spirit like that can even possess knowledge of a person’s nickname.

If he should call out, hiding in the bushes or in the fold of the mountain, a person may get by if he does not answer him, but if he does answer, the spirit can snatch away his primal soul, or he can follow that person and take his life that night. Let's get away! Let's get away! As the ancients said, 'If you escape, just thank the gods.' Please don't listen to this call."

The elder had little alternative but to agree and he whipped his horse to go forward. Pilgrim thought to himself, "I wonder where this brazen fiend is hollering. Let old Monkey give him a taste of 'Cancer in opposition to Capricornus' so that the two will never meet."

Dear Great Sage! He said to Sha Monk, "Hold on to the horse and walk slowly. Old Monkey's going to take a leak." Look at him! He let the Tang Monk walk slightly ahead and then recited a spell to exercise the magic of shortening the ground and moving the mountain. He pointed his golden-hooped rod backward once, and master and disciples immediately went past the peak of the mountain, leaving behind the fiendish creature. In big strides, the Great Sage caught up with the Tang Monk and they proceeded. Just then Tripitaka heard again a call coming from the mountain behind him, crying "Help!"

The elder said, "O Disciple! That person in adversity truly has no affinity, for he has not run into any of us. We must have passed him, for you can hear that he is crying out from the mountain behind us."

"Or he may be still ahead of us," said Eight Rules, "but perhaps the wind has changed."

"Never mind whether the wind has changed or not," said Pilgrim. "Just keep moving."

As a result, everyone fell silent and concentrated on trying to pass the mountain, and we shall speak no more of them for the moment.

We tell you instead about that monster-spirit in the mountain valley: he cried out for three or four times but no one appeared. He thought to himself, "When I saw the Tang Monk just now, he couldn't have been more than three miles away. I've been waiting for him all this time. Why hasn't he arrived? Could it be that he had taken another road down the mountain?" Shaking his body, he loosened the rope at once and mounted the red light once more to rise into the air. Unwittingly the Great Sage Sun was looking back with head upturned, and when he saw the light, he knew that it was the fiendish creature. Once more he grabbed the legs of the Tang Monk and pushed him off the horse, crying, "Brothers, take care! Take care! That monster-spirit is approaching again!"

Eight Rules and Sha Monk were so alarmed that they wielded their rake and staff to surround the Tang Monk as before.

When that spirit saw what happened in midair, he could not stop marveling, saying to himself, "Dear monks! I just saw that whitefaced priest riding on the horse. How is it that he is now surrounded again by the three of them? Now I realize, after what I've seen, that I must overthrow the one who has perception before I can seize the Tang Monk. If not,

My exertions are vain for I can't get my thing;
My efforts notwithstanding, all is nothing!"

He lowered his cloud and transforming himself as before, he hung himself high on top of a pine tree. This time, however, he positioned himself only about half a mile away.

We tell you now about the Great Sage Sun, who when he raised his head and found that the red cloud had dispersed, requested once more that his master mount up and proceed. “You just told us that the monster-spirit was approaching again,” said Tripitaka. “Why do you ask me to move on?” Pilgrim said, “This monster-spirit is a passerby. He doesn’t dare bother us.”

The elder grew angry and said, “You brazen ape! You’re just playing with me! When there is a demon, you say it’s nothing. But when we are in this peaceful region, you are out to frighten me, yelling all the time about a monster-spirit. There’s more falsehood than truth in your words, and without regard for good or ill, you grab my legs and throw me off the horse. Now you come up with an explanation about this monster-spirit who’s a so-called passerby! If I got hurt from the fall, would you be able to live with yourself? You, you . . .”

“Please don’t be offended, Master,” said Pilgrim. “If your hands and feet got hurt from the fall, we could still take care of you, but if you were abducted by a monster-spirit, where would we go to look for you?”

Enraged, Tripitaka would have recited the Tight-Fillet Spell had not Sha Monk desperately pleaded with him. Finally he mounted his horse and proceeded once more.

Before he could even sit properly on the saddle he heard another cry:

“Master, please help me!”

As he looked up, the elder found that it came from a little child, completely naked, who was suspended on top of a tree. He pulled in the reins and began to berate Pilgrim, saying, “You wretched ape! How villainous you are! You don’t have the tiniest bit of kindness in you! Every thought of yours is bent on making mischief and working violence! I told you that it was a human voice calling for help, but you have to spend countless words to claim it was a monster. Look! Isn’t that a person hanging on the tree?” Seeing how the master was putting the blame on him and also the form before his face, the Great Sage lowered his head and dared not reply, for there was nothing he could do at the moment and he was afraid that his master would recite the Tight-Fillet Spell. He had little choice, in fact, but to permit the Tang Monk to approach the tree. Pointing with his whip, the elder asked, “Which household do you belong to, child? Why are you hung here? Tell me, so that I can rescue you.”

Alas! Clearly this is a monster-spirit who has transformed himself in this manner, but that master is a man of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, completely unable to recognize what he saw.

When that demon heard the question, he became even more bold in his chicanery. With tears welling up in his eyes, he said, “O Master! West of this mountain there is a Withered Pine Brook, by the side of which there is a village where my family is located. My grandfather’s name is Red, and because he has amassed a huge fortune, he was given the name Red Millions. He has, however, been dead for a long time after having lived to a ripe old age, and his estate was left to my father. Recent business reversals have gradually fribbled away our possessions, and my father for that reason has changed his name to Red Thousands. He has been, you see, befriending many men of valor, to whom he had lent gold and silver with the hope of reaping some profits.

Little did he realize that these were all rootless men out to swindle him, and he lost both principal and interest. My father therefore vowed that he would never lend out another penny, but those borrowers, after having squandered what they had, banded together and plundered our house in broad daylight, holding lit torches and staffs. Not only did they rob us of all our money and possessions, but they killed my father also. And when they saw that my mother was somewhat attractive, they decided to abduct her and take her with them to be some kind of camp lady. Unwilling to abandon me, my mother carried me along in her bosom and, weeping, followed the thieves to this mountain, where they wanted to kill me also. Fortunately, my mother pleaded with them and I was spared the knife; I was tied with ropes and hung here to die of hunger and exposure instead. I don't know what sort of merit I've accumulated in another existence that brings me the luck of meeting Master here. If you are willing to be compassionate and save my life so that I can return home, I shall try to repay your kindness even if I have to sell myself. Even when the yellow sand covers my face, I will not forget your kindness." When Tripitaka heard these words, he thought they were the truth and immediately asked Eight Rules to loosen the ropes and rescue the child. Not knowing any better either, Idiot was about to act when Pilgrim on one side could not restrain himself any longer. "You brazen thing!" he shouted. "There's someone here who recognizes you! Don't think you can use your humbuggery to hoodwink people! If your possessions were stolen, if your father was killed and your mother taken by thieves, to whom would we entrust you once we rescued you? With what would you thank us? Your fables don't add up!" When the fiend heard these words, he became frightened, realizing that the Great Sage was an able man to be reckoned with.

Trembling all over, the fiend spoke as tears flowed down his face, "Master, though my parents are lost and gone, and though the wealth of our family is reduced to nothing, I still have some land and relatives."

"What sort of relatives do you have?" asked Pilgrim. The fiend said, "The household of my maternal family lives south of this mountain, while my aunties reside north of the peak. Li Four at the head of the brook is the husband of my mother's sister, and Red Three in the forest is a distant uncle. I have, moreover, several cousins living here and there in the village. If Venerable Master is willing to save me and take me to see these relatives at the village, I shall certainly give them a thorough account of your kindness, and you will be handsomely rewarded when we sell some of our land." When Eight Rules heard what he said, he pushed Pilgrim aside, saying, "Elder Brother, this is only a child! Why keep on interrogating him? What he told us was that the thieves had robbed them of their liquid assets. They couldn't take their houses and land, could they? If he will speak to his relatives, we may have huge appetites, but we can't eat up the price of ten acres of land. Let's cut him down." Idiot, of course, thought only of food; he had no further regard for good or ill, and using the ritual razor, he ripped open the ropes to free the fiend. Facing the Tang Monk tearfully, the fiend knelt beneath the horse and kept on kowtowing. A compassionate man, the elder called out, "Child, get up on the horse. I'll take you there."

"O Master," said the fiend, "my hands and feet are numb from the hanging, and my torso hurts. Moreover, I'm a rural person and not used to riding horses."

The Tang Monk at once asked Eight Rules to carry him, but the fiend, after glancing at Idiot, said, "Master, my skin is frostbitten, and I dare not let myself be carried by this master. He has such a long mouth and large ears, and the hard bristles behind his head can be frightfully prickly!"

"Let Sha Monk carry you then," said the Tang Monk. After glancing at him also, the fiend said, "Master, when those robbers came to plunder our house, each one of them had his face painted; they wore false beards and they held knives and staffs. I was terribly frightened by them, and now when I see this master with such a gloomy complexion, I'm even more intimidated. I just don't dare to ask him to carry me."

The Tang Monk therefore told Pilgrim Sun to put the fiend on his back. Laughing uproariously, Pilgrim said, "I'll carry him! I'll carry him!" Secretly pleased, the fiendish creature gave himself willingly to Pilgrim to carry. When Pilgrim pulled him up from the side of the road to test his weight, he found that the fiend weighed no more than three catties and ten ounces. "You audacious fiend!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "You deserve to die today! How dare you pull tricks before old Monkey? I recognize you to be 'that something.'" "I'm the offspring of a good family," said the fiend, "and it is my misfortune to face this great ordeal. What do you mean by 'that something'?"

"If you are an offspring of a good family," said Pilgrim, "why are your bones so light?"

"They are small," said the fiend. "How old are you now?" said Pilgrim, and the fiend said, "I'm seven years old."

"Even if you put on only one catty of weight per year," said Pilgrim, "you should now weigh seven catties. How is it that you are not even a full four catties?"

"I didn't get enough milk when I was a baby," said the fiend. Pilgrim said, "All right, I'll carry you, but if you want to piss, you must tell me."

Tripitaka then walked in front with Eight Rules and Sha Monk, while Pilgrim followed behind with the child on his back. As they proceeded toward the West, we have a poem as a testimony, and the poem says:

Though virtue's lofty, demonic blocks are high.
Chan promotes stillness, but stillness breeds fiends.
Lord of the Mind's upright, he takes the middle way;
Wood Mother's naughty, he walks a wayward path.
Horse of the Will's silent, nursing want and greed;
Yellow Dame's wordless, feeling his unease.
Guest- Error succeeds but his joys are vain—
They will, at last, be melted by the Right.

As the Great Sage Sun carried the demon on his back, he began to brood over his resentment toward the Tang Monk, thinking to himself, "Master truly does not know how difficult it is to traverse this rugged mountain; it's hard enough to do so when you are empty-handed, but he has to ask old Monkey to carry someone else, not to mention a fellow who's a monster no less. Even if he were a good man, it would be worthless to carry him along, since he had already lost both parents. To whom would we carry him? I might as well smash him dead!"

At once the fiendish creature became aware of what Pilgrim was thinking and he, therefore, resorted to magic: taking four deep breaths from the four quarters, he blew them onto the back of Pilgrim, and his bearer immediately felt as if a weight of a thousand pounds were on him. "My child," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "you are using the heavy-body magic to crush your venerable father?" When the fiend heard those words, he became afraid that the Great Sage might harm him. He liberated himself from his corpse and his primal soul rose into the air and stood there, while the weight on

Pilgrim's back grew heavier. Growing angry, the Monkey King grabbed the body on his back and hurled it against some rocks at the side of the road; the body was reduced to a meat patty.

Fearing that it would still be resistant, Pilgrim tore off the four limbs and smashed them to pieces, also by the road.

When the fiend saw clearly what happened in midair, he could not restrain the fire leaping up in his heart, saying to himself, "This monkey monk! How villainous of him! Even if I am a demon plotting to harm your master, I have yet to raise my hand. How could you seek to inflict on me such injury? It's a good thing that I have enough foresight to leave with my spirit; otherwise, I would have unwittingly lost my life. I might as well make use of this opportunity to seize the Tang Monk, for if I delay any further, he might get even smarter."

Dear monster! He at once caused to rise in midair a truly fierce whirlwind, which threw up rocks and kicked up dirt.

Marvelous wind!

Angrily it whipped up clouds and waters rank,
As rising black ether blotted out the sun.
All summit trees were pulled out by their roots;
Wild plums were wholly leveled with their branches.
Yellow sand dimmed the eyes, so men could not walk.
Strange rocks battered the road, how could it be smooth?
It churned and tossed to darken all the plains
While birds and beasts howled throughout this whole mount.

The wind blew until Tripitaka could hardly stay on the horse, until Eight Rules refused to look up and Sha Monk lowered his head and covered his face. Only the Great Sage Sun knew that it was a wind sent up by the fiend, but when he ran forward to try to catch up with the others, the fiend riding on the head of the wind had already caught hold of the Tang Monk and whisked him away. Instantly they vanished without a trace, so that there was no way for the disciples to know even where to look for them.

In a little while, the wind began to subside and sunlight appeared once more. Pilgrim walked forward and saw that the white dragon horse was still trembling and neighing uncontrollably. The load of luggage was thrown by the road, Eight Rules lay sprawled beneath a ledge moaning, and Sha Monk was making noises while crouching on the slope. "Eight Rules!" shouted Pilgrim. When Idiot heard the voice of Pilgrim and looked up, the violent wind had calmed. He scrambled up and tugged at Pilgrim, saying, "O Elder Brother, what a terrific wind!" Sha Monk also came up and said, "Elder Brother, this is a whirlwind."

Then he asked, "Where's Master?"

Eight Rules said, "The wind was so strong that we all hid our heads and covered our eyes, each trying to find shelter. Master seemed to have put his head down also on the saddle."

"But where is he now?" asked Pilgrim. "He must have been made of straw," said Sha Monk, "and got blown away!" Pilgrim said, "Brothers, it's time for us to disband."

"Exactly," said Eight Rules, "while there's still time. It's better for each of us to find our own way off. The journey to the Western Heaven is endless and limitless!

When will we ever get there?" When Sha Monk heard these words, he was so shocked that his whole body began to turn numb. "Elder Brother," he said, "how could you say something like that? Because we committed crimes in our previous lives, we were lucky to be enlightened by the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin, who touched our heads, gave us the commandments, and changed our names so that we could embrace the Buddhist fruit.

We willingly accepted the commission to protect the Tang Monk and follow him to the Western Heaven to worship Buddha and acquire scriptures, so that our merits would cancel out our sins. Today we are here and everything seems to come to an end abruptly when you can talk about each of us finding our own way off, for then we would mar the good fruits of the Bodhisattva and destroy our virtuous act. Moreover, we would provoke the scorn of others, saying that we know how to start but not how to finish."

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "what you say is right, of course, but what are we to do with Master, who refuses to listen to people? I, old Monkey, can with this pair of fiery eyes and diamond pupils discern good and evil. Just now this wind was called up by that child hanging on the tree, for I could tell that he was a monster-spirit. But you didn't know, nor did Master; all of you thought that he was an offspring of some good family and told me to carry him along instead. Old Monkey was planning to take care of him when he tried to crush me with the heavy-body magic. Then I smashed his body to pieces, but he resorted to the magic of the liberation of the corpse and kidnapped Master with the whirlwind. Because Master so frequently refused to listen to my words, I became terribly discouraged and that was why I said we should disband. Now that you, Worthy Brother, have shown such faithfulness, old Monkey finds it difficult to make up his mind. Well, Eight Rules, what exactly do you want to do?"

Eight Rules said, "I was stupid enough just now to mouth some foolish words, but we truly should not disband. We have no choice really, Elder Brother, but to listen to Younger Brother Sha and try to find the monster and save Master."

Brightening up all at once, Pilgrim said, "Brothers, we shall unite our minds to do what we must; after we have picked up the luggage and the horse, we shall ascend this mountain to find the monster and save Master." Pulling at creepers and vines, descending into ravines and crossing streams, the three of them journeyed for some seventy miles without turning up anything. That mountain did not have a single bird or beast, though old cedars and pines were often sighted.

Growing more and more anxious, the Great Sage Sun leaped up to the summit with a bound and shouted, "Change!"

He changed into someone with three heads and six arms, just as he did when he caused great disturbance in Heaven. Waving the golden-hooped rod once, he changed it into three rods, which he wielded and began to strike out madly in both directions of east and west. When Eight Rules saw him, he said, "Sha Monk, this is bad! Elder Brother is so mad because he can't find Master that he's having a fit."

After awhile, the mock combat of Pilgrim brought out a band of indigent deities, all dressed in rags; their breeches had no seats and their trousers had no cuffs. Kneeling before the mountain, they cried, "Great Sage, the mountain gods and the local spirits are here to see you." Pilgrim said, "How is it that there are so many mountain gods and local spirits?" Kowtowing, the various deities said, "Let us report to the Great Sage, this mountain has the name of Roaring Mountain of the Six-Hundred-Mile Awl-Head Peak.

There are one mountain god and one local spirit for each ten-mile distance; altogether we have, therefore, thirty mountain gods and thirty local spirits. We heard yesterday already that the Great Sage had arrived, but since we could not assemble all at once, we were tardy in our reception and caused the Great Sage to be angry. Please pardon us."

"I'll pardon you for the moment," said Pilgrim, "but let me ask how many monster-spirits there are in this mountain?"

"O Father!" said the deities, "there's only one monster-spirit, and he has just about worn our heads bald! He has been such a plague that we have little incense and no paper money, and we are completely without offerings. Every one of us has hardly enough clothes to wear and food for our mouths. How many more monster-spirits could we stand?" Pilgrim said, "Where is this monster-spirit living, before or behind the mountain?"

"Neither place," said the deities, "for in this mountain is a stream, which has the name of Dried Pine Stream. By the stream is a cave, which has the name of Fiery Cloud Cave. In the cave there is a demon king of vast magic powers, who frequently abducts us local spirits and mountain gods there to do such menial tasks for him as tending fire, guarding the door, beating the rattle, and shouting passwords at night. The little fiends under him also ask us frequently for payola."

"You are the immortals of the Region of Darkness," said Pilgrim. "Where would you have money?"

"Exactly," said the deities. "We don't have any money to give them, and all we can do is to catch a few mountain antelopes or wild deer to pay off this gang of spirits now and then. If we don't have any presents for them, they will come to wreck our temples and strip our garments, giving us such harrassment that we can't possibly lead a peaceful existence. We beseech the Great Sage to stamp out this monster for us and rescue the various living creatures on this mountain."

"If all of you are under his thumb so that you have to be in his cave frequently," said Pilgrim, "you must know the name of this monster-spirit and where he is from."

"When we speak of him," said the deities, "perhaps even the Great Sage knows of his origin. He is the son of the Bull Demon King, reared by Rākṣasī. After he had practiced selfcultivation at the Blazing Flame Mountain for three hundred years, he perfected the true fire of Samādhi and his magic powers were great indeed. The Bull Demon King told him to come and guard this Roaring Mountain; his childhood name is Red Boy, but his fancy title is Great King Holy Child."

Highly pleased by what he heard, Pilgrim dismissed the local spirits and mountain gods and changed back into his original form.

Leaping down from the summit, he said to Eight Rules and Sha Monk, "Brothers, you may relax. No need to worry anymore. Master won't be harmed, for the monster-spirit is related to old Monkey."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules with a laugh, "don't lie! You grew up in the East Pūrvavideha Continent, but this place here belongs to the West Aparagodānīya Continent. The distance is great, separated by ten thousand waters and a thousand hills, and by at least two oceans. How could he be related to you?" Pilgrim said, "Just now this bunch of deities that appeared to me happen to be the local spirits and mountain gods of this region. When I questioned them on the origin of the monster, they told me

that he was the son of the Bull Demon King reared by Rākṣasī. His name is Red Boy, and he also has the fancy title of Great King Holy Child. I remember that when old Monkey caused great disturbance in Heaven five hundred years ago, I made a grand tour at the time of the famous mountains in the world to search for the heroes of this great Earth. The Bull Demon King at one time joined old Monkey and others to form a fraternal alliance of seven; of the some five or six demon kings in this alliance, only old Monkey was quite small in size. That was the reason why we addressed the Bull Demon King as big brother.

Since this monster-spirit is the son of the Bull Demon King, who is an acquaintance of mine, I should be regarded as his old uncle if we begin to talk about relations. How would he dare harm my master? Let's get to his place quickly." With laughter, Sha Monk said, "O Elder Brother! As the proverb says,

Three years not showing at the door,
A relative is one no more.

You were parted from him for five, perhaps six hundred years; you haven't even drunk a cup of wine with him, nor have you exchanged invitations or seasonal gifts. How could he possibly think of himself as your relative?"

"How could you measure people this way?" said Pilgrim. "As the proverb says,

If lotus leaf can to the ocean flow,
Where would people not meet as they come and go?

Even if he doesn't admit the fact that we are relatives, it will still be unlikely that he would harm my Master. If we don't expect him to give us a banquet, we most certainly may expect him to return to us the Tang Monk whole." So, the three brothers in all earnestness led the horse, which carried the luggage on its back, and found the main road to proceed.

Without stopping night or day, they came upon a pine forest after having traveled for over a hundred miles. Inside the forest was a winding brook in which clear green water swiftly flowed. At the head of the brook there was a stone-slab bridge, which led directly up to the entrance of a cave dwelling. "Brothers," said Pilgrim, "look at that craggy cliff over there with all those rocks. It must be the home of the monster-spirit. Let me discuss the matter with you: which of you is going to stand and guard the luggage and the horse, and which of you will follow me to subdue the fiend?"

Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, old Hog can't sit still for too long. Let me go with you."

"Fine! Fine!" said Pilgrim. "Sha Monk, hide the luggage and the horse deep in the forest, and guard them carefully. The two of us will go up there to search for Master." Sha Monk agreed; Eight Rules then followed Pilgrim to move forward, each of them holding his weapon. Truly

The child's not smelted and demonic fire triumphs,
But Wood Mother and Mind Monkey have mutual support.

We don't know what will be the outcome when they walk up to the cave; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FORTY-ONE

Mind Monkey is defeated by fire
Wood Mother is captured by demons

Good and evil—a moment's false thoughts;
Shame and honor, neither concerns you.
Failure or success, let it come and go;
Live as you need, within your lot.
Composed, you've peace deep and lasting;
Muddled, you're besieged by demons.
Five Phases hobbled wreck the grove of Chan,
Certain as rising wind's frigid.

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who, along with Eight Rules, took leave of Sha Monk. Leaping over the Dried Pine Stream, they went before a cliff full of strange rocks and discovered that there was indeed a cave dwelling. The scenery all around was most unusual. You see

A winding old path silent and remote;
E'en wind and moon heed the black cranes singing.
White clouds part and the river's full of light;
Water flows past a bridge—what a scene divine.
Apes and birds call amid rare flowers and plants
And rocks entwined by creepers and orchids fair.
The cliff's rustling green scatters mist and smoke;
Verdant pines and bamboos the phoenix beckon.
Distant summits rise like vertical screens.
Fronting stream and mountain's a true divine cave,
Its source coming from the Kunlun ranges,
To be enjoyed only by one ordained.

When they went up to the entrance of the cave, they found a slab of stone on which an inscription was written in large letters:

"Fiery Cloud Cave, Dried Pine Stream, Roaring Mountain."

Before the entrance was a mob of little imps prancing around with swords and spears. In a loud voice, the Great Sage Sun cried out, "You punks! Go quickly and report this to your cave master. Tell him to send out our Tang Monk at once, so that the lives of all these spirits in your cave may be spared. If you whisper but half a 'No,' I'll overturn your residence and level your cave!" When those little fiends heard these words, they turned and dashed inside the cave, slamming shut the two doors of stone. Then they ran to make this report:

"Great King, disaster!" We now tell you about that fiend, who captured Tripitaka and brought him back to the cave. The monk was stripped of his garments, hog-tied with all four limbs behind his back, and left in the rear yard. The little fiends were ordered to scrub him clean with water so that he might be steamed and eaten. When the announcement of disaster was suddenly heard, the demons stopped their activities and went to the front to ask, "What disaster is there?"

"A monk with a hairy face and a thunder-god beak," said one of the little fiends, "leading another monk with large ears and long snout, is demanding the return of their master, someone by the name of the Tang Monk, in front of our cave. If we but whisper half a 'No,' they said, they would overturn our residence and level our cave." Smiling scornfully, the demon king said, "These two happen to be Pilgrim Sun and Zhu Eight Rules. They truly know where to look! From the spot halfway in the mountain where I caught their master to our place is a distance of some one hundred and fifty miles. How did they manage to find our door so quickly?"

He then gave this order:

"Little ones, those of you who look after the carts, push them out!" Several of the little fiends opened the door and pushed out five small carts. When he saw them, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, these monster-spirits must be afraid of us. They have hauled out their carts to move to another place."

"No," said Pilgrim, "look at the way they are placing the carts over there."

The little fiends indeed placed the carts at five locations corresponding to the Five Phases of metal, wood, water, fire, and earth; five of the fiends stood guard beside the carts while five others went inside again to make their report. "Everything set?" asked the demon king. "All set," they replied. "Bring me my lance," he ordered. Those fiends who looked after weapons had two of them carry out an eighteen-foot fire-tipped lance to hand over to the monster king. With no other armor except a battle kilt of embroidered silk and with naked feet, the monster king took up the lance and walked outside. When Pilgrim and Eight Rules raised their heads to look, they found a fiendish creature who had

A face as if it had been powdered white,
And lips so ruddy, they seemed brushed with paint.
No dye could create such dark, lovely hair;
His eyebrows curved like new moons carved with knives.
Phoenix and dragon coiled on his battle kilt;
More husky than Nata's a frame he had.
With air imposing he lifted up his lance
And walked out the door, swathed in hallowed light.
He roared like thunder in the time of spring;
His striking eyes flashed like lightning bright.
If one would know his true identity,
Remember Red Boy, a name of lasting fame.

After that Red Boy monster had emerged from the door, he shouted, "Who is here making all these noises?" Smiling as he drew near, Pilgrim said, "My worthy nephew! Stop fooling around! This morning when you were hung high on top of a pine tree by the mountain road, you presented yourself as a thin, frightened boy with jaundice and deceived my master. I carried you on my back with all good intention, you know, but you used a little wind to abduct my master here. Even though you appear before me now like this, you think I can't recognize you? You might as well send my master out quickly. Stop behaving like a callow youth and take care not to upset the feelings of kinship. For I fear that if your father gets wind of this, he might blame old Monkey for oppressing youth with age, and that wouldn't be quite right."

Enraged by the words he heard, the fiend shouted back, “You brazen ape! What feelings of kinship do I share with you? What sort of balderdash are you mouthing around here? Who’s your worthy nephew?”

“O brother!” said Pilgrim. “You wouldn’t know, would you? At the time when your father and I became bond-brothers, we didn’t even know where you were.”

“This ape is babbling more nonsense!” said the fiend. “Where do you come from, and where do I come from? Think about this! How could my father and you become bond-brothers?”

“Of course, you wouldn’t know about this,” said Pilgrim. “I am Sun Wukong, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who greatly disturbed the Heavenly Palace five hundred years ago. But before I caused such disturbance, I made extensive tours of all the Four Great Continents, and there was not a spot on Earth or in Heaven that I did not set foot on, for I was most eager to befriend all the valiant and heroic persons. Your father, the Bull Monster King, called himself the Great Sage, Parallel with Heaven. He and old Monkey formed a fraternal alliance of seven, and we all made him the big brother.

There were also a Dragon Monster King, who called himself the Great Sage, Covering the Ocean, and became the second brother; a Garuda Monster King, who called himself Great Sage, United with Heaven, and became the third brother; a Lion Monster King, who called himself the Great Sage, Mover of Mountains, and became the fourth brother; a Female Monkey King, who called herself the Fair Wind Great Sage and became the fifth member; and a Giant Ape Monster King, who called himself the God-Routing Great Sage and became the sixth brother. Old Monkey, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, was rather small in size, and so he was number seven. At the time when we old brothers were having fun, you weren’t even born!” Refusing to believe a word he heard, the fiend lifted up his fire-tipped lance to stab at Pilgrim. An expert, as they said, would not be exercised, and Pilgrim at once stepped aside to dodge the blow before striking out with his iron rod, yelling at the same time, “You little beast! You don’t know what’s good for you! Watch my rod!”

The monster-spirit also parried the blow, yelling at the same time, “Brazen ape! You are so ignorant of the ways of the world! Watch my lance!”

The two of them thus refused to give any consideration for kinship relation; changing colors all at once, they used their magic and leaped to the edge of the clouds. What a fight!

Pilgrim enjoyed great fame;
The demon king had vast powers.
One raised up the golden-hooped rod sideways;
One lunged forward with the fire-tipped lance.
Mist spread out to shroud the Three Regions;
Clouds spewed forth to hide the four quarters.
Violent air and savage noise did fill the sky;
The sun, the moon, the stars—all lost their light.
Not one kind word was spoken,
They felt such hatred and scorn.
That one’s contempt made him lose all manners;
This one’s wrath killed all regard for relations.
The rod struck with increasing might;

The lance came with growing fury.
One was the primordial, true Great Sage;
One was Child Sudhana of the right fruit.
They drove themselves, each trying hard to win,
All for the Tang Monk, who would greet the dharma king.

The demon and the Great Sage Sun fought for more than twenty rounds without reaching a decision. Standing on one side, Zhu Eight Rules saw clearly what was going on: although the monster-spirit was not about to be defeated, he was only parrying the blows left and right, and did not attack his opponent at all; and, although Pilgrim did not seem able to prevail all at once, he was, after all, such an adroit and skillful warrior that the rod back and forth never seemed to leave the vicinity of the monster's head. Eight Rules thought to himself, "That's good! Pilgrim is so tricky! He could fake something and deceive the demon into drawing closer. One blow of that iron rod then would wipe out my chance of making any merit!" Look at him! He roused his spirit, lifted up his nine-pronged rake, and brought it down hard on the monster-spirit's head. Terrified by what he saw, the fiend quickly turned around and fled, dragging his lance behind him. "Chase him! Chase him!" shouted Pilgrim to Eight Rules.

The two of them gave chase up to the entrance of the cave, where they saw the monster-spirit standing in one of the five carts, the one set up in the middle. With one hand he held on to his fire-tipped lance; with the other fist, he gave his own nose a couple of punches. Laughing, Eight Rules said, "Shame on him! This fellow's indulging in roguery! He wants to bust his own nose, make himself bleed a little, and smear his face red so that he may go somewhere to file suit against us."

After that demon gave himself two punches, he recited a spell and immediately flames shot out from his mouth as thick smoke sprouted from his nose. In an instant, flames darted up from all five carts. The demon opened his mouth a few more times and a huge fire shot up to the sky, burning so fiercely that the entire Fiery Cloud Cave was hidden from sight by the flames and smoke. Horrified, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, it's getting sticky! Once we are caught in that fire, we are finished. Old Hog will be roasted, and after some spices are added, they can just enjoy me! Quickly! Run!"

He said he would run, and the next moment he had already crossed the stream without any regard for Pilgrim.

Pilgrim, however, had vast magic powers; making the fire-repellent sign by kneading together his fingers, he hurled himself into the fire to search for the fiend. When the fiend saw him approaching, he spat out a few more mouthfuls of flame and the fire grew even more intense. Marvelous fire!

Torrid and fierce, a blaze reaching the sky;
Hot and brilliant, it reddens the whole earth.
It's like a fiery wheel flying up and down,
Like charcoals aglow dancing east and west.
This fire is not from Suiren drilling wood,
Or from Laozi roasting cinnabar;
It's not fire from Heaven,
Nor is it a wildfire.
It's the realized samādhi fire born of the demon's self-cultivation.
The five carts conform to the Five Phases
That grow and transform to beget the flame.

The liver's wood can make the heart's fire strong;
The heart's fire can calm the earth of the spleen;
The spleen's earth begets metal, which changes into water;
Water can beget wood, thus the magic's complete.
Growth and transformation, all are caused by fire,
For all things flourish when fire fills the sky.
The fiend, long enlightened, summons samādhi.
He rules the West forever as number one.

Because the fire and smoke were so intense, Pilgrim could not even see the way before the cave's entrance and therefore he could not search for the fiend. Turning quickly, he leaped clear of the blaze at once. Having seen clearly what took place before his own cave, the monster-spirit retrieved his fire equipment after Pilgrim left, and led the various fiends back inside. After the stone doors were shut, the little fiends were told to prepare for a joyous victory celebration, and we shall speak no more of them for the moment.

We tell you instead about Pilgrim, who vaulted over the Dried Pine Stream. As he dropped from the clouds, he heard Eight Rules and Sha Monk conversing loudly in the pine forest. "You idiot!" shouted Pilgrim as he approached Eight Rules. "You haven't one whit of manliness! You could be so terrified by the demonic fire that you would abandon old Monkey to flee for your own life. It's a good thing that I can still take care of myself!"

"Elder Brother," said Zhu Eight Rules, chuckling, "what that monster-spirit said of you was certainly correct, for you truly are ignorant of the ways of the world. The ancients said, 'He who knows the ways of the world shall be called a hero.' The monster-spirit did not want to talk kinship with you, but you insisted on presenting yourself as his kin. When he fought with you and let loose that kind of ruthless fire, you wouldn't run but still wanted to tangle with him."

"How's the fiend's ability compared with mine?" asked Pilgrim. "Not as good," said Eight Rules.

"How about his skill with the lance?"

"No good, either," said Eight Rules. "When old Hog saw that he had a hard time withstanding you, I came to lend you a little assistance with my rake. Little did I expect that he was so puny that he would retreat in defeat at once and start the fire in such an unconscionable way." Pilgrim said, "Indeed you shouldn't have stepped forward. I was about to find a way to give him a blow with my rod after a few more rounds. Wouldn't that have been better?"

The two gave themselves entirely to discussing the ability of the monster-spirit and the viciousness of his fire, but Sha Monk, leaning on the trunk of a pine tree, was laughing so hard that he could barely stand up.

"Brother," said Pilgrim, after he noticed him, "why are you laughing? If you had the ability to capture that demon and destroy his fire defense, that would be a benefit to all of us. As the proverb says, a few feathers will make a ball. If you could seize the demon and rescue our master, it would be your great merit."

"I don't have that kind of ability," said Sha Monk, "nor can I subdue the fiend. But I am laughing because both of you are so absentminded."

"What do you mean?" asked Pilgrim. Sha Monk said, "Neither the ability of that monster-spirit nor his skill with the lance can be a match for you, but the only reason why you two cannot prevail against him is because of his fire. If I have anything to say about this, I'll say that you should overcome him by mutual production and mutual conquest.

What's so difficult about that?" When Pilgrim heard these words, he roared with laughter and said, "Brother, you are right! Indeed, we are absentminded, and we have forgotten about the whole matter. If we consider the principles of mutual production and mutual conquest, then it is water that can overcome fire. We must find water somewhere to put out this demonic fire. We would be able to rescue Master then, wouldn't we?"

"Exactly," said Sha Monk. "No need for further delay." Pilgrim said, "Stay here, the two of you, but don't fight with him. Let old Monkey go to the Great Eastern Ocean and request some dragon soldiers to come with water. After we have put out the demonic fire, we will rescue Master."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "feel free to go. We can look after ourselves here."

Dear Great Sage! Mounting the clouds to leave that place, he arrived at the Eastern Ocean in a moment. He was too busy, however, to linger and enjoy the scenery; using the water-division magic, he opened up a pathway for himself through the waves. As he proceeded, he ran into a *yakṣa* on patrol. When the *yakṣa* saw that it was the Great Sage Sun, he went quickly back to the Water- Crystal Palace to report to the old Dragon King. Aoguang immediately led the dragon sons and grandsons together with shrimp soldiers and crab lieutenants to meet his visitor outside the gate. Pilgrim was invited to take a seat inside and also tea. "No need for tea," said Pilgrim, "but I do have a matter that will cause you some trouble. My master, who's on his way to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from Buddha, happens to be passing through the Fiery Cloud Cave at the Dried Pine Stream of the Roaring Mountain.

A Red Boy monster-spirit, with the fancy title of the Great King, Holy Child, has captured my master. When old Monkey made his search up to his door and fought with him, he let out some fire which we couldn't put out. Since we thought of the fact that water could prevail over fire, I came especially to ask you for some water. You can start a big rainstorm for me to put out that fire so that the Tang Monk will be delivered from this ordeal."

"You are mistaken, Great Sage," said the Dragon King, "for if you want rainwater, you shouldn't have come to ask me."

"You are the Dragon King of Four Oceans, the principal superintendent of rain and dew. If I don't ask you, whom should I ask?"

The Dragon King said, "Though I'm in charge of rain, I can't dispense it as I will. We must have the decree of the Jade Emperor, specifying where and when, the number of feet and inches, and the hour when the rain is to begin. Moreover, three officials have to raise their brushes to draft the document, which then must be dispatched by the North Star. Thereafter, we must also assemble the Thunder God, the Lightning Mother, the Wind Uncle, and the Cloud Boy, for as the proverb says, 'The dragon can't move without clouds.'" "I have no need for wind, cloud, thunder, or lightning," said Pilgrim, "only some rainwater to put out a fire."

"In that case," said the Dragon King, "I still would not be able to help you all by myself. Let my brothers give you a hand to achieve this merit for you. How about that?"

"Where are your brothers?" asked Pilgrim. The Dragon King said, "They are Aoqin, Dragon King of the Southern Ocean; Aorun, Dragon King of the Western Ocean; and Aoshun, Dragon King of the Northern Ocean." Laughing, Pilgrim said, "If I have to go and tour the three oceans, I might as well go to the Region Above to ask for the Jade Emperor's decree."

The Dragon King said, "There's no need for the Great Sage to go there. All we have to do here is to beat our iron drum and sound the golden bell, and they will arrive momentarily."

Hearing this, Pilgrim said, "Old Dragon King, please beat the drum and sound the bell." In a moment, the three Dragon Kings rushed in and asked, "Big Brother, why did you summon us here?"

Aoguang said, "The Great Sage Sun is here asking for our assistance; he needs rain to subdue a fiend."

The three brothers were led to greet Pilgrim, who then gave an account of why he needed water. Each one of the deities was willing to oblige. They at once called up

The shark, so ferocious, to lead the troops,
And the big-mouthed shad to be the vanguard.
The carp marshal leaped through the tide and waves;
The bream viceroy spewed forth wind and fog;
The mackerel grand marshal screamed passwords in the east;
The culter-fish commander urged the troops in the west;
Red-eyed mermaids danced along in the south;
Black-armored generals rushed forward from the north;
The sturgeon sergeant took command at the center;
Soldiers of five quarters were all valiant.
Astute and clever, the sea-turtle lord chancellor;
Shrewd and subtle, the tortoise counselor;
Full of plots and wisdom, the iguana minister;
Agile and able, the sand-turtle commander.
Wielding long swords, crab warriors walked sideways;
Stretching heavy bows, shrimp amazons leaped straight up.
The sheatfish vice-director checked his books with care
To call up the dragon soldiers to leave the waves.

We have also a testimonial poem that says:

Dragon Kings of four seas are pleased to help
At the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven's request;
When Tripitaka meets an ordeal on the way,
Water is sought to put out the fiery red.

Leading those dragon troops, Pilgrim soon arrived at the Dried Pine Stream on the Roaring Mountain. "Worthy Ao Brothers," said Pilgrim, "I'm sorry for asking you to traverse such a distance. This is the habitat of the demon. Please remain for the moment in the air and do not reveal yourselves. Let old Monkey go fight with him; if I win, there's no need for you to catch him, and even if I lose, there's no need for all of

you to help me. Only when he starts his fire will I call on you, and then you can send down your rain."

The Dragon Kings all agreed to heed his command.

Pilgrim lowered his cloud and went straight into the pine forest, where he shouted "Brothers" to Eight Rules and Sha Monk. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you've returned very quickly. Have you been able to fetch the Dragon Kings?"

"They are all here," said Pilgrim. "You two had better be careful not to let the luggage get wet by the torrential rain. Old Monkey will go fight with him." Sha Monk said, "Go right ahead, Elder Brother, we'll take care of everything here." Leaping over the stream, Pilgrim dashed up to the entrance of the cave and shouted, "Open the door!"

The little fiends went at once to report, "Great King, Pilgrim Sun is here again." Raising his head, Red Boy laughed aloud and said, "That monkey, I suppose, has not been burned by the fire and that's why he has returned. Well, I'll not spare him this time, for I won't stop until his skin is charred and his flesh is seared."

As he leaped up to take hold of his lance, he gave the order:

"Little ones, push out the carts!"

After he rushed out the door, he said to Pilgrim, "Why are you here again?"

"Return my master," said Pilgrim. "Monkey head," said the fiend, "you are indeed obtuse! If the Tang Monk can be your master, can't he also be our hors d'oeuvre for wine? Forget him! Forget him!" When Pilgrim heard these words, he was infuriated; pulling out his golden-hooped rod, he struck at the fiend's head. The monster-spirit quickly raised his fire-tipped lance to parry the blow, and their battle this time was not the same as theirs last time. Marvelous battle!

The wild demon, greatly enraged;
The Monkey King, highly incensed.
This one just wished to save the scripture monk;
That one would eat Tripitaka Tang.
Changed minds quelled all kinship feelings;
Estranged, they allowed no concession.
This one wished he could be caught and skinned alive;
That one wished he could be seized and dipped in sauce.
Truly so ferocious!
Indeed so strong and fierce!
The rod blocked by the lance, thus the contest raged;
The lance met by the rod, each strove to win.
They raised their hands to fight for twenty rounds,
Both persons' abilities were just the same.

The demon king fought Pilgrim for some twenty rounds, and when he saw that he could not prevail, he made a fake thrust with his lance and turned quickly to give his own nose two punches with his fist. Fire and smoke poured out at once from his eyes and mouth as a huge blaze leaped up from the carts set before the cave's entrance. Turning his head skyward, the Great Sage Sun shouted, "Dragon Kings, where are you?" Leading their aquatic kin, the Dragon King brothers sent a torrential downpour of rain toward the fire of the monster-spirit. Marvelous rain! Truly

Drizzling and sprinkling—

Pouring and showering—
Drizzling and sprinkling,
It's like the meteors falling from the sky;
Pouring and showering,
It's like waves churning in a sea upturned.
At first the raindrops seem the size of a fist;
In awhile they fall by the buckets and pans.
The whole earth's o'erflowed with duck-head green,
And tall mountains are washed blue like Buddha's head.
Water flies down the canyon like sheets of jade;
The stream swells in a thousand silver strands.
Roads forked three ways are all filled up;
So is a river which has nine bends.
The Tang Monk facing an ordeal is helped by dragons divine
Who o'erturn Heaven's river and pour it down.

The rain descended in torrents but it could not extinguish the fiend's fire at all. The fact of the matter was that what the Dragon Kings let loose happened to be unauthorized rain, capable of putting out worldly fires. How could it extinguish the true fire of samādhi cultivated by that monster-spirit? It was, in fact, like adding oil to the fire, making the blaze all the more intense. "Let me make the magic sign," said the Great Sage, "and penetrate the flames." Wielding the iron rod, he searched for the fiend. When the fiend saw him approaching, he blew a mouthful of smoke right at his face. Pilgrim tried to turn away swiftly, but he was so dazed by the smoke that tears fell from his eyes like rain. This Great Sage, you see, could not be hurt by fire but he was afraid of smoke. For during that year when he greatly disturbed the Heavenly Palace, he was placed in the eight-trigram brazier of Laozi, where he had been smelted for a long time.

He managed to crawl into the space beneath the compartment which corresponded to the Sun trigram and was not burned.

The smoke whipped up by the wind, however, gave him a pair of fiery eyes and diamond pupils, and that was the reason why even now he was afraid of smoke. Once more, the fiend spat out a mouthful of smoke and the Great Sage could no longer withstand it.

Mounting the clouds, he fled hurriedly while the demon retrieved his fire equipment and returned to his cave.

His whole body covered by flame and smoke, the Great Sage found the intense heat unbearable and he dove straight into the mountain stream to try to put out the fire. Little did he anticipate that the shock of the cold water was so great that the heat caused by the fire was forced inward into his body and he fainted immediately. Alas!

His breath caught in his chest, his tongue and throat grew cold;
His spirit fled, his soul left, and his life was gone!

Those Dragon Kings of the Four Oceans were so terrified that they put a stop to the rain and yelled loudly, "Marshal Heavenly Reeds and Curtain-Raising Captain! Stop hiding in the forest! Start looking for your elder brother!" When Eight Rules and Sha Monk heard that they were addressed by their holy titles, they quickly untied the horse and poled the luggage to dash out of the forest. With no regard for the mud and slush, they began searching along the banks of the stream when the bubbling currents swept down from above the body of a person. When Sha Monk saw it, he leaped into the water

fully clothed and hauled the body back to shore. It was the body of the Great Sage Sun. Alas, look at him!

His four limbs were bent and they could not be stretched;
His whole body up and down was cold as ice.

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, as tears filled his eyes, "what a pity you have to go like that! You were

Someone who never aged through countless years.
Now you have died young in the middle of the way."

With a chuckle, Eight Rules said, "Brother, stop crying. This ape is pretending to be dead, just to scare us. Feel him a little and see if there's any warmth left in his breast."

"The whole body has turned cold," said Sha Monk. "Even if there were a little warmth left, how could you revive him?"

Eight Rules said, "If he is capable of seventy-two transformations, he has seventy-two lives. Listen, you stretch out his legs while I take care of him." Sha Monk indeed straightened Pilgrim's legs while Eight Rules lifted his head and straightened his upper torso. They then pushed his legs up and folded them around the knees before raising him into a sitting position. Rubbing his hands together until they were warm, Eight Rules covered Pilgrim's seven apertures and began to apply a Chan method of massage on him. The cold water, you see, had had such a traumatic effect on Pilgrim that his breath was caught in his cinnabar field and he could not utter a sound. He was lucky, therefore, to have all that rubbing, squeezing, and kneading by Eight Rules, for in a moment his breath went through the three passes, invaded the bright hall, and burst through his apertures. "O Master," he began to say.

Sha Monk said, "Elder Brother, when you were alive, you lived for Master, and his name's on your lips even when you are dead! Wake up first. We are all here." Opening his eyes, Pilgrim said, "Are you here, Brothers? Old Monkey's a loser this time!"

"You fainted," said Eight Rules Zhu, chuckling, "and if old Hog hadn't saved you, you would have been finished. Aren't you going to thank me?" Pilgrim got up slowly and raised his head, saying, "The Ao Brothers, where are you?"

The Dragon Kings of Four Oceans replied in midair, "Your little dragons wait upon you here."

"I am sorry to have caused you to travel all this distance," said Pilgrim, "but we have not accomplished our merit. Please go back first and I shall thank you again in another day."

The Dragon Kings led their large group of followers to return to their residences, which need not concern us here.

Sha Monk then supported Pilgrim and led him back into the pine forest to sit down. In a little while, Pilgrim felt more collected and his breathing became more even, but he could not restrain the tears from rolling down his cheeks. Again he cried out, "O Master!

Think of your leaving the Great Tang that year,
When you saved me from woe beneath that mount.
On waters and hills we face demonic foes;

Our bowels are torn by ten thousand pains.
We eat with an alms bowl, whether bare or filled;
In houses or woods we meditate at night.
Our hearts are set on achieving the right fruit.
How could I know I would be hurt this day?"

Sha Monk said, "Elder Brother, please do not worry. Let us devise a plan soon and see where we can go to ask for help to rescue Master."

"Where shall we go to seek help?" asked Pilgrim. Sha Monk said, "I remember when the Bodhisattva first gave us the instruction that we should accompany the Tang Monk, she also gave us the promise that when we called on Heaven, Heaven would respond, or when we called on Earth, Earth would reply. We just have to decide where we should go to seek help."

"When I caused great disturbance in the Heavenly Palace," said Pilgrim, "all those divine soldiers were no match for old Monkey. This monster-spirit, however, has considerable magic powers, and so our helper must be someone stronger than even old Monkey. Neither the gods in Heaven nor those deities on Earth will be adequate. If we want to catch this demon, we must go to ask the Bodhisattva Guanyin. But unfortunately, my bones and muscles are sore and my torso is weak. I can't perform my cloud somersault. How can I go?"

"If you have any instruction," said Eight Rules, "tell me. I'll go." Smiling, Pilgrim said, "All right! You can go, but when you appear before the Bodhisattva, don't stare at her face. You must lower your head and bow with reverence, and when she asks you, you may then tell her the names of this place and the fiend and beseech her to come to rescue Master. If she's willing, the fiendish creature will, of course, be taken."

After Eight Rules heard this, he mounted the clouds and mists at once and headed toward the south.

We now tell you about that demon king, who was celebrating in his cave. Merrily he said to his subjects, "Little ones, Pilgrim Sun truly has suffered loss this time. Though he may not die, he will be in a big coma! Holla! I fear that they might want to go find help somewhere. Open the doors quickly! Let me see where they are going."

The fiends opened the doors and when the monster-spirit rose into the air to look all around, he discovered Eight Rules heading toward the south. The south, the monster-spirit thought to himself, could mean only one thing:

Eight Rules was going to seek the help of the Bodhisattva Guanyin. Dropping quickly from the clouds, the fiend cried, "Little ones, find that leather bag of mine and take it out. It hasn't been used for quite some time and I fear that the rope around its mouth is not strong enough. Change the rope for me and place the bag beneath the second door. Let me go and capture Eight Rules by deception; when he is brought back here, we'll store him in the bag. Then he'll be steamed until he's flaky so that all of you may enjoy him with wine."

The monster-spirit, you see, had a compliant leather bag, which those little fiends took out and fastened a new rope to its mouth. They placed it beneath the second door as they were told, and we shall speak no more of them.

We tell you instead about that demon king, who had lived in this place for a long time; the whole region, in fact, was familiar to him, and he knew which route to South

Sea was the shorter one and which the longer. Taking the shorter route, he mounted the clouds and at once went past Eight Rules. He then lowered himself onto a tall ridge, sat down solemnly, and changed into a specious form of Guanshiyin to wait for Eight Rules.

Treading his clouds, Idiot was on his way when he saw suddenly the Bodhisattva. He could not, of course, distinguish the true from the false; like foolish men of the world, he regarded all images as real Buddhas! Stopping his cloud, Idiot bowed low and said, "Bodhisattva, your disciple Zhu Wuneng kowtows to you."

The monster-spirit said, "Why aren't you protecting the Tang Monk on his way to fetch scriptures? Why have you come to see me?"

"It was because your disciple and his master met on their way a Red Boy monster-spirit, who resided in the Fiery Cloud Cave by the Dried Pine Stream in the Roaring Mountain. He abducted our master, but your disciples found the way to his door and fought with him. He happened to be someone who knew how to start a fire; during our first battle, we could not prevail, and during our second one, we could not extinguish the fire even after we asked the Dragon Kings to assist us with rain. Since Elder Brother suffered burns so severe that he could not move, he asked me to come to plead with the Bodhisattva. We beg you to be merciful and save our master from his ordeal."

"That master of the Fiery Cloud Cave," said the monster-spirit, "is not prone to take human lives. It must be that you have offended him."

"Not I," said Eight Rules, "but Elder Brother did offend him. The fiend changed himself at first into a small child hung on a tree to test Master. Our Master, of course, had a most kindly disposition; he told me to untie the child and Elder Brother to carry him for a distance. Elder Brother wanted to dash him to the ground, and that was when he abducted Master."

The monster-spirit said, "Get up and follow me into the cave to see the cave-master. I'll speak on your behalf, and you can salute him; the two of us will ask him then to release your master."

"O Bodhisattva," said Eight Rules. "If he's willing to return our master, I'll be glad to kowtow to him."

"Follow me then," said the demon king.

Idiot, of course, did not know any better; instead of proceeding to the South Sea, he followed the fiend right back to the entrance of the Fiery Cloud Cave. When they reached the cave, the monster-spirit proceeded to walk inside, saying, "Don't be suspicious, for he's my acquaintance. You come in, too." Idiot had no choice but to stride inside also. With a terrific shout, the various fiends seized him all at once and stuffed him into the leather bag. After the rope around its mouth was pulled tight, the bag was drawn up high to a beam and hung there. Changing back into his true form, the monster-spirit took a seat in the middle and said, "Zhu Eight Rules, what sort of abilities do you have that you dare accompany the Tang Monk to acquire scriptures? That you dare go ask the Bodhisattva to subdue me? Open your pair of eyes, take a good look, and see if you recognize me, the Great King Holy Child! Now you are caught, you'll be hung for four or five days before you'll be steamed and served as hors d'oeuvre to my little fiends for their wine." When Eight Rules heard these words, he began screaming inside the bag, saying, "You brazen fiend! Don't you dare be so insulting! So, you've

plotted and planned to deceive me, but if you dare eat me, every one of you will be stricken with the Heaven-sent plague of swollen head!" Idiot thus persisted in his expostulation for a long time, but we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

We tell you instead about the Great Sage Sun who sat in the forest with Sha Monk. A gust of putrid wind blew past and, sneezing immediately, he said, "Bad! Bad! This wind betokens misfortune more than good luck! Zhu Eight Rules, I think, must have taken the wrong way."

"If he did," said Sha Monk, "couldn't he ask someone?" Pilgrim said, "He must have run into the monster-spirit."

"If he ran into the monster-spirit," said Sha Monk, "couldn't he run back to us?"

"It's not right," said Pilgrim. "You sit here and guard our belongings. Let me dash over the stream and find out what's going on over there." Sha Monk said, "Your body is still sore, Elder Brother, and I fear that you'll be hurt even more by him. Let me go."

"You won't do," said Pilgrim, "let me go instead."

Dear Pilgrim! Gritting his teeth to endure the pain, he took up his iron rod and ran across the stream to reach the entrance to the Fiery Cloud Cave. "Brazen monster!" he cried, and those fiends guarding the door ran inside to report, "Pilgrim Sun is shouting again at the door!"

The demon king gave the order for him to be seized, and all those little fiends, teeming with spears and swords, rushed out the door shouting, "Seize him! Seize him!" Pilgrim indeed was too weak to fight and he dared not oppose them. Diving to one side of the road, he recited a spell, crying, "Change!"

He changed at once into a cloth wrapper adorned with gold. When the little fiends saw it, they took it inside and reported, "Great King, Pilgrim Sun is scared. When he heard the word 'seize,' he was so frightened that he dropped this wrapper and fled." Laughing, the demon king said, "That wrapper is not worth much! All it contains must be the torn shirts of those monks and their old hats. Bring it in and wash it clean; the piece of material can be used for mending or lining." One of the little fiends put the wrapper on his back to carry it inside, not knowing that it was the transformation of Pilgrim. Pilgrim said, "That's good! That's how you ought to carry this cloth wrapper adorned with gold!" Not thinking much about the thing, the monsterspirit left it inside the door.

Dear Pilgrim! Even in the midst of falsehood he knew greater falsehood, and each fakery of his produced more fakery! He pulled off one piece of his hair on which he blew a mouthful of divine breath: it changed at once into the wrapper, while his true body took on the form of a tiny fly that alighted on the door post. Then he heard Eight Rules moaning and muttering somewhere in a muffled voice, somewhat like a hog stricken with plague! With a buzz, Pilgrim flew up to look around and saw at once that there was a leather bag hung high on the beam. When he alighted on the bag, he heard Eight Rules expostulating the demon in all sorts of vile language.

"Wretched fiend," he said, "how dare you change yourself into a specious Bodhisattva Guanyin to trick me here? How dare you hang me up and want to eat me? One day, when my Elder Brother

Uses his boundless power, equal to Heav'n,
All monsters of this mountain will then be caught.

When I'm freed after this leather bag's untied,
I'll rake you a thousand times before I stop!"

When Pilgrim heard these words, he laughed silently, saying to himself, "Though the idiot must be suffocating in there, he hasn't dropped his banner or spear yet! Old Monkey must catch hold of this fiend! If I don't, I'll not be able to rid myself of my hostility!"

He was just trying to think of a plan to rescue Eight Rules when he heard the call of the demon king:

"Where are the six mighty commanders?"

There were, you see, six little fiends who became special friends of his, and these spirits received the appointment of mighty commander. Their names were:

Cloud-in-Fog, Fog-in-Cloud, Quick-as-Fire, Swift-as-Wind, Hurly-Burly, and Burly-Hurly.

The six mighty commanders went forward and knelt down. The demon king asked, "Do you all know the way to the house of the Venerable Great King?"

"We do," they replied. The demon king said, "Go at once, and journey in the night if you have to, to give this invitation to the Venerable Great King. Tell him that I have caught the Tang Monk, who will be steamed and served for him to eat so that his age may be lengthened a thousandfold." Obeying this order, the six fiends swarmed out of the door and left. With a buzz, Pilgrim flew away from the bag and followed those fiends to leave the cave. We do not know who they want to invite to come here; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FORTY-TWO

The Great Sage diligently calls at South Sea
Guanyin with compassion binds the Red Boy

We were telling you about those six mighty commanders, who walked out of the cave entrance and followed the road directly toward the southwest. Pilgrim thought to himself, "They wanted to extend an invitation for the Venerable Old King to eat my master, and that Venerable Old King has to be the Bull Demon King. Since old Monkey met him that year, our friendship was a deep one, as ours were the most congenial spirits and sentiments. Now I have returned to the path of rectitude; though he's still a perverse demon, I can remember his looks despite our lengthy separation. Let old Monkey transform himself into the Bull Monster King and see if they could be deceived."

Dear Pilgrim! He slipped away from those six little fiends; spreading his wings, he flew to a distance of some ten miles ahead. With one shake of his body he changed into the form of Bull Monster King and, pulling off several strands of hair, he cried, "Change!"

They changed into several little fiends who were mounting falcons, leading hounds, and brandishing bows and arrows as if they were hunting in the fold of the mountain. There they waited for the six mighty commanders.

As that motley crew shuffled along, they suddenly saw the Bull Monster King seated before them. So startled were Burly-Hurly and Hurly-Burly that they fell to their knees at once, crying, "Venerable Great King is here!" Since Cloud-in-Fog, Fog-in-Cloud, Quick-as- Fire, and Swift-as-Wind were all of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, how could they possibly distinguish between the true and the false? They all knelt down also and kowtowed, saying, "Father, these little ones have been sent by the Great King Holy Child from the Fiery Cloud Cave. We are here to invite Father Venerable Great King to dine on the flesh of the Tang Monk, so that your age will be lengthened a thousandfold."

"Children," rejoined Pilgrim, "get up. Follow me home; I'll go with you after I've changed my clothes." Kowtowing again, the little fiends said, "We beg our Father not to stand on ceremony. There's no need to return to your residence. The distance is great, and we fear that our Great King will chide us for our delay. We beseech you to begin your journey at once." Laughing, Pilgrim said, "What nice children you are! All right, all right! Clear the way and I'll go with you."

The six fiends roused their spirits and shouted to clear the way, while the Great Sage followed them.

In no time at all they returned to their own place. Swift-as-Wind and Quick-as-Fire dashed into the cave, crying, "Great King, Father Venerable Great King has arrived."

Delighted, the monster king said, "All of you are quite useful! You've returned so quickly!"

He at once gave the order for all his captains to arrange their troops and to unfurl the flags and drums to receive the Venerable Great King.

The fiends of the entire cave all obeyed this command and they formed an orderly formation all the way out to the entrance. Shaking his body once to retrieve his hairs, who were leading dogs and falcons, Pilgrim with chest thrust forward walked loftily inside in big strides. After he took a seat in the middle facing south, Red Boy faced him and knelt down to kowtow to him. "Father King," he said, "your child gives you obeisance." Pilgrim said, "My child is exempted from such ceremonies." Only after he had prostrated himself four times did the monster king rise from the ground and stand below the seat of Pilgrim.

"My child," said Pilgrim, "why did you ask me to come here?"

Bowing again, the monster king said, "Though your child is not talented, he has managed to capture a certain person yesterday, a monk from the Great Tang in the Land of the East. I have often heard people say that he is someone who has practiced self-cultivation for ten incarnations. If anyone eats a piece of his flesh, this person will enjoy the same age as an immortal from P'êng-lai or Ying-chou. Your foolish boy does not dare eat the Tang Monk by himself. That is why I have invited Father King especially to enjoy with me the flesh of the Tang Monk, so that your age may be lengthened a thousandfold." When Pilgrim heard these words, he shuddered and said, "My child, which Tang Monk is this?"

"The one journeying to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures," said the monster king. "My child," said Pilgrim, "is he the master of Pilgrim Sun?"

"Indeed," said the monster king. Waving his hand and shaking his head, Pilgrim said, "Don't provoke him! You can provoke others, but you don't know what sort of person that Pilgrim Sun happens to be! My worthy boy, you haven't met him, I suppose? That monkey has vast magic powers and knows many ways of transformation. Once when he caused great disturbance in the Heavenly Palace, the Great Jade Emperor sent against him one hundred thousand celestial soldiers, but they did not succeed in capturing him even after they had set up the cosmic nets. How dare you want to eat his master? Quickly, send him back to his disciple, and don't provoke that monkey. If he finds out that you have eaten his master, he need not come to fight with you; all he has to do is use that golden-hooped rod of his to drill a hole halfway into the mountain and he will shovel it right out of its roots! My child, where will you find shelter then? Who will take care of me when I grow old?"

"Father King," said the monster king, "what are you saying? You are magnifying the powers of others to belittle the abilities of your son. Though that Pilgrim Sun and his two brothers—altogether three of them—attempted to lead the Tang Monk to cross our mountain, they permitted me to use a transformation to abduct their master back here. Afterwards, he and Zhu Eight Rules searched their way to our door, and he then made some such foolish claim that he was a kin of ours. I grew angry and fought with him, though the several rounds we went through did not indicate that he was such a hot shot! Zhu Eight Rules stepped in from the side to join the fray, and that was when your child spat out his true fire of samādhi and defeated them all at once. They were so frightened, in fact, that they went to ask the Dragon Kings of the Four Oceans to assist them with rain, but the rainwater, of course, could not extinguish my true fire of samādhi. Pilgrim Sun was so severely burned this time that he went into a little coma! Then he told Zhu Eight Rules to seek help from the Bodhisattva Guanyin of the South Sea. I changed into a specious Guanyin and tricked Eight Rules back here; he's now hung in our compliant bag waiting to be steamed and fed to the little ones. This morning, that Pilgrim returned to our door to make noises once more; when I gave the

order to seize him, he was so frightened that he even abandoned a wrap of his and fled. It was then that I decided to invite Father King to come here so that you can see him live before he is steamed for food. My hope is for your age to lengthen, so that you will enjoy long life without ever growing old."

Chuckling, Pilgrim said, "My worthy boy! You know only that you can overpower him with your true fire of samādhi. You don't know that he knows seventy-two ways of transformation."

"He can change into whatever he wants to," said the monster king, "but I can still recognize him. I don't think he dares enter our door."

"My child," said Pilgrim, "you may recognize him when he changes into something big, and that will be difficult indeed for him to get inside your door. But if he changes into something small, it will be difficult for you to recognize him."

"Let him!" said the monster king. "Every door of mine here has four or five little fiends standing guard over it. How could he possibly enter?" Pilgrim said, "So you don't know about this! He is able to change into a fly, a mosquito, a flea, or a bee, a butterfly, a mole cricket, or some such creature. He can even change into a form like me! How could you possibly recognize him?"

"Don't worry!" said the monster king. "Even if he had a gall of iron and a heart of bronze, he wouldn't dare approach my door."

"According to what you have told me, my worthy boy," said Pilgrim, "you certainly are more than able to withstand him, and this explains why you are eager to invite me to come and dine on the Tang Monk's flesh. Unfortunately, however, I can't eat it today."

"Why not?" asked the monster king. Pilgrim said, "I'm feeling my age these days, and your mother often tells me to do some good deeds. There's not much I can do, I thought, but I have decided to keep a vegetarian diet."

The monster king said, "Is Father King keeping a permanent one or a monthly diet?"

"Neither," said Pilgrim, "but mine is called a 'Thunder Vegetarian Diet,' and I keep it for only four days in a month."

"Which four?" asked the monster king. Pilgrim said, "During those three days when the celestial stem *xin*

appears in the sexagesimal representations and during the sixth day of the month. Today happens to be the day of *xinyou*:

I should maintain a vegetarian diet in the first place, and in the second place, a *you* day means that I myself should not meet any guests.

Therefore, let's wait until tomorrow; I'll personally see to it that the Tang Monk is scrubbed clean to be steamed and enjoyed along with all of you." When the monster king heard these words, he thought to himself, "My Father King has always fed on humans; that's been his livelihood, in fact, for over a thousand years. How is it that he has taken up a vegetarian diet now? He has, after all, committed many evil acts. How could three or four days of vegetarian diet atone for them? His words make no sense! Something's fishy!"

He turned at once and walked out the second door, calling together the six mighty commanders to ask them, “Where did you find the Venerable Great King?”

The little fiends said, “On our way.”

“I remarked that you all returned so quickly,” said the monster king. “Didn’t you reach his house?”

“No,” said the little fiends, “we did not.”

“That’s bad!” said the monster king. “We have been deceived by him! This is no Venerable Great King.”

All those little fiends knelt down immediately, saying, “Great King, can’t you even recognize your own father?”

“The features and the gestures seem genuine,” said the monster king, “but he doesn’t talk like him. I fear that we may be deceived by him and become his victim. Take care, all of you: those who use swords unsheath your swords; those who use spears keep your spears sharp; those who use staffs and ropes have them ready. Let me question him some more and see how he talks. If indeed he is the Venerable Great King, we can wait even a month until he is pleased to eat the Tang Monk. But if his words are not right, I’ll give a yell and all of you will attack together.”

The various demons obeyed.

This monster king went inside again and bowed once more to Pilgrim. “My child,” said Pilgrim, “there’s no need to stand on ceremony in the family. No need to bow to me. If you have something to say, say it.” Prostrating himself on the ground, the monster king said, “Your foolish boy invited you to come here for two reasons: first, I wanted to present to you the flesh of the Tang Monk, and second, I have a small question to ask you. Some days ago, I was taking a leisure trip; as I mounted the auspicious luminosity to rise to the Ninefold Heaven, I ran suddenly into Master Zhang Daoling, the Daoist Patriarch.”

“Is he the Celestial Master?” asked Pilgrim.

“Yes,” said the monster king. Pilgrim said, “What did he have to say?”

“When he saw how well formed my features were,” said the monster king, “and how level were my shoulders, he inquired after the hour, date, month, and year of my birth. Your child, however, was too young to remember the exact time. An expert in astrological divination, the Master wanted to tell my fortune through calculations based on the five planets. That is the reason why I have asked Father King to come here. Please tell me the times of my birth, so that I can ask him to tell my fortune the next time I see him.” When Pilgrim heard these words, he sat smiling to himself, thinking, “Dear monster! Since old Monkey has returned to the Buddhist fruit, I have caught, as a guardian of Master Tang, several monster-spirits on our way, but none of them matches this one for jugglery! If he asks me about some trivial matters in the household, I can fabricate an answer with whatever comes into my mind. But now he wants to have the date, month, and year of his birth! How could I know?”

Dear Monkey King! He was most resourceful indeed! Sitting augustly in the middle, he did not betray the slightest fear; instead, his face beaming with pleasure, he said, smiling, “My worthy boy, please rise. Because of my age, I have been troubled by all sorts of things of late, and I have quite forgotten the exact time of your birth. Let me ask your mother when I return home tomorrow.”

The monster king said to himself, “Father King has never stopped talking about the eight nativity characters of my birth, saying that I have an age as lengthy as Heaven’s. How could he forget them today? Nonsense! He has to be false!”

He gave a yell, and the various fiends rushed forward to hack at Pilgrim’s head and face with their spears and swords. Using the golden-hooped rod to parry the blows, this Great Sage changed back into his original form and said to the monster-spirit, “My worthy child! How unreasonable you are! How could a son attack his own father?”

Filled with embarrassment, the monster king did not even dare look at him, as Pilgrim transformed himself into a beam of golden light and left the cave dwelling. “Great King,” said the little fiends, “Pilgrim Sun has escaped.”

The monster king said, “All right, all right! Let him go! I’ll admit defeat this time! Let’s shut the door and say nothing to him. We will wash and scrub the Tang Monk so that he can be steamed and eaten.” We now tell you about that Pilgrim who held on to his iron rod and walked toward the stream, roaring with laughter. When Sha Monk heard him, he quickly left the woods to meet him, saying, “Elder Brother, you have been gone for nearly half a day, and you have returned laughing. Could it be that you have succeeded in rescuing Master?”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “though I have not rescued Master, I have won a round.”

“What do you mean?” asked Sha Monk. Pilgrim said, “Zhu Eight Rules, you see, was tricked by that fiend, who changed himself into the form of Guanyin. He is caught and hung now in a leather bag. I was trying to devise a plan to rescue him when I heard that these so-called six mighty commanders were sent to invite a Venerable Great King to dine on Master’s flesh. Old Monkey thought that that Great King had to be the Bull Monster King; so I changed into his form, bluffed my way in, and took the seat in the middle. The fiend called me Father King, and I answered him; he kowtowed to me, and I accepted it. It was a pleasure indeed! That was the round I won.”

“Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “the way you covet small advantages will make it difficult, I fear, for Master’s life to be preserved.”

“Don’t worry,” said Pilgrim. “Let me go and ask the Bodhisattva to come here.”

“But your torso is still sore,” said Sha Monk. “Not anymore!” said Pilgrim. “The ancients said, ‘A happy affair cheers one’s spirit.’ You look after the luggage and the horse; let me go.”

“You’ve given that monster a grudge against you,” said Sha Monk, “and I fear that he might harm our master. Go and come back quickly.” Pilgrim said, “I’ll come back quickly all right! In the time of a meal, I’ll be back.”

Dear Great Sage! As he was speaking, he slipped away from Sha Monk; using his cloud somersault, he headed straight for the South Sea. It took him much less than half an hour in the air when he saw the scenery of the Potalaka Mountain. In a moment, he lowered his cloud and dropped down on the mountain cliff, where he was met by a group of twenty-four devas who asked, “Where are you going, Great Sage?”

After Pilgrim bowed to them, he said, “I want to see the Bodhisattva.”

“Wait a moment,” said the devas, “and let us announce you.”

Then the deva Hāritī went before the Cave of Tidal Sound to announce, “Let the Bodhisattva know that Sun Wukong is here to have an audience with you.” When the

Bodhisattva heard the announcement, she ordered him to enter. Straightening out his attire, the Great Sage walked inside solemnly and prostrated himself before the Bodhisattva.

"Wukong, why aren't you leading Master Gold Cicada to the West to seek scriptures?" asked the Bodhisattva. "Why are you here?" Pilgrim said, "Permit me to make this known to the Bodhisattva. Your disciple was accompanying the Tang Monk on his journey, when we reached the Fiery Cloud Cave by the Dried Pine Stream at the Roaring Mountain. There is a monster-spirit called Red Boy, whose name is also the Great King Holy Child, and who has abducted my master. Your disciple and Zhu Wuneng found our way to his door and fought with him. He let loose his samādhi fire and we could not prevail against him nor could we rescue Master. I went swiftly to the Great Eastern Ocean and managed to return with the Dragon Kings of the Four Oceans. They gave us rainwater, but we still could not win. In fact, your disciple was burned so badly that he almost lost his life."

The Bodhisattva said, "If his is the samādhi fire and if he has such magic powers, why did you go seek the aid of the Dragon Kings? Why did you not come see me?"

"I was about to come," said Pilgrim, "but your disciple was badly hurt by the smoke, unable to mount the clouds. I therefore told Zhu Eight Rules to come and seek the assistance of the Bodhisattva."

"But Wuneng never appeared," said the Bodhisattva. "Indeed he did not reach your treasure mountain," said Pilgrim, "for he was deceived by that monster-spirit, who changed into your image and has taken Wuneng into his cave. Right now, Wuneng is hanging in a leather bag, about to be steamed and eaten."

Hearing this, the Bodhisattva grew terribly angry, crying, "How dare that brazen fiend change into my image!"

As she cried, she flung into the ocean the immaculate porcelain vase set with precious pearls which she held in her hand. Pilgrim was so startled that his hairs stood on end, and he stood up at once to stand in waiting down below, saying to himself, "This Bodhisattva still has quite a fiery temper! Well, old Monkey should have known better than to speak like that and provoke her into ruining her virtue by smashing the immaculate vase. What a pity! What a pity! If I had known it earlier I would have asked her to give it instead to old Monkey. That would be some gift, wouldn't it?"

Hardly had he finished speaking when the vase appeared again at the crest of some gigantic waves swelling up in the middle of the ocean. The vase, you see, was borne on the back of a strange creature, which Pilgrim stared at intently. How does this creature look?

The "Helper of Mud" is his primal name,
He adds luster to water to show his might.
Reclusive, he knows the laws of Heav'n and Earth;
Retired, he sees yet the mysteries of ghosts and gods.
Safely he hides once his head and tail withdraw,
But legs outstretched will make him fly and soar.
As King Wen drew trigrams and Zeng Yuan divined,
He frequented, too, the courtyards of Fu Xi.
His nature displays a thousand charms

When he sports and plays in the rising tide.
His armor's knit by strands of golden cord;
Spot by spot, that's how his shell has been adorned.
His robe shows Eight Trigrams and Nine Palaces,
And richly ornate is his gown of green.
Brave when he's living—so he's loved by Dragon Kings;
The Buddha's tablet he bears e'en after death.
If you want to know this strange creature's name,
He's the fierce black tortoise making winds and waves.

Carrying the vase on his back, the tortoise climbed ashore and nodded his head at the Bodhisattva twenty-four times to indicate that he had given her twenty-four bows.

When Pilgrim saw him, he smiled and thought to himself, "So the guardian of the vase is here. If the vase ever gets lost, I suppose we can ask him for it."

The Bodhisattva said, "Wukong, what are you saying down there?"

"Nothing," said Pilgrim. "Then bring the vase up here," commanded the Bodhisattva. Pilgrim went forward at once to pick up the vase. Alas! He could not do so at all! It was as if a dragonfly attempted to rock a stone pillar—how could he even budge it? Pilgrim approached the Bodhisattva and knelt down, saying, "Your disciple cannot pick it up."

"Monkey head," said the Bodhisattva, "all you know is how to brag! If you can't even pick up a small vase, how can you subdue fiends and capture monsters?"

"To tell you the truth, Bodhisattva," said Pilgrim, "I might be able to do it ordinarily, but today I just can't pick it up. I must have been hurt by the monster-spirit, and my strength has weakened."

The Bodhisattva said, "Normally it's an empty vase, but once it has been thrown into the ocean, it has traveled through the three rivers, the five lakes, the eight seas, and the four big rivers. It has, in fact, gathered together from all the aquatic bodies in the world an oceanful of water, which is now stored inside it. You may be strong, but you don't possess the strength of upholding the ocean. That's why you cannot pick up the vase." Pressing his hands together before him, Pilgrim said, "Yes, your disciple is ignorant of this." Walking forward, the Bodhisattva used her right hand and picked up the immaculate vase with no effort at all and placed it on the middle of her left palm. The tortoise nodded his head again before he crawled back into the water. "So this is a coolie who serves the household and looks after the vase!" said Pilgrim. After the Bodhisattva took her seat again, she said, "Wukong, the sweet dew in my vase is not like that unauthorized rain of the Dragon Kings; it can extinguish the samādhi fire of the monster-spirit. I want you to take it with you, but you are unable to pick up the vase. I want the Dragon Girl Skilled in Wealth to go with you, but I fear that you are not a person of kindly disposition. All you know is how to hoodwink people. When you see how beautiful my Dragon Girl is, and what a treasure is my immaculate vase, you will try to steal it. If you succeed, where would I find time to go look for you? You'd better leave something behind as a pledge."

"How pitiful!" said Pilgrim. "Bodhisattva, you are so suspicious! Since your disciple embraced complete poverty, he has never indulged in such activities. You tell me to leave a pledge, what shall I use? This silk shirt on my body is a gift from you. And this tigerskin skirt, how much can it be worth? The iron rod—well, I need it for protection night and day. Only this little fillet on my head is made of gold, but you used

some tricks to make it grow on my head so that it could not be taken down. If you want a pledge, I'm willing now to give that to you as a pledge. You can recite a Loose-Fillet Spell and remove it from me. Otherwise, what shall I use as a pledge?"

"You are rather smug, aren't you?" said the Bodhisattva. "I don't want your clothes, your iron rod, or your gold fillet. Pull off one strand of that lifesaving hair behind your head and give it to me." Pilgrim said, "These hairs were also your gift; I fear that if I pull one off, they will be broken up in such a way that they will no longer be able to save my life."

"You ape!" scolded the Bodhisattva.

"You are so stingy that you won't even uproot one hair!

That makes it difficult for me also to dispense my Goodly Wealth!" Laughing, Pilgrim said, "Bodhisattva, you are truly suspicious! But as the saying goes, 'If you don't have regard for the monk, at least have regard for the Buddha.' I beg you to save my master from his ordeal."

Then the Bodhisattva

Freely and gladly left the lotus seat
And walked up the rocky cliff with scented steps.
Since the holy monk was threatened with harm,
She would subdue the fiend and give him help.

Highly pleased, the Great Sage Sun followed Guanyin out of the Tidal Sound Cave, as the various devas stood at attention on the Potalaka Peak. "Wukong," said the Bodhisattva, "let's cross the ocean." Pilgrim bowed and said, "Let the Bodhisattva go first."

"You go first," said the Bodhisattva. Kowtowing, Pilgrim said, "Your disciple dares not display his power before the Bodhisattva. If I use the cloud somersault, my clothes may flip up and reveal my body, and I fear that the Bodhisattva will take offense at my irreverence." When the Bodhisattva heard these words, she told the Dragon Girl Skilled in Wealth to pick from the lotus pond one petal of lotus flower and drop it into the ocean below the mountain ridge. Then she said to Pilgrim, "Get up on that lotus flower petal and I'll send you across the ocean." Seeing the flower, Pilgrim said, "Bodhisattva, this petal of flower is so light and thin. How could it bear me up? I'll tumble into the water for sure, and won't my tiger-skin kilt be soaked? If it loses its tan, how can I wear it when the weather turns cold?"

"Get up there and see what happens!" shouted the Bodhisattva. Not daring to disobey, Pilgrim risked his life and jumped onto the flower. At first, it did seem rather light and small, but when he alighted on it, he found that the flower was actually somewhat larger than a small boat. Delighted, Pilgrim said, "Bodhisattva, it should hold me."

"In that case," said the Bodhisattva, "why can't you cross the ocean?" Pilgrim said, "There is neither pole nor oar, neither sail nor mast. How could I cross the ocean?"

"No need for that," said the Bodhisattva, who blew a mouthful of air lightly onto the lotus flower and immediately it drifted away from the shore. Another breath of the Bodhisattva sent Pilgrim across the bitter sea of the Southern Ocean until he reached the other shore. When his feet touched solid ground again, Pilgrim laughed and said, "This

Bodhisattva truly knows how to display her powers! She's able to summon old Monkey hither and thither with no effort at all!"

The Bodhisattva then gave instructions for all the devas each to stand guard in his station, and for the Dragon Girl Skilled in Wealth to shut the gate of the cave. Mounting the auspicious cloud, she departed from the Potalaka Peak. When she reached the backside of the mountain, she called out, "Hui'an, where are you?"

Hui'an, you see, whose common name was Mokṣa, happened to be the second prince of the Pagoda Bearer Devarāja Li, and he, as the pupil taught personally by the Bodhisattva, never strayed from her side. His name was Disciple Hui'an, the Dharma Guardian. Pressing his hands together before him, Hui'an bowed to the Bodhisattva, who said to him, "Go quickly to the Region Above and borrow the Swords of Constellations from your Father King."

"How many swords do you want, Teacher?" asked Hui'an. "The entire set," said the Bodhisattva.

Obeying her command, Hui'an mounted the clouds and went through the South Heaven Gate to reach the Palace of Cloudy Towers.

He kowtowed to his Father King, who asked him, "Why has my son come here?" Mokṣa replied, "Sun Wukong came to ask my teacher to subdue a fiend; she in turn told your child to borrow the Swords of Constellations from Father King."

The devarāja at once asked Naṭa to take out the swords, all thirty-six of them, to hand over to Mokṣa, who said to Naṭa, "Brother, please go and bow to mother. I have urgent business; when I return the swords, I shall kowtow to her then."

They parted hurriedly; Mokṣa mounted the auspicious luminosity and returned to South Sea, where he presented the swords to the Bodhisattva.

After she received them, the Bodhisattva threw them into the air as she recited a spell: the swords were transformed into a thousandleaf lotus platform. Leaping up, the Bodhisattva sat solemnly in the middle. On one side, Pilgrim snickered to himself, "This Bodhisattva is so prudent and penurious! In that pond of hers she has her own five-colored treasure lotus platform, but she can't bear to use it. She has to borrow someone else's things!"

"Wukong," said the Bodhisattva, "stop talking! Follow me!"

They all mounted the clouds and left the ocean, the white cockatoo flying ahead while Great Sage Sun and Hui'an followed from behind.

In a moment, they reached the peak of a mountain. "This is the Roaring Mountain," said Pilgrim, "and from here to the door of the monster-spirit is a distance of approximately four hundred miles." When the Bodhisattva heard this, she lowered her auspicious cloud and recited a spell that began with the letter, *Oṁ*. At once, various deities and demons appeared from the left and right of the mountain, all local spirits and mountain deities of the region. They came to kowtow before the Bodhisattva's treasure lotus seat. "Don't be alarmed, all of you," said the Bodhisattva. "I'm here to seize this demon king, but I want you all to sweep this area clean. Not a single living creature is to remain within three hundred miles around here. Take the small beasts in their lairs, the young creatures in their nests, and send them up to the peak so that their lives may be preserved."

The various deities obeyed and left; they returned momentarily to report that their work was done.

The Bodhisattva said, “If the region is cleared, all of you may return to your shrines.” She turned her immaculate vase upside down and all at once a torrent of water thundered forth. Truly it

Surged over the summit,
And dashed over stone walls.
Surging over the summit it seemed the swelling sea;
Dashing over stone walls it seemed the vast ocean.
Black mists arose, damping the entire sky;
Green waves reflecting the sun beamed chilly light.
The whole cliff gushed jadelike sprays;
The whole sea sprouted gold lotus.
The Bodhisattva let loose her awesome might,
Her sleeve revealed the Dharmakāya of Chan.
This place was changed to Potalaka’s scene,
Truly a perfect image of South Sea.
Udumbara bloomed from lovely rushes;
Fresh palmyra leaves spread from scented grass.
On purple bamboos the cockatoo paused;
Amid some green pines red partridges called.
Waves ten thousand fold and lotus all around,
Hear the wind roar, the water surging up to Heav’n.

When the Great Sage Sun saw this, he marveled to himself, “Truly a Bodhisattva of great mercy and compassion! If old Monkey had this kind of dharma power, he would simply pour the little vase on the mountain. Who cares about fowls and beasts, crawling or winged creatures?”

“Wukong,” cried the Bodhisattva, “stretch forth your hand.”

Hurriedly rolling up his sleeve, Pilgrim stretched out his left hand. The Bodhisattva pulled out a twig of her willow branch after having dipped it in the sweet dew of her vase and wrote on his palm the word “Delusion.” She said to him, “Hold your fist and go quickly to provoke battle with the monster-spirit. You are permitted not to win but to lose; let him defeat you and chase you back here. I have my power to subdue him.” Obeying the instruction, Pilgrim turned his cloudy luminosity and headed straight for the entrance of the cave. Holding his left hand in a fist and the iron rod with his right, he shouted, “Fiends, open the door!”

Those little fiends again went inside to report, “Pilgrim Sun is here again.”

“Shut the door tightly,” said the monster king, “and don’t mind him.”

“Dear boy!” shouted Pilgrim. “You chased your old man out the door, and you still wouldn’t open up!”

The little fiends reported again:

“Pilgrim Sun is using that little something to insult you.”

All the monster said was, “Don’t listen to him!”

After he had shouted for a couple of times and found the door still tightly shut, Pilgrim became enraged. He lifted the iron rod and with one blow punched a big hole in the door. The little fiends were so terrified that they ran inside, crying, "Pilgrim Sun has smashed our door!" When the monster king heard these reports and discovered that the front door was smashed, he bounded out the door and, holding the lance, yelled at Pilgrim, "You ape! You really don't know when to stop! I let you take some advantage of me and you are still not content. You dare come again to oppress me by smashing my door. What sort of punishment should you receive?"

"My child," said Pilgrim, "you dare chase your old man out your door. What sort of punishment should *you* receive?"

Embarrassed as well as enraged, the monster king picked up his lance and stabbed at Pilgrim's chest, who also lifted his iron rod to parry and return the blow. They fought for four or five rounds when Pilgrim, still making a fist, retreated with his rod trailing behind him. The monster king stood still before the mountain and said, "I'm going to wash and scrub the Tang Monk instead."

"My dear boy," said Pilgrim, "Heaven is watching you! Won't you come?" When the monster-spirit heard these words, he grew even more enraged.

With a yell, he dashed before Pilgrim and attempted to stab him with the lance once more. Our Pilgrim wielded his iron rod and fought with him for several rounds before retreating again. "Monkey," scolded the monster king, "you were able to fight before for at least twenty or thirty rounds. Why are you running away now when we are just sett ling down to do battle? Why?"

"Worthy child," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "your old man is afraid that you will start a fire!"

The monster-spirit said, "I'm not going to start the fire. You come up here."

"If you are not," said Pilgrim, "step over here. A gallant fellow should not beat up people in front of his own house."

The monster-spirit, of course, did not know that this was a trick; he lifted his lance and gave chase once more. Dragging his rod, Pilgrim opened up his left fist and the monster king was completely deluded; all he had in mind was to give chase to his adversary. The one running ahead was like a falling meteor; the one chasing from behind was like an arrow leaving the bow.

In less than a moment, they saw the Bodhisattva. Pilgrim said, "Monster-spirit, I'm scared of you. Let me go. You have chased me to the South Sea, the residence of the Bodhisattva Guanyin. Why aren't you turning back?"

The monster king refused to believe it; gritting his teeth, he persisted in his chase. Pilgrim, with one shake of his body, slipped into the divine luminosity that surrounded the body of the Bodhisattva and disappeared. When the monster-spirit suddenly discovered that Pilgrim was gone, he walked up to the Bodhisattva with bulging eyes and said to her, "Are you the reinforcement Pilgrim Sun brought here?"

The Bodhisattva did not reply.

Rolling the lance in his hands, the monster king bellowed, "Hey! Are you the reinforcement Pilgrim Sun brought here?" Still the Bodhisattva did not reply. The monster-spirit lifted his lance and jabbed at the heart of the Bodhisattva, who at once changed herself into a beam of golden light and rose into the air. Pilgrim followed her

on her way up and said to her, "Bodhisattva, you are trying to take advantage of me! The monster-spirit asked you several times. How could you pretend to be deaf and dumb and not make any noise at all? One blow of his lance, in fact, chased you away, and you have even left behind your lotus platform."

"Don't talk," said the Bodhisattva, "let's see what he will do."

At this time, Pilgrim and Mokṣa both stood in the air shoulder to shoulder and stared down; they found the monster-spirit laughing scornfully and saying to himself, "Brazen ape, you're mistaken about me! What sort of person do you think that I, Holy Child, happen to be? For several times you could not prevail against me, and then you had to go and fetch some namby-pamby Bodhisattva. One blow of my lance now has made her vanish completely. Moreover, she has even left the treasure lotus platform behind. Well, let me get up there and take a seat."

Dear monster-spirit. He imitated the Bodhisattva by sitting in the middle of the platform with hands and legs folded. When he saw this, Pilgrim said, "Fine! Fine! Fine! This lotus platform has been given to someone else!"

"Wukong," said the Bodhisattva, "what are you mumbling again?"

"Mumbling what? Mumbling what?" replied Pilgrim. "I'm saying that the lotus platform has been given to someone else. Look! It's underneath his thighs. You think he's going to return it to you?"

"I *wanted* him to sit there," said the Bodhisattva. "Well, he's smaller than you," said Pilgrim, "and it seems that the seat fits him even better than it fits you."

"Stop talking," said the Bodhisattva, "and watch the dharma power." She pointed the willow twig downward and cried, "Withdraw!"

All at once, flowers and leaves vanished from the lotus platform and the auspicious luminosity dispersed entirely. The monster king, you see, was sitting actually on the points of those swords. The Bodhisattva then gave this command to Mokṣa:

"Use your demon-routing cudgel and strike back and forth at the sword handles."

Dropping from the clouds, Mokṣa wielded his cudgel as if he were demolishing a wall: he struck at the handles hundreds of times. As for that monster-spirit,

Both his legs were pierced till the points stuck out;
Blood spouted in pools as flesh and skin were torn.

Marvelous monster! Look at him! Gritting his teeth to bear the pain, he abandoned the lance so that he could use both hands to try to pull the swords out from his body.

"O Bodhisattva," said Pilgrim, "that fiendish creature is undaunted by the pain. He's still trying to pull out the swords." When the Bodhisattva saw this, she said to Mokṣa, "Don't harm his life." She then pointed downward again with her willow twig and recited a spell beginning with the letter, *Oṁ*. Those Swords of Constellations all changed into inverted hooks, sharp and curved like the teeth of wolves, which could not be pulled out at all. Only then was the monster-spirit overcome by fear. Holding onto the points of the swords, he pleaded pitifully in pain, "Bodhisattva, your disciple has eyes but no pupils, and he could not perceive your vast dharma power. I beseech you to be merciful and spare my life. I'll never dare practice violence again. I'm willing to enter the gate of dharma to receive your commandments." When the Bodhisattva heard

these words, she lowered her golden beam and approached the monster-spirit with her two disciples and the white cockatoo. “Are you willing to receive my commandments?” she asked. Nodding his head as tears fell, the monster king said, “If you spare my life, I’m willing to receive the commandments.”

The Bodhisattva asked, “You wish to enter my fold?”

“If you spare my life,” replied the monster king, “I’m willing to enter the dharma gate.”

“In that case,” said the Bodhisattva, “I’ll touch your head and give you the commandments.” She took out from her sleeve a golden razor and approached the fiend. With a few strokes, she shaved his hair off and turned it into the style of the Tai Mountain Crowning the Head: the top was completely bald, but three tufts of hair were left around the edge so that they could be knotted together into three tiny braids. Grinning broadly on one side, Pilgrim said, “How unfortunate for this monster-spirit! He looks like neither boy nor girl! I don’t know what he looks like!”

“Since you have received my commandments,” said the Bodhisattva, “I won’t treat you lightly. I’ll call you the Boy Skilled in Wealth. How’s that?”

The fiend nodded his head in agreement, for all he hoped for was that his life be spared. The Bodhisattva pointed with her finger and called out, “Withdraw!”

The Swords of Constellations dropped to the ground, and the boy did not bear even a single scar on his body.

Then the Bodhisattva said, “Hui’an, you take the swords back to Heaven to return them to your Father King. You needn’t return here to meet me, but go back to the Potalaka Peak to wait for me with the other devas.” Mokṣa obeyed and sent the swords back to Heaven before returning to the South Sea, and we shall speak no more of him.

We tell you now that the wildness in that boy had not been wholly removed. When he saw that his pains were gone and that his thighs had healed and, moreover, that the hair on his head had been made into three tiny braids, he picked up the lance and said to the Bodhisattva, “You don’t have any true dharma power to subdue me! It’s a kind of chicanery, that’s all! I won’t take your commandments! Watch the lance!”

He lunged at the face of the Bodhisattva, and Pilgrim was so mad that he wielded his iron rod and was about to strike. “Don’t hit him,” the Bodhisattva cried. “I have my punishment for him.” She took out from her sleeve a golden fillet, saying, “This treasure used to belong to our Buddha, who gave it to me when he sent me to search for the scripture pilgrim in the Land of the East. There were three fillets altogether: the Golden, the Constrictive, and the Prohibitive. The Constrictive Fillet was given to you first to wear, while the Prohibitive Fillet was used to make the guardian of my mountain submit.

I have been unwilling to part with this Golden Fillet. Now that this fiend is so audacious, I’ll give it to him.”

Dear Bodhisattva! She took the fillet and waved it at the wind once, crying, “Change!” It changed into five fillets, which she threw at the body of the boy, crying, “Hit!” One fillet enveloped the boy’s head, while the rest caught his two hands and two feet. “Stand aside, Wukong,” said the Bodhisattva, “and let me recite for a while the Golden-Fillet Spell.”

Horrified, Pilgrim said, “O Bodhisattva, I asked you to come here to subdue a fiend. Why do you want to cast that spell on me?”

“This spell,” said the Bodhisattva, “is not the Tight-Fillet Spell, which is the spell cast on you. It is the Golden-Fillet Spell, reserved especially for that boy.”

Greatly relieved, Pilgrim stood to one side of her to listen to the Bodhisattva’s recital. Making the magic sign with her fingers, she went through her recitation several times, and the monster-spirit scratched his ears and clawed at his cheeks; he curled himself into a ball and rolled all over the ground.

Truly One word could reach the whole region of sand,
This dharma power so vast, boundless, and deep.

We do not know how that boy manages to make his submission; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FORTY-THREE

An evil demon at Black River captures the monk
The Western Ocean's dragon prince catches the iguana

We were telling you about the Bodhisattva, who went through her recitation several times before she stopped. As the pain subsided, the monster-spirit collected himself and sat up to discover that there were golden fillets clasped tightly around his neck, his wrists, and his ankles. He wanted to take them off, but he could not even move them one whit. The treasure, you see, had taken root in the flesh, and the more he tried to loosen the fillets, the more painfully tight they felt. Laughing, Pilgrim said, "Darling boy! The Bodhisattva fears that you can't be reared. That's why she has made you wear a necklace and some bracelets!"

Enraged by this remark, the youth picked up the lance once more and stabbed madly at Pilgrim. Dashing immediately behind the back of the Bodhisattva, Pilgrim cried, "Recite the spell! Recite the spell!"

The Bodhisattva dipped her willow twig in the sweet dew and sprinkled it at the youth, crying, "Close!" Look at him! He dropped the lance all at once, and his two hands were pressed together so tightly before his chest that he could not move them apart at all. This is thus the origin of the "Guanyin Twist," a posture assumed by the attendant of the Bodhisattva which you can see in portraits and paintings to this day. When the youth found that he could not use his hands nor could he pick up the lance, he realized at last how deep and mysterious the dharma power was. He had no alternative but to bow his head in submission. The Bodhisattva then recited some magic words as she tilted the immaculate vase to one side; the oceanful of water was retrieved entirely and not half a drop was left behind. She said to Pilgrim, "Wukong, this monster-spirit is vanquished, but his unruliness has not been completely eliminated. Let me make him take a bow with each step of the way—all the way back to the Potalaka Mountain—before I call off my power. Go quickly now into the cave to rescue your master."

Turning to kowtow to her, Pilgrim said, "I thank the Bodhisattva for taking the trouble of traveling for so great a distance. Your disciple should escort you for part of the journey."

"No need for that," said the Bodhisattva, "for I don't want to jeopardize master's life." When Pilgrim heard these words, he was delighted and kowtowed again to take leave of the Bodhisattva. The monster-spirit thus returned to the right fruit; with fifty-three bows, he made submission to Guanyin.

We tell you no more about the Bodhisattva's making a disciple of the youth. Instead, we speak of Sha Monk, who sat in the woods for a long time and waited in vain for Pilgrim to appear. At last, he put the luggage on the back of the horse, and with one hand holding the reins and the other the fiend-routing treasure staff, he left the pine forest to look toward the south. Momentarily, he found a happy Pilgrim approaching. Sha Monk went forward to meet him, saying, "Elder Brother, why did it take you until now to return from your trip to seek assistance from the Bodhisattva? I almost died from the anxious waiting!"

"You are still dreaming!" said Pilgrim. "Old Monkey has not only brought the Bodhisattva here, but she has also subdued the fiend already."

Then he gave a thorough account of the Bodhisattva's exercise of her dharma power, and Sha Monk was exceedingly pleased, saying, "Let's go then to rescue Master!"

The two of them leaped across the stream and dashed up to the cave entrance. After tying up the horse, they lifted their weapons together and broke into the cave to exterminate all the fiends. They then lowered the leather bag to free Eight Rules. "Elder Brother," said Idiot after having thanked Pilgrim, "where is that monster-spirit? Let me rake him a few times, just to relieve my feelings!" Pilgrim said, "Let's find Master first,"

The three of them went to the rear and found their master bound in the courtyard, all naked and weeping. Sha Monk hurriedly untied the ropes and Pilgrim brought forth clothes for him to wear. The three of them then knelt down and said, "Master, you have suffered!"

Tripitaka thanked them, saying, "Worthy disciples, you've worked hard! How did you manage to subdue the demon?" Pilgrim again gave a thorough account of how the Bodhisattva came to make submission of the youth, and when Tripitaka heard this, he quickly knelt down to bow toward the south. Pilgrim said, "No need to thank her, for we also have been instrumental in providing her with the blessing of making submission of a young boy."

This is thus the basis of the story that we hear even today, about the boy who gave fifty-three bows to Guanyin, and who was given the vision of Buddha after three bows.

Thereafter, Sha Monk was told to pick up all the treasures stored in the cave, while the rest of the disciples found some rice to prepare for their master. That elder

Retained his life,
All because of the Great Sage Sun;
And acquired true scriptures,
Helped by the Handsome Monkey- Spirit.

Master and disciples, after leaving the cave, found their way again and headed steadfastly toward the West. They had traveled for more than a month when all at once the sound of flowing water filled their ears. "O disciples!" cried Tripitaka, highly startled, "where is this sound of water coming from?"

"You old Master!" said Pilgrim, chuckling, "you are so full of worries! There are four of us altogether, but only you happen to hear some sort of water sound. You have quite forgotten again the *Heart Sūtra*."

"The *Heart Sūtra*," said the Tang Monk, "was imparted to me orally by the Crow's Nest Zen Master of the Pagoda Mountain.

It has fifty-four sentences, all in all, two hundred and seventy characters. I memorized it at the time and up till now, I have recited it often. Which sentence do you think I have forgotten?" Pilgrim said, "Old Master, you have forgotten the one about 'no eye, ear, nose, tongue, body, or mind.' Those of us who have left the family should see no form with our eyes, should hear no sound with our ears, should smell no smell with our noses, should taste no taste with our tongues; our bodies should have no knowledge of heat or cold, and our minds should gather no vain thoughts. This is called the extermination of the Six Robbers.

But look at you now! Though you may be on your way to seek scriptures, your mind is full of vain thoughts: fearing the demons you are unwilling to risk your life; desiring vegetarian food you arouse your tongue; loving fragrance and sweetness you provoke your nose; listening to sounds you disturb your ears; looking at things and events you fix your eyes. You have, in sum, assembled all the Six Robbers together. How could you possibly get to the Western Heaven to see Buddha?" When Tripitaka heard these words, he fell into silent thought for a long time before he said, "O disciple!

Since I left our sage ruler that year,
I've moved most diligently night and day:
My sandals sweep open the mountain mists;
My coir hat bursts through the summit clouds.
At night the apes wail to make me sigh;
I grieve to hear in moonlight the bird cries.
When will I end the work of Double Three
And acquire Tathāgata's wondrous scripts?"

When Pilgrim heard this, he could not refrain from clapping his hands and roaring with laughter, saying, "So Master just can't get rid of his homesickness! If you want to complete the work of Double Three, there's no difficulty! The proverb says, 'Success will come when meritorious service is done.'" "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "if we have to face all these evil barriers and wicked miasmas, we'll never finish our meritorious service even after a thousand years!" Sha Monk said, "Second Elder Brother, you and I are very much alike, and we shouldn't rub Big Brother the wrong way with our foolish tongues and stupid mouths. Just concentrate on carrying the loads on our backs; there will be a day when the service is completed."

As master and disciples conversed, they proceeded steadily when they saw before them all at once a huge body of surging black water blocking the path of the horse. Standing at the shore, the four of them stared at the water carefully and they saw

Tiers of dense billows;
Layers of turbid waves;
Tiers of dense billows like dark sap spilling;
Layers of turbid waves like black oil rolling.
No reflection appears when you walk near;
No trees or woods you can see from afar.
Boiling, an earth full of ink!
Rippling, a thousand miles of ashes!
Like piles of charcoal water bubbles float;
Like o'erturned coals the breakers undulate.
Cattle and sheep will not drink here;
Crows and magpies cannot fly over.
Cattle and sheep won't drink, disdaining the black;
Crows and magpies can't fly, fearing the opaque.
Only the shore's reeds and rushes know the seasons,
And the bank's flowers and grass display their green.
There are lakes, streams, and rivers in all the world,
And many brooks and lagoons both great and small,
Which one in one's life may come upon.
But who has seen the Black River of the West?

Dismounting, the Tang Monk said, “Disciples, why is the water so black?”

Eight Rules said, “Some families must have overturned their dye barrels!”

“If not,” said Sha Monk, “it has to be someone washing his brushes and ink-stones.” Pilgrim said, “Stop speculating and babbling, both of you! We have to find a way to get Master across.”

“If old Hog wants to cross this river,” said Eight Rules, “it’s not difficult: all I need to do is to mount the clouds or tread the waters, and I shall cross it in the time of a meal.”

“If you ask old Sand,” said Sha Monk, “I, too, need only to mount the clouds or ride the waters, and I’ll cross it in no time.” Pilgrim said, “Of course, it’s easy for us, but it’ll be difficult for Master.”

“Disciples,” said Tripitaka, “how wide is the river?”

“Approximately ten miles,” said Eight Rules. Tripitaka said, “You three had better determine which of you will carry me across.” Pilgrim said, “Eight Rules can do it.”

“No, I can’t,” said Eight Rules. “For if I carry him on my back and try to mount the clouds, I can’t even rise three feet from the ground. As the proverb says, ‘A mortal is heavier than a mountain!’ If I carry him and tread water, he will push me down below with him.” While master and disciples were having this discussion by the river, they suddenly saw a man approaching from the upper reach of the river and rowing a small boat. Delighted, the Tang Monk said, “Disciples, we have a boat. Ask him to take us across.” Shouting loudly, Sha Monk called, “Boatman, come and ferry us across this river.”

The man in the boat said, “I don’t have a ferry boat. How could I take you across?” Sha Monk said, “In Heaven or on Earth, the most important thing is to perform deeds of kindness to others.

Though yours may not be a ferry boat, we are not people who will often bother you. We are the sons of Buddha sent by imperial command in the land of the East to acquire scriptures. Please be kind to us and take us across the river. You will have our gratitude.” When the man heard these words, he rowed the boat near the shore and, holding his oar, he said, “Master, my boat is small and there are many of you. How could I take you all across?” When Tripitaka walked closer and took a look, he saw that the boat was actually a canoe dug out of a log, and its hull could at most seat only two persons besides the boatman. “What shall we do?” said Tripitaka. “With this boat,” said Sha Monk, “we will have to take two trips.”

Always sly and slothful, Eight Rules immediately said, “Wujing, you and Big Brother can remain here to watch the luggage and the horse. Let me escort Master and cross over first. Then the boat can return to take you and the horse. Big Brother can simply leap across.” Nodding, Pilgrim said, “You are right.”

After Idiot had helped the Tang Monk into the boat, the boatman punted the boat away from shore and began rowing it forward. As they approached the middle of the river, a violent gust of wind suddenly arose with a roar, whipping up the waves to darken the sky and the sun. Marvelous wind!

In midair a band of dark clouds rises up;
In midstream black waves surge a thousand tiers tall.

At both banks flying sand blots out the sun;
On all sides trees fall to this Heav'n-shaking howl.
Seas and rivers o'erturned, dragon gods take fright;
Mud and dirt flown up, plants and flowers fade.
The wind roars like thunder in times of spring,
And growls like a famished tiger on and on!
Crabs, turtles, shrimps, and fishes bow their heads;
Fowl and beast have all lost their nests and lairs.
The sailors of Five Lakes are victims all;
The households of Four Seas all fear for their lives.
If fishers in the stream can't lower their hooks;
How could the river's boatmen punt their poles?
With tiles and bricks upturned the houses fall;
With Heaven and Earth shaken, Mount Tai quakes.

This wind, you see, was called up by the man rowing the boat, who happened to be a fiendish creature in this Black River. The disciples saw with their own eyes that the Tang Monk and Zhu Eight Rules, along with the boat, were sinking into the water. In no time at all, they vanished without a trace.

Deeply dismayed on the shore, Sha Monk and Pilgrim cried, "What shall we do? The old master faces adversity every step of the way. He just escaped from one demonic ordeal and journeyed safely for a little while before he is in the clutches again of these black waters."

Then Sha Monk said, "Could it be that the boat has capsized? Perhaps we should search for them downstream."

"No," said Pilgrim, "it couldn't be, for if the boat had capsized, Eight Rules with his aquatic skills could easily have picked up Master and trod water to carry him out. Just now I thought I saw something perverse about that boatman. I suppose that fellow must have called up the wind and dragged Master beneath the water." When Sha Monk heard these words, he said, "Elder Brother, why didn't you speak up earlier? You watch the luggage and the horse. Let me go into the water to search for them." Pilgrim said, "The color of this water is hardly normal. I don't think you should go in there."

"You think this water's more formidable than my Flowing-Sand River?" asked Sha Monk. "I can go! I can go!"

Dear monk! Taking off his shirt and his socks, he lifted up his fiend-routing treasure staff and dove into the waves with a splash.

Opening up the water before him, he went forward in big strides. Just as he was walking, he heard the sound of someone speaking. Sha Monk stepped to one side to sneak a glance around and he discovered ahead of him a pavilion; across its front door were written these large characters:

"Hengyang Ravine, Residence of the Black River God."

Then he heard the fiendish creature, sitting in the pavilion, say, "I have gone through some hard times and only now have I found something nice. This monk is a good man who has practiced self-cultivation for ten incarnations. If I manage to eat a piece of his flesh, I'll be a man of longevity who never grows old. I have waited for him long enough, and today I have realized my hopes. Little ones, bring out the iron cages quickly. Steam these two monks whole, while I prepare an invitation card to be sent to

our second uncle. We want to celebrate his birthday for him." When Sha Monk heard these words, he could not restrain the fire leaping up in his heart. Lifting his treasure staff, he banged madly at the door, crying, "Brazen creature! Send out quickly my master, the Tang Monk, and my brother Eight Rules."

The little demons standing guard at the door were so frightened that they dashed inside to report, "Disaster!"

"What sort of disaster?" asked the old fiend.

The little fiends said, "There's a monk with gloomy complexion outside. He's banging on our door and demanding the return of some monks." When the fiend heard these words, he at once asked for his armor, which was brought out by the little fiends. After the old fiend suited himself up properly, he took up in his hands a steel riding crop with bamboo-like joints.

As he walked out the door, he looked mean and vicious indeed! You see

A square face and round eyes flashing colors bright;
Curled lips and a mouth like a bloody bowl.
A few sparse whiskers wave like iron wires;
His temple's flanked by hair like cinnabar.
He has the form of Jupiter revealed
And the face of a thunder god in rage.
He wears a suit of iron flower-adorned,
A gold helmet with jewels thickly set.
He holds the steel crop with bamboo-like joints,
And violent wind churns as he walks along.
At birth he was a creature of the waves;
He shed his origin. What fearsome change!
You ask for this fiend's true identity:
Small iguana-dragon is his former name.

"Who is beating on my door?" bellowed the fiend. Sha Monk said, "You ignorant brazen fiend! How dare you use your paltry magic and change into a ferryman to abduct my master here with your boat? Return him at once, and I'll spare your life."

The fiend roared with laughter and said, "This monk doesn't care about his life! Your master has been caught by me, all right, and now I'm about to have him steamed to be served to my invited guests. You come up here and match strength with me. If you can withstand me for three rounds, I will return your master. If you can't withstand me, I'll have you steamed and eaten also. Don't bother to dream about your going to the Western Heaven!" Maddened by what he heard, Sha Monk brought the treasure staff down on the fiend's head, but the latter raised his steel crop to parry the blow. The two of them thus began a fierce battle at the bottom of the river.

With fiend-routing staff and crop of bamboo joints
Two men, growing enraged, both strove to win.
One, the Black River's thousand-year-old fiend;
One, a former immortal of Divine Mists.
This one longed to eat Tripitaka's flesh;
That one would guard the Tang Monk's piteous life;
At the river's bottom they met to fight,
Each craving success and nothing else.

They fought till pairs of shrimp and fish concealed themselves,
Till crabs and turtles in twos withdrew their heads.
Hear the water-home's fiends all beat their drums
And monsters shouting madly before their gate.
This dear Wujing—what a true Buddhist priest—
Did show all alone his prowess and strength!
Waves tossed and churned and they fought to a draw
As the crop met and tangled with the staff.
Think of it! It was all for the monk of Tang
Who'd seek scriptures and bow in Buddha's Heav'n.

The two of them fought for some thirty rounds and neither proved to be the stronger. Sha Monk thought to himself, "This fiendish creature is indeed my match. Since I cannot prevail, I may as well entice him out of the waters so that my elder brother can beat him." Making one final feeble blow, Sha Monk turned quickly and ran with the staff trailing behind him. The monster-spirit, however, did not give chase and said instead, "You may go! I'm not going to fight with you anymore, for I have to prepare a card to invite a guest." Panting heavily, Sha Monk leaped out of the water and said to Pilgrim, "Elder Brother, this creature is unruly!"

"Since you were down there for quite awhile, did you find out what sort of monster he is?" asked Pilgrim. "Have you seen Master?"

"There's a pavilion down there," said Sha Monk, "and across the top of the gate outside are written these large characters:

Hengyang Ravine, Residence of the Black River God. I sneaked up to it and heard him speaking inside, telling his little ones to wash and scrub some iron cages so that Master and Eight Rules can be steamed alive. He also wanted to invite his uncle to come for a birthday celebration. I got mad and pounded at the door; that was when the fiendish creature came out with a steel crop with bamboo-like joints.

He fought with me for this half a day, about thirty rounds in all, and it was a draw. I faked defeat, thinking that I could lure him out here so that you could help me. But that fiendish creature was quite smart. He refused to chase me; all he wanted to do was to prepare his card to invite his guest. I came back up then."

"What sort of a monster is he?" asked Pilgrim. Sha Monk replied, "He looks like a big turtle, or else he has to be an iguana."

"I wonder," said Pilgrim, "who is his uncle?"

Hardly had he finished speaking when a man emerged from a bend downstream. Kneeling down at a distance, he cried, "Great Sage, the water god of the Black River kowtows to you."

"Could you be that monster who rowed the boat," said Pilgrim, "returning to deceive me again?"

The old man kowtowed and wept, saying, "Great Sage, I'm not a monster. I'm the true god of this river. It was the fifth month of last year during high tide that this monster-spirit arrived from the Western Ocean, and he immediately waged a battle against me. An old and feeble person like myself could not withstand him, of course, and he therefore took by force my official residence, the Hengyang Ravine. Since he had also taken the lives of many of my water kin, I had no choice but to file suit against him in the ocean. I didn't expect that the Dragon King of the Western Ocean was his

maternal uncle, who threw out my plaint and told me instead that I should allow the monster to stay in my home. I wanted to go to Heaven to bring charges, but a humble deity and minor official like me would not get an audience with the Jade Emperor. When I heard that the Great Sage had arrived, I came especially to see you. I beg the Great Sage to exert his great power on my behalf and avenge my wrongs." When Pilgrim heard these words, he said, "According to what you have said, the Dragon King of the Western Ocean is definitely guilty. Now this monster-spirit has abducted my master and my younger brother, boasting that he wants to have them steamed and served to his maternal uncle for his birthday. I was about to try to seize this fiend when luckily you came to inform me. All right, river god, you stay here and stand guard with Sha Monk. Let me go into the ocean to bring the Dragon King here so that he can capture the creature."

"I'm deeply indebted to the Great Sage's kindness," said the river god. Pilgrim at once mounted the clouds and went straight to the Western Ocean. He stopped his somersault and, making the water-repellent sign with his fingers, he divided the waves and walked right in. As he traveled, he ran into a black fish-spirit, holding a golden box and darting up like an arrow from the depths down below. Pilgrim whipped out his iron rod and gave his head a terrific blow: alas, the brains burst out and the jaw bones cracked open.

With a swish, the corpse drifted up to the water surface. When Pilgrim opened the box, he saw an invitation card inside on which this message was written:

Your foolish nephew, Clean Iguana, touches his head to the ground a hundred times to inform you, Venerable Mr. Ao, my esteemed Second Uncle. Frequently I have enjoyed your goodly gifts, for which I am most grateful. I have recently acquired two creatures, who happen to be monks from the Land of the East. Since they are rare treasures in the world, your nephew dares not enjoy them by himself. As I recall that Uncle's sacred birthday is near, I have specially prepared a small banquet to wish you the addition of a thousand years. It is my earnest hope that you will honor us with your presence.

"This fellow," said Pilgrim chuckling to himself, "has handed over a formal complaint first to old Monkey!"

He put the card in his sleeve and proceeded. Soon a yakṣa on patrol saw him and darted quickly back to the Water-Crystal Palace to make the report:

"Great King, Father Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, has arrived."

The Dragon King Aoshun at once led his water kinsmen out of the palace to receive his visitor. "Great Sage," he said, "please enter this small palace and take a seat, so that we may present you with tea."

"I haven't yet drunk your tea," said Pilgrim, "but you have drunk my wine first." Smiling, the Dragon King said, "Since the Great Sage has made submission in the gate of Buddha, he no longer touches meat or wine. Since when have you invited me to drink?"

"You haven't gone to drink wine," said Pilgrim, "but you have committed a crime of drinking nonetheless."

Greatly startled, Aoshun said, "What kind of crime has this small dragon committed?"

Taking the card out of his sleeve, Pilgrim handed it over to the Dragon King.

When the Dragon King read it, his spirit left him and his soul fled. Hurriedly going to his knees, he kowtowed and said, "Great Sage, please pardon me! That fellow

is the ninth child of my sister. Because my brother-in-law had made an error in administering wind and rain by not releasing the prescribed amount, the Heavenly Judge issued a decree and he was beheaded by the human judge, Wei Zheng, during a dream.

My sister had no place to go and it was your little dragon who brought her here and had her cared for. Year before last she died of illness, but since her son did not have a home, I told him to stay at the Black River where he could nourish his nature and cultivate the arts of realized immortality. I did not expect him to commit such wicked crimes. This little dragon will send someone immediately to arrest him."

"How many sons did your sister have?" asked Pilgrim. "Are they all monsters somewhere?"

The Dragon King said, "My sister has nine sons altogether, but eight of them are good ones. The first, Little Yellow Dragon, lives in the Huai River; the second, Little Black Dragon, lives in the Ji River; the third, Blue-Backed Dragon, lives in the Yangzi River; the fourth, Red-Whiskered Dragon, lives in the Yellow River; the fifth, Futile Dragon, strikes the bell for the Buddhist Patriarch; the sixth, Reclining-Beast Dragon, guards the roof beam in the palace of the Daoist Patriarch; the seventh, Reverent Dragon, guards the imperial commemorative arches for the Jade Emperor; and the eighth, Sea-Serpent Dragon, remains at the place of my elder brother and guards the Taiyue Mountain of Shanxi Province. The ninth son is the Iguana Dragon; because of his youth and lack of official appointment, he was told last year to live in the Black River to nourish his nature. When he acquired a name, I would have transferred him to another post. I didn't anticipate that he would disobey my decree and offend the Great Sage." When Pilgrim heard these words, he smiled and said, "How many husbands did your sister have?"

"Only one," said Aoshun, "and he was the Dragon King of the Jing River who was beheaded. My sister lived here as a widow and died year before last."

"One husband and one wife," said Pilgrim. "How could they manage to produce so many different kinds of offspring?"

Aoshun said, "This is what the proverb means when it says that 'A dragon will produce nine species, and each species is different from the others.'" Pilgrim said, "Just now I was so vexed that I was about to use the invitation card as evidence and file suit against you at the Heavenly court, charging you with conspiracy with a fiend and kidnapping. But according to what you have told me, it's really the fault of that fellow who disobeys your instructions. I'll pardon you this time—for the sake of my relationship with you and your brothers, and on account of the fact that that dragon is young and ignorant after all. And also, you have no knowledge of that matter.

Quickly dispatch someone to arrest him and rescue my master. We'll then decide what to do next."

Aoshun at once gave this command to the prince, Moang:

"Call up immediately five hundred young soldiers of shrimps and fishes; arrest that iguana and bring him back here for indictment. Meanwhile, let us prepare some wine and a banquet as our apology to the Great Sage."

"Dragon King," said Pilgrim, "you needn't be so edgy. I told you just now that I would pardon you. Why bother to prepare wine and food? I must go now with your son, for I fear that Master may be harmed and my brother is waiting for me." Unable to detain his guest with even desperate pleadings, the old dragon asked one of his

daughters to present tea. Pilgrim drank one cup of the fragrant tea while standing up and then took leave of the old dragon. He and Moang led the troops from the Western Ocean and soon arrived in the Black River. "Worthy Prince," said Pilgrim, "take care to catch the fiend. I'm going ashore."

"Have no worry, Great Sage," said Moang. "This little dragon will arrest him and take him up here for the Great Sage to convict him of his crime. Only after your master has been sent up also will I dare take him back to the ocean to see my father." Very pleased, Pilgrim left him and made the water-repellent sign with his fingers to leap out of the waves. As he reached the eastern shore, Sha Monk (who led the river god to meet him) said, "Elder Brother, you left by the air but why did you return from the river?" Pilgrim gave a thorough account of how he slew the fish-spirit, acquired the invitation card, confronted the Dragon King, and led troops back with the dragon prince. Sha Monk was exceedingly pleased; all of them then stood on the bank to wait to receive their master, and we shall speak no more of them for the moment.

We tell you now about Prince Moang, who sent a soldier of his to go before the water residence and make this announcement to the fiend:

"Prince Moang has been sent here by the Venerable Dragon King of the Western Ocean."

The fiend was sitting inside when he heard this report and thought to himself, "I sent the black fish-spirit to present an invitation card to my second maternal uncle, and I haven't received any answer since. Why is it that my uncle has not come? Why has he sent my elder cousin instead?"

As he was thus deliberating with himself, a little fiend sent out to patrol the river also returned to make this report:

"Great King, there is a regiment of soldiers stationed to the west of our water residence, and one of the banners has these words clearly written:

Young Marshal Moang, Crown Prince of the Western Ocean."

"This elder cousin is indeed arrogant," said the fiend. "I suppose my uncle cannot come, and that's why the prince has been sent in his place to attend our banquet. But if he's coming for a banquet, why bring along soldiers and warriors? Aha! I fear that there's another reason behind this. Little ones, bring out my armor and have my steel crop ready, for I fear that he may turn violent suddenly. Let me go out to receive him and see what's happening."

Having received this instruction, all the little fiends rubbed their fists to prepare themselves.

When the iguana-dragon walked out of the door, he saw that there was in truth a regiment of marine soldiers encamped on the right.

He saw

Banners with sashes aflutter;
Halberds arranged in bright mists;
Treasure swords amassing luster;
Long lances twirling flower tassels;
Curved bows like many new moons;
Arrows as wolves' teeth stuck up;
Scimitars big and gleaming;

Short cudgels both rough and hard.
Sea serpents, oysters, and whales,
Crabs, turtles, fishes, and shrimps—
Big and small they stood in order,
Their weapons dense and thick like hemp.
If the gen'ral did not command it,
Who'd dare step out of line one bit?

The iguana fiend went before the gate of the camp and cried out in a loud voice, "Big Cousin, your younger brother awaits you respectfully. Please come out."

A snail on patrol in the camp went hurriedly to the middle tent to report, "Your Highness, the iguanadragon is outside calling for you." Pressing down the golden helmet on his head and tightening the treasure belt around his waist, the prince picked up a three-cornered club and ran out of the camp in great strides. "Why did you ask me to come out?" he asked.

Bowing, the iguana-dragon said, "Your younger brother sent an invitation card to Uncle this morning. But I suppose he has declined my invitation and sent you instead. If my Big Cousin is here for the banquet, why have you called up the troops? You did not enter the water residence but you pitched camp here instead. And you even put on armor and held a weapon. Why?"

"Why did you invite your uncle to come?" asked the prince.

The fiend replied, "It was his kindness which bestowed this place on me as a residence, but I have not seen him for a long time nor have I had an opportunity to express my filial love for him. Yesterday I happened to have caught a monk from the Land of the East who, so I have heard, possesses an original body that has practiced self-cultivation for ten incarnations. If a person eats him, his age will be lengthened. I was hoping to ask Venerable Uncle to look this monk over before I put him in an iron cage and have him steamed for Venerable Uncle to celebrate his birthday."

"You are so dim-witted!" shouted the prince. "Who do you think this monk is?"

"He is a monk from the Tang court," said the fiend, "a priest on his way to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures."

The prince said, "You know only that he is the Tang Monk, but you don't know how formidable his disciples are."

The fiend said, "He has under him a monk with a long snout, whose name is Zhu Eight Rules. I have caught him also and am about to have him steamed and eaten together with the Tang Monk. There is another disciple of his by the name of Sha Monk, a fellow rather dark in color and gloomy in complexion who uses a treasure staff. Yesterday this monk made a demand in front of my door for the return of his master, but I called out the river troops to face him. Several blows from my steel crop made him flee for his life. I don't see how he could be called formidable!"

"You are ignorant!" said the prince. "The Tang Monk still has another disciple, his eldest, who happens to be the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, a golden immortal of the Great Monad who did cause great disturbance in the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago. Now he is the guardian of the Tang Monk on his way to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven, and his name has been changed to Pilgrim Sun Wukong at the time of his conversion by the great and merciful Bodhisattva Guanyin of the Potalaka Peak. Don't you have any other thing to do but to cause such a great disaster as this? It was

that Pilgrim Sun who ran into your messenger in our ocean; he took your invitation card and went straight into the Water-Crystal Palace, charging us father and son with the crimes of ‘conspiracy and kidnapping.’ You’d better send the Tang Monk and Eight Rules back to the shore of the river immediately and return them to the Great Sage Sun. You can then rely on my apologies to him to preserve your life. But if you utter only half a ‘No,’ you might as well forget about your life or any further opportunity to live in this place!” When the fiend heard this statement, he grew terribly angry, saying, “I’m an intimate first cousin of yours. How could you side with someone else? If I listen to you, I’ll have to send out the Tang Monk—just like that! You think there’s such an easy thing in this whole wide world? You may be afraid of that Sun Wukong, but you think I’m afraid of him, too? If he has any ability, let him come to the front of my water residence and fight with me for three rounds. I’ll return his master then, but if he can’t withstand me, I’ll capture him also and have him steamed together with his master. I won’t recognize any relative, nor will I invite any more guests! I’ll shut my door and ask my little ones to sing and dance. I’ll take the honored seat above to enjoy myself. You bet I’ll eat his mother’s!” When the prince heard this, he opened his mouth wide and expostulated, “You brazen demon! You are truly audacious! Let’s not ask the Great Sage Sun to face you. Do you dare hold a contest with me?”

“If I want to be a hero,” said the fiend, “you think I’ll be afraid of any contest?”

He shouted to his little fiends, “Bring me my armor!”

His cry immediately made those little fiends on his left and right bring up his armor and the steel crop. Changing their colors all at once, the two of them unleashed their strength and gave the order for the drums to sound on both sides. This battle was quite different from the previous one in which Sha Monk took part. You saw

Flags and banners luminous;
Spears and halberds ablaze.
On that side the camps were quickly broken;
On this side the doors were widely open.
Prince Moang held high his golden club,
Met by fiend iguana wielding his crop.
The cannon’s one boom made river soldiers fierce;
Three strokes of the gong aroused marine troops.
Shrimps fought with shrimps;
Crabs strove with crabs;
The whale swallowed the red carp;
The bream downed the yellow zhang*;*
The shark devoured the mullet and the mackerel fled;
The rock oyster caught the clam and the mussel panicked.
Hard like an iron rod was the stingray’s whip;
Sharp like a razor was the swordfish’s jaw.
The sturgeon chased the white eel;
The whitebait seized the black pomfret.
A river full of water fiends took up the fight;
Dragon troops on both sides did join the fray
And brawled for a long time as billows churned.
Mighty as Indra was the prince Moang,
Who with a cry brought down his golden club
And caught the king of mischief, the iguana fiend.

Holding his three-cornered club, the prince feigned an opening and the monster-spirit, not realizing that it was faked, lunged forward to attack. Sidestepping quickly from his opponent's charge, the prince brought the club down hard on the monster-spirit's right arm and knocked him to the ground. The prince rushed up to him and gave him another kick that sent him sprawling. The marine soldiers all surged forward to pin the monster-spirit to the ground; his arms were hog-tied behind his back and his chest bone was pierced and bound with an iron chain. He was taken up to the shore to appear before Pilgrim Sun, as the prince said, "Great Sage, your little dragon has caught the monster iguana. Let the Great Sage decide what shall be done with him." When Pilgrim saw this, he said to the monster-spirit, "You have been disobedient to what you were told. When your Venerable Uncle gave you permission to live here, he intended for you to nourish your nature to preserve your body. At the time when you acquired a name, he would have transferred you to another post. How dare you use force to occupy the residence of the water god and abuse the kindness of your elders? How dare you exercise your paltry magic to deceive my master and my younger brother? I would like to give you a stroke of my rod, but this rod of old Monkey is quite heavy. One slight touch and your life will be finished. Let me ask you instead, where have you placed my master?" Kowtowing without ceasing, the fiend said, "Great Sage, this little iguana has no knowledge of the Great Sage's reputation. Just now, I violated reason and morality to resist my elder cousin, who had me arrested.

Now that I have seen you, I am eternally grateful to the Great Sage for sparing my life. Your master is still tied up in the water residence. I beg the Great Sage to loosen my iron chain and untie my hands. Let me go into the river and escort him out here." On one side Moang said, "Great Sage, this is a rebellious fiend and most devious. If you turn him loose, I fear that he may plot something wicked."

"I know his residence," said Sha Monk, "let me go and find Master."

He and the river god at once leaped into the waves and went to the water residence down below, where they found the doors wide open but not a single little fiend. When they walked inside to reach the pavilion, they found the Tang Monk and Eight Rules still bound there and completely naked. Sha Monk hurriedly untied his master as the river god loosened the ropes on Eight Rules, after which they placed the freed prisoners on their backs and darted back to the surface of the water. When Eight Rules discovered the monster-spirit on the shore all tied up with ropes and chains, he lifted his rake and wanted to strike him, crying, "You perverse beast! You still want to eat me?" Pilgrim tugged at him, saying, "Brother, let's spare him. Have regard for the feelings of Aoshun and his son."

Bowing, Moang said, "Great Sage, your little dragon dares not linger any longer. Since we have succeeded in rescuing your master, I must bring this fellow back to see my father. Though the Great Sage has spared his life, my father will most certainly not permit him to go unpunished. He will dispose of him in some way, I'm sure, and then we shall report to the Great Sage along with our apologies once more."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "you may take him and leave. Please bow to your Honored Father for me and I shall thank him in person another time."

The prince at once led the marine soldiers and the monster-spirit into the water, where they found their way directly back to the Great Western Ocean and we shall speak no more of them.

We tell you now about the river god of the Black River, who gave thanks to Pilgrim, saying, “I am deeply indebted to the Great Sage for the recovery of my water residence.”

The Tang Monk said, “Disciples, we are still stranded on the eastern shore. How shall we cross this river?”

The river god said, “Venerable Father, please do not worry and mount your horse. This humble deity will open up a path for Venerable Father to cross the river.”

The master indeed climbed onto the white horse, while Eight Rules held the reins, Sha Monk poled the luggage, and Pilgrim took up the rear. The river god then exercised his magic of blocking the water; as the upper reaches of the river were dammed up, the lower part of the river soon turned dry, and a wide road was thus created. Master and disciples walked safely to the western shore and, after thanking the river god, they proceeded to high ground to set out again on their way. So it was that

With help the Chan monk could now face the West;
With no waves on earth, they could cross Black River.

We do not know how finally they manage to see Buddha and acquire scriptures; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FORTY-FOUR

The dharma-body in primal cycle meets the force of the cart
The mind, righting monstrous deviates, crosses the spine-ridge pass

The poem says:

To seek scriptures and freedom they go to the West,
An endless toil through countless mounts of fame.
The days fly by like darting hares and crows;
As petals fall and birds sing the seasons go.
A little dust—the eye reveals three thousand worlds;
The priestly staff—its head has seen four hundred isles.
They feed on wind and rest on dew to seek their goal,
Not knowing which day they may all return.

We were telling you about Tripitaka Tang and his disciples, who found the main road to the West. Truly they had to face the wind and brave the snow, to be capped by the moon and cloaked by the stars. They journeyed for a long time and soon it was the time of early spring. You see

The cycled return of triple yang;
The radiance of all things.
The cycled return of triple yang
Makes all Heavens beguiling like a painted scroll;
The radiance of all things
Means flowers spread brocade through all the earth.
The plums fade to a few specks of snow;
The grains swell with the valley clouds.
Ice breaks gradually and mountain streams flow;
Seedlings sprout completely and unparched.
Truly it is that
The God of the Year rides forth;
The God of the Woods takes a drive.
Warm breezes waft floral fragrance;
Light clouds renew the light of the sun.
Willows by the wayside spread their curvate green;
The rains give life; all things bear the looks of spring.

As master and disciples traveled slowly along the road, enjoying the scenery as they proceeded, they suddenly heard a loud cry that seemed the roar of ten thousand voices. Tripitaka Tang was so startled that he immediately pulled in his reins and refused to go forward. Turning back, he said, "Wukong, where did that terrible din come from?"

"Yes, it sounded as if the earth were splitting apart and the mountains were toppling," said Eight Rules. "More like the crack of thunder I'd say," said Sha Monk. Tripitaka said, "I still think it's men shouting or horses neighing." With a chuckle, Pilgrim Sun said, "None of you has guessed correctly. Stop here and let old Monkey go take a look."

Dear Pilgrim! He leaped up at once and rose into midair, treading on the cloudy luminosity. He peered into the distance and discovered a moated city; when he looked more carefully, he saw that it was veiled by auspicious luminosity after all and not by any baleful vapor. "This is a nice place," Pilgrim thought to himself. "Why should there be such an ear-splitting roar? There are no banners or spears in sight in the city, and what we heard couldn't possibly be the roar of cannons. Why is it then that we hear this hubbub of men and horses?"

As he was thus thinking to himself, a large group of monks came into his sight: on a sandy beach outside the city gate they were trying to pull a cart up a steep ridge. As they strained and tugged, they cried out in unison to call on the name of the Bodhisattva King Powerful for help, and this was the noise that startled the Tang Monk. Pilgrim lowered his cloud gradually to take a closer look. Aha! The cart was loaded with bricks, tiles, timber, earth clods, and the like. The ridge was exceedingly tall, and leading up to it was a small spine-like path flanked by two perpendicular passes, with walls like two giant cliffs. How could the cart possibly be dragged up there? Though it was such a fine warm day that one would expect people to dress lightly, what the monks had on were virtually rags. They looked destitute indeed! Pilgrim thought to himself, "I suppose they must be trying to build or repair a monastery, and since a region like this undoubtedly yields a bountiful harvest, it must be difficult for them to find part-time laborers. That's why these monks themselves have to work so hard."

As he was thus speculating, he saw two young Daoists swagger out of the city gate.

"How were they dressed?" you ask.

Star caps crowned their heads;
Brocades draped their bodies;
Luminous star caps crowned their heads;
Colorful brocades draped their bodies.
Cloud-headed boots held up their feet;
Fine silk sashes tied up their waists.
Like full moons their faces were handsome and bright;
They had the fair forms of jade- Heaven gods.

When the monks saw the two Daoists, they were terrified; every one of them redoubled his effort to pull desperately at the cart. "So, that's it!" said Pilgrim, comprehending the situation all at once. "These monks must be awfully afraid of the Daoists, for if not, why should they be tugging so hard at the carts? I have heard someone say that there is a place on the road to the West where Daoism is revered and Buddhism is set for destruction. This must be the place. I would like to go back and report this to Master, but I still don't know the whole truth and he might blame me for bringing him surmises, saying that even a smart person like me can't be counted on for a reliable report. Let me go down there and question them thoroughly before I give Master an answer."

"Whom would he question?" you ask. Dear Great Sage! He lowered his cloud and with a shake of his torso, he changed at the foot of the city into a mendicant Daoist of the Complete Truth order, with an exorcist hamper hung on his left arm. Striking a hollow wooden fish with his hands and chanting lyrics of Daoist themes, he walked up to the two Daoists near the city gate. "Masters," he said, bowing, "this humble Daoist

raises his hand." Returning his salute, one of the Daoists said, "Sir, where did you come from?"

"This disciple," said Pilgrim, "has wandered to the corners of the sea and to the edges of Heaven. I arrived here this morning with the sole purpose of collecting subscriptions for good works. May I ask the two masters which street in this city is favorable toward the Dao, and which alley is inclined toward piety? This humble Daoist would like to go there and beg for some vegetarian food." Smiling, the Daoist said, "O Sir! Why do you speak in such a disgraceful manner?"

"What do you mean by disgraceful?" asked Pilgrim. "If you want to *beg* for vegetarian food," said the Daoist, "isn't that disgraceful?" Pilgrim said, "Those who have left the family live by begging. If I didn't beg, where would I have money to buy food?"

Chuckling, the Daoist said, "You've come from afar, and you don't know anything about our city. In this city of ours, not only the civil and military officials are fond of the Dao, the rich merchants and men of prominence devoted to piety, but even the ordinary citizens, young and old, will bow to present us once they see us. It is, in fact, a trivial matter, hardly worth mentioning. What's most important about our city is that His Majesty, the king, is also fond of the Dao and devoted to piety."

"This humble cleric is first of all quite young," said Pilgrim, "and second, he is indeed from afar. In truth I'm ignorant of the situation here. May I trouble the two masters to tell me the name of this place and give me a thorough account of how the king has come to be so devoted to the cause of Dao—for the sake of fraternal feelings among us Daoists?"

The Daoist said, "This city has the name of the Cart Slow Kingdom, and the ruler on the precious throne is a relative of ours." When Pilgrim heard these words, he broke into loud guffaws, saying, "I suppose that a Daoist has become king."

"No," said the Daoist. "What happened was that twenty years ago, this region had a drought, so severe that not a single drop of rain fell from the sky and all grains and plants perished. The king and his subjects, the rich as well as the poor—every person was burning incense and praying to Heaven for relief. Just when it seemed that nothing else could preserve their lives, three immortals suddenly descended from the sky and saved us all."

"Who were these immortals?" asked Pilgrim.

"Our masters," said the Daoist.

"What are their names?" asked Pilgrim. The Daoist replied, "The eldest master is called the Tiger-Strength Great Immortal; the second master, the Deer-Strength Great Immortal; and the third master, Goat-Strength Great Immortal."

"What kinds of magic power do your esteemed teachers possess?" asked Pilgrim. The Daoist said, "Summoning the wind and the rain for my masters would be as easy as flipping over one's palms; they point at water and it will change into oil; they touch stones and change them into gold, as quickly as one turns over in bed. With this kind of magic power, they are thus able to rob the creative genius of Heaven and Earth, to alter the mysteries of the stars and constellations. The king and his subjects have such profound respect for them that all of us Daoists are claimed as royal kin." Pilgrim said, "This ruler is lucky, all right. After all, the proverb says, 'Magic moves ministers!' He certainly can't lose to claim kinship with your old masters, if they possess such powers.

Alas! I wonder if I had even the tiniest spark of affinity, such that I could have an audience with the old masters."

Chuckling, the Daoist replied, "If you want to see our masters, it's not difficult at all. The two of us are their bosom disciples. Moreover, our masters are so devoted to the Way and so deferential to the pious that the mere mention of the word 'Dao' would bring them out of the door, full of welcome. If we two were to introduce you, we would need to exert ourselves no more vigorously than to blow away some ashes."

Bowing deeply, Pilgrim said, "I am indebted to you for your introduction. Let us go into the city then."

"Let's wait a moment," said one of the Daoists. "You sit here while we two finish our official business first. Then we'll go with you." Pilgrim said, "Those of us who have left the family are without cares or ties; we are completely free. What do you mean by official business?"

The Daoist pointed with his finger at the monks on the beach and said, "Their work happens to be the means of livelihood for us. Lest they become indolent, we have come to check them off the roll before we go with you." Smiling, Pilgrim said, "You must be mistaken, Masters.

Buddhists and Daoists are all people who have left the family. For what reason are they working for our support? Why are they willing to submit to our roll call?"

The Daoist said, "You have no idea that in the year when we were all praying for rain, the monks bowed to Buddha on one side while the Daoists petitioned the Pole Star on the other, all for the sake of finding some food for the country. The monks, however, were useless, their empty chants of sūtras wholly without efficacy. As soon as our masters arrived on the scene, they summoned the wind and the rain and the bitter affliction was removed from the multitudes. It was then that the court became terribly vexed at the monks, saying that they were completely ineffective and that they deserved to have their monasteries wrecked and their Buddha images destroyed. Their travel rescripts were revoked and they were not permitted to return to their native regions. His Majesty gave them to us instead and they were to serve as bondsmen: they are the ones who tend the fires in our Abbey, who sweep the grounds, and who guard the gates. Since we have some buildings in the rear that are not completely finished, we have ordered these monks here to haul bricks, tiles, and timber for the construction. But for fear of their mischief, indolence, and unwillingness to pull the cart, we have come to investigate and make the roll call." When Pilgrim heard that, he tugged at the Daoists as tears rolled from his eyes. "I said that I might not have the good affinity to see your old masters," he said, "and true enough I don't."

"Why not?" asked the Daoist.

"This humble Daoist is making a wide tour of the world," said Pilgrim, "both for the sake of eking out a living and for finding a relative."

"What sort of relative do you have?" asked the Daoist. Pilgrim said, "I have an uncle, who since his youth had left the family and shorn his hair to become a monk. Because of famine some years ago he had to go abroad to beg for alms and hadn't returned since.

As I remembered our ancestral benevolence, I decided that I would make a special effort to find him along the way. It's very likely, I suppose, that he is detained

here and cannot go home. I must find him somehow and get to see him before I can go inside the city with you."

"That's easy," said the Daoist. "The two of us can sit here while you go down to the beach to make the roll call for us. There should be five hundred of them on the roll. Take a look and see if your uncle is among them. If he is, we'll let him go for the sake of the fact that you, too, are a fellow Daoist. Then we'll go inside the city with you. How about that?" Pilgrim thanked them profusely, and with a deep bow he took leave of the Daoists. Striking up his wooden fish, he headed down to the beach, passing the double passes as he walked down the narrow path from the steep ridge. All those monks knelt down at once and kowtowed, saying in unison, "Father, we have not been indolent. Not even half a person from the five hundred is missing—we are all here pulling the cart." Snickering to himself, Pilgrim thought, "These monks must have been awfully abused by the Daoist. They are terrified even when they see a fake Daoist like me. If a real Daoist goes near them, they will probably die of fear." Waving his hand, Pilgrim said, "Get up, and don't be afraid! I'm not here to inspect your work, I'm here to find a relative." When those monks heard that he was looking for a relative, they surrounded him on all sides, every one of them sticking out his head and coughing, hoping that he would be claimed as kin. "Which of us is his relative?" they asked. After he had looked at them for awhile, Pilgrim burst into laughter.

"Father," said the monks, "you don't seem to have found your relative. Why are you laughing instead?" Pilgrim said, "You want to know why I'm laughing? I'm laughing at how immature you monks are! It was because of your having been born under an unlucky star that your parents, for fear of your bringing misfortune upon them or for not bringing with you additional brothers and sisters, turned you out of the family and made you priests. How could you then not follow the Three Jewels and not revere the law of Buddha? Why aren't you reading the sūtras and chanting the litanies? Why do you serve the Daoists and allow them to exploit you as bondsmen and slaves?"

"Venerable Father," said the monks, "are you here to ridicule us? You must have come from abroad, and you have no idea of our plight."

"Indeed I'm from abroad," said Pilgrim, "and I truly have no idea of what sort of plight you have."

As they began to weep, the monks said, "The ruler of our country is wicked and partial. All he cares for are those persons like you, Venerable Father, and those whom he hates are us Buddhists."

"Why is that?" asked Pilgrim. "Because the need for wind and rain," said one of the monks, "caused three immortal elders to come here. They deceived our ruler and persuaded him to tear down our monasteries and revoke our travel rescripts, forbidding us to return to our native regions. He would not, moreover, permit us to serve even in any secular capacity except as slaves in the household of those immortal elders. Our agony is unbearable! If any Daoist mendicant shows up in this region, they would immediately request the king to grant him an audience and a handsome reward; but if a monk appears, regardless of whether he is from nearby or afar, he will be seized and sent to be a servant in the house of the immortals." Pilgrim said, "Could it be that those Daoists are truly in possession of some mighty magic, potent enough to seduce the king? If it's only a matter of summoning the wind and the rain, then it is merely a trivial trick of heterodoxy. How could it sway a ruler's heart?"

The monks said, “They know how to manipulate cinnabar and refine lead, to sit in meditation in order to nourish their spirits. They point to water and it changes into oil; they touch stones and transform them into pieces of gold. Now they are in the process of building a huge abbey for the Three Pure Ones, in which they can perform rites to Heaven and Earth and read scriptures night and day, to the end that the king will remain youthful for ten thousand years. Such enterprise undoubtedly pleases the king.”

“So that’s how it is!” said Pilgrim. “Why don’t you all run away and be done with it?”

“Father, we can’t!” said the monks. “Those immortal elders have obtained permission from the king to have our portraits painted and hung up in all four quarters of the kingdom.

Although the territory of this Cart Slow Kingdom is quite large, there is a picture of monks displayed in the marketplace of every village, town, county, and province. It bears on top the royal inscription that any official who catches a monk will be elevated three grades, and any private citizen who does so will receive a reward of fifty taels of white silver. That’s why we can never escape. Let’s not say monks—but even those who have cut their hair short or are getting bald will find it difficult to get past the officials. They are everywhere, the detectives and the runners! No matter what you do, you simply can’t flee. We have no alternative but to remain here and suffer.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “you might as well give up and die.”

“Venerable Father,” said the monks, “many of us have died. There were altogether some two thousand monks caught and brought here: some six or seven hundred of them have perished because they could not bear the suffering and the persecution, or because they could not endure the cold or adjust to the climate. Another seven or eight hundred committed suicide. Only we five hundred failed to die.”

“What do you mean by that?” asked Pilgrim. The monks said, “When we tried to hang ourselves, the ropes snapped; when we tried to cut ourselves, the blades were blunt; when we hurled ourselves into the river, we floated back up instead; and when we took poison, nothing happened to us.” Pilgrim said, “You are very lucky! Heaven must be desirous of prolonging your lives!”

“The last word is not quite right, Venerable Father,” said the monks, “for surely you mean prolonging our torments! Our daily meals are thin gruel made of the coarsest grains, and at night, we have nowhere to rest but this exposed piece of sandy beach. When we close our eyes, however, there will be deities here to protect us.”

“You mean the hard work during the day,” said Pilgrim, “causes you to see ghosts at night.”

“Not ghosts,” said the monks, “but the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, together with the Guardians of Monasteries. When night falls, they will appear to protect us and, in fact, prevent those who want to die from dying.” Pilgrim said, “These gods are rather unreasonable. They should rather let you die early so that you could reach Heaven at once. Why are they guarding you like that?”

The monks said, “They try to comfort us in our dreams, telling us not to seek death but to endure our suffering for awhile until the arrival of the holy monk from the Great Tang in the Land of the East, the arhat who is journeying to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures. Under him, we are told, there is a disciple who is the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, and who has vast magic powers. He is, moreover, a person of

rectitude and kindness, one who will avenge the injustices of the world, assist those who are needy and oppressed, and comfort the orphans and the widows. We are told to wait for his arrival, for he will reveal his power and destroy the Daoists, so that the teaching of Chan and complete poverty will be honored once more." When Pilgrim heard these words, he said silently to himself, smiling,

"Don't say old Monkey has no competence,
For gods proclaim early his eminence."

Turning quickly and striking up again the wooden fish, he left the monks to return to the city gate to meet the Daoists. "Sir," said the Daoists as they greeted him, "which of them is your relative?"

"All five hundred of them are relatives of mine," said Pilgrim.

Laughing, the two Daoists said, "How could you have that many relatives?"

"One hundred are neighbors to my left," said Pilgrim, "and one hundred are neighbors to my right; one hundred belong to my father's side, and one hundred belong to my mother's side.

Finally, one hundred happen to be my bond-brothers. If you are willing to let these five hundred persons go, I'll be willing to enter the city with you. If you are not, I won't go with you."

The Daoists said, "You must be a little crazy, for all at once you are babbling! These monks happen to be gifts from the king. If we want to release even one or two of them, we will have to go first before our masters to report that they are ill. Then, we have to submit a death certificate before we can consider the matter closed. How could you ask us to release them all? Nonsense! Nonsense! Why, not to speak of the fact that we would be left without servants in our household, but even the court might be offended. The king might send some officials to look into the work here or he himself might come to investigate. How could we dare let them go?"

"You won't release them?" said Pilgrim. "No, we won't!" said the Daoists. Pilgrim asked them three times and his anger flared up. Whipping out his iron rod from his ear, he squeezed it once in the wind and it had the thickness of a rice bowl. He tested it with his hand before slamming it down on the Daoists' heads. How pitiful! This one blow made

Their heads crack, their blood squirts, their bodies sink low;
Their skin split, their necks snap, their brains outflow!

Those monks on the beach, when they saw in the distance that he had slain the Daoists, all abandoned the cart and ran toward him, crying, "What disaster! You've just killed royal kin."

"What royal kin?" asked Pilgrim. The monks had him completely surrounded, crying, "Their masters would not bow to the king when they walk into court, and when they walk out, they need not take leave of the lord. His Majesty addresses them constantly as Messrs. Preceptors of State, Elder Brothers. How could you come here and cause such a terrible disaster? Their disciples came out to this place to supervise our work and they did not offend you. How could you beat them to death? If those immortal elders claimed that you were here only to supervise our labor and that we were the ones who took their lives, what would happen to us? We must go into the city with you and have you confess your guilt first."

"Stop hollering, all of you," said Pilgrim, laughing. "I am no mendicant Daoist of the Complete Truth order. I'm here to save you."

"You have murdered two men," said the monks, "and we are likely to be blamed for it. Look what you have added to our burdens! How could you be our savior?" Pilgrim said, "I am Pilgrim Sun Wukong, the disciple of the holy monk of the Great Tang. I have come especially to save your lives."

"No! No!" cried the monks. "You can't be, for we can recognize that venerable father."

"You haven't even met him," said Pilgrim, "so how could you recognize him?"

The monks said, "We have met in our dreams an old man who identified himself as the Gold Star Venus. He told us over and over again how Pilgrim Sun was supposed to look so that we wouldn't make a mistake in identifying him."

"What did he tell you?" asked Pilgrim. The monks said, "He said that the Great Sage has

A bumpy brow, and golden eyes flashing;
A round head and a hairy face jowl-less;
Gaping teeth, pointed mouth, a character most sly;
He looks more strange than thunder god.
Using a golden-hooped iron rod,
He once broke Heaven's gates apart.
He now follows Truth, protecting a monk,
And saves humankind from distress."

When Pilgrim heard these words, he was both pleased and annoyed; pleased, because the gods had spread wide his fame, but also annoyed, because those old rogues, he thought, had revealed to mortals his primal form. He blurted out all at once, "Indeed all of you can see that I am not Pilgrim Sun, but I am a disciple of his, just learning how to cause some trouble for fun! Look over there! Isn't that Pilgrim Sun who is approaching?"

He pointed to the East with his finger and tricked the monks into turning their heads. As they did so, he revealed his true form, which the monks recognized immediately. Every one of them went to his knees, saying, "Father, we are of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, and we failed to know that you appeared to us in transformation. We beg Father to avenge our wrongs and dispel our woes by entering the city quickly and exterminating the demonic ones."

"Follow me," said Pilgrim, and the monks all followed him closely.

The Great Sage walked to the beach. Exerting his magic power, he yanked the cart through the two passes and up the spine ridge before picking it up and smashing it to pieces. He then tossed all those bricks, tiles, and timber down a ravine. "Go away!" he bellowed to the monks. "Don't crowd around me. Let me see the king tomorrow and destroy those Daoists."

"O Father!" said those monks. "We dare not go very far away, for we fear that we might be caught by the officials. Then we would be brought back for beatings and for ransom, and there would be no end to our woes."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "let me give you some means of protection."

Dear Great Sage! He plucked a handful of hairs that he chewed into small pieces. To each of the monks he gave a piece with the instruction:

"Stick it into the nail of your fourth finger and then make a fist. You can walk as far as you want. Don't do anything if no one comes to seize you, but if there should be someone trying to arrest you, hold your fist up tightly and cry, 'Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.' I will come at once to protect you."

"Father," said the monks, "if we walk too far away and you can't see or hear us, what good will it do?"

"Relax," said Pilgrim, "for even if you are ten thousand miles away, I guarantee that nothing will happen to you." One of the monks who was somewhat courageous indeed held up his fist and whispered, "Great Sage, Equal to Heaven."

At once a thunder spirit stood in front of him, holding an iron rod. He looked so formidable that not even a thousand cavalry would dare charge near him. Several scores of the monks made the call also, and several scores of Great Sages at once appeared. The monks kowtowed, crying, "Father, truly an efficacious manifestation!"

"When you want it to disappear," said Pilgrim, "all you have to say is the word, 'Cease.'"

They cried, "Cease!" and the hairs appeared again in their nails. The monks were overjoyed and began to disperse. "Don't go too far away," said Pilgrim, "but listen for news of me in the city. If a proclamation requesting for monks to return to the city is published, you may then enter the city and give me back my hairs."

Those five hundred monks then scattered in all directions, and we shall speak no more of them for the moment.

We tell you now instead about the Tang Monk by the wayside. While he waited in vain for Pilgrim to come back with a report, he told Zhu Eight Rules to lead the horse forward toward the West. As they proceeded, they met some monks hurrying by, and when they drew near the city, they saw Pilgrim standing there with a dozen or so monks who had not dispersed. Reining in his horse, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, you were sent here to find out about the strange noise. Why did it take you so long and still you didn't return?" Leading those monks to bow before the Tang Monk's horse, Pilgrim gave a thorough account of what had happened. Horrified, Tripitaka said, "If this is the situation, what shall we do?"

"Please have no fear, Venerable Father," said those monks. "Father Great Sage Sun is an incarnation of a Heavenly god, and his vast magic powers will no doubt prevent you from coming to any harm. We are priests of the Wisdom Depth Monastery of this city, an edifice built by imperial command of the late king, the father of the present ruler. Since the image of the late king is still inside the monastery, it has not been torn down along with all the other monasteries, big and small, of the city. Let us invite the venerable father to go into the city and rest in our humble dwelling. We are certain that the Great Sage Sun will know what to do by the time of the morning court tomorrow."

"What you say is quite right," said Pilgrim. "All right! We might as well enter the city first."

The elder dismounted and went up to the city gate. The sun was setting as they walked across the drawbridge and inside the triple gates. When people on the streets

saw that priests from the Wisdom Depth Monastery were toting luggage and leading a horse, they all drew back and avoided them. Before long they reached the entrance of the monastery, where they saw hanging high above the gate a huge plaque on which was written in gold letters:

"The Wisdom Depth Monastery, Built by Imperial Command." Pushing open the gates, the monks led them through the Vairocana Hall. They then opened the door to the main hall; the Tang Monk draped the cassock over his body and prostrated himself before the golden image. Only after he had paid homage to Buddha in this manner did he walk inside the main hall. "Hey, you who are looking after the house!" cried the monks, and an old priest emerged. When he saw Pilgrim, he fell on his knees at once and cried, "Father, have you arrived?"

"Who am I?" asked Pilgrim. "Why should you address me and honor me in this manner?"

"I recognize you to be the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, the Father Sun," said the priest. "Every night we dream of you, for the Gold Star Venus frequently appears to us in our dreams, telling us that we can preserve our lives only when you come to us. Today, I can tell immediately that you are the one whom we saw in our dreams. O Father, I'm so glad that you have arrived in time.

After one or two more days, we may all become ghosts!"

"Please rise! Please rise!" said Pilgrim with laughter. "Tomorrow you will see some results!"

The monks all went to prepare for them a vegetarian meal, after which they swept clean the abbot's residence for the pilgrims to rest.

Pilgrim, however, was so preoccupied that he could not sleep even by the time of the second watch. From somewhere nearby also came the sound of pipes and gongs, and he became so aroused that he rose quietly and slipped on his clothes. He leaped into midair to have a better look and at once discovered that there was the bright glare of lamps and torches due south of him. Lowering his cloud, he peered intently and found that the Daoists of the Three Pure Ones Abbey were making supplications to the stars. He saw

The spiritual realm of a tall chamber;
The blessed place of a magic hall.
The spiritual realm of a tall chamber,
August like the features of Mount Penglai;
The blessed place of a magic hall,
Immaculate like the Palace of Transformed Joy.
Daoists on both sides played their strings and pipes;
Masters at the center held up their tablets of jade.
They expounded the Woe-Dispelling Litany*;*
They lectured on the Classic of the Way and Virtue.
To raise dust a few times they wrote out their charms;
To make the supplication they prostrated themselves.
With spell and water they sent a dispatch
As flames of torches shot up to the Region Above.
They sought and questioned the stars
As fragrant incense rose through the azure sky.

Before the stands were fresh offerings;
On top of tables were victuals sumptuous.

On both sides of the hall's entrance was hung a pair of yellow silk scrolls on which the following parallel couplet in large characters was embroidered:

For wind and rain in due season,
We invoke the Celestial Worthies' boundless power.
As the empire's peaceful and prosperous,
May our lord's reign exceed ten thousand years.

There were three old Daoists resplendent in their ritual robes, and Pilgrim thought they had to be the Tiger-Strength, Deer-Strength, and Goat-Strength Immortals. Below them there was a motley crew of some seven or eight hundred Daoists; lined up on opposite sides, they were beating drums and gongs, offering incense, and saying prayers. Secretly pleased, Pilgrim said to himself, "I would like to go down there and fool with them a bit, but as the proverb says,

A silk fiber is no thread;
A single hand cannot clap.

Let me go back and alert Eight Rules and Sha Monk. Then we can return and have some fun." Putting his auspicious cloud on a descending path, he headed straight back to the abbot's hall, where he found Eight Rules and Sha Monk asleep head to foot in one bed. Pilgrim tried to wake Wujing first, and as he stirred, Sha Monk said, "Elder Brother, you aren't asleep yet?"

"Get up now," said Pilgrim, "for you and I are going to enjoy ourselves."

"In the dead of night," said Sha Monk, "how could we enjoy ourselves when our mouths are dried and our eyes won't stay open?" Pilgrim said, "There is indeed in this city an Abbey of the Three Pure Ones. Right now the Daoists in the Abbey are conducting a mass, and their main hall is filled with all kinds of offerings. The buns are big as barrels, and their cakes must weigh fifty or sixty pounds each. There are also countless rice condiments and fresh fruits. Come with me and we'll go enjoy ourselves!" When Zhu Eight Rules heard in his sleep that there were nice edibles, he immediately woke up, saying, "Elder Brother, aren't you going to take care of me, too?"

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "if you want to eat, don't make all these noises and wake up Master. Just follow me."

The two of them slipped on their clothes and walked quietly out the door. They trod on the cloud with Pilgrim and rose into the air.

When Idiot saw the flare of lights, he wanted immediately to go down there had not Pilgrim pulled him back. "Don't be so impatient," said Pilgrim. "Wait till they disperse. Then we can go down there."

Eight Rules said, "But obviously they are having such a good time praying. Why would they want to disperse?"

"Let me use a little magic," said Pilgrim, "and they will."

Dear Great Sage! He made the magic sign with his fingers and recited a spell before he drew in his breath facing the ground toward the southwest. Then he blew it out and at once a violent whirlwind assailed the Three Pure Ones Hall, smashing flower vases and candle stands and tearing up all the ex-votos hanging on the four walls. As lights and torches were all blown out, the Daoists became terrified. Tiger-Strength

Immortal said, “Disciples, let’s disperse. Since this divine wind has extinguished all our lamps, torches, and incense, each of us should retire. We can rise earlier tomorrow morning to recite a few more scrolls of scriptures and make up for what we miss tonight.”

The various Daoists indeed retired.

Our Pilgrim, leading Eight Rules and Sha Monk, lowered their clouds and dashed up to the Three Pure Ones Hall. Without bothering to find out whether it was raw or cooked, Idiot grabbed one of the cakes and gave it a fierce bite. Pilgrim whipped out the iron rod and tried to give his hand a whack. Hastily withdrawing his hand to dodge the blow, Eight Rules said, “I haven’t even found out the taste yet, and you’re trying to hit me already?”

“Don’t be so rude,” said Pilgrim. “Let’s sit down with proper manners and then we may treat ourselves.”

“Aren’t you embarrassed?” asked Eight Rules. “You are stealing food, you know, and you still want proper manners! If you were invited here, what would you do then?” Pilgrim said, “Who are these bodhisattvas sitting up there?”

“What do you mean by who are these bodhisattvas?” chuckled Eight Rules. “Can’t you recognize the Three Pure Ones?”

“Which Three Pure Ones?” asked Pilgrim. “The one in the middle,” said Eight Rules, “is the Celestial Worthy of Commencement; the one on the left is the Daoist Lord of Numinous Treasures; and the one on the right is the Most High Aged Lord, Laozi.” Pilgrim said, “We have to take on their appearances. Only then can we eat safely and comfortably.” When he caught hold of the delicious fragrance coming from the offerings, Idiot could wait no longer. Climbing up onto the tall platform, he gave the figure of Laozi a shove with his snout and pushed it to the floor, saying, “Old fellow, you have sat here long enough! Now let old Hog take your place for awhile!” So Eight Rules changed himself into Laozi, while Pilgrim took on the appearance of the Celestial Worthy of Commencement and Sha Monk became the Daoist Lord of Numinous Treasures. All the original images were pushed down to the floor. The moment they sat down, Eight Rules began to gorge himself with the huge buns. “Could you wait one moment?” said Pilgrim. “Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “we have changed into their forms. Why wait any longer?”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “it’s a small thing to eat, but giving ourselves away is no small matter! These holy images we pushed on the floor could be found by those Daoists who had to rise early to strike the bell or sweep the grounds. If they stumbled over them, wouldn’t our secret be revealed? Why don’t you see if you can hide them somewhere?”

Eight Rules said, “This is an unfamiliar place, and I don’t even know where to begin to look for a hiding spot.”

“Just now when we entered the hall,” Pilgrim said, “I chanced to notice a little door on our right. Judging from the foul stench coming through it, I think it must be a Bureau of Five-Grain Transmigration. Send them in there.” Idiot, in truth, was rather good at crude labor! He leaped down, threw the three images over his shoulder, and carried them out of the hall. When he kicked open the door, he found a huge privy inside. Chuckling to himself he said, “This Ban-Horse-Plague truly has a way with words! He even bestows on a privy a sacred title! The Bureau of Five-Grain

Transmigration, what a name!" Still hauling the images on his shoulders, Idiot began to mumble this prayer to them:

"O Pure Ones Three,
I'll confide in thee:
From afar we came,
Staunch foes of bogies.
We'd like a treat,
But nowhere's cozy.
We borrow your seats
For awhile only.
You've sat too long,
Now join the privy.
In times past you've enjoyed countless good things
By being pure and clean Daoists.
Today you can't avoid facing something dirty
When you become Celestial Worthies Most Smelly!"

After he had made his supplication, he threw them inside with a splash and half of his robe was soiled by the muck. As he walked back into the hall, Pilgrim said, "Did you hide them well?"

"Well enough," said Eight Rules, "but some of the filth stained my robe. It still stinks. I hope it won't make you retch."

"Never mind," said Pilgrim, laughing, "you just come and enjoy yourself. I wonder if we could all make a clean getaway!"

After Idiot changed back into the form of Laozi, the three of them took their seats and abandoned themselves to enjoyment. They ate the huge buns fist; then they gobbled down the side dishes, the rice condiments, the dumplings, the baked goods, the cakes, the deep-fried dishes, and the steamed pastries—regardless of whether these were hot or cold. Pilgrim Sun, however, was not too fond of anything cooked; all he had were a few pieces of fruit, just to keep the other two company. Meanwhile Eight Rules and Sha Monk went after the offerings like comets chasing the moon, like wind mopping up the clouds! In no time at all, the food was completely devoured. When there was nothing left for them to eat, instead of leaving, they remained seated there to chat and wait for the food to digest.

Alas! This was what had to happen! There was, you see, in the east corridor a young Daoist, who, just when he had lain down, scrambled up again all at once when he thought to himself, "I left my handbell in the hall. If I lost it, the masters would rebuke me tomorrow."

He said to his companion, "You sleep first. I've got to go find something." Without even putting on his undergarments, he threw a shirt on himself and went to the main hall to search for his bell. Groping this way and that in the darkness, he finally found it.

As he was turning to leave, he suddenly heard sounds of breathing. Terribly frightened, the Daoist began to rush out of the hall, and as he did so, he stepped on a lychee seed, which sent him crashing to the floor and the bell was smashed to pieces. Unable to restrain himself, Zhu Eight Rules burst into roars of laughter, frightening the

little Daoist out of his wits. He scrambled up only to fall down once more; stumbling all over, he managed to reach the master residence.

"Grand-Masters," he screamed as he pounded on the door, "It's terrible! Disaster!"

The three old Daoists had not yet fallen asleep.

They opened the door to ask, "What disaster?"

Trembling all over, the young Daoist said, "Your disciple left behind his handbell, and he went to the main hall to search for it. I heard someone roaring with laughter, and it almost frightened me to death." When the old Daoists heard these words, they cried, "Bring some light. Let's see what kind of perverse creature is around."

The Daoists sleeping along the two corridors, old and young, were all aroused, and they at once scrambled up to the main hall with lamps and torches. We do not know what was the result; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FORTY-FIVE

At the Three Pure Ones Abbey the Great Sage leaves his name
At the Cart Slow Kingdom the Monkey King shows his power

We now tell you about the Great Sage Sun, who used his left hand to give Sha Monk a pinch, and his right to give Zhu Eight Rules a pinch. Immediately understanding what he meant, the two of them fell silent and sat with lowered faces on their high seats. They allowed those Daoists to examine them back and front with uplifted lamps and torches, but the three of them seemed no more than idols made of clay and adorned with gold.

"There are no thieves around," said the Tiger-Strength Immortal, "but then, why are all the offerings eaten?"

"It definitely looks as if humans have eaten them," said the Deer-Strength Immortal. "Look how the fruits are skinned and their stones spat out. Why is it that we don't see any human form?"

"Don't be too suspicious, Elder Brothers," said the Goat-Strength Immortal. "I think that our piety and sincerity of reciting scriptures and saying prayers here night and day, all in the name of the court, must have aroused the Celestial Worthies. The Venerable Fathers of the Three Pure Ones, I suppose, must have descended to earth and consumed these offerings. Why don't we take advantage of the fact that their holy train and crane carriages are still here and make supplication to the Celestial Worthies? We should beg for some golden elixir and holy water with which we may present His Majesty. Wouldn't his long life and perpetual youth be in fact our merit?"

"You are right," said the Tiger-Strength Immortal. "Disciples, start the music and recite the scriptures. Bring us our ritual robes. Let me tread the stars to make our supplication."

Those little Daoists all obeyed and lined themselves up on both sides. At the sound of the gong, they all recited in unison the scroll of *True Scriptures of the Yellow Court*. After having put on his ritual robe, the Tiger-Strength Immortal held high his jade tablet and began to kick up the dust with dancing. Intermittently he would fall to the ground and prostrate himself. Then he intoned this petition:

"In fear and dread,
We bow most humbly.
To stir up our faith
We seek Purity.
Vile priests we quell
To honor the Way.
This hall we build
The king to obey.
Dragon flags we raise,
And off'rings display;
Torches by night,
Incense by day.
One thought sincere
Doth Heaven sway.

Chariots divine
Now come to stay.
Grant unto us some elixir and holy water,
Which we may give to His Majesty
That he may gain longevity."

When Eight Rules heard these words, he was filled with apprehension. "This is our fault! We've eaten the goods and should be on our way. Now, how shall we answer such supplication?" Pilgrim gave him another pinch before suddenly opening his mouth and speaking out loud, "You immortals of a younger generation, please stop your recitation. We have just returned from the Festival of Immortal Peaches, and we have not brought along any golden elixir or holy water. In another day we shall come to bestow them on you." When those Daoists, old and young, heard that the image had actually spoken, every one of them trembled violently till even their garments quaked. "O Fathers!" they cried, "the living Celestial Worthies have descended to earth. We must not let them go. We must insist on their giving us some sort of magic formula for eternal youth."

Then the Deer-Strength Immortal went forward also to prostrate himself and intone this supplication:

"Our heads to the dust,
We pray earnestly.
Your subjects submit
To the Pure Ones Three.
Since we came here,
The Way was set free.
The king is pleased
To seek longevity.
This Heavenly Mass
Chants scriptures nightly.
We thank the Celestial Worthies
For revealing their presence holy.
O hear our prayers!
We seek your glory!
Do leave some holy water behind,
That your disciples long life may find!"

Sha Monk gave Pilgrim a pinch and whispered fiercely, "Elder Brother! They are at it again! Just listen to the prayer!"

"All right," said Pilgrim, "let's give them something."

"Where could we find it?" muttered Eight Rules. "Just watch me," said Pilgrim, "and when you see that I have it, you'll have it too!"

After those Daoists had finished their music and their prayers, Pilgrim again spoke out loud, "You immortals of a younger generation, there's no need for your bowing and praying any longer. I am rather reluctant to leave you some holy water, but I fear then that our posterity will die out. If I gave you some, however, it would seem to be too easy a boon." When those Daoists heard these words, they all prostrated themselves and kowtowed. "We beseech the Celestial Worthies to have regard for the reverence of your disciples," they cried, "and we beg you to leave us some. We shall

proclaim far and near the Way and Virtue. We shall memorialize to the king to give added honors to the Gate of Mystery."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "bring us some vessels."

The Daoists all touched their heads to the ground to give thanks. Being the greediest, the Tiger-Strength Immortal hauled in a huge cistern and placed it in the hall. The Deer-Strength Immortal fetched an earthenware garden vase and put it on top of the offering table. The Goat-Strength Immortal pulled out the flowers from a flowerpot and placed it in the middle of the other two vessels. Then Pilgrim said to them, "Now leave the hall and close the shutters so that the Heavenly mysteries will not be seen by profane eyes. We shall leave you some holy water."

The Daoists retreated from the hall and closed the doors, after which they all prostrated themselves before the vermilion steps.

Pilgrim stood up at once and, lifting up his tiger-skin kilt, filled the flowerpot with his stinking urine. Delighted by what he saw, Zhu Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, you and I have been brothers these few years but we have never had fun like this before. Since I gorged myself just now, I have been feeling the urge to do this." Lifting up his clothes, our Idiot let loose such a torrent that it sounded as if the Lüliang Cascade had crashed onto some wooden boards! He pissed till he filled the whole garden vase. Sha Monk, too, left behind half a cistern. They then straightened their clothes and resumed their seats solemnly before they called out, "Little ones, receive your holy water." Pushing open the shutters, those Daoists kowtowed repeatedly to give thanks. They carried the cistern out first, and then they poured the contents of the vase and the pot into the bigger vessel, mixing the liquids together. "Disciples," said the Tiger-Strength Immortal, "bring me a cup so that I can have a taste."

A young Daoist immediately fetched a teacup and handed it to the old Daoist. After bailing out a cup of it and gulping down a huge mouthful, the old Daoist kept wiping his mouth and puckering his lips. "Elder Brother," said the Deer-Strength Immortal, "is it good?"

"Not very good," said the old Daoist, his lips still pouted, "the flavor is quite potent!"

"Let me try it also," said the Goat-Strength Immortal, and he, too, downed a mouthful. Immediately he said, "It smells somewhat like hog urine!" Sitting high above them and hearing this remark, Pilgrim knew that he could no longer fool them. He thought to himself, "I might as well display my abilities and leave them our names too."

He cried out in a loud voice,

"O Daoists, Daoists,
You are so silly!
Which Three Pure Ones
Would be so worldly?
Let our true names
Be told most clearly.
Monks of the Great Tang
Go West by decree.
We come to your place
This fine night carefree.
Your offerings eaten,

We sit and play.
Your bows and greetings
How could we repay?
That was no holy water you drank.
Twas only the urine we pissed that stank!"

The moment the Daoists heard this, they barred the door. Picking up pitchforks, rakes, brooms, tiles, rocks, and whatever else they could put their hands on, they sent these hurtling inside the main hall to attack the impostors. Dear Pilgrim! Using his left hand to catch hold of Sha Monk and his right to take hold of Eight Rules, he crashed out of the door and mounted the cloudy luminosity to go straight back to the Wisdom Depth Monastery. When they arrived at the abbot's residence, they dared not disturb their master; each went to bed quietly and slept until the third quarter of the fifth watch. At that time, of course, the king began to hold his morning court, where two rows of civil and military officials—some four hundred of them—stood at attention. You see

Bright lamps and torches midst purple gauze;
Fragrant clouds rising from treasure tripods.

As soon as Tripitaka Tang woke up, he said, "Disciples, help me to go and have our travel rescript certified." Rising quickly, Pilgrim, Sha Monk, and Eight Rules slipped on their clothes and stood to one side to wait on their master. They said, "Let it be known to our master that this king truly believes only the Daoists and is eager to exalt the Way and to exterminate the Buddhists. We fear that any illspoken word may cause him to refuse to certify our rescript. Let us therefore accompany Master to enter the court."

Highly pleased, the Tang Monk draped the brocaded cassock on himself while Pilgrim took out the travel rescript; Wujing was told to hold the alms bowl and Wuneng to take up the priestly staff. The luggage and the horse were placed in the care of the monks of the Wisdom Depth Monastery. They went before the Five-Phoenix Tower and saluted the Custodian of the Yellow Gate. Having identified themselves, they declared that they were scripture pilgrims from the Great Tang in the Land of the East, who wished to have their travel rescript certified and would therefore like the custodian to announce their arrival. The official of the gate went at once into court and prostrated himself before the golden steps to memorialize to the king, saying, "There are four Buddhist monks outside who claim that they are scripture pilgrims from the Great Tang in the Land of the East. They wish to have their travel rescript certified, and they now await Your Majesty's decree before the Five-Phoenix Tower." When the king heard this, he said, "These monks have nowhere to court death and, of all places, they have to do it here! Why didn't our constables arrest them at once and bring them here?"

A Grand Preceptor before the throne stepped forward and said, "The Great Tang in the Land of the East is located in the South Jambūdvīpa Continent; it's the great nation of China, some ten thousand miles from here. As the way is infested with monsters and fiends, these monks must have considerable magic powers or they would not dare undertake this westward journey. I implore Your Majesty to invite them in and certify their rescript so that they may proceed, for the sake of the fact that they are the distant monks from China and for the sake of not destroying any goodly affinity."

The king gave his consent and summoned the Tang Monk and his followers before the Hall of Golden Chimes. After master and disciples arrived before the steps, they presented the rescript to the king. The king opened the document and was about to

read it, when the Custodian of the Yellow Gate appeared to announce, “The three Preceptors of State have arrived.”

The king was so flustered that he put away the rescript hurriedly and left the dragon seat. After having ordered his attendants to set out some embroidered cushions, he bent his body to receive his visitors. When Tripitaka and his followers turned around to look, they saw those three great immortals swagger in, followed by a young acolyte with two tousled pigtails. Not daring even to lift their eyes, the two rows of officials all bowed deeply as they walked by. After they ascended the Hall of Golden Chimes, they did not even bother to salute the king.

“State Preceptors,” said the king, “we have not invited you. How is it that you are pleased to visit us today?”

“We have something to tell you,” said one of the old Daoists, “and that’s why we’re here. Those four monks down there, where do they come from?”

The king said, “They were sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to fetch scriptures, and they presented themselves here to have their travel rescript certified.”

Clapping their hands together, the three Daoists burst out laughing and said, “We thought they had fled. So they are still here!” Somewhat startled, the king said, “What do you mean, Preceptors? When we first heard of their arrival, we wanted to arrest them and send them to serve you, had not our Grand Preceptor on duty intervened and presented a most reasonable memorial.

Since we had regard for the fact that they had traveled a great distance, and since we did not wish to destroy our goodly affinity with China, we summoned them in here to verify their rescript. We did not expect you to raise any question about them. Could it be that they have offended you in some way?”

“Your Majesty wouldn’t know about this,” said one of the Daoists, chuckling. “Hardly had they arrived yesterday when they slew two of our disciples outside the eastern gate. The five hundred Buddhist prisoners were all released and the cart was smashed to pieces.

As if that weren’t enough, they sneaked into our temple last night, vandalized the holy images of the Three Pure Ones, and devoured all the imperial offerings. We were fooled by them at first, thinking that the Celestial Worthies had descended to Earth. We therefore even asked them to give us some golden elixir and holy water with which we might present Your Majesty, so that you would be blessed with eternal youth. We hardly expected that they would trick us by leaving us their urine. We found out all right, after each of us had tasted a mouthful! Just when we were about to seize them, they managed to escape. We didn’t think that they would dare remain here today. As the proverb says, ‘The road for fated enemies is narrow indeed’!” When the king heard this, he became so irate that he would have had the four priests executed at once. Pressing his palms together, the Great Sage Sun cried out in a loud voice, saying, “Your Majesty, let your thunderlike wrath subside for the moment and permit this monk to present his memorial.”

“You offended the State Preceptors!” said the king. “Do you dare imply that their words might be erroneous?” Pilgrim said, “He claimed that yesterday we slaughtered two of his disciples outside the city. But who could be a witness? Even if we were to confess to this crime, and that would be a gross injustice, only two of us

need be asked to pay with our lives, and two of us should be released so that we might proceed to acquire the scriptures. He claimed further that we wrecked their cart and released their Buddhist prisoners. Again, there is no witness, and moreover, this is hardly a mortal offense and only one of us should be punished for this if it were true. Finally, he charged us with vandalizing the images of the Three Pure Ones and causing disturbance in their temple. This is clearly a trap they set for us."

"How could you say that it's a trap?" asked the king.

"We monks are from the Land of the East," said Pilgrim, "and we've just arrived in this region. We can't even tell one street from another. How could we know about the affairs of their temple, and at night no less? If we could leave them our urine, they should have been able to arrest us right then and there. Why did they wait until this morning to accuse us? In this whole wide world, there are countless people who use false identities. How could they know for certain that we are guilty? I beg Your Majesty to withhold your anger and make a thorough investigation."

The king, after all, had always been rather muddle-headed. When he heard this lengthy speech by Pilgrim, he became more confused than ever.

Just then, the Custodian of the Yellow Gate again came to make this announcement:

"Your Majesty, there are outside the gate many village elders who await your summons."

"For what reason?" asked the king. He ordered them brought in, and thirty or forty village elders came before the hall. "Your Majesty," they said as they kowtowed, "there has been no rain this year for the entire spring, and we fear that there will be a famine if it remains dry like this through summer. We have come especially to request that one of the Holy Fathers, the Preceptors of State, pray for sweet rain that will succor the entire population."

The king said, "Let the village elders withdraw. Rain will be forthcoming."

The village elders gave thanks and left.

Then the king said, "You, priests of the Tang court, why do you think that we honor the Dao and seek to destroy Buddhism? It was because in years past, the monks of this dynasty attempted to pray for rain, and they could not produce even a single drop. It was our good fortune that these Preceptors of State descended from Heaven and saved us from our bitter affliction. Now all of you have offended the Preceptors of State no sooner than you arrived from a great distance, and you should be condemned. We shall pardon you for the moment, however, and ask whether you dare to have a rainmaking competition with our Preceptors. If your prayers could bring us the rain to assuage the needs of the people, we would pardon you, certify your rescript, and permit you to journey to the West. If you fail in your competition and no rain comes, all of you will be taken to the block and beheaded publicly." With a laugh, Pilgrim said, "This little priest has some knowledge of prayers, too!" When the king heard this, he at once asked for an altar to be built. Meanwhile, he also gave the command that his carriage be brought out. "We want personally to ascend the Five-Phoenix Tower to watch," he said. Many officials followed the carriage up the tower and the king took his seat. Tripitaka Tang, followed by Pilgrim, Sha Monk, and Eight Rules, stood at attention down below, while the three Daoists also accompanied the king and took their seats on the tower. In a

little while, an official came riding with the report, "The altar is ready. Let one of the Father Preceptors of State ascend it."

Bowing with his hands folded before him, the Tiger-Strength Immortal took leave of the king and walked down the tower. "Sir," said Pilgrim, barring his way, "where are you going?"

"To ascend the altar and pray for rain," said the Great Immortal. "You do have a sense of self-importance," said Pilgrim, "absolutely unwilling to defer to us monks who have come from a great distance. All right! As the proverb says, 'Even a strong dragon is no match for a local worm!' But if the master insists on proceeding first, then he must make a statement first before the king."

"What statement?" asked the Great Immortal. Pilgrim said, "Both you and I are supposed to ascend the altar to pray for rain. When it comes, how could anyone tell whether it's your rain or mine? Who could tell whose merit it is?" When the king above them heard this, he was secretly pleased and said, "The words of this little priest are quite gutsy!" When Sha Monk heard this, he said to himself, smiling, "You don't know that his stomach's full of gutsiness! He hasn't shown much of it yet!"

The Great Immortal said, "There's no need for me to make any statement. His Majesty is quite familiar with what I am about to do."

"He may know it," said Pilgrim, "but I am a monk who came from a distant region. I have never met you and I'm not familiar with what you are about to do. I don't want us to end up accusing each other later, for that wouldn't be good business. We must settle this first before we act."

"All right," said the Great Immortal, "when I ascend the altar, I shall use my ritual tablet as a sign. When I bang it loudly on the table once, wind will come; the second time, clouds will gather; the third time, there will be lightning and thunder; the fourth time, rain will come; and finally the fifth time, rain will stop and clouds will disperse."

"Marvelous!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "I have never seen this before! Please go! Please go!" With great strides, the Great Immortal walked forward, followed by Tripitaka and the rest. As they approached the altar, they saw that it was a platform about thirty feet tall. On all sides were flown banners with the names of the Twenty-Eight Constellations written on them. There was a table on top of the altar, and on the table was set an urn filled with burning incense. On both sides of the urn were two candle stands with huge, brightly lit candles. Leaning against the urn was a tablet made of gold, carved with the names of the thunder deities. Beneath the table were five huge cisterns full of clear water and afloat with willow branches. To the branches was attached a thin sheet of iron inscribed with the charms used to summon the agents of the Thunder Bureau. Five huge pillars were also set up around the table, and written on these pillars were the names of the barbarian thunder lords of Five Quarters. There were two Daoists standing on both sides of each pillar; each of the Daoists held an iron bludgeon used for pounding on the pillar. There were also many Daoists drawing up documents behind the altar. Before them there were set up a brazier for burning papers and several statues, all representing the messengers of charms, the local spirits, and patron deities.

The Great Immortal, without affecting the slightest degree of modesty, walked straight up to the altar and stood still. A young Daoist presented him with several charms written on yellow papers and a treasure sword. Holding the sword, the Great

Immortal recited a spell and then burnt a charm on the flame of a candle. Down below several Daoists picked up a document and a statue holding a charm and had these burned also. With a bang the old Daoist high above brought down his ritual tablet on the table and at once a breeze could be felt in the air. "O dear! O dear!" muttered Eight Rules. "This Daoist is certainly quite capable! He bangs his tablet once and indeed the wind's rising."

"Be quiet, Brother," said Pilgrim. "Don't speak to me anymore. Just stand guard over Master here and let me do my business."

Dear Great Sage! He pulled off a piece of hair and blew on it his immortal breath, saying, "Change!" It changed at once into a spurious Pilgrim, standing next to the Tang Monk. His true body rose with his primal spirit into midair, where he shouted, "Who is in charge of the wind here?"

He so startled the Old Woman of the Wind that she hugged her bag while the Second Boy of the Wind pulled tight the rope at the mouth of the bag. They stepped forward to salute Pilgrim, who said, "I am accompanying the holy monk of the Tang court to go to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. We happen to pass through the Cart Slow Kingdom and are now waging a rainmaking contest with that deviant Daoist. How could you not help old Monkey and assist that Daoist instead? I'll pardon you this time, but you'd better call in the wind. If there's just the tiniest breeze to make the whiskers of the Daoist flutter, each of you will receive twenty strokes of the iron rod!"

"We dare not! We dare not!" said the Old Woman of the Wind, and so, there was no sign of any wind. Unable to contain himself, Eight Rules began to holler, "You Sir, please step down! You've banged aloud the tablet. How is it that there's no wind? You come down, and let us go up there."

Holding high his tablet, the Daoist burned another charm before bringing down his tablet once more. Immediately, clouds and fog began to form in midair, but the Great Sage Sun shouted again, "Who is spreading the clouds?"

He so startled the Cloud-Pushing Boy and the Fog-Spreading Lad that they hurriedly came forward to salute him. After Pilgrim had given his explanation as before, the Cloud Boy and the Mist Lad removed the clouds, so that

The sun came out and shone most brilliantly;
The sky was cloudless for ten thousand miles.

Laughing, Eight Rules said, "This master may deceive the king and befool his subjects. But he hasn't any real abilities! Why, the tablet has sounded twice! Why is it that we don't see any clouds forming?"

Becoming rather agitated, the Daoist loosened his hair, picked up his sword, and recited another spell as he burned a charm. Once more he brought down his tablet with a bang, and immediately the Heavenly Lord Deng arrived from the South Heaven Gate, trailed by the Squire of Thunder and the Mother of Lightning. When they saw Pilgrim in midair, they saluted him, and he gave his explanation as before. "What powerful summons," he said "brought you all here so quickly?"

The Heavenly Lord said, "The proper magic of Five Thunder exercised by that Daoist was not faked.

He issued the summons and burned the document, which alerted the Jade Emperor.

The Jade Emperor sent his decree to the residence of the Primordial Celestial Worthy of All-Pervading Thunderclap in the Ninefold Heaven. We in turn received his command to come here and assist with the rainmaking by providing thunder and lightning."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "just wait a moment. You can help old Monkey instead."

There was, therefore, neither the sound of thunder nor the flash of lightning.

In sheer desperation now, that Daoist added more incense, burned his charms, recited more spells, and struck his tablet more loudly than ever. In midair, the Dragon Kings of Four Oceans all arrived together, only to be met by Pilgrim, who shouted, "Aoguang, where do you think you're going?"

Aoguang, Aoshun, Aoqin, and Aorun all went forward to salute him, and Pilgrim gave his explanation as before. He thanked the Dragon Kings moreover, saying, "I needed your help in times past, but we have not yet reached our goal.

Today, I must rely on your assistance once more to help me achieve this merit right now. That Daoist has struck his tablet four times, and it's now old Monkey's turn to do business. But I don't know how to burn charms, issue summons, or strike any tablet. So all of you must play along with me."

The Heavenly Lord Deng said, "If the Great Sage gives us the order, who would dare disobey? You must, however, give us a sign, so that we may follow your instructions in an orderly manner. Otherwise, thunder and rain may be all mixed up, and that will not be to the credit of the Great Sage." Pilgrim said, "I'll use my rod as the sign."

"O Dear Father!" cried the Squire of Thunder, horrified. "How could we take the rod?"

"I'm not going to strike you," said Pilgrim. "All I want from you is to watch the rod. If I point it upwards once, you'll make the wind blow."

"We'll make the wind blow!" snapped the Old Woman of the Wind and the Second Boy of the Wind in unison.

"When the rod points upward a second time, you'll spread the clouds."

"We'll spread the clouds! We'll spread the clouds!" cried the Cloud-Pushing Boy and the Mist-Spreading Lad.

"When I point the rod upwards for the third time, I want thunder and lightning."

"We'll provide the service! We'll provide the service!" said the Squire of Thunder and the Mother of Lightning.

"When I point the rod upwards the fourth time, I want rain."

"We obey! We obey!" said the Dragon Kings.

"And when I point the rod upwards the fifth time, I want sunshine and fair weather. Don't make any mistake!"

After he had given all these instructions, Pilgrim dropped down from the clouds and retrieved his hair back to his body. Being of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, how could those people know the difference? Pilgrim then cried out with a loud voice, "Sir,

please stop! You have struck aloud the tablet four times, but there's not the slightest sign of wind, cloud, thunder, or rain. You should let me take over."

The Daoist had no choice but to leave his place and come down the altar for Pilgrim to take his turn. Pouting, he went back to the tower to see the throne. "Let me follow him," said Pilgrim, "and see what he has to say."

He arrived and heard the king asking the Daoist, "We have been listening here most eagerly for the sounds of your tablet. Four times it struck and there was neither wind nor rain. Why is that?"

The Daoist said, "Today the dragon deities are not home." Pilgrim shouted with a loud voice, "Your Majesty, the dragon deities are home all right, but the magic of your National Preceptor is not efficacious enough to bring them here. Allow us priests to summon them here for you to see."

"Ascend the altar at once," said the king, "and we shall wait for the rain here."

Having received this decree, Pilgrim dashed back to the altar and tugged at the Tang Monk, saying, "Master, please go up to the altar."

"Disciple," said the Tang Monk, "I don't know how to pray for rain."

"He's trying to set you up," said Eight Rules, laughing. "If there's no rain, they'll put you on the pyre and finish you off with a fire." Pilgrim said, "Though you may not know how to pray for rain, you know how to recite scriptures. Let me help you."

The elder indeed ascended the altar and solemnly took a seat on top. With complete concentration, he recited silently the Heart Sūtra. Suddenly an official came galloping on a horse with the question, "Why are you monks not striking the tablet and burning charms?" Pilgrim answered in a loud voice, "No need for that! Ours is the quiet work of fervent prayers."

The official left to give this reply to the king, and we shall mention him no further.

When Pilgrim heard that his old master had finished reciting the sūtra, he took out his rod from his ear and one wave of it in the wind gave it a length of twelve feet and the thickness of a rice bowl. He pointed it upwards in the air; when the Old Woman of the Wind saw it, she immediately shook loose her bag as the Second Boy of the Wind untied the rope around its mouth. The roar of the wind could be heard instantly, as tiles and bricks flew up all over the city and stones and dust hurtled through the air. Just look at it! It was truly marvelous wind, not at all similar to any ordinary breeze. You saw

Snapped willows and cracked flowers;
Fallen trees and toppled woods;
Nine-layered halls with chipped and broken walls;
A Five- Phoenix Tower of shaken pillars and beams;
The red sun losing its brightness in Heav'n;
The yellow sand taking wings on Earth;
Alarmed warriors before the martial hall;
Frightened ministers in the letters bower;
Girls of three palaces with frowzy locks;
Beauties of six chambers with tousled hair.
Tassels dropped from gold caps of marquis and earls;

The prime minister's black gauze did spread its wings.
Attendants had words but they dared not speak;
The Yellow Gate held papers that could not be sent.
Goldfishes and jade belts stood not in rows;
Ivory tablets and silk gowns had broken ranks.
Colored rooms and turquoise screens were all damaged;
Green windows and scarlet doors were all destroyed.
Tiles of Golden Chimes Hall flew off with bricks;
Carved doors of Brocade- Cloud Hall all fell apart.
This violent wind was violent indeed!
It blew till king and subjects, fathers and sons, could not meet,
Till all streets and markets were emptied of men,
And doors of ten thousand homes were tightly shut.

As this violent gust of wind arose, Pilgrim Sun further revealed his magic power. Giving his golden-hooped rod a twirl, he pointed it upwards a second time. You saw

The Cloud- Pushing Boy,
The Fog- Spreading Lad—
The Cloud- Pushing Boy revealed his godly power
And a murky mass dropped down from Heaven;
The Fog- Spreading Lad displayed his magic might
And dense, soaring mists covered the Earth.
The three markets all grew dim;
The six avenues all turned dark.
With wind clouds left the seas
And Kunlun, trailing the rain.
Soon they filled Heav'n and Earth
And blackened this world of dust.
Twas opaque like chaos of yore;
None could see Phoenix Tower's door.

As thick fog and dense clouds rolled in, Pilgrim Sun gave his golden-hooped rod another twirl and pointed it upwards a third time. You saw

The Squire of Thunder raging,
The Mother of Lightning irate—
The Squire of Thunder, raging,
Rode a fiery beast backward to descend from Heaven's pass;
The Mother of Lightning, irate,
Wielded gold snakes madly as she left the Dipper Hall.
Hu-la-la cracked the thunder,
Shattering the Iron Fork Mountain;
Xi-li-li flashed the scarlet sheets,
Flying out of the Eastern Ocean.
Loud rumbles of chariots came on and off;
Like fires and fames the grains and rice shot up.
Myriad things sprouted, their spirits revived.
Countless insects were from dormancy aroused.
King and subjects both were terrified;

Traders and merchants were awed by the sound.

Ping-ping, pang-pang, the thunder flashed and roared so ferociously that it seemed as if mountains were toppling and the earth was splitting apart. So terrified were the city's inhabitants that every house lighted incense, that every home burned paper money. "Old Deng," shouted Pilgrim. "Take care to look out for those greedy and corrupt officials, those churlish and disobedient sons. Strike down many of them for me to warn the public!"

The peal of thunder grew louder than ever. Finally, Pilgrim pointed the iron rod once more and you saw

The dragons gave order,
And rain filled the world,
Strong as Heavens river spilling o'er the dikes,
Quick as the clouds rushing through a channel.
It pattered on top of towers;
It splashed outside the windows.
The Silver Stream ran down from Heaven,
And whitecaps surged through the streets.
It spurted like vases upturned;
It gushed forth like basins poured out.
With houses almost drowned in hamlets,
The water rose to rural bridges' height.
Truly mulberry fields became vast oceans,
And billows all too soon raced through the land.
Dragon gods came to lend a helping hand
By lifting up the Yangzi and throwing it down!

The torrential rain began in the morning and did not stop even after the noon hour. So great was the downpour that all the streets and gulleys of the Cart Slow Kingdom were completely flooded. The king therefore issued this decree:

"The rain's enough! If we had any more, it might damage the crops and that would have made things worse."

An official messenger below the Five-Phoenix Tower at once galloped through the rain to make this announcement:

"Holy monk, we have enough rain." When Pilgrim heard this, he pointed the golden-hooped rod upwards once more and, instantly, the thunder stopped and the wind subsided, the rain ended and the clouds dispersed. The king was filled with delight, and not one of the various civil and military officials could refrain from marveling, saying, "Marvelous priest! This is truly that 'for the strong, there's someone stronger still!' Even when our Preceptors of State were capable of making the rain, a fine drizzle would go on for virtually half a day before it stopped completely. How is it that the weather can turn fair the moment the priest wants it to be fair? Look, the sun comes out instantly and there is not a speck of cloud anywhere!"

The king gave the command for the carriage to be returned to the palace, for he wanted to certify the travel rescript and permit the Tang Monk to pass through. Just as he was about to use his treasure seal, the three Daoists all went forward and stopped him, saying, "Your Majesty, this downpour of rain cannot be regarded as the monk's merit, for it still owes its origin to the strength of the Daoist Gate."

The king said, “You just claimed that the Dragon Kings were not home and that was why it didn’t rain. He walked up there, exercised his quiet work of fervent prayers, and rain came down at once. How could you strive with him for credit?”

The Tiger-Strength Immortal said, “I issued my summons, burned my charms, and struck my tablets several times after I ascended the altar. Which Dragon King would dare not show up? It had to be that someone else somewhere was also requesting their service, and that was the reason that the Dragon Kings along with the officers of the other four bureaus—of wind, cloud, thunder, and lightning —did not appear at first. Once they heard my summons, however, they were in a hurry to get here, and by that time it happened that I was leaving the altar already. The priest, of course, made use of the opportunity and it rained. But if you thought about the matter from the beginning, the dragons were those which I summoned here and the rain was that which we called for. How could you regard this, therefore, as their meritorious fruit?” When that dim-witted king heard these words, he became all confused again.

Pilgrim walked one step forward, and pressing his palms together he said, “Your Majesty, this trivial magic of heterodoxy is hardly to be considered anything of consequence. Let’s not worry about whether it’s his merit or ours. Let me tell you instead that there are in midair right now the Dragon Kings of the Four Oceans; because I have not dismissed them, they dare not withdraw. If that Preceptor of State could order the Dragon Kings to reveal themselves, I would concede that this was his merit.” Very pleased, the king said, “We have been on the throne for twenty-three years, but we have never laid eyes on a living dragon. Both of you can exercise your magic power, regardless whether you are a monk or a Daoist. If you could ask them to reveal themselves, it would be your merit; if you couldn’t, it would be your fault.”

Those Daoists, of course, had no such power or authority. Even if they were to give the order, the Dragon Kings would never dare show themselves on account of the presence of the Great Sage. Thus, the Daoists said, “We can’t do this. Why don’t you try?” Lifting his face toward the air, the Great Sage cried out in a loud voice:

“Aoguang, where are you? All of you brothers, show your true selves!” When those Dragon Kings heard this call, they at once revealed their original forms—four dragons dancing through clouds and mists toward the Hall of Golden Chimes. You see them

Soaring and transforming,
Encircling clouds and mists.
Like white hooks the jade claws hang;
Like bright mirrors the silver scales shine.
Whiskers float like white silk, each strand’s distinct;
Horns rise ruggedly, each prong is clear.
Those craggy foreheads;
Those brilliant round eyes.
They, hidden or seen, can’t be fathomed;
They, flying or soaring, can’t be described.
Pray for rain, and rain comes instantly;
Ask for fair sky, and it’s here at once.
Only these are the true dragon forms, most potent and holy,
Their good aura surrounds the court profusely.

The king lighted incense in the hall, and the various officials bowed down before the steps. “It was most kind of you to show us your precious forms,” said the king. “Please go back, and we shall say a special mass another day to thank you.”

“All of you deities may now retire,” said Pilgrim, “for the king has promised to thank you with a special mass on another day.”

The Dragon Kings returned to the oceans, while the other deities all went back to Heaven. Thus this is

The true magic might, so boundless and vast;
Heresy’s pierced by nature enlightened.

We don’t know how the deviant is finally exorcised; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FORTY-SIX

Heresy flaunts its strength to mock orthodoxy
Mind Monkey in epiphany slays the deviates

We were telling you that when the king saw Pilgrim Sun's ability to summon dragons and command sages, he immediately applied his treasure seal to the travel rescript. He was about to hand it back to the Tang Monk and permit him to take up the journey once more, when the three Daoists went forward and prostrated themselves before the steps of the Hall of Golden Chimes. The king left his dragon throne hurriedly and tried to raise them with his hands. "State Preceptors," he said, "why do you three go through such a great ceremony with us today?"

"Your Majesty," said the Daoists, "we have been upholding your reign and providing security for your people here for these twenty years. Today this priest has made use of some paltry tricks of magic and robbed us of all our credit and ruined our reputation. Just because of one rainstorm, Your Majesty has pardoned even their crime of murder. Are we not being treated lightly? Let Your Majesty withhold their rescript for the moment and allow us brothers to wage another contest with them. We shall see what happens then."

That king was in truth a confused man: he would side with the east when they mentioned east, and with the west when they mentioned west. Indeed, putting away the travel rescript, he said, "State Preceptors, what sort of contest do you wish to wage with them?"

"A contest of meditation," said the Tiger-Strength Great Immortal. "That's no good," said the king, "for the monk is reared in the religion of meditation. He must be well trained in such mysteries before he dares receive the decree to acquire scriptures. Why do you want to wage such a contest with him?"

"This contest," said the Great Immortal, "is not an ordinary one, for it has the name of the Epiphany of Saintliness by the Cloud Ladder."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the king. The Great Immortal said, "We need one hundred tables, fifty of which will be made, by piling one on top of the other, into an altar of meditation. Each contestant must ascend to the top without using his hands or a ladder, but only with the help of a cloud. We shall also agree on how many hours we shall remain immobile while sitting on the top of the altar." When he learned that it was to be such a difficult contest, the king put the question to the pilgrims, saying, "Hey, monks! Our State Preceptor would like to wage with you a contest of meditation, called the Epiphany of Saintliness by the Cloud Ladder. Can any one of you do it?" When Pilgrim heard this, he fell silent and gave no reply. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "why aren't you saying anything?"

"Brother, to tell you the truth," said Pilgrim, "I'm quite capable of performing such difficult feats as kicking down the sky or overturning wells, stirring up oceans or upending rivers, carrying mountains or chasing the moon, and altering the course of stars and planets. I'm not afraid, in fact, of even having my head split open or cut off, of having my stomach ripped apart and my heart gouged out, or of any such strange manipulations. But if you ask me to sit and meditate, I'll lose the contest even before I begin! Where could I, tell me, acquire the nature to sit still? Even if you were to chain

me to an iron pillar, I would still try to climb up and down. I can never manage to sit still."

"But *I* know how to sit and meditate," the Tang Monk blurted out suddenly. "Marvelous! Just marvelous!" said Pilgrim, highly pleased. "How long can you do this?"

"I met some lofty Chan masters when I was young," said Tripitaka, "who expounded to me the absolutely crucial foundation of quiescence and concentration in order to preserve my spirit. Shut up alone in the so-called Life-and- Death Meditative Confinement, I had managed to sit still for two or three years at least."

"If you do that, Master," said Pilgrim, "we won't need to go acquire scriptures! At most, I don't think it will be necessary for you to sit for more than three hours here before you will be able to come down."

"But Disciple," said Tripitaka, "I can't get up there."

"You step forward and accept the challenge," said Pilgrim. "I'll send you up there." Indeed, the elder pressed his palms together before his chest and said, "This humble priest knows how to sit in meditation."

The king at once gave the order for the altars to be built. Truly, a nation has the strength to topple mountains! In less than half an hour, two altars were built on the left and right of the Hall of Golden Chimes.

Coming down from the hall, the Tiger-Strength Great Immortal went to the middle of the courtyard. He leaped into the air and at once a mat of clouds formed under his feet and took him up to the altar to the west, where he sat down. Pilgrim meanwhile pulled off one strand of his hair and caused it to change into a spurious form of himself, standing down below to accompany Eight Rules and Sha Monk. He himself changed into an auspicious cloud of five colors to carry the Tang Monk into the air and lift him to sit on the altar to the east. He then changed himself into a tiny mole cricket and flew to alight on Eight Rules's ear to whisper to him, "Brother, look up and watch Master with care. Don't speak to the substitute of old Monkey!" Laughing, Idiot said, "I know! I know!" We tell you now about the Deer-Strength Great Immortal sitting on the embroidered cushion in the hall, where he watched the two contestants for a long time and found them quite equally matched. This Daoist decided to give his elder brother some help: pulling a stubby piece of hair from the back of his head, he rolled it with his fingers into a tiny ball and filliped it onto the head of the Tang Monk. The piece of hair changed into a huge bedbug and began to bite the elder. At first, the elder felt an itch, after which it changed to pain. Now, one of the rules in meditation is that one cannot move one's hands; when one does, it is an immediate admission of defeat. As the elder found the itch and pain to be quite unbearable, he sought to find relief by wriggling his head against the collar of his robe. "Oh dear!" said Eight Rules. "Master is going to have a fit!"

"No," said Sha Monk, "he might be having a headache."

Hearing this, Pilgrim said, "My master is an honest gentleman. If he said he knew how to practice meditation, he would be able to do it. A gentleman does not lie! Stop speculating, the two of you, and let me go up to take a look."

Dear Pilgrim! He buzzed up there and alighted on the head of the Tang Monk, where he discovered a bedbug about the size of a bean biting the elder. Hurriedly, he removed it with his hand, and then he gave his master a few gentle scratches. His itch

and pain relieved, the elder once more sat motionless on the altar. “The bald head of a priest,” thought Pilgrim to himself, “can’t even hold a louse! How could a bedbug get into it? It must be, I suppose, a stunt of that Daoist, trying to harm my master. Ha! Ha! Since they haven’t quite reached a decision yet in this contest, let old Monkey give him a taste of his own tricks!”

Flying up into the air until he reached a height beyond the roof of the palace, he shook his body and changed at once into a centipede at least seven inches in length. It dropped down from the sky and landed on the Daoist’s upper lip before his nostrils, where it gave him a terrific bite. Unable to sit still any longer, the Daoist fell backwards from the altar head over heels and almost lost his life. He was fortunate enough to have all the officials rush forward to pull him up. The horrified king at once asked the Grand Preceptor before the Throne to help him go to the Pavilion of Cultural Florescence to be washed and combed. Pilgrim, meanwhile, changed himself again into the auspicious cloud to carry his master down to the courtyard before the steps, where he was declared the winner.

The king wanted to let them go, but the Deer-Strength Great Immortal again said to him, “Your Majesty, my elder brother has been suffering from a suppressed chill; when he goes up to a high place, the cold wind he’s exposed to will bring on his old sickness. That was why the monk was able to gain the upper hand. Let me now wage with them a contest of guessing what’s behind the boards.”

“What do you mean by that?” asked the king. Deer-Strength said, “This humble Daoist has the ability to gain knowledge of things even if they were placed behind boards. Let’s see if those monks are able to do the same. If they could outguess me, let them go; but if not, then let them be punished according to Your Majesty’s wishes so that our fraternal distress may be avenged and that our services to the kingdom for these twenty years may remain untainted.”

Truly that king is exceedingly confused! Swayed by such fraudulent words, he at once gave the order for a red lacquered chest to be brought to the inner palace. The queen was asked to place a treasure in the chest before it was carried out again and set before the white-jade steps. The king said to the monks and the Daoists, “Let both sides wage your contest now and see who can guess the treasure inside the chest.”

“Disciple,” said Tripitaka, “how could we know what’s in the chest?” Pilgrim changed again into a mole cricket and flew up to the head of the Tang Monk. “Relax, Master,” he said, “let me go take a look.”

Dear Great Sage! Unnoticed by anyone, he flew up to the chest and found a crack at the base, through which he crept inside. On a red lacquered tray he found a set of palace robes: they were the empire blouse and cosmic skirt. Quickly he picked them up and shook them loose; then he bit open the tip of his tongue and spat a mouthful of blood onto the garments, crying, “Change!”

They changed instantly into a torn and worn-out cassock; before he left, however, he soaked it with his bubbly and stinking urine. After crawling out again through the crack, he flew back to alight on the Tang Monk’s ear and said, “Master, you may guess that it is a torn and worn-out cassock.”

“He said that it was some kind of treasure,” said Tripitaka. “How could such a thing be a treasure?”

“Never mind,” said Pilgrim, “for what’s important is that you guess correctly.”

As the Tang Monk took a step forward to announce what he guessed was in the chest, the Deer-Strength Great Immortal said, “I’ll guess first. The chest contains an empire blouse and a cosmic skirt.”

“No! No!” cried the Tang Monk. “There’s only a torn and wornout cassock in the chest.”

“How dare he?” said the king. “This priest thinks that there is no treasure in our kingdom. What’s this wornout cassock that he speaks of? Seize him!”

The two rows of palace guards immediately wanted to raise their hands, and the Tang Monk became so terrified that he pressed his palms together and shouted, “Your Majesty, please pardon this humble priest for the moment.

Open the chest; if it were indeed a treasure, this humble priest would accept his punishment. But if it were not, wouldn’t you have wrongly accused me?”

The king had the chest opened, and when the attendant to the throne lifted out the lacquered tray, sitting on it was indeed one torn and worn-out cassock! “Who put this thing here?” cried the king, highly incensed, and from behind the dragon seat the queen of the three palaces came forward. “My lord,” she said, “it was I who personally placed the empire blouse and the cosmic skirt inside the chest. How could they change into something like this?”

“Let my royal wife retire,” said the king, “for we are well aware of the fact that all the things used in the palace are made of the finest silk and embroidered materials. How could there be such a shabby object?”

He then said to his attendants, “Bring us the chest. We ourselves will hide something in it and try again.”

The king went to his imperial garden in the rear and picked from his orchard a huge peach, about the size of a rice bowl, which he placed in the chest. The chest was brought out and the two parties were told to guess once more. “Disciples,” said the Tang Monk, “he wants us to guess again.”

“Relax,” said Pilgrim. “Let me go and take another look.” With a buzz, he flew away and crawled inside the chest as before. Nothing could have been more agreeable to him than what he found: a peach. Changing back into his original form, he sat in the chest and ate the fruit so heartily that every morsel on both sides of the groove was picked clean. Leaving the stone behind, he changed back into the mole cricket and flew back onto the Tang Monk’s ear, saying, “Master, say that it’s a peach’s pit.”

“Disciple,” said the elder, “don’t make a fool of me! If I weren’t so quick with my mouth just now, I would have been seized and punished. This time we must say it’s some kind of treasure. How could a peach’s pit be a treasure?”

“Have no fear,” said Pilgrim. “You’ll win, and that’s all that matters!”

Tripitaka was just about to speak when the Goat-Strength Great Immortal said, “This humble Daoist will guess first: it is a peach.”

“Not a peach,” said Tripitaka, “but a fleshless peach’s pit.”

“It’s a peach we put in ourselves,” bellowed the king. “How could it be a pit? Our third Preceptor of State has guessed correctly.”

“Your Majesty,” said Tripitaka, “please open the chest and see for yourself.”

The attendant before the throne went to open the chest and lifted up the tray: it was in truth a pit, entirely without any peel or flesh.

When the king saw this, he became quite frightened and said, "O State Preceptors, don't wage any more contests with them. Let them go! The peach was picked by our own hands, and now it turns out to be a pit. Who could have eaten it? The spirits and gods must be giving them secret assistance." When Eight Rules heard the words, he grinned sardonically to Sha Monk, saying, "Little does he realize how many years of peach eating are behind this!" Just then, the Tiger-Strength Great Immortal walked out from the Pavilion of Cultural Florescence after he had been washed and combed. "Your Majesty," he said as he walked up the hall, "this monk knows the magic of object removal. Give me the chest, and I'll destroy his magic. Then we can have another contest with him."

"What do you want to do?" asked the king. Tiger-Strength said, "His magic can remove only lifeless objects but not a human body. Put this Daoist youth in the chest, and he'll never be able to remove him."

The youth indeed was hidden in the chest, which was then brought down again from the hall to be placed before the steps. "You, monk," said the king, "guess again what sort of treasure we have inside."

Tripitaka said, "Here it comes again!"

"Let me go and have another look," said Pilgrim. With a buzz, he flew off and crawled inside, where he found a Daoist lad. Marvelous Great Sage! What readiness of mind! Truly

Such agility is rare in the world!
Such cleverness is uncommon indeed!

Shaking his body once, he changed himself into the form of one of those old Daoists, whispering as he entered the chest, "Disciple."

"Master," said the lad, "how did you come in here?"

"With the magic of invisibility," said Pilgrim. The lad said, "Do you have some instructions for me?"

"The priest saw you enter the chest," said Pilgrim, "and if he made his guess a Daoist lad, wouldn't we lose to him again? That's why I came here to discuss the matter with you. Let's shave your head, and we'll then make the guess that you are a monk."

The Daoist lad said, "Do whatever you want, Master, just so that we win. For if we lose to them again, not only our reputation will be ruined, but the court also may no longer revere us."

"Exactly," said Pilgrim. "Come over here, my child. When we defeat them, I'll reward you handsomely."

He changed his golden-hooped rod into a sharp razor, and hugging the lad, he said, "Darling, try to endure the pain for a moment. Don't make any noise! I'll shave your head." In a little while, the lad's hair was completely shorn, rolled into a ball, and stuffed into one of the corners of the chest. He put away the razor, and rubbing the lad's bald head, he said, "My child, your head looks like a monk's all right, but your clothes don't fit. Take them off and let me change them for you." What the Daoist lad had on was a crane's-down robe of spring-onion white silk, embroidered with the cloud pattern and trimmed with brocade. When he took it off, Pilgrim blew on it his immortal breath,

crying, “Change!” It changed instantly into a monk shirt of brown color, which Pilgrim helped him put on. He then pulled off two pieces of hair which he changed into a wooden fish and a tap. “Disciple,” said Pilgrim, as he handed over the fish and the tap to the lad, “you must listen carefully. If you hear someone call for the Daoist youth, don’t ever leave this chest. If someone calls ‘Monk,’ then you may push open the chest door, strike up the wooden fish, and walk out chanting a Buddhist sūtra. Then it’ll be complete success for us.”

“I only know,” said the lad, “how to recite the *Three Officials*

Scripture, the *Northern Dipper Scripture,* or the *Woe-Dispelling Scripture.* I don’t know how to recite any Buddhist sūtra.” Pilgrim said, “Can you chant the name of Buddha?”

“You mean Amitābha,” said the lad. “Who doesn’t know that?”

“Good enough! Good enough!” said Pilgrim. “You may chant the name of Buddha. It’ll spare me from having to teach you anything new. Remember what I’ve told you. I’m leaving.”

He changed back into a mole cricket and crawled out, after which he flew back to the ear of the Tang Monk and said, “Master, just guess it’s a monk.”

Tripitaka said, “This time I know I’ll win.”

“How could you be so sure?” asked Pilgrim, and Tripitaka replied, “The sūtras said, ‘The Buddha, the Dharma, and the Saṅgha are the Three Jewels.’ A monk therefore is a treasure.”

As they were thus talking among themselves, the Tiger-Strength Great Immortal said, “Your Majesty, this third time it is a Daoist youth.”

He made the declaration several times, but nothing happened nor did anyone make an appearance. Pressing his palms together, Tripitaka said, “It’s a monk.” With all his might, Eight Rules screamed, “It’s a monk in the chest!”

All at once the youth kicked open the chest and walked out, striking the wooden fish and chanting the name of Buddha. So delighted were the two rows of civil and military officials that they shouted bravos repeatedly; so astonished were the three Daoists that they could not utter a sound. “These priests must have the assistance from spirits and gods,” said the king. “How could a Daoist enter the chest and come out a monk? Even if he had an attendant with him, he might have been able to have his head shaved. How could he know how to take up the chanting of Buddha’s name? O Preceptors! Please let them go!”

“Your Majesty,” said the Tiger-Strength Great Immortal, “as the proverb says, ‘The warrior has found his peer, the chess player his match.’ We might as well make use of some martial arts we learned in our youth at Zhongnan Mountain and challenge them to a greater competition.”

“What sort of martial arts did you learn?” asked the king. Tiger-Strength replied, “We three brothers all have acquired some magic abilities: cut off our heads, and we can put them back on our necks; open our chests and gouge out our hearts, and they will grow back again; inside a cauldron of boiling oil, we can take baths.”

Highly startled, the king said, “These three things are all roads leading to certain death!”

"Only because we have such magic power," said Tiger-Strength, "do we dare make so bold a claim. We won't quit until we have waged this contest with them."

The king said in a loud voice, "You priests from the Land of the East, our Preceptor of States are unwilling to let you go. They wish to wage one more contest with you in head cutting, stomach ripping, and going into a cauldron of boiling oil to take a bath." Pilgrim was still assuming the form of the mole cricket, flying back and forth to make his secret report. When he heard this, he retrieved his hair that had been changed into his substitute, and he himself changed at once back into his true form. "Lucky! Lucky!" he cried with loud guffaws. "Business has come to my door!"

"These three things," said Eight Rules, "will certainly make you lose your life. How could you say that business has come to your door?"

"You still have no idea of my abilities!" said Pilgrim. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you are quite clever, quite capable in those transformations. Aren't those skills something already? What more abilities do you have?" Pilgrim said,

"Cut off my head and I still can speak,
Sever my arms, I still can beat you up!
My legs amputated, I still can walk.
My belly, ripped open, will heal again,
Smooth and snug as a wonton people make:
A tiny pinch and it's completely formed.
To bathe in boiling oil is easier still;
Like warm liquid cleanse me of dirt it will."

When Eight Rules and Sha Monk heard these words, they roared with laughter. Pilgrim went forward and said, "Your Majesty, this young priest knows how to have his head cut off."

"How did you acquire such an ability?" asked the king. "When I was practicing austerities in a monastery some years ago," said Pilgrim, "I met a mendicant Chan master, who taught me the magic of head cutting. I don't know whether it works or not, and that's why I want to try it out right now."

"This priest is so young and ignorant!" said the king, chuckling. "Is head cutting something to try out? The head is, after all, the very fountain of the six kinds of *yang* energies in one's body. If you cut it off, you'll die."

"That's what we want," said Tiger-Strength. "Only then can our feelings be relieved!"

Besotted by the Daoist's words, the foolish ruler immediately gave the decree for an execution site to be prepared.

Once the command was given, three thousand imperial guards took up their positions outside the gate of the court. The king said, "Monk, go and cut off your head first."

"I'll go first! I'll go first!" said Pilgrim merrily. He folded his hands before his chest and shouted, "State Preceptors, pardon my presumption for taking my turn first!"

He turned swiftly and was about to dash out. The Tang Monk grabbed him, saying, "O Disciple! Be careful! Where you are going isn't a playground!"

"No fear!" said Pilgrim. "Take off your hands! Let me go!"

The Great Sage went straight to the execution site, where he was caught hold of by the executioner and bound with ropes. He was then led to a tall mound and pinned down on top of it. At the cry "Kill," his head came off with a swishing sound. Then the executioner gave the head a kick, and it rolled off like a watermelon to a distance of some forty paces away. No blood, however, spurted from the neck of Pilgrim. Instead, a voice came from inside his stomach, crying, "Come, head!" So alarmed was the Deer-Strength Great Immortal by the sight of such ability that he at once recited a spell and gave this charge to the local spirit and patron deity:

"Hold down that head. When I have defeated the monk, I'll persuade the king to turn your little shrines into huge temples, your idols of clay into true bodies of gold."

The local spirit and the god, you see, had to serve him since he knew the magic of the Five Thunders. Secretly, they indeed held Pilgrim's head down. Once more Pilgrim cried, "Come, head!"

But the head stayed on the ground as if it had taken root; it would not move at all. Somewhat anxious, Pilgrim rolled his hands into fists and wrenched his body violently. The ropes all snapped and fell off; at the cry "Grow," a head sprang up instantly from his neck. Every one of the executioners and every member of the imperial guards became terrified, while the officer in charge of the execution dashed inside the court to make this report:

"Your Majesty, that young priest had his head cut off, but another head has grown up."

"Sha Monk," said Eight Rules, giggling, "we truly had no idea that Elder Brother has this kind of talent!"

"If he knows seventy-two ways of transformation," said Sha Monk, "he may have altogether seventy-two heads!"

Hardly had he finished speaking when Pilgrim came walking back, saying, "Master."

Exceedingly pleased, Tripitaka said, "Disciple, did it hurt?"

"Hardly," said Pilgrim, "it's sort of fun!"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "do you need ointment for the scar?"

"Touch me," said Pilgrim, "and see if there's any scar." Idiot touched him and he was dumbfounded. "Marvelous! Marvelous!" he giggled. "It healed perfectly. You can't feel even the slightest scar!"

As the brothers were chatting happily among themselves, they heard the king say, "Receive your rescript. We give you a complete pardon. Go away!" Pilgrim said, "We'll take the rescript all right, but we want the Preceptor of State to go there and cut his head off too! He should try something new!"

"Great Preceptor of State," said the king, "the priest is not willing to pass you up. If you want to compete with him, please try not to frighten us."

Tiger-Strength had no choice but to go up to the site, where he was bound and pinned to the ground by several executioners. One of them lifted the sword and cut off his head, which was then kicked some thirty paces away. Blood did not spurt from his trunk either, and he, too, gave a cry, "Come, head!"

Hurriedly pulling off a piece of hair, Pilgrim blew on it his immortal breath, crying, "Change!" It changed into a yellow hound, which dashed into the execution site, picked up the Daoist's head with its mouth, and ran to drop it into the imperial moat. The Daoist, meanwhile, called for his head three times without success. He did not, you see, have the ability of Pilgrim, and there was no possibility that he could produce another head. All at once, bright crimson gushed out from his trunk. Alas!

Though for wind and rain he can send and call,
Gainst a right-fruit god he's no match at all.

In a moment, he fell to the dust, and those gathered about him discovered that he was actually a headless tiger with yellow fur.

The officer in charge of the execution went again to memorialize. "Your Majesty," he said, "the Great Preceptor of State's head was cut off, but it could not grow back again. He perished in the dust and then he became a headless tiger with yellow fur." On hearing this, the king paled with fright and stared at the remaining two Daoists with unblinking eyes. Rising from his cushion, Deer-Strength said, "My Elder Brother must have been fated to die at this particular moment. But how could he be a yellow tiger? This has to be that monk's roguery. He is using some kind of deceptive magic to change my elder brother into a beast. I won't spare him now. I insist on having a competition of stomach ripping and heart gouging." When the king heard this, he calmed down and said, "Little priest, our Second Preceptor of State wants to wage another contest with you."

"This little priest," said Pilgrim, "has not eaten much prepared food for a long time. The other day when we were journeying to the West, a kind patron kept asking us to eat and I stuffed myself with more pieces of steamed bread than I should have taken. I have been having a stomachache since, and I fear that I may have worms. This contest, therefore, can't be more timely, for I want very much to borrow Your Majesty's knife to rip open my stomach, so that I may take out my viscera and clean out my stomach and spleen before I dare proceed to see Buddha in the Western Heaven." When the king heard this, he gave the order, "Take him to the execution site."

A throng of captains and guards came forward to pull and tug at Pilgrim, who pushed them back, saying, "I don't need people to hold me.

I'm going to walk there myself. There's one thing, however. I don't want my hands tied, for I want to wash and clean out my viscera."

The king at once gave the order, "Don't tie his hands." With a swagger, Pilgrim walked down to the execution site. Leaning himself on a huge pillar, he untied his robe and revealed his stomach. The executioner used a rope and tied his neck to the pillar; down below, another rope strapped his two legs also to the pillar.

Then he wielded a sharp dagger and ripped Pilgrim's chest downward, all the way to his lower abdomen. Pilgrim used both his hands to push open his belly, and then he took out his intestines, which he examined one by one. After a long pause, he put them back inside, coil for coil exactly as before. Grasping the skins of his belly and bringing them together with his hands, he blew his magic breath on his abdomen, crying, "Grow!"

At once his belly closed up completely. So astonished was the king that he presented with both his hands the rescript to Pilgrim, saying, "Holy monk, please do not delay your westward journey any further. Take your rescript and leave."

"The rescript is a small matter," said Pilgrim, chuckling. "How about asking Second Preceptor of State to go through with the cutting and ripping?"

"Don't put the blame on us," said the king to Deer-Strength. "It's you who wanted to be his opponent. Please go! Please go!"

"Relax!" said Deer-Strength. "I don't think I'll ever lose to him!" Look at him! He even imitated the swagger of Pilgrim Sun as he headed for the execution site. There he was bound with ropes, and then his stomach was also ripped open by the dagger of the executioner. He, too, took out his guts and manipulated them with his hands. Pilgrim at once pulled off a piece of his hair, on which he blew a mouthful of his divine breath, crying, "Change." It changed into a hungry hawk; spreading its wings and claws, it flew up to the Daoist and snatched him clean of his guts. Then it flew off somewhere to enjoy its catch leisurely, while the Daoist was reduced to

Of torn belly and empty trunk a ghost so drippy,
With less innards and no guts a soul most ditsy!

Kicking down the pillar, the executioner dragged the corpse over to have a closer look. Ah! It was actually a white-coated deer with horns.

The officer in charge of the execution again ran hurriedly to make the report:

"Second Preceptor of State is most unlucky! As his stomach was ripped open, his viscera were snatched away by a hungry hawk. After he perished, his original form was a white-coated deer with horns." More and more alarmed, the king asked, "How could he turn into a deer with horns?"

The Goat-Strength Great Immortal said, "Yes, how could my elder brother die and turn into the form of a beast? It has to be the magic of that monk, used by him to plot against us. Let me avenge the deaths of my elder brothers."

"With what magic can you triumph over him?" asked the king, and Goat-Strength replied, "I'm going to wage with him the contest of bathing in a cauldron of hot oil."

The king indeed sent for a huge cauldron filled with fragrant oil and told them to begin the contest. "I thank you for your kindness," said Pilgrim, "for this young priest has not had a bath for a long time. My skin, in fact, has been rather dried and itchy these past two days, and I must have it scalded to take away the irritation."

The attendant before the throne indeed lighted a great fire on a huge pile of wood, and the oil in the cauldron was heated to boiling.

When he was asked to step into it, Pilgrim pressed his palms together in front of him and asked, "Will it be a civil or a military bath?"

"What's the difference?" asked the king. Pilgrim said, "A civil bath means that I shall not remove my clothing. With my hands on my hips, I'll jump in and jump out again after one little roll, so swiftly, in fact, that the clothes are not permitted to be soiled. If there's the tiniest speck of oil on the garments, I lose. A military bath, however, will require a clothes rack and a towel. I'll undress before I dive in, and I shall be permitted to play in there as I wish, including doing somersaults and cartwheels."

The king said to Goat-Strength, "How do you want to compete with him? A civil or a military bath?"

"If we take the civil bath," said Goat-Strength, "I fear that his robes may have been treated so that oil will slide off him. Let's have the military bath." Stepping forward instantly, Pilgrim said, "Pardon me again for the presumption of taking my turn first." Look at him! He took off his shirt and untied his tiger-skin kilt. With a bound, he leaped straight into the cauldron, splashing and frolicking in the boiling oil as if he were swimming in it.

When Eight Rules saw this, he bit his finger and said to Sha Monk, "We truly have misjudged this ape! During those sarcastic exchanges and the banter between us all this time, I thought he was simply joking! Little did I realize that he really had such ability!"

They could hardly refrain from their marveling, but when Pilgrim saw them whispering back and forth to each other, he became highly suspicious and thought to himself, "That Idiot must be laughing at me! This is what the proverb means:

'Intelligence has its work and incompetence its leisure.' Old Monkey has to go through all this, and he's quite comfortable over there! Let me put some ropes on him and see whether he'll be more cautious!"

As he bathed himself, he suddenly dove toward the bottom of the cauldron with a splash.

There he changed himself into a small tack and all but disappeared.

The officer in charge of the proceedings went forward again to make the report:

"Your Majesty, the young priest has been fried to death by the boiling oil."

Delighted, the king gave the order for the bones to be fished out for him to see, and the executioner went forward to rake the oil with an iron strainer. The holes in the strainer, however, were quite large, whereas the tack into which Pilgrim had changed himself was very tiny, and repeatedly, it fell through the holes after it had been scooped up. The officer had no choice but to come back with this word:

"The priest's body is tender and his bones are frail. He seems to have melted completely!"

The king at once shouted, "Seize those three monks!" Seeing how savage were the looks of Eight Rules, the palace guards rushed at him first and threw him to the ground, tying both of his hands behind his back. Tripitaka was so terrified that he cried out in a loud voice, "Your Majesty, please pardon this humble cleric for the moment. Since that disciple of mine embraced our faith, he has made merit again and again. Today his affront to the Preceptor of State has led to his death in a cauldron of oil, and this humble cleric certainly has no desire to cling to my own life. Moreover, just as the officials are ruling over the people, so are you the ruler above all, and if you as king ask me, your subject, to die, how could I dare not die? But the one who died first has already become a spirit, and this is the reason I beg you for a moment's grace. Grant me half a cup of cold water or a bowl of thin gruel; give me also three paper horses and permit me to go before the cauldron to present these offerings and to express my regard for him as a disciple. Then I will accept whatever punishment you have for me." On hearing this, the king said, "All right! The Chinese are a very loyal people indeed!"

He asked that the Tang Monk be given the rice gruel and paper money.

The Tang Monk requested that Sha Monk go with him below the steps, while a few of the guards dragged Eight Rules by the ears up to the cauldron. Facing it, the Tang Monk offered the following invocation:

"My dear disciple, Sun Wukong!

Since taking precepts at the grove of Chan,
What love you showed me on our westward way.
We hoped jointly to perfect the Great Dao.
How could I know you would perish this day!
You lived for finding scriptures when alive;
In death your mind from Buddha must not stray.
Your gallant soul afar should wait to rise
To Thunderclap as ghost from Hades' dark sway."

On hearing this prayer, Eight Rules said, "Master, that's not the proper invocation. Sha Monk, hold up the rice offering for me. Let me pray!"

Bound and pinned to the ground, Idiot gasped out these words:

"You brazen, disaster-courting ape!
You ignorant Ban
Horse
Plague.
You brazen, death-deserving ape!
You deep-fried Ban
Horse
Plague!
Monkey is bumped off!
Horse
Plague's uprooted!"

Pilgrim Sun was, of course, still in the bottom of the cauldron. When he heard these castigations from Idiot, he could no longer restrain himself and at once changed back into his original form. Standing up stark naked in the cauldron, he shouted, "You overstuffed coolie! Whom are you castigating?"

"Disciple," said the Tang Monk when he saw Pilgrim, "you almost frightened me to death!" Sha Monk said, "Elder Brother simply loves to play dead!"

The civil and military officials all rushed up the steps to report:

"Your Majesty, that priest did not die. He has emerged again from the cauldron."

Fearing that he might be found guilty of making a false report to the throne, the officer in charge of execution said, "He is dead all right. But today happens to be a rather inauspicious day and the ghost of that young priest is now manifesting itself." Maddened by what he heard, Pilgrim leaped out of the cauldron, dried himself from the oil, and threw on his clothes. Dragging that officer over, he whipped out his iron rod and one blow on the head reduced him to a meat patty. "What ghost is this who's manifesting itself?" he huffed. Those officials were so terrified that they freed Eight Rules at once and knelt on the ground, pleading, "Pardon us! Pardon us!"

The king, too, wanted to leave his dragon throne, but he was caught by Pilgrim, who said, "Your Majesty, don't walk away. Tell your third Preceptor of State to go into the cauldron also."

Trembling all over, the king said, "Third Preceptor of State, save our life. Go into the cauldron quickly so that the monk won't hit us."

Goat-Strength went down the steps from the hall and took off his clothes like Pilgrim. Leaping into the cauldron of boiling oil, he began to cavort and bathe himself.

Letting go of the king, Pilgrim approached the cauldron and told the fire tenders to add more wood while he put his hand into the oil.

Aha! That boiling oil felt ice cold. He thought to himself:

"It was very hot when I took the bath, but feel how cold it is now that he's washing in there. I know. It has to be some dragon king who is giving him protection here." Leaping into the air, he recited a spell that began with the letter *Oṁ* and instantly summoned the Dragon King of the Northern Ocean to his side. "You horn-growing earthworm!" said Pilgrim to him. "You scaly lizard! How dare you assist that Daoist by coiling a cold dragon around the bottom of the cauldron? You want him to display his power and gain the upper hand on me?"

Terribly intimidated, the Dragon King stammered out his answer:

"Aoshun dares not do that! Perhaps the Great Sage has no knowledge of this: this cursed beast did go through quite an austere process of self-cultivation, to the point where he was able to cast off his original shell. He has acquired the true magic of the Five Thunders, while the rest of the magic powers he has are all those developed by heterodoxy, none fit to lead him to the true way of the immortals. The performance of this right now is also part of the Great Ripoff, which he has learned in the Little Mao Mountain, but the magic of his two associates had already been destroyed by the Great Sage and they had to reveal their original forms. This cold dragon which he has managed to cultivate by himself may deceive worldly folks, but how could it ever deceive the Great Sage? I shall arrest that cold dragon at once, and you can be certain that he will be deep-fried—bones, skins, and all!"

"Take him away," said Pilgrim, "and you'll be spared a whipping!"

Changing into a violent gust of wind, the Dragon King swooped down to the cauldron and dragged the cold dragon back to the ocean.

Pilgrim dropped down from the air and stood again before the steps with Tripitaka, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk. They saw that the Daoist was bobbing up and down in the oil, but his desperate efforts to get out were all to no avail. Every time he climbed up the wall of the cauldron, he would slip back down; in no time at all, his flesh dissolved, his skin was charred, and his bones left his body. "Your Majesty," another officer in charge of execution went forward to report, "the Third Preceptor of State has passed away!"

As tears streamed from his eyes, the king clutched at the imperial table before him and sobbed uncontrollably, crying:

"The human form is hard, hard indeed, to get!
Make no elixir when there's no true guide.
You have charms and water to send for gods
But not the pill to make your life abide.
If perfection's undone,
Could Nirvāṇa be won?
Your life's precarious, your efforts are vain.

If you knew before such hardships you'd meet,
Why not stay safely in the mount? Abstain!"

Truly

To touch gold, to smelt lead—of what use are they?
To summon wind, to beckon rain—still all is vain!

We do not know what will happen to master and disciples; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FORTY-SEVEN

The holy monk's blocked at night at Heaven-Reaching River
Metal and Wood, in compassion, rescue little children

We were telling you that the king, who was leaning on his dragon table, wept without ceasing until night fell, his tears gushing forth like a stream. Finally Pilgrim went up to him and shouted, "How could you be so dimwitted? Look at the corpses of those Daoists: one happens to be that of a tiger and the other, a deer. Goat-Strength was, in fact, an antelope. If you don't believe me, let his bones be bailed out for you to see. How could humans have skeletons like that? These three Daoists were all mountain beasts which had become spirits, united in their efforts to come here and plot against you. When they saw that your nodal fate was still in strong ascendancy, they dared not harm you as yet. After two or more years when your nodal fate declines, they would have taken your life and your entire kingdom would have been theirs. It was fortunate that we came in time to exterminate these deviates and save your life. And you are still weeping? What for? Bring us our rescript at once and send us on our way." Only when he had heard this from Pilgrim did the king return to his senses. The civil and military officials also went forward to report to him, saying, "The dead indeed turn out to be a white deer and a yellow tiger, while bones in the cauldron do belong to an antelope. It is unwise not to listen to the words of the holy monk."

"In that case," said the king, "we are grateful to the holy monk. It's late already. Let the Grand Preceptor escort the holy monks back to Wisdom Depth Monastery to rest. During early court tomorrow, we shall open up the Eastern Pavilion and command the Court of Imperial Entertainments to prepare a huge vegetarian banquet to thank them."

The priests were escorted back to the monastery.

At the time of the fifth watch the following morning, the king held court for many officials. He at once issued a decree to summon the Buddhist monks to return to the city, and this decree was to be posted on every road and on all four gates. After also giving the order for the preparation of a huge banquet, he sent his imperial chariot to the Wisdom Depth Monastery to invite Tripitaka and followers back to the Eastern Pavilion for the feast, and we shall speak no more of that.

We tell you now instead about those monks who succeeded in escaping with their lives. When they heard of the decree that was promulgated, every one of them was delighted and began to return to the city to search for the Great Sage Sun, to thank him, and to return his hairs. Meanwhile, the elder, after the banquet was over, obtained the rescript from the king, who led the queen, the concubines, and two rows of civil and military officials out the gate of the court to see the priests off. As they came out, they found many monks kneeling on both sides of the road, saying, "Father Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, we are the monks who escaped with our lives on the beach. When we heard that Father had wiped out the demons and rescued us, and when we further heard that our king had issued a decree commanding our return, we came here to present to you the hairs and to thank you for your Heavenly grace."

"How many of you came back?" asked Pilgrim, chuckling. They replied, "All five hundred. None's missing." Pilgrim shook his body once and immediately retrieved

his hairs. Then he said to the king and the lay people, “These monks indeed were released by old Monkey.

The cart was smashed after old Monkey moved it beyond the double passes and through the interlocking spinal ridge, and it was Monkey also who beat to death those two perverse Daoists. After such pestilence has been exterminated this day, you should realize that the true way belongs to the gate of Chan. Hereafter you should never believe foolishly in any doctrine that comes along. I hope you will honor the unity of the Three Religions: revere the monks, revere also the Daoists, and take care to nurture the talented. Your kingdom, I assure you, will be secure forever.”

The king gave his assent and his thanks repeatedly before he escorted the Tang Monk out of the city.

And so, their journey had as its purpose

A diligent search for the three canons;
A strenuous quest for the primal light.

As they proceeded, they walked by day and rested by night; they drank when they were thirsty and ate when they were hungry.

Spring ended, summer waned, and soon it was again the time of autumn. One day toward evening, the Tang Monk reined in his horse and said, “Disciples, where shall we find shelter for the night?”

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “a man who has left the family should not speak as one who remains in the family.”

Tripitaka said, “How would a man in the family speak? And how would a man who has left the family speak?”

“In this time of the year,” said Pilgrim, “a man who remains in the family will enjoy the benefits of a warm bed and snug blankets; he has his children in his bosom and his wife next to his legs. That’s how comfortably he will sleep! Now, how could we who have left the family expect to enjoy such things? We must be cloaked by the stars and wrapped by the moon; we must dine on the winds and rest by the waters. We move on if there’s a road, and we stop only when we come to its end.”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “you know only one thing, but you can’t see its implications. Look how treacherous is this road we’re walking on! I have such a heavy load on me that I find it difficult even to walk. Please find some place where I can have a good night’s rest and regain my strength. By morning, I can face the load once more. Otherwise, I’ll die of fatigue!”

“Let’s move on a little further then in this moonlight,” said Pilgrim, “and we can stop when we reach some place where there are houses.” Master and disciples had no choice but to follow Pilgrim forward.

They did not journey long before they heard the sound of rushing water. “Finished!” said Eight Rules. “We’ve come to the end of the road!”

“We are blocked by a torrent of water,” said Sha Monk. The Tang Monk asked, “How could we get across?”

“Let me test it to discover how deep it is first,” said Eight Rules. Tripitaka said, “Wuneng, don’t speak such nonsense! How could you test the depth or shallowness of water?”

"I'll find an egg-shaped pebble," said Eight Rules, "and throw it in: if it splashes and foam comes up, it's shallow; if it sinks down with a gurgling sound, then it's deep."

"Go and test it," said Pilgrim. Our Idiot groped on the ground and found a stone, which he threw into the water; all they heard was a gurgling sound as if fishes were releasing bubbles as the stone sank down to the bottom. "Deep! Deep! Deep!" he said. "We can't cross it!"

"Though you may have discovered its depth," said the Tang Monk, "you may not know how wide it is."

"Indeed not! Indeed not!" said Eight Rules. Pilgrim said, "Let me have a look."

Dear Great Sage! He somersaulted at once into the air and fixed his gaze on the water. He saw

The moon soaked in vast sheens of light;
The sky's image drenched in the deep;
A spirit branch gulping mountains;
A long river feeding hundred streams;
A thousand foaming layers churn;
Ten thousand folds of mountlike waves;
(
No fisher-fires lit up the banks
But egrets rested by the beach.)
An oceanlike vast expanse,
With no boundaries in sight.

He dropped down quickly from the clouds to the bank of the river, saying, "Master, it's very wide! Very wide! We can't get across! These fiery eyes and diamond pupils of old Monkey can discern good and evil up to a thousand miles during the day, and even at night, they can cover a distance of four or five hundred miles. Just now I couldn't even see the other shore. How could I tell the width of the river?"

Horrified, Tripitaka could not say a word for a long time. Then he sobbed out, "O Disciple! What shall we do?"

"Master, please don't cry," said Sha Monk. "Look over there! Isn't that a man standing by the water?" Pilgrim said, "He could be a fisherman lowering his nets, I suppose. Let me go and ask him."

Holding his iron rod, he sprinted forward to have a closer look. Ah! It was not a man, but only a stone monument, on which were written three large words in seal script and two rows of smaller words down below. The three large words were:

Heaven-Reaching River. The two rows of smaller words read:

A width of eight hundred miles
Which few, from days of old, have crossed.

"Master," Pilgrim called out, "come and look." When Tripitaka saw the monument, tears rolled down his cheeks, saying, "O Disciple! When I left Chang'an that year, I thought that the way to the Western Heaven was quite easy. How could I know of the obstacles of demons and monsters, the long distance over mountains and waters!"

"Master," said Eight Rules, "listen for a moment. Isn't that the sound of drums and cymbals coming from somewhere? It must be that some family is feasting the monks. Let's go over there and beg for some vegetarian food and make inquiry concerning the possibility of finding a boat to take us across tomorrow."

Cocking his ears as he rode, Tripitaka indeed heard the sound of drums and cymbals. "These are not the musical instruments of Daoists," he said. "It has to be some religious service conducted by us Buddhists.

Let us go over there." Pilgrim led the horse in front and all of them proceeded toward where the music was coming from. There was actually no road for them to walk on, only a rolling sandy beach. Presently, they saw a group of well-built houses, about four or five hundred of them altogether. They saw that these houses were

Close by the hill and the roads,
Next to the shores and the stream.
Every where the wooden fences were shut;
The bamboo yard of each house was closed.
Egrets resting on sand dunes had peaceful dreams;
Birds nesting on willows voiced their chilly tunes.
The short flutes were silent;
The washing flails had no rhythm.
Red smartweed twigs quaked in moonlight;
Yellow rush leaves battled the wind.
A village dog barked through sparse field fences;
An old fisher slept on his ford-moored boat,
Where lights were low,
And human bustles, quiet.
The bright moon seemed a mirror hung in the air,
The scent of duckweed blossoms all at once
Was sent by the west wind from the far shore.

As Tripitaka dismounted, he saw a house at the head of a path; before the house was erected a pole with a banner flying, while the inside was ablaze with lamps and candles and filled with fragrant incense. "Wukong," said Tripitaka, "what we have here is certainly better than either the fold of the mountain or the edge of the river. At least the eaves of the roof can provide some shelter from the night mists, and we can rest without fears. You, however, should stay behind first, and let me go up to that patron's door to make known our request. If he is willing to let us stay, I'll call for you; but if he's unwilling, all of you are not to let loose any mischief. You are, after all, quite ugly in your appearances, and I fear that you may frighten them. Offending these people may mean that we shall have nowhere at all to stay."

"What you say is quite right," said Pilgrim. "Please go first, Master, and we'll wait for you here."

Taking off his broad-brimmed bamboo hat, the elder shook the dirt from his clerical robe and went up to the door of the house, holding the priestly staff in his hands. He found the door half-closed; not daring to enter without permission, the elder stood still and waited for a brief moment, when an old man, with some beads hanging around his neck, emerged from the house, chanting the name of Buddha as he walked. Seeing that the old man was about to shut the door, however, the elder hurriedly pressed his

palms together and cried out, “Old Benefactor, this humble priest salutes you.” Returning his greeting, the old man said, “You are too late, monk.”

“What do you mean?” said Tripitaka. “I mean that you won’t get anything because you are late,” said the old man. “If you had come earlier, you would have found that we were feasting the monks. After you have eaten your fill, you would then be given an additional three ounces of cooked rice, a bale of white cloth, and ten strings of copper pennies. Why do you come at this hour?”

“Old Benefactor,” said Tripitaka, bowing, “this humble priest is not here to be feasted.”

“If you are not,” said the old man, “then why have you come here?”

Tripitaka said, “I am someone sent by imperial decree of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. It was late when we arrived at your region. When we heard the sound of drums and cymbals from your house, we came to ask you for one night’s lodging. We’ll leave by morning.”

“Monk,” said the old man, waving his hand gently, “a man who has left the family should not lie. The distance between our place here and your Great Tang in the Land of the East happens to be fifty-four thousand miles. A single person like you, how could you come here all by yourself?”

“That’s an exceptionally accurate observation, Old Benefactor,” said Tripitaka, “but I am not alone. I have three disciples, who have opened up a path through the mountains and built bridges when we came upon the waters. It was because of their being my escorts that I could arrive here today.”

“If you have disciples,” said the old man, “why haven’t they come with you? Please invite them forth at once! My house has enough room for all of you.”

Turning around, Tripitaka said, “Disciples, come here.” Now, Pilgrim was by nature rather impulsive, Eight Rules was born without manners, and Sha Monk, too, happened to be very impetuous. The moment the three of them heard their master beckoning, they rushed like a cyclone toward the house, dragging the horse and the luggage along. When the old man caught sight of them, he was so terrified that he fell on the ground, crying repeatedly, “Monsters are here! Monsters are here!” Raising him with his hands, Tripitaka said, “Don’t be afraid, Benefactor. They are not monsters. They are my disciples.”

Trembling all over, the old man said, “Such a handsome master! Why did you take such ugly disciples?”

“Though they are not good to look at,” said Tripitaka, “they are quite knowledgeable in taming tigers and subduing dragons, in seizing monsters and capturing fiends.” Not fully believing what he heard, the old man supported himself on the Tang Monk and walked slowly with him inside.

We tell you now about those three rogues, who dashed into the hall, where they dropped their luggage and tied up the horse. There were at that time several priests in the hall reciting sūtras. Sticking out his long snout, Eight Rules shouted at them, “Hey monks! Which sūtra are you reciting?” On hearing this, those monks raised their heads and all at once

They saw a visitor,
With long snout and huge ears,

A thick frame and wide shoulders,
A voice that boomed like thunder.
But Pilgrim and Sha Monk
Were in looks e'en uglier.
Of those priests in the hall
None was not in terror.
They tried to keep reciting
But were stopped by their leader.
They left their stones and bells
And forsook the graven Buddhas.
The lamps were all blown out,
And torches all smothered.
They scrambled and they stumbled,
The doorsills falling over.
Like gourds when props were down,
Their heads bumped one another.
A pure, serene plot of ritual
Became a cause of great laughter!

When the three brothers saw how those priests stumbled and fell all over, they clapped their hands and roared with laughter. More terrified than ever, those priests banged into one another as they fled for their lives and deserted the place. Tripitaka led the old man up the hall, but the lights and lamps were completely out, while the three of them were still in guffaws. "You brazen creatures!" scolded the Tang Monk. "You are so wicked! Haven't I taught you every day, admonished you every morning? The ancients said,

To be virtuous without instruction,
Is this not sagacity?
To be virtuous after instruction,
Is this not nobility?
To be virtueless even after instruction,
Is this not stupidity?

The way you have perpetrated mischief has just shown you to be people of the greatest baseness and stupidity! You barged into someone's door without any manners! You have frightened the old Benefactor and scattered the priests reciting the sūtras, completely spoiling the good works of others. Wouldn't I be blamed for all this?"

He spoke with such vehemence that they dared not utter a word in reply, and only then did the old man become convinced that they were his disciples. He turned quickly to bow to Tripitaka, saying, "Venerable Father, it doesn't matter! It doesn't matter! They were putting out the lights just now because the ceremony was almost done anyway."

"If it's over," said Eight Rules, "bring out the end-of-service feast so that we can enjoy it and sleep."

"Bring out the lights! Bring out the lights!" cried the old man. Some of the members of his household, when they heard him, began to complain to themselves, "There are enough candles already in the hall for the religious service. Why is he calling for lights?"

A few houseboys came out to see for themselves and they found the hall in complete darkness. Returning hurriedly with torches and lanterns, they suddenly saw the forms of Eight Rules and Sha Monk. So terrified by the sight they were that they dropped their torches and dashed inside, slamming shut the mid-level door and shouting all the time, "There are monsters here! There are monsters here!" Picking up one of the torches, Pilgrim relit the lamps and the candles before he pulled a chair to the middle of the hall for the Tang Monk to sit on. Then he and his brothers sat down on both sides and the old man took a seat in front of all of them. As they sett led into their seats, they heard the inner door open and another old man walked out, supporting himself on a staff. "What kind of perverse demons are you," he said, "that you dare enter the door of a virtuous family in the dark of night?"

The old man, who was seated, quickly arose and met him behind the screens, saying, "No need to clamor, Elder Brother. They are no perverse demons, but arhats sent to acquire scriptures by the Great Tang in the Land of the East. Though they look vicious, they are actually quite gentle." Only then did the other old man put down his staff and bow to greet all four of the visitors, after which, he also took a seat in the front of the hall.

"Bring out the tea," he cried, "and prepare us some vegetarian food."

He had to call several times before several houseboys, still trembling, emerged, though they still did not dare walk near the visitors.

Unable to contain himself, Eight Rules said, "Old man, why are your servants milling about on both sides?"

"I told them to bring out some vegetarian food to serve to the Venerable Fathers," said the old man. Eight Rules asked, "How many are there to serve us?"

"Eight of them," said the old man. "Which of us are they going to serve?" said Eight Rules. "Why, all four of you!" said the old man.

Eight Rules said, "That pale-faced master requires only one person to serve him; the one with the hairy face and thunder-god beak needs only two. But the one with the gloomy complexion will have to have eight persons, and, as for me, nothing less than twenty attendants will do."

"If I understand you correctly," said the old man, "you are trying to tell me that you have a large appetite."

"It's passable, passable," said Eight Rules. "Well," said the old man, "there are plenty of people here." Young and old, he managed to summon thirty servants to come out.

As the two old men spoke amiably with the monks, the rest of the household felt more at ease. A table was set up in the middle of the hall and the Tang Monk was asked to take the honored seat. Three other tables were set up on both sides for the disciples, while the two old men were seated at another table facing all of them. Fruits and vegetables were presented first, after which they brought out glutenous rice, plain rice, side dishes, and soup with vermicelli. After the food was laid out properly, the elder Tang lifted his chopsticks and recited the *Fast-Breaking Sūtra*. Our Idiot, however, was an impulsive eater for one thing, and he was hungry for another. Without waiting for the Tang Monk to finish his recitation, he grabbed one of the red lacquered wooden bowls and hurled a whole bowl full of rice into his mouth. Every grain of it immediately vanished! One of the young attendants on the side said, "This Venerable Father is not

very smart! If you want to snatch something and hide it in your sleeve, why don't you take some steamed buns? Why do you snatch a bowl of rice instead? Won't it soil your clothing?"

"I didn't put it in my sleeve," said Eight Rules, chuckling. "I ate it!"

"You have hardly moved your mouth," said the young man. "How could you have eaten it?"

"Only your son would lie!" said Eight Rules. "Of course I ate it! If you don't believe me, I'll eat some more for you to see!"

The young man indeed picked up the bowl, filled it with rice once more, and handed the bowl to Eight Rules. Idiot took it, and instantly he gulped it all down with a flick of his hand. When the houseboys saw this, they cried, "O Father! You must have a throat lined with polished bricks! It's so level and smooth!"

Before the Tang Monk had finished reciting one sūtra, Idiot had downed five or six bowls of rice. After that, they raised their chopsticks to enjoy the other kinds of food. Without regard for whether they were fruits, rice, glutenous rice, or side dishes, Idiot simply scooped them all up with his hands and stuffed them into his mouth, calling all the time, "More rice! More rice! Where are you all disappearing to?"

"Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "please don't eat so much! We are already much better off than trying to endure hunger in the fold of the mountain. It's good enough if you are half-filled."

"Never mind," said Eight Rules. "As the proverb says,

The priest half-fed
Is worse than dead!"

"Take away the housewares," said Pilgrim. "Don't mind him!"

Bowing, the two old men said, "To tell you the truth, there is no problem whatever if it is during the day, for we can easily feed over a hundred priests like our big-bellied elder here. But it's late now.

We have put away the leftovers, and we have managed to steam only one stone of glutenous rice and five barrels of plain rice together with a few tablefuls of vegetarian food. We were about to invite a few neighbors to disperse the blessings with the priests. When all of you arrived, the priests became frightened and left, and we dared not even ask our neighbors or kin to come here. Everything that had been prepared was already presented to you. But if you are not yet filled, we can steam some more."

"Steam some more! Steam some more!" said Eight Rules.

After they finished eating, the tables and dishes were put aside. Tripitaka stood up and bowed to the two old men to thank them for the feast. Then he asked, "Old Benefactors, what is your honored name?" One of them said, "Our surname is Chen." Pressing his palms together, Tripitaka said, "We share the same illustrious ancestors."

"So the Venerable Father also has the surname of Chen?" asked one of the old men. "Yes," said Tripitaka, "that is the name of my secular home. May I ask what kind of religious service was held just now?"

"Why do you ask, Master?" said Eight Rules, laughing. "Can't you guess? It has to be a service for harvest, or for peace, or for the completion of a building. Nothing more!"

"No, no," said the old man. "Truly, what was it for then?" asked Tripitaka again. The old man replied, "It's a preparatory mass for the dead." Laughing so hard that he could hardly remain seated, Eight Rules said, "Grandpa, you aren't very perceptive! We are experts in half-truths, masters of humbug! How could you hope to deceive us with that fraudulent title? You think that monks are ignorant of masses and religious services? You may hold a preparatory mass for the transference of merit, or for the presentation of a votive offering. Since when was there ever a preparatory mass for the dead? There is no one in your house who has died. How could you have a mass for the dead?" When Pilgrim heard these words, he was secretly pleased and thought to himself, "This Idiot is getting smarter!"

Then he said, "Old Grandpa, you must have been mistaken. What is this preparatory mass for the dead?" Instead of replying at once, the two old men bowed and said, "How did all of you turn from the main road to acquire scriptures and arrive at our place?" Pilgrim said, "We were walking along the main road, but it was barred by a torrent of water and we could not cross it. Then we heard the sound of cymbals and drums, and that led us here to ask you for a night's lodging."

"When you reached the edge of the water," said the old man, "did you see anything?"

"Only a stone monument," said Pilgrim, "with the three-word inscription, Heaven-Reaching River. Below it, there were the words:

A width of eight hundred miles
Which few, from days of old, have crossed.

There was no other thing."

"If you had gone about a mile inland from the monument," said one of the old men, "you would have come upon a temple of the Great King of Numinous Power. But you didn't see it?"

"We did not," said Pilgrim. "Tell us, old Grandpa, what is this Numinous Power?"

At once the two old men began to shed tears as they said, "O Venerable Father! That Great King was

Potent to move one place to build his shrine;
Numinous to bless people far and near.
He sends us sweet rains from month to month,
And auspicious clouds from year to year."

Pilgrim said, "Sending sweet rains and auspicious clouds indicate good intentions, but you are so sad and dejected. Why?"

Beating their chests and stamping their feet, the old men sighed deeply and said, "O Venerable Father!

Though favors abound, there's also spite.
He would hurt life even when he is kind.
For his love to eat virgin boys and girls,
He is no patent god of righteous mind!"

"So he likes to devour virgin boys and girls?" asked Pilgrim. "Yes," said the old men. Pilgrim said, "I suppose it's your family's turn now?"

"Indeed it is," said one of the old men. "Our village here consists of over one hundred families, and it belongs to the Yuanhui County of the Cart Slow Kingdom. The name of this village of ours is the Chen Village. Every year this Great King requires the sacrifice of a virgin boy and a virgin girl in addition to the offering of various kinds of livestock like hogs and sheep. When he has devoured all of these to his satisfaction, he would bless us with wind and rain in due season. If there is no such sacrifice for him, he will inflict upon us all kinds of calamity."

"How many esteemed sons do you have in your family?" asked Pilgrim. "Alas! Alas!" said the older of the two men, beating his breast. "Why mention 'esteemed sons'? The term would only embarrass us to death! This is my brother, Chen Qing, and I am called Chen Cheng.

He is fifty-eight and I am sixty-three, both badly off for children. Since I had no children even when I was fifty, friends and relatives urged me to take a concubine. I had no choice but to do so and a girl was born later. Her name is One Load of Gold, and she is barely eight this year."

"What an expensive name!" said Eight Rules. "Why was she given it?"

The old man said, "Since I was childless for so many years, I persisted in repairing bridges and roads, in erecting temples and stūpas, and in the feasting of monks. I kept a record of all I spent—a few ounces here and a few ounces there—and by the time my daughter was born, I had spent exactly thirty pounds of gold. Thirty pounds make one load, and that was how she got her name."

"And does he have a son?" asked Pilgrim. The old man said, "He has, indeed, a son born also of a concubine. He is only seven years old, and his name is Chen Guanbao."

"Why such a name?" asked Pilgrim, and the old man said, "Because our family worships the Holy Father Guan, and the child was conceived after prayers were offered to the Holy Father. That's why he has such a name. The joint age of my brother and me is over one hundred and twenty, but we have only these two children to perpetuate our families. How could we ever anticipate that the turn to provide the victims would fall on us! We dare not, of course, refuse, but it is difficult to give up our precious children. It was for the welfare of their souls that we established this plot of ritual in advance, and that was the reason I named it the preparatory mass for the dead." When Tripitaka heard these words, he could not restrain the tears from rolling down his cheeks and he said, "Truly it's like what the proverb says:

Instead of yellow plums only green plums drop.
Old Heaven's doubly harsh to a childless man!"

Pilgrim, however, smiled and said, "Let me question him a bit more. Old Grandpa, how much property do you have?"

The two old men said together, "Quite a bit. We have at least some seven hundred and fifty acres of paddy fields and over a thousand acres of dry fields. There must be some ninety pasture fields, three hundred water buffalos, some thirty horses and mules, and countless numbers of hogs, sheep, chickens, and geese. There is more grain in our warehouses than we can consume and more clothing in our houses than we can wear. Our property and our wealth, as you can see, are quite sizable."

"If you own so much," said Pilgrim, "it's pathetic that you are so stingy!"

"How did you come to that conclusion?" said one of the old men. Pilgrim said, "If you are so well-off, how could you permit your own children to be sacrificed? Throw away fifty ounces of silver and you can buy a virgin boy; throw away another hundred ounces and you can buy a virgin girl. You need spend no more than two hundred ounces of silver for all expenses and you will preserve posterity for you and your family. Isn't that much better?" Shedding copious tears, the two old men said, "Venerable Father! You aren't aware of the fact that the Great King is truly so powerful that he knows everything. Why, he even comes frequently to the families here." Pilgrim said, "When he came through, did you ever discover how he looked or how tall he was?"

"We have never seen his form," said the two old men. "But whenever we felt a fragrant breeze, it was a sign that the Father Great King had arrived. Then we had to burn hurriedly lots of incense and all of us, young and old, had to bow toward the wind. He knows everything there is to know of our families here; he can remember even the birth dates and hours of young and old. He will not consider it a treat unless he can devour children who are truly ours. Don't speak of two or three hundred ounces of silver; even if we were to spend several thousand ounces, we had nowhere to purchase a boy or a girl of exactly the same appearance and age."

"So, that's how it is!" said Pilgrim. "All right, all right! Bring out your son and let me take a look at him."

Chen Qing went inside at once and carried his son Guanbao out to the front hall, placing him before the lamps. The child, of course, was wholly unaware of the disaster that was about to descend on him. With two sleeves stuffed with preserved fruits and candies, he danced about as he munched on the goodies. On seeing him, Pilgrim recited a spell silently and shook his body: at once he changed into a boy with the exact appearance of that child Guanbao. Now there were two boys holding hands and dancing before the lamps! The old man was so startled that he fell on his knees, causing the Tang Monk to cry out, "Venerable Father, this is blasphemy! Blasphemy!"

The old man said, "But this Venerable Father was just speaking to us. How did he manage to take on the appearance of my child all at once? Look, you give them a call, and both of them answer together! We are the ones who are not worthy! Please show your true form! Please show your true form!" With a wipe of his own face Pilgrim changed back into his true form. Remaining on his knees, the old man said, "So the Venerable Father has this kind of ability!"

"Did I look like your son?" asked Pilgrim, laughing. "Very much! Very much!" said the old man. "You had exactly the same features, the same voice, the same clothes, and the same height!"

"You haven't even examined me closely," said Pilgrim. "Bring out the scale and see if I'm of the same weight as his."

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" said the old man. "I could tell that you were exactly of the same weight."

"You think I could serve as the sacrifice?" asked Pilgrim. "It's marvelous! Just marvelous!" said the old man. "Of course, you could serve as the sacrifice." Pilgrim said, "I'll exchange my life for your boy's so that your family's posterity will be preserved. I'll present myself as a sacrifice to that Great King." Kowtowing as he knelt

on the ground, Chen Qing said, “If in your compassion you are willing to present yourself as a substitute, I shall present Father Tang with a thousand ounces of white silver as his travel expenses to the Western Heaven.”

“And you are not going to thank old Monkey?” said Pilgrim. “If you are a sacrificial substitute,” said the old man, “you will be finished.”

“What do you mean finished?” said Pilgrim. “The Great King will devour you,” said the old man, and Pilgrim said, “Does he dare?”

“If he doesn’t eat you,” said the old man, “it will only be because you are too smelly for his taste.”

“May Heaven’s will be done!” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “If he eats me, it’ll mean that I am to die young; if he does not, it’s my luck. Anyway, I shall be your sacrificial substitute.”

Chen Qing not only kowtowed to thank him, but also promised to give the monks an additional five hundred ounces of silver. Chen Cheng, however, neither kowtowed nor gave thanks; leaning on one of the screens, he wept profusely. Understanding his plight, Pilgrim went up to tug at him and said, “Number One, you are not promising me anything nor are you thanking me. I suppose you must feel terrible about parting with your daughter?”

Going to his knees at once, Chen Cheng said, “No, I can’t part with her. I am indebted to you, Venerable Father, for your kindness, and it should be enough that you have saved our nephew. But this old moron has no other children except his daughter. If I should die, she would weep bitterly, too! How could I ever part with her?”

“Then go quickly and steam five more barrels of rice,” said Pilgrim. “Prepare some fine vegetarian dishes also and let that long-snout master of ours enjoy himself. Then we can ask him to change into the form of your daughter, and we two brothers will be your sacrificial substitutes.

By saving the lives of your daughter and son, we shall accrue to ourselves secret merit. How about that?”

Horrified by what he heard, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, you can show off your energy as you please! But don’t drag me into this venture without any regard for my life!”

“Worthy Brother,” said Pilgrim, “the proverb says, ‘Even chickens can eat only food they work for!’ The moment we entered their house, they feted us with a huge banquet, while you were complaining that you were only half-filled! How could you be unwilling to assist them in their difficulties?”

“O Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “I don’t know anything about transformation.”

“What do you mean?” said Pilgrim. “You know thirty-six modes of transformation.”

“Wuneng,” cried Tripitaka, “what your elder brother has just said is certainly right, and what he has proposed is most appropriate. The proverb says, ‘The saving of one life is better than the construction of a seven-tiered pagoda.’ In the first place, we should repay their great kindness to us; in the second, we should make merit whenever possible by the performance of good works. Since there is no other thing you must attend to in this cool night, you and your brother can go and have some fun.”

"Look at the way Master talks!" said Eight Rules. "I may know how to change into a mountain, a tree, a rock, a scabby elephant, a water buffalo, or a stout fellow. But it'll be rather difficult for me to change into a small young girl!"

"Don't believe him, Number One," said Pilgrim. "Bring out your precious daughter."

Chen Cheng dashed inside and brought out his child, One Load of Gold. At the same time, his whole family, including his wife and his concubine, young and old, all came out to the front hall to kneel before the monks and kowtow, begging them to save the girl's life.

The girl was wearing on her head a patterned emerald fillet with dangling pearl and precious stone pendants; she had on a coat of red silk shot with yellow, covered by a cape of mandarin green satin with chess-board patterned collar. Around her waist was tied a silk skirt with bright red flowers. She also had on a pair of gold-kneed trousers and a pair of light pink toad's head patterned shoes made of hemp thread. And she, too, was munching on some fruits. "Eight Rules," said Pilgrim, "that's the girl. Change into her form quickly, so that we can be sacrificed."

"O Brother!" said Eight Rules. "She's so delicate and lovely! How could I do it?"

"Quick!" said Pilgrim.

"Don't ask for a beating!"

Alarmed, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, don't beat me! Let me try and see what happens!"

This Idiot recited a spell and shook his head several times, crying, "Change!" Indeed, his head took on the features of the little girl, but his belly remained as big as ever so that his hulking frame bore hardly any resemblance to the girl's. "Change some more!" cried Pilgrim, laughing. "You can beat me all you want," said Eight Rules, "but I can't change anymore. What am I to do?"

"You can't take on the head of a girl," said Pilgrim, "and the body of a priest! You would be neither boy nor girl, and that wouldn't be good, would it? Why don't you assume the star posture and see what I can do for you?"

He blew a mouthful of magic breath onto Eight Rules, whose body at once took on the form of the little girl. Then Pilgrim said to the two old men, "Please take your relatives, your son, and your daughter inside so that we will not be confused with them. I fear that after awhile, my brother may become slothful and sneak inside, and it will be difficult for you to tell them apart. Give your children plenty of nice fruits and candies and make certain that they don't cry. I don't want that Great King to get wind of our plans. We two will have some fun and be off."

Dear Great Sage! He gave instructions for Sha Monk to stand guard over the Tang Monk, while he and Eight Rules assumed the exact forms of Chen Guanbao and One Load of Gold. After the two of them made all the preparations, Pilgrim asked, "How are we to be presented, trussed up or just bound? Steamed or chopped to pieces?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "don't pull any more tricks on me! I don't have that kind of ability!"

"No, No!" said one of the old men. "All we need are two red lacquered trays, on which we will ask both of you to sit. The trays will be placed on top of two tables, which will then be carried to the temple by some of our houseboys."

"Fine! Fine!" said Pilgrim. "Bring out the trays and let us try them."

The old man took out the lacquered trays; Pilgrim and Eight Rules sat in them, after which four houseboys lifted up two tables and walked into the courtyard. Delighted, Pilgrim said, "Eight Rules, a couple of turns like this and we shall be priests who have ascended the tray-platform!"

"If they carry us inside," said Eight Rules, "and carry us out again, I won't be afraid even if they go back and forth until tomorrow morning. But once they take us into the temple, we'll be devoured, and that's no game!"

"Just watch me," said Pilgrim. "When he seizes me and tries to eat me, you can flee."

"But how would I know whom he will eat first?" asked Eight Rules. "If he eats the virgin boy first, I can flee, of course. But if he wants to eat the virgin girl first, what am I to do?"

"During one of the sacrifices some years ago," said the old man, "a few people courageous enough hid themselves behind the temple or beneath the offering tables. They saw that he ate the boy first before he devoured the girl."

Eight Rules said, "That's my luck! That's my luck!"

As the brothers were talking, a loud din of gongs and drums could be heard outside the house, now lit up also by the light of many torches and lamps. The people of the same village came to pound at the front gate, crying, "Bring out the virgin boy and the virgin girl!"

As the old men wept and wailed, the four houseboys lifted the tables and carried the two of them away. We truly do not know what happened to their lives; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FORTY-EIGHT

The demon, raising a cold wind, sends a great snow fall
The monk, intent on seeing Buddha, walks on layered ice

We tell you now about those worshippers from the Chen Village, who carried Pilgrim and Eight Rules, along with various offerings of livestock, straight to the Temple of Numinous Power. The virgin boy and girl were placed on top of the offerings. Pilgrim turned his head and saw that there were incense, flowers, and candles on the offering tables, in the middle of which there was also a tablet inscribed in gold letters with the title:

"God of the Great King of Numinous Power."

There was no other image of any deity. After the worshippers had set out everything properly, they knelt down and kowtowed toward the tablet, saying in unison, "Great King Father, in this year, this month, this day, and this hour, Chen Cheng, the one in charge of the sacrifice and the leader of all the faithfuls of the Chen Village, young and old, does follow our annual custom and offer to you a virgin boy by the name of Chen Guanbao and a virgin girl by the name of One Load of Gold. Hogs and sheep in the same number are presented to you also for your enjoyment. We pray that you will grant us rain and wind in due season and a rich harvest of the five grains."

After they made this invocation, they burned paper money and horses before returning to their houses.

When Eight Rules saw that the people had dispersed, he said to Pilgrim, "Let's go home, too."

"Where's your home?" asked Pilgrim.

Eight Rules said, "I want to go back to old Chen's house to sleep."

"Idiot," said Pilgrim, "you are babbling again! If you have agreed to do this for him, you have got to finish the job."

"You call me an idiot," said Eight Rules. "Aren't you the real idiot? We were supposed to have some fun with the Chens and fool with them a bit. You can't be serious that you want us sacrificed?"

"If we help someone," said Pilgrim, "we must help him to the end. We must wait until that Great King arrives and devours us before we can consider a perfect end to our efforts! If he has no sacrifice, he will send calamities to the village, and that will not be right."

As he spoke, they heard the wind howl outside. "O dear!" said Eight Rules. "When the wind blows like that, it must mean that the thing is here!"

"Shut up!" cried Pilgrim. "Let me do the talking!" In a moment, a fiend arrived at the door of the temple. Look at the way he appears:

Gold helmet and cuirass both bright and new;
A treasure sash like red clouds wrapped his waist.
His eyes seemed big stars blazing in the night;
His teeth resembled those of a heavy saw.
Waves of mists did encircle both his legs,

And steamy fog surrounded all his frame.
He walked and a cold wind stirred repeatedly;
He stood and baleful aura rose in tiers.
He looked like the Curtain- Raising Captain
Or the great god of a monastery's gate.

Standing right at the doorway, the fiend asked, "Which family this year is providing the sacrifice?" Laughing merrily, Pilgrim said, "Thank you for asking! Those in charge are Chen Cheng and Chen Qing." Puzzled by this answer, the fiend thought to himself, "This virgin boy is not only bold, but also articulate. Usually the victims in the past could not even reply to the first question, and they would be frightened out of their wits at the second one. By the time I seized them with my hands, they would already be as good as dead.

How is it that this virgin boy today can still respond so intelligently?" Not bold enough to seize his prey immediately, the fiend asked once more, "What are the names of the boy and the girl?" With a laugh, Pilgrim said, "The virgin boy is called Chen Guanbao, and the virgin girl is called One Load of Gold."

"This sacrifice," said the fiend, "happens to be an annual custom. Now that you have been offered to me, I'm going to eat you."

"I dare not resist you," said Pilgrim. "Please feel free to enjoy yourself." When the fiendish creature heard this, he was even more reluctant to raise his hands. Standing there in the doorway, he shouted, "Don't you dare be impudent! In years past I would eat the virgin boy first. But this year, I'm going to eat the virgin girl first."

"O Great King," said Eight Rules, horrified, "please follow the old way! Don't eat by breaking a usual custom!" Without permitting further discussion, the fiend stretched out his hands to seize Eight Rules. With a bound Idiot leaped down from the offering table and changed back into his true form. Whipping out his rake, he brought it down hard on the hands of the fiend. The fiend retreated hurriedly and tried to flee, but not before the blow of Eight Rules sent something to the ground with a clang. "I've punctured his armor!" shouted Eight Rules. As he changed back into his true form also, Pilgrim stepped forward to have a look and found that there were two fish scales about the size of ice dishes. "Chase him!" he yelled, and the two of them leaped into the air. Since that creature thought he was coming to a feast, he brought no weapon along. With bare hands he stood on the edge of the clouds and asked, "Monks, where did you come from? How dare you come to oppress me here, rob me of my offerings, and ruin my name?"

"So, you're an ignorant, brazen creature!" said Pilgrim. "We are disciples of the holy monk Tripitaka from the Great Tang in the Land of the East, who was sent by royal decree to go to the Western Heaven for scriptures. When we stayed with the Chen family last night, we heard that there was a perverse demon who falsely assumed the title of Numinous Power. Every year he demands a virgin boy and a virgin girl as sacrifice. In compassion we wanted to save lives and arrest you, you lawless creature. Confess at once. How many years have you called yourself Great King of this place, and how many boys and girls have you devoured? Give us a detailed account, and we may spare your life." When that fiend heard these words, he turned and fled immediately. Eight Rules tried to strike at him again with the muckrake but did not succeed, for the fiend changed into a violent gust of wind that faded into the Heaven-Reaching River.

"No need to chase him anymore," said Pilgrim. "This fiend has to be a creature of the river. Let's wait till tomorrow before we try to catch him and ask him to take Master across the river."

Eight Rules agreed and both of them returned to the temple and hauled all the offerings and livestock, including the tables on which they were laden, back to the Chen house. At that time, the elder, Sha Monk, and the Chen brothers were all waiting for some news of them, when suddenly, they saw the two disciples dumping the sacrificial animals and offerings in the courtyard. "Wukong," said Tripitaka, going forward to meet them, "how did the sacrifice go?" Pilgrim gave a thorough account of how they revealed their names and how the fiend disappeared into the river. The two old men were most pleased, and they at once gave the order for rooms to be made ready and bedding laid out for master and disciples to rest. There we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about that fiend, who escaped with his life and went back to his water palace. After he sat down, he fell completely silent for such a long time that his watery kinsfolk, young and old, all gathered about him to ask, "Great King, you are usually quite happy when you come home after the sacrifice. Why is it that you seem so annoyed this year?"

"After I've satisfied myself in past years," said the fiend, "I usually managed to bring some leftovers for you to enjoy. Today, however, not even I myself got anything to eat. I was so unlucky that I ran into an adversary and almost lost my life."

"Which adversary was that, Great King?" they asked. The fiend said, "A disciple of a holy monk of the Great Tang in the Land of the East, who was on his way to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven. He took on the form of a virgin girl, while another disciple became the boy, both sitting in the temple. When they changed back into their original forms, I was nearly killed by the two of them. I have long heard that Tripitaka Tang happened to be a good man who had been practicing self-cultivation for ten incarnations. To eat even one piece of his flesh would prolong one's life indefinitely, but I didn't realize that he had such disciples under him. Not only has my reputation been ruined by them, but also the offerings due me were taken away. I would like very much to catch hold of that Tang Monk, but I fear that I may not be able to."

From among the watery kinsfolk stepped a stripe-coated perch-mother who wriggled and bowed toward the fiend, saying with a smile, "Great King, if you want to catch the Tang Monk, it isn't difficult at all. But I wonder if you would be willing to reward me with some wine and meat once you catch hold of him."

"If you could devise a plan and succeed in capturing the Tang Monk," said the fiend, "I would become your bond-brother. We two shall share the same table to feast on him."

After thanking him, the perch-mother said, "I've known for a long time that the Great King possesses the magic to summon winds and rains and to stir up seas and rivers. May I ask whether you are able to cause snow to descend?"

"Of course," said the fiend. She asked again, "How about making ice and causing things to freeze over?"

The fiend said, "Certainly."

"In that case," said the perch-mother, clapping her hands and laughing, "it's most easy! It's most easy!"

"Tell me what it is that's most easy," said the fiend.

The perch-mother said, "When it is about the hour of the third watch this night, the Great King should exercise his power without any further delay. Call up a cold wind and send down a great snowfall so that the entire Heaven-Reaching River will be solidly frozen.

Those of us capable of transformation will assume human forms: carrying luggage, holding umbrellas, and pushing carts, we will follow the direction of the main road to the West and walk continuously on the ice on top of the river. That Tang Monk must be rather impatient to get to the scriptures, and when he sees people walking about like that, he too will want to cross the river by walking on the ice. The Great King can sit quietly at the heart of the river; as soon as you hear the sound of their footsteps, crack open the ice so that he and his disciples will fall into the water. All of them will be captured then." When that fiend heard these words, he was exceedingly pleased. "Marvelous! Marvelous!" he cried, and he left his water residence at once to rise into the air. There he began to raise up a cold wind to bring snow and to cause everything to freeze up, but we shall mention him no further.

We tell you now instead about the Tang elder and his disciples, the four of them, sleeping in the Chen household. Just before dawn, all of them began to feel the chill even inside their blankets and their pillows turning cold. Sneezing and shivering, Eight Rules could no longer sleep, and he called out, "Elder Brother, it's very cold!"

"Idiot, why don't you grow up!" said Pilgrim. "Those who have left the family cannot be touched by heat or cold. How could you be afraid of the cold?"

Tripitaka said, "Disciple, it is indeed cold. Look! Even the

Heavy quilts provide no warmth,
And hands in sleeves feel like ice.
Presently frost buds dangle from withered leaves,
And icy bells form on the hoary pines.
The ground cracks for the severe cold;
The pond's level as the water's frozen.
No old fisher is seen on any boat,
Nor a monk at the mountain temple.
Wood is scarce and the woodman's sad;
Charcoals added, and the noble's glad.
The soldier's beard is like iron;
The poet's brush is all hardened.
A leather coat still seems too thin;
A fur robe feels even too light.
On straw mats old priests turn stiff;
By paper screens no traveler can sleep.
Though brocade covers are heavy,
Your whole body shivers and shakes!"

Neither master nor disciples could sleep any longer; they scrambled up, and after putting on their clothes they opened the door to look outside. Ah! It was completely white, for it was snowing. "No wonder you were complaining of the cold," said Pilgrim. "It's snowing heavily!"

The four of them stared at it. Marvelous snow! You see

Dark clouds densely formed—
Gray fog thickly gathered—
Dark clouds densely formed,
As a frigid wind howls throughout the sky;
Gray fog densely gathered,
As a great snowfall covers the earth.
Truly it is like
A flower that blooms six times,
Each petal a precious jasper;
Or a thousand-tree forest,
Each plant bedecked with jade.
In a moment: piles of flour!
In an instant: heaps of salt!
The white parrot has lost its essence;
The frosty crane can't boast of its cost.
You add to all rivers of Wu and Chu
Or press down plum blossoms of the southeast.
Now it seems like vanquished jade dragons, some three million strong—
Indeed like torn scales and ripped armor flying through the air.
Where can one find Dongguo's shoes,
Yuan An's resting place,
Or the glow by which Sun Kang studied?
Nor can one see Ziyou's boat,
Wang Gong's robe,
Or blankets which fed Su Wu.
All you have are some village huts of silver bricks,
And a country side kneaded out of jade.
Marvelous snow—
Willow fleeces o'erspreading bridges;
Pear blossoms coating houses.
Willow fleeces o'erspreading bridges
As a fisher hangs up his coir-coat by the bridge;
Pear blossoms coating houses
As wild codgers burn tree roots in houses.
The guests find it hard to buy wine;
The old servant can't find the plums.
Flitting and fluttering like butterfly wings;
Drifting and soaring like goose down;
Churning and rolling it follows the wind;
In heaps and mounds it hides the roads.
In waves the chilly might pierces the screens;
Soughing, the cold air penetrates the drapes.
A good year's fine omens drop from the sky
To wish humans in their affairs success.

That snow came down fluttering, like flying threads of silk and finely cut chips of jade. After master and disciples gazed at it for a while, admiring its beauty, they saw the elder Chen approaching as two houseboys swept open a path. Two more brought along hot water for them to wash their faces, after which others presented hot tea and

milk cakes. Then they carried charcoal fires into the parlor and invited master and disciples to sit inside. “Old Benefactor,” asked the elder, “may I inquire whether the seasons of your region are divided into spring, summer, autumn, and winter?” With a smile, the elder Chen said, “Though ours is a rather out-of-the-way region, only our people and our customs are different from those of a noble nation. But all the grains and livestock share the benefits of the same Heaven and the same sun. How could the four seasons be lacking?”

“If so,” said Tripitaka, “how is it that we have such a great snowfall at this time of the year and such a terrible cold?”

The elder Chen said, “Though this is only the seventh month, we just passed White Dew yesterday, and that means that we are approaching the eighth month. In this place of ours, we have frost and snow during the eighth month.”

“That’s quite different from our Land of the East,” said Tripitaka, “for we never have snow back there until winter actually arrives.”

As they conversed, the servants came forward once more to set the tables for them to dine on rice gruel. After the meal, the snow fell even more heavily, and soon it was two feet deep on the ground. Growing more and more anxious, Tripitaka began to weep.

“Venerable Father, please do not worry,” said the elder Chen. “Please don’t let the deep snow bother you. We have stored up in our house a considerable amount of food, and, I dare say, sufficient to feed all of you for quite a long time.”

Tripitaka said, “You don’t understand my sorrow, Old Benefactor. In that past year when I was entrusted with the decree to acquire scriptures, His Majesty personally escorted me outside the capital. With his own hand holding the goblet to toast me, the Tang emperor asked me, ‘When can you return?’ Not having any idea of the dangers of mountains and waters, this humble priest replied rather casually, ‘After three years I shall be able to return to our nation with the scriptures.’ Since we parted, it has been seven or eight years, and I have yet to see the face of Buddha. I have great fear that I might have exceeded the imperial limit, and I also am troubled by the viciousness of demons and monsters. Today it is my good fortune to live in your great mansion. After the small service rendered you by my foolish disciples last night, I had hopes that I could ask you for a boat to cross the river. Little did I expect that Heaven would send down this great snowfall to block and cover all the roads. Now I wonder when I would attain my goal and be able to return home.”

“Relax, Venerable Father,” said the elder Chen, “for after all, many days of your journey have passed already. It does not matter if you spend a few more days here. When the weather clears and the ice melts, this old moron will see to it that you cross the river, even if I have to exhaust my wealth to do it.” Just then, a houseboy came to invite them to breakfast. After they finished that in the front hall, they hardly had time to converse when lunch was served also. Troubled by the sight of the elaborately prepared meal, Tripitaka said in great earnestness, “If you are kind enough to take us in, you must treat us as ordinary members of the family.”

“Venerable Father,” said elder Chen, “we are deeply indebted to you for saving our children’s lives. Even if we were to feast you every day, we could never repay you sufficiently.”

Thereafter the snow stopped, and people soon began to come and go once more. When the elder Chen saw how unhappy Tripitaka appeared to be, he asked that the garden be swept out. After a huge brazier with fire was sent for, he invited the whole party to spend some time in a snow cave. "This old fellow doesn't quite use his head!" said Eight Rules, laughing. "One can admire the garden in the second or the third month during the time of spring. But after such a big snowfall, and it's so cold now, what's there for us to admire?" Pilgrim said, "Idiot, you *are* ignorant! The scenery of snow quite naturally has a mysterious calm, something which not only we can enjoy but which also can console our master."

"Exactly! Exactly!" said the elder Chen. Following his beckoning, they went to the garden and they saw

A scenery of late autumn,
When prospects of La appeared.
Jadelike buds formed on hoary pines;
Silver blooms hung on lifeless willows.
Jade-moss beneath the steps heaped up powder;
Bamboos before the window sprouted jasper roots.
On artificial mountains—
In domestic fish ponds—
On artful rockeries
Pointed peaks were ranged like shoots of jade;
In garden fish ponds
The clear, running water became ice trays.
By the banks the color of hibiscus faded
And their tender twigs all drooped near the ridge.
Begonia plants
Were completely crushed;
Winter-plum trees
Brought forth new branches.
The peony arbor,
The pomegranate arbor,
And the cassia arbor—
Every arbor was piled high with goose down;
The place of enjoyment,
The place of entertainment,
The place of amusement—
Each place was covered with butterfly wings.
Two fences of chrysanthmum: white jade framed in gold;
A few maple trees: lovely red lined with white.
Since countless courtyards were too cold to reach,
You might admire the snow cave chilly as ice.
Inside sat a beast-face brazier with elephant legs,
In which a hot charcoal fire had just begun.
All around were some lacquered armchairs draped with tiger skins
By the paper windows set so warm and soft.

Inside the cave, there were hung on walls several old paintings by famous hands, the themes of which all had to do with

Seven worthies going through the pass,
A cold river's lonely fisher,
The scenes of snow-bound mountain plateaus;
Su Wu feeding on his blanket,
Breaking a plum-twig for the mailman,
And frigid art wrought by trees and plants of jade.
You can't begin to describe
The house by the waters where fishes are easily bought,
Or how scarce is wine when snow buries the roads.
Truly this is a place most worthy to linger in.
Think of it, and you needn't visit Penghu.

After they had admired the scenery for a long while, they sat down in the snow cave and chatted with some of the aged neighbors on the matter of acquiring scriptures. When they finished drinking some fragrant tea, the elder Chen asked again, "Would the several Venerable Fathers take some wine?"

"This humble cleric does not drink," said Tripitaka, "but my disciples may drink a few cups of vegetarian wine."

Delighted, the elder Chen at once gave the order:

"Bring fruits and vegetables, and warm the wine. We would like to help our guests ward off the chill."

The houseboys and servants brought forth tables and small braziers for heating the wine. The pilgrims and the neighbors each drank a few cups before the utensils were taken away.

Soon it was dusk, and they were taken back to the front hall again for dinner. Just then, someone walking on the street was heard saying, "What chilly weather! Even the Heaven-Reaching River is frozen!" On hearing this, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, if the river is frozen, what shall we do?"

"This sudden cold," said the elder Chen, "must have frozen only the shallow parts of the river near the bank."

But the man walking on the street was saying, "All eight hundred miles across the river are so solidly frozen that its surface is smooth like a mirror. Even people are walking on it." When Tripitaka heard that there were people walking on the river, he immediately wanted to go and look. "Please be patient, Venerable Father," said the elder Chen, "for it's getting late now. We shall go tomorrow."

They took leave of the neighbors, and after dinner, they rested in the parlors as they had the night before.

When they arose the next morning, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, last night was even colder. The river, I suppose, must be solidly frozen."

Facing the door, Tripitaka knelt down and bowed toward Heaven, saying, "All you great Guardians of the Faith, your disciple has with complete sincerity resolved to journey to the West to see Buddha. Throughout the bitter experience of traversing mountains and streams, I have never once complained. Having reached this place, I thank Heaven for providing assistance by freezing the river.

Your disciples therefore wish to offer you our thanksgiving first. After we have acquired the scriptures, we shall inform the Tang emperor so that he may repay this favor of yours with all due reverence."

After he finished praying, he ordered Wujing immediately to saddle the horse so that they could walk on the ice to cross the river. "Please be patient," said the elder Chen again. "Wait for a few days until the snow and ice melt away. This old moron will prepare a boat to take you across."

"I don't think we should settle on staying or leaving," said Sha Monk, "for what we hear is not as reliable as what we see. Let me saddle the horse, but Master should go personally to the river to have a look."

"You are right," said the elder Chen. "Little ones, go and saddle six horses at once. But don't saddle Father Tang's horse yet." With six houseboys following, all of them went to the bank of the river to look. Truly there were

Snow piles rising up like hills,
As sunlight broke up the clouds of dawn.
The southern border froze to turn barren all peaks;
Ice formed to make lakes and rivers flat and smooth.
The wind was cold and biting;
The ground was hard and slippery.
Pond fishes cuddled dense weeds;
Wild birds hugged dead branches.
Travelers abroad all lost their fingers;
The river boatman's teeth madly chattered.
Snake bellies split;
Bird feet snapped.
Truly the icebergs rose a thousand feet tall.
Cold silver floated in countless ravines;
The whole river seemed one cold piece of jade.
The East might think that they produced silkworms,
But the North in truth had their caves of rats.
Here Wang Xiang lay;
Here Guangwu crossed.
In one night e'en the river bottom all hardened!
The winding stream formed jagged layers;
The deep river turned frozen blocks.
Not a ripple throughout the water's width,
It seemed a road on land, just bright and smooth.

When Tripitaka and the others came up to the river's edge, they stopped the horses to look, and true enough, there were people walking on to the ice from the main road. "Benefactor," said Tripitaka, "where are those people going on the ice?"

The elder Chen said, "On the far side of the river is the Western Kingdom of Women, and these people must be traders. Things worth a hundred pennies on our side can fetch a hundred times more over there, and their things worth a hundred pennies can similarly fetch a handsome price over here. In view of such heavy profits, it is understandable that people want to make this journey without regard for life or death. Usually, five or seven people, and the number may even swell to more than ten, will crowd into a boat to cross the river.

When they see that the river is frozen now, they are risking everything to try to cross it on foot."

"Profit and fame," said Tripitaka, "are regarded as most important in the affairs of the world; for profit, men would give up their own lives. But the fact that this disciple strives so hard to fulfill the imperial decree may also be taken as his quest for fame. Am I so different really from those people?"

He turned around and said, "Wukong, go quickly back to our Benefactor's home and pack. Saddle up the horse, too. Let's make use of the ice and leave for the West at once." Smiling broadly, Pilgrim obeyed.

"O Master," said Sha Monk, "the proverb says, 'In a thousand days, you only eat a thousand pecks of rice.' You are already indebted to the hospitality of Mr. Chen. Why not stay a few more days and wait until the weather turns warmer, when we can cross with a boat? Otherwise, I fear that all this hurry may cause us to make mistakes."

"Wujing," said Tripitaka, "how could you be so unthinking? If this were during the second month of the year, one might well expect the weather to warm up day by day and the snow to melt eventually. But this is after all the eighth month, and it will grow colder and colder from now on. How could you expect the ice to break so readily? If we were to wait, wouldn't our trip be delayed, perhaps even up to half a year?" Leaping down from the horse, Eight Rules said, "Stop arguing, all of you, and let old Hog test it to see what's the thickness of the ice."

"Idiot," said Pilgrim, "you threw a stone the other night and succeeded in testing the depth of the water. But the ice now is solid and heavy. How could you test it?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you don't realize that I can give the ice a blow with my rake. If it breaks open, it will be too thin for us to walk on, but if it does not, it will be thick enough. There's no reason for us not to want to walk on it."

"Yes," said Tripitaka, "what you said is quite reasonable."

Hitching up his robe and walking forward in great strides, Idiot went to the edge of the river. He raised the muckrake high with both hands and brought it down with all his might. A loud thud could be heard and nine white marks were left on the ice, while Idiot's hands were momentarily numbed by the impact. "You can walk on it! You can walk on it!" said he, laughing. "Even the bottom is solid!" When Tripitaka heard this, he was very pleased. He went back hurriedly to the Chen household and all he could say was that they had to leave at once. When those two old men found that all their earnest pleas for him to remain fell only on deaf ears, they had no alternative but to prepare some such dried food as baked biscuits and breads to give to the pilgrims. As the whole family came out to kowtow to them, the old men also brought out a tray of gold and silver. Going to their knees, they said, "We thank you again, Venerable Fathers, for saving our children. Please take this, just for a meal on your way." Shaking his head and waving his hand, Tripitaka refused to accept it, saying, "This humble monk is a person who has left the family. I have no need of money. Even if I were to keep it, I wouldn't dare use it on our way, for begging is our proper means of livelihood. It is more than enough for us to take the dried goods."

The two old men pleaded with him again and again; so Pilgrim stuck his finger into the tray and lifted up a tiny piece, approximately as heavy as four or five drams, which he handed over to the Tang Monk, saying, "Master, keep it as their offering so that these two will not be too disappointed."

They thus said farewell and the pilgrims went to the river, but when the horse stepped onto the ice, it began to slip and slide and Tripitaka was almost thrown off its back. “Master,” shouted Sha Monk, “we can’t go!”

“Stop for a moment,” said Eight Rules, “and let’s ask Mr. Chen for some straw.”

“What for?” asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules replied, “You wouldn’t have any idea about this! The straw will be used to wrap up the hoofs of the horse, so that Master won’t fall down.” When the elder Chen heard on the shore what Eight Rules said, he told someone to fetch the straw at once. After the Tang Monk returned to the bank and dismounted, Eight Rules wrapped all four hoofs of the horse with straw and that enabled it to step on the ice without slipping.

Having taken leave of the Chen clan at the edge of the river, they proceeded for no more than three or four miles when Eight Rules handed the nine-ringed priestly staff to the Tang Monk, saying, “Master, put this across your saddle.”

“Idiot,” said Pilgrim, “don’t be so sly! You’re supposed to carry this priestly staff. Why are you asking Master to do it?”

“Since you have no experience in walking on ice,” said Eight Rules, “you will not think of this. Even the thickest of ice has holes; step on one of them and you will plunge into the water. Without something like this held crosswise, you will sink rapidly while the ice above closes in like a huge wok cover. You can never crawl out again unless you have something like this to stop your fall.” Snickering, Pilgrim said to himself, “This Idiot must have walked on ice for years!” So, all of them followed what Eight Rules told them to do: the elder held the staff crosswise across his saddle; Pilgrim and Sha Monk each carried his iron rod and his fiend-routing treasure staff across his shoulders. Eight Rules, who was poling the luggage, tied the rake sideways at his waist. Master and disciples then felt perfectly safe to proceed.

They journeyed until evening; after eating some dried goods, they dared not stop at all. As the stars and the moon lighted up the ice, turning it into brilliant patches of white, they pressed forward. Indeed, the horse never stopped trotting for the entire night; master and disciples never once closed their eyes. By morning, they ate some more of their provisions and again set out toward the West. As they journeyed, a rending sound came from the bottom of the ice, so frightening the white horse that it almost fell. Greatly astonished, Tripitaka said, “O Disciples, why was there such a sound?”

“This river is so solidly frozen,” said Eight Rules, “that the ice formed from top to bottom must be grating the river bed. That may be the sound we heard.”

Astonished but pleased by what he was told, Tripitaka urged his horse on and they started out once more.

We now tell you about that fiend, who led various spirits from the water residence and sat waiting for a long time beneath the ice.

Finally, when the sound of the horse’s hoofs became audible, he at once exercised his magic power and caused the ice to break open.

The Great Holy Sun managed to leap at once into the air, but his three companions and the white horse all plunged into the water.

After catching hold of Tripitaka, the fiend led the spirits back to the water residence, where he shouted aloud, “Where are you, perch-sister?”

The old perch-mother met him at the door, bowing, and said, “Great King, I’m not worthy of it!”

“Worthy Sister, why do you say that?” said the fiend. “For ‘Even a team of horses cannot overtake the word that has left my mouth!’ I promised you that if your plan could enable me to catch the Tang Monk, I would become your bond-brother. Today your marvelous plan did materialize, and the Tang Monk had been caught. You think I would retract my promise?”

He then gave the order, “Little ones, bring out the tables and the sharp knives. Cut up this monk: take out his heart, skin him, and debone him. Meanwhile, start the music. I’m going to share him with my worthy Sister, so that both of us will gain longevity.”

“Great King,” said the perch-mother, “let’s not eat him yet, for I fear that his disciples may spoil our party should they come here to search for him. Wait a couple of days, and if no one appears, we can then cut him up. Great King can take your honored seat, while the watery kinsfolk can surround you with singing and dancing. His flesh will be presented to you, and you can take your time to enjoy your feast. Isn’t that much better?”

The fiend agreed; the Tang Monk was placed in a lidded stone box about six feet long which was then hidden in the rear of the palace, and we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

We tell you now about Eight Rules and Sha Monk, who managed to recover the luggage in the water. After they had placed it on the white horse, they opened up a path in the water and trod on the waves to rise to the surface. Pilgrim saw them from midair and asked at once, “Where is Master?”

“He changed his family name to Sink,” said Eight Rules, “and his given name is To-the-Bottom. We don’t know where to look for him. Let’s get to shore before we decide what to do.”

Eight Rules, you see, happened to be the incarnation of the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds, who in past years was a commander of eighty thousand marines stationed in the Heavenly River. Sha Monk came from the Flowing-Sand River, and the white horse, too, was the descendant of Dragon King of the Western Ocean. That was why all of them felt so comfortable in the water. Led by the Great Sage in the air, they soon returned to the eastern shore, where they brushed down the horse and stripped themselves of their wet garments. After the Great Sage dropped down from the clouds, they went together to the Chen Village. At once someone went to make this report to the two old men:

“Four Fathers went to seek the scriptures, but only three have come back.”

The two brothers went quickly out the door to receive them, and they found the clothing of the pilgrims still dripping wet.

“Venerable Fathers,” they said, “we pleaded with you to stay and you refused. You would stop only when you came to this! Now, where is Father Tripitaka?”

Eight Rules said, “He’s no longer named Tripitaka, for he has changed it to Sink To-the-Bottom.”

As tears fell, the two old men said, “How pitiful! How pitiful! We said we would prepare a boat for him to cross the river, but he absolutely refused and that cost him his life.”

“Old fellow,” said Pilgrim, “it’s no use worrying for the dead. But I have a hunch that Master is going to live for a long time yet. Old Monkey knows! It has to be that Great King of Numinous Power, who has planned all this and abducted him. Don’t worry now. Wash our clothes for us and dry our rescript. Make sure our white horse is fed, and let us brothers go and find that fellow. We will not only rescue our master, but we will root out also this evil for your entire village, so that you will be able to live peacefully forever.” When the two brothers heard these words, they were delighted and asked for food for the pilgrims at once.

After the three brothers had a big meal, they gave the horse and the luggage to the Chen family to look after. Each wielding his own weapon, they went straight to the river to search for their master and seize the fiend. Truly

Wrong to walk on thick ice, nature is hurt.
What’s perfection when great elixir leaks?

We do not know in what way they succeeded in rescuing the Tang Monk, and you must listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FORTY-NINE

Tripitaka meets disaster and sinks to a water home
To bring salvation, Guanyin reveals a fish basket

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk, who took leave of the elder Chen and went to the edge of the river. "Brothers," said Pilgrim, "the two of you must decide which one will go first into the water."

Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, neither of us is particularly capable. You are the one who should enter the water first."

"To tell you the truth, Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "if this were a monster-spirit in a mountain, there would be no need for both of you to exert yourselves. But I can't quite do business in water. If I were to go into the ocean or walk in a river, I would have to make the water-repelling sign with my fingers, or else I would have to change into a fish or a crab before I could go in. Since I had to make the sign, I would not be able to use my iron rod properly to attack the fiend. But both of you are used to water, and that's why I am asking you to go."

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "we can go in all right, but we don't know what to expect once we reach the river bottom. I think we should all go in; you can change into some kind of creature, and I can carry you along as I open up a path in the water. Once we find the lair of the fiend, you can then go inside and scout the place. If Master is still there unharmed, we can begin our assault at once with all our might. But if it were not this fiend who used the magic, or if Master had been drowned or eaten already by him, then there would be no need for us to engage in this bitter quest. We might as well go off in another direction as quickly as possible. How about that?"

"What you said, Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "is most reasonable. Which one of you will carry me?" Secretly pleased, Eight Rules thought to himself, "I don't know how many times this ape has made a fool of me! So he doesn't know how to handle himself in water. Let old Hog carry him and give him a taste of his tricks!" Laughing amiably, Idiot said, "Elder Brother, I'll carry you."

At once perceiving his intentions, Pilgrim nonetheless played along with him, saying, "All right, that's fine. Your arms might be even a bit stronger than Wujing's."

Thus Eight Rules carried Pilgrim on his back.

As Sha Monk divided the water to make a path, the three brothers all plunged into the Heaven-Reaching River. After journeying for over a hundred miles toward the bottom, that Idiot was about to play a trick on Pilgrim, who at once pulled off a piece of hair, which he changed into a spurious form of himself clinging to the back of Eight Rules. His true self was changed into a hog louse securely lodged in one of Eight Rules's ears. As Eight Rules walked along, he suddenly and deliberately stumbled so that Pilgrim was sent flying over his head. The spurious form, however, was only a transformed piece of hair; once it left the back of Eight Rules, it drifted away with the current and soon vanished. "Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "how would you explain this? Why didn't you walk more carefully? It would have been all right if you had fallen in the mud. Now the jolt has sent Big Brother off to who knows where!"

Eight Rules said, "That monkey can't even stand a fall: just once and he's melted already. Brother, don't worry whether he's dead or alive.

You and I can go search for Master."

"It's no good," said Sha Monk, "for we must have him. Though he may not feel at home in water, he is far more agile than we. If he's not around, I shall not go with you." Unable to contain himself any longer, Pilgrim inside Eight Rules's ear shouted with a loud voice, "Wujing, old Monkey's right here!" On hearing this, Sha Monk laughed and said, "O dear! This Idiot is as good as dead! How dared you try to play a trick on him? Now you can hear him but you can't see him. What are you going to do?"

Eight Rules became so frightened that he went to his knees in the mud and kowtowed, saying, "Elder Brother, it's my fault! Wait till we rescue Master, and I shall apologize to you once more on the shore. Where are you making all this noise from? I'm scared to death! Please reveal your original form. I'll carry you, and I'll never dare offend you again." Pilgrim said, "You are still carrying me, all right! I won't trick you. Let's get going quickly!" Still muttering his apologies, Idiot scrambled up and proceeded with Sha Monk.

They journeyed for another hundred miles or so when they came upon a towered building all at once, on which there was, in large letters, the inscription:

"Sea-Turtle House."

"This must be the residence of the monster-spirit," said Sha Monk, "but we don't know that for sure. How could we go up to the door to provoke battle?"

"Wujing," said Pilgrim, "is there any water around the gate?" Sha Monk said, "No."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "the two of you go and hide on both sides of the door. Let Old Monkey go and scout around."

Dear Great Sage! Crawling free of Eight Rules's ear, he shook his body once and changed again into a shrimp-mother with long legs. With two or three leaps, he bounded right inside the gate. As he looked around, he saw the fiend sitting up there while his watery kinsfolk stood in two rows beneath him. There was also a striped-coated perch-mother sitting by his side. They were all having a discussion on how to eat the Tang Monk. Pilgrim looked left and right with great care, but he could not find his master at all. Just then he saw a large-bellied shrimp-mother come out and stand still in the western corridor. Pilgrim leaped up to her and greeted her, saying, "Mama, the Great King is discussing with the others how to eat the Tang Monk. But where *is* the Tang Monk?"

"He was captured yesterday," said the shrimp-mother, "after the Great King brought down the snow and created the ice. He is now imprisoned in a stone box at the rear of the palace. If by tomorrow his disciples do not show up to cause any trouble, we will make music and feast on him."

After he heard this, Pilgrim chatted further with her for awhile before moving toward the rear of the palace. He looked, and sure enough there was a stone box, somewhat like a pigsty that people use in a pigpen or a stone coffin. Measuring it, he found it to be approximately six feet in length. He crawled on top of it and soon heard the pitiful sound of Tripitaka's weeping coming from inside.

Not uttering a word, Pilgrim cocked his ear to listen. Grinding his teeth in sheer frustration, the master said:

I loathe River Float, a life plagued by woes!

How many water perils bound me at birth!
I left my mother's womb to be tossed by waves;
I plumbed the deep, seeking Buddha in the West.
I met disaster at Black River before;
Now in this ice-break, my life will expire.
I know not if my pupils can come here,
Or if with true scriptures I can go home.

Pilgrim could not refrain from calling out, "Master, don't be annoyed. The *Water-Calamity Book* says,

Earth is the mother of the Five Phases;
But water is their very source.
Without earth there is no life;
Without water there is no growth.

Old Monkey has arrived!" On hearing this, Tripitaka said, "O Disciple! Please save me!"

"Try to relax," said Pilgrim. "Wait till we seize the monster-spirit and you will be freed from your ordeal."

"Get moving quickly!" said Tripitaka. "One more day and I'll suffocate!"

"That won't happen! That won't happen!" said Pilgrim. "I'm off!"

Turning around, he leaped right out of the gate and changed back into his original form. "Eight Rules!" he shouted. Idiot and Sha Monk drew near, saying, "Elder Brother, what did you find out?"

"It was this fiend all right," said Pilgrim, "who captured Master. He is not yet hurt, but he is imprisoned in a stone box. The two of you should provoke battle at once after old Monkey has gone back up to the surface of the water. If you two can capture him, do so; but if you can't, feign defeat and entice him out to the surface. I'll attack him then."

"Have no worry, Elder Brother," said Sha Monk. "You leave first and let us size up the situation." Making the water-repelling sign with his fingers, Pilgrim darted out of the river and stood on the bank to wait for them.

Look how violent that Eight Rules could become! Dashing up to the gate, he shouted in a severe voice, "Brazen fiend! Send my master out!"

The little monsters inside the gate were so alarmed that they went hurriedly to report, "Great King, someone at the gate is demanding his master."

"That must be one of those brazen monks," said the monster. "Bring out my armor!"

The little fiends took it out quickly. After he was properly suited up, the monster picked up his weapon and walked out the gate. Facing him on the left and on the right were Eight Rules and Sha Monk, who stared intently at him. Dear monster! Look at him!

His head wore a gleaming helmet of gold.
A gold cuirass he had that flashed red light.
Pearl- and jade-studded, a belt wrapped his waist.
His feet wore strange boots of tobacco brown.

The bridge of his nose rose high like a ridge.
His forehead seemed like a dragon's, broad and wide.
Both round and fierce his blazing eyes would glare.
His teeth, like steel swords, were even and sharp.
His tousled short hair did shoot up like flames.
His long beard was groomed like a golden awl.
His mouth held a pond weed, tender and green.
His hands gripped a nine-grooved red bronze mallet.
As the gates swung wide open with a creak,
He bellowed like the thunder of triple spring.
Features like his are rare in human world.
Hence he's called Great King of Numinous Power.

After the fiend walked out of the gates, about a hundred little imps, all wielding lances and swords, followed him out and stood in two columns behind him. "From which monastery have you come," he asked Eight Rules, "and why are you causing a disturbance here?"

"You brazen creature!" shouted Eight Rules. "You were almost beaten to death! You argued with me the other night, and yet you dare play ignorant and ask me again today? I am a disciple of a holy monk from the Great Tang in the Land of the East, and a pilgrim journeying to see Buddha in the Western Heaven for scriptures. Be-fooling the people with your empty magic, you are even audacious enough to call yourself Great King of Numinous Power and indulge in devouring virgin boys and girls from the Chen village. I am One Load of Gold from the family of Chen Qing. Can't you recognize me?"

"Monk," said the monster, "you are quite unreasonable! For taking on the form of One Load of Gold, you should be charged with the crime of false identity. Not only did I not eat you, but the back of my hand was also wounded by you. I have yielded to you already.

How dare you come seeking trouble right up to my door?"

"If you had yielded," said Eight Rules, "then why did you raise up the cold wind and send down the great snowfall? Why did you make the ice to trap my master? Send him out quickly and all will be well. If but half a 'No' escapes from your teeth, I'll never spare you! Just look at this rake in my hands!" On hearing this, the fiend smiled sarcastically and said, "Monk, you are wagging your tongue and bragging! It was I, indeed, who brought the snow and froze the river to abduct your master. Now you are clamoring at my door and demanding his return, but this time, I fear, is not quite the same as the time before. Previously, I brought no weapon with me as I thought I was attending a feast, and you took advantage of me. Don't run away now, because I'm going to fight with you for three rounds. If you can withstand me, I will return your master; if you cannot, I'll eat you also."

"My darling child!" said Eight Rules. "That's the way to talk! Take care, watch my rake!"

"So you became a monk midway in your life," said the fiend. Eight Rules said, "My dear boy, you do have a little Numinous power! How did you know that I became a monk midway in my life?"

"Since you are using a rake," said the fiend, "you must have been hired as a gardener somewhere, and now you have stolen even your master's rake!"

"Son," said Eight Rules, "this rake of mine is no garden tool. Look!

The huge teeth are forged like dragon claws;
Its handle, white-gold wrapped, is serpent shaped.
When it's used in battle, cold wind swoops down;
When it's put to combat, bright flames spring up.
Able to smite fiends for the holy monk,
It catches monsters on the westward way.
When I move it, mist hides the sun and moon.
When I use it, bright, colored lights will shine.
Mount Tai's toppled, and a thousand tigers cringe.
The sea's upturned, ten thousand dragons fear.
Though you may have Numinous power,
One blow will give you nine big, gaping holes!"

That fiend, of course, would not take such words seriously! He raised his bronze mallet and brought it down on Eight Rules's head.

Using his muckrake to parry the blow, Eight Rules said, "You brazen creature! So, you too, became a spirit midway in your life!"

"How could you tell that I became a spirit midway in my life?" asked the fiend. "If you know how to use a bronze mallet," said Eight Rules, "you must have been a laborer hired by some silversmith to tend the fires. You took advantage of him and stole his mallet!"

The fiend said, "This is no mallet for forging silver. Look!

Nine segments formed like petals of a flow'r;
Though hollow the stem's made of evergreen.
It's not anything of this mortal world,
It has its birth and name in the house of gods.
Green seeds and cases aged in the jasper pool;
Pure scent and nature born of a jade-green pond.
Since I toiled to temper and refine it,
It's charged with magic and it's hard as steel.
Swords, halberds, and spears—all can't rival it.
Axes and lances—none can withstand it.
Though your rake may be like a sharp-edged sword,
My mallet will break it as it breaks a nail!"

When Sha Monk saw how the two of them engaged in such exchanges, he could no longer restrain himself from approaching them and shouting, "Fiend! Stop this boasting! The ancients said, 'What's spoken proves nothing; only deeds are visible!' Don't run away.

Have a taste of my staff!" Using the mallet to parry the blow, the fiend said, "So, you also are someone who became a monk midway in your life!"

"How did you know?" asked Sha Monk. "The way you look," said the fiend, "you resemble someone who used to work in a pastry shop." Sha Monk said, "How could you tell that I used to work in a pastry shop?"

"If you didn't work there," said the fiend, "how could you learn to use a rolling pin, like the one they made noodles with?"

"You cursed thing!" scolded Sha Monk. "Of course, you haven't seen anything like this before!

This kind of weapon is rare in the world;
That's why you don't know the treasure staff's name.
It came from the moon—the shadowless spot—
Carved from a piece of divine śāla wood.
Outside it's decked with jewels luminous;
Within, a hub of gold's most glorious.
In bygone days it attended royal feasts;
Now it follows Right and guards the Tang Monk.
Few may know it on the way to the West;
Great fame it has in the Region Above.
It's called the fiend-routing treasure staff:
One blow and it will surely crack your skull!"

In no mood to talk further, the fiend charged him; the three of them turned ferocious all at once and began a fierce battle at the bottom of the river.

Bronze mallet, treasure staff, and muckrake:
Wuneng and Wujing both engaged the fiend.
One was Heavenly Reeds descending to earth;
One was a divine warrior coming from the sky.
Both attacked the water fiend, showing their power.
This one withstood alone the god-monks—a laudable show!
Proper affinity can perfect the great Dao:
Mutual growth or conquest holds Ganges' sand.
Earth conquers water,
And the bottom's seen when water dries up;
Water begets wood
Which, flourishing, will bloom like flowers.
Chan and Dao, nurtured, lead to the same essence;
Elixir, refined and forged, tames the three parties.
Earth is mother
Sprouting golden shoots;
Gold begets divine water and the baby's born.
Water's the source
To moisten wood.
And wood, thriving, brings forth strong, bright fire.
The conjoined Five Phases will all differ:
That's why they strive, each changing colors.
Look! Each petal of that bronze mallet was fine and bright;
The treasure staff was wrapped in a thousand strands of silk.
The rake, made according to yin-yang and the stars,
Dealt sundry blows without style or number.
They risked their lives for the monk's ordeal;
They courted death for Śākyamuni's sake.
The bronze mallet was kept busy all the time,

Blocking staff on the left and rake on the right.

The three of them fought for some two hours underneath the water and no decision could be reached. Supposing that they could not prevail against him, Eight Rules winked at Sha Monk, and the two of them at once feigned defeat. They turned and fled, their weapons trailing behind them. "Little ones," ordered the fiend, "stay here. Let me catch up with these fellows and bring them back for you to eat." Look at him! Like the wind blowing dead leaves and the rain beating down the withered flowers, he pursued them right up to the surface of the water.

On the eastern shore, the Great Sage Sun was staring at the water with unblinking eyes. Suddenly huge waves arose in the river and there were shouts and roars. Eight Rules was the first to leap ashore, crying, "He's coming! He's coming!" Sha Monk, too, rushed up to the bank, crying, "He's coming! He's coming!"

He was pursued by the fiend, who yelled, "Where are you running to?" No sooner did he clear the water, however, than he was met by Pilgrim, shouting, "Watch the rod!" Quickly swerving to dodge the blow, the fiend met him with upraised mallet. One of them churned up the waves near the edge of the river, while the other showed forth his power on the bank. Before they reached even three rounds after they closed in, the fiend had already weakened. With a splash he plunged back into the river and disappeared; the wind and the waves thus subsided.

Pilgrim went back to high ground and said, "Brothers, you've worked very hard!"

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "this monsterspirit might not do so well on land, but he was quite formidable beneath the water. Second Elder Brother and I attacked him left and right and both of us could only manage to fight him to a draw. What shall we do to rescue Master?"

"Let's not dillydally," said Pilgrim, "for I fear that he may harm Master."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "we'll go and try to entice him to come out again. You be quiet and wait for him in midair. Once his head emerges, you give him one of those garlic-pounding blows squarely on the top of his skull. Even if you don't kill him, you'll knock him dazed. Old Hog can then finish him off with one blow of the rake."

"Exactly! Exactly!" said Pilgrim. "That's what we call mutual cooperation. Only that can accomplish anything."

The two of them dove into the water again, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about that fiend, who fled in defeat and returned to his residence. As the various fiends met him, the perch-mother went up to him and said, "Great King, where did you chase those two monks to?"

The fiend said, "I didn't realize that those monks have another helper, who, when they leaped ashore, tried to hit me with an iron rod. I dodged the blow and fought with him. God knows how heavy that rod of his is! My bronze mallet could not stand up to it at all. Before we finished three rounds, I had to flee in defeat."

"Great King," said the perch-mother, "can you remember how that helper looked?"

"He has a hairy face and a thunder-god beak," said the fiend, "forked ears and broken nose. A monk with fiery eyes and diamond pupils." When the perch-mother heard this, she shuddered and said, "O Great King! It was smart of you to flee, and you escaped with your life! Three more rounds and you won't live at all! I know who that monk is."

"Who is he?" asked the fiend. "Some years back I was living in the Great Eastern Ocean," said the perch-mother, "and I heard the old Dragon King talking about him and his reputation. This monk is the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, the Handsome Monkey King who is a golden immortal of the great monad and of the primal chaos in the Region Above. Five hundred years ago, he caused great havoc in the Celestial Palace, but now he has embraced Buddhism to accompany the Tang Monk to go to the Western Heaven for scriptures. He has changed his name to Pilgrim Sun Wukong. He has tremendous magic powers and knows many ways of transformation. Great King, how could you tangle with him? From now on, you must not fight with him at all."

Hardly had she finished speaking when one of the little imps dashed in to report, "Great King, those two monks are here again to provoke battle."

The monster-spirit said, "My worthy sister's opinion is very sound! I'm not going to face them again. See what they can do!"

He gave hurriedly this order, "Little ones, shut the gates. As the proverb says,

You may call outside the door;
Your cries I'll wholly ignore!

They may even stay here for a couple of days, but when they get tired of it, they'll leave. Then we can freely and leisurely enjoy the Tang Monk."

All those little fiends started to haul rocks and mud to seal up the entrance to the residence. When Eight Rules and Sha Monk shouted repeatedly without receiving any reply, Idiot in perturbation began to batter the gates with his rake. The gates, of course, were tightly shut, but a few blows of the rake broke them down. Inside the gates, however, was a solid wall of mud and rocks piled sky-high. When Sha Monk saw it, he said, "Second Elder Brother, this fiend is terribly afraid, and that's why he shuts himself up and refuses to come out. You and I should go back up to shore and discuss the matter with Big Brother."

Eight Rules agreed and they returned to the eastern shore.

Halfway between cloud and fog, Pilgrim stood waiting and holding his iron rod. When he saw the two of them emerge without the fiend, he lowered his cloud and met them on the bank. "Brothers," he asked, "how is it that that thing has not come up?" Sha Monk said, "The fiend has shut his doors tightly and refused to come out to meet us. When Second Elder Brother broke the doors, we ran into a solid wall of mud and rocks inside. That's why we could not even do battle with him. We decided to return to talk to you and see how we could make plans to rescue Master."

"If that's how he behaves," said Pilgrim, "it's quite hard to think of anything to overcome him.

You two had better patrol the banks to make certain that he doesn't escape to another place. Let me make a trip."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "where are you going?" Pilgrim said, "I'm going to the Potalaka Mountain to make inquiry of the Bodhisattva. I want to find out

the origin of this monster, his name, and how I may search out his ancestral home. After I have seized his kinsfolk and all his relations, I can return here to rescue Master." With a laugh, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, the way you do things will waste a lot of time and energy!"

"I won't waste any time or energy!" said Pilgrim. "I go, and I'll be back at once!"

Dear Great Sage! Mounting the auspicious luminosity quickly, he left the river and headed straight for the South Sea. In less than half an hour, the Potalaka Mountain came into sight as he lowered his cloud and went up to the summit. The Twenty-four devas, the Great Mountain-Guardian, the disciple Mokṣa, Child Sudhana, and the Pearl-Bearing Dragon Girl all came forward to greet him. "Why did the Great Sage come here?" they asked, and Pilgrim said, "I must see the Bodhisattva."

"The Bodhisattva left the cave this morning," said the deities, "and forbade anyone to follow her. She went by herself into the bamboo grove, though she left word that you would arrive today and that we should be here to receive you. She said she would not be able to see you immediately and she asked you to be seated before the cliff for awhile and wait for her to come out." Pilgrim obeyed and before he had even taken a seat, the Child Sudhana approached him bowing and said, "Great Sage Sun, I must thank you for your past kindness. The Bodhisattva was gracious enough to take me in and I have been her constant companion, waiting upon her beneath her lotus platform. She has, in fact, shown me great favors." Recognizing that he was formerly the Red Boy, Pilgrim said with a laugh, "In the past you were gripped by demonic delusions. Now that you have attained the right fruit, you must realize that old Monkey is a good person!"

After having waited for a long time, Pilgrim grew very anxious, and he said, "Please make the announcement for me, all of you. If there's further delay, I do fear for my master's life."

"We dare not," said the deities, "for the Bodhisattva gave specific instruction that you should wait for her to come out."

As he had always been impulsive, Pilgrim, of course, could stand it no longer and dashed all at once into the bamboo grove. Aha!

This Handsome Monkey King
Was by nature most impulsive.
The devas could not detain him
When he wished to go inside.
Deep into the grove he strode,
His open eyes stealing a glance.
There the salvific Honored- One
Sat, cross-legged, on bamboo leaves.
Carefree and without makeup
She looked so gentle and mild.
Her tresses, undone, flowed down;
She had no headgear with fringes.
Her blue robe she did not wear,
But only a small waistcoat.
A silk skirt wrapped round her waist.
Her two feet were both naked.

Her cloak's silk sash was untied;
Her two arms were completely bare.
Her jadelike hand held up a knife
With which she peeled off bamboo skin.

When Pilgrim saw her, he could not refrain from calling aloud, "Bodhisattva, your disciple, Sun Wukong, pays you sincere homage."

"Wait outside," commanded the Bodhisattva. Pilgrim went to his knees to kowtow, saying, "Bodhisattva, my master is facing a terrible ordeal. I came especially to ask you concerning the origin of the fiend at Heaven-Reaching River."

"Go out of the grove," said the Bodhisattva, "and wait till I come out." Not daring to force her, Pilgrim had no choice but to walk out of the bamboo grove. He said to the various devas, "The Bodhisattva seems to be all wrapped up today in her domestic affairs. Why is she not sitting at her lotus platform? Why is she not made up? Why does she look so gloomy, making bamboo slips in the grove?"

"We don't know," said the deities. "When she left the cave this morning, she went at once into the grove before she was even properly dressed. She told us also to wait for the Great Sage, and she must be doing something for your affairs." Pilgrim could do nothing but wait.

After awhile, the Bodhisattva emerged from the grove holding a purple-bamboo basket. "Wukong," she said, "I'll go with you to rescue the Tang Monk." Kneeling down hurriedly, Pilgrim said, "Your disciple dares not press you. Let the Bodhisattva dress and ascend her seat first."

"No need to dress," said the Bodhisattva. "I can go with you just like this."

Abandoning the devas, the Bodhisattva mounted the auspicious clouds immediately and rose into the air. Great Sage Sun had to follow her! In a moment, they arrived at the Heaven-Reaching River. On seeing them, Eight Rules said to Sha Monk, "Elder Brother is so impulsive! I wonder what sort of wild clamor he made at South Sea that forced an undressed and unadorned Bodhisattva to come here!"

Hardly had he finished speaking when the Bodhisattva landed on the bank. Bowing, the two disciples said, "Bodhisattva, we have intruded upon you. Please forgive us!" Untying her sash from her vest, the Bodhisattva fastened it to the basket and rose halfway into the air on the clouds. She held the sash and lowered the basket into the river, pulling it toward the upper reach. Then she recited a spell, saying, "The dead depart; the living remain! The dead depart, the living remain!" She repeated this seven times and then lifted up the basket. Inside was a shiny goldfish, still blinking its eyes and tossing about.

"Wukong," cried the Bodhisattva, "go into the water quickly and rescue your master."

"But we have not yet captured the fiend," said Pilgrim. "How could we rescue Master?"

"Isn't the fiend in the basket?" asked the Bodhisattva. Bowing, Eight Rules and Sha Monk said, "How could the little fish get to be so powerful?"

"He is a goldfish reared in my lotus pond," said the Bodhisattva. "Every day, he would float with the current to the surface to listen to my lectures, and his powers were acquired from his self-cultivation. That nine-petaled bronze mallet is a stalk supporting

an unopened lotus bud, which the process of his magic cultivation has made into a weapon. I don't know which day it was when high tide carried him to this place. When I watched my flowers leaning on the railing this morning, this fellow did not come out to greet me. I made calculations then by consulting the grooves on my fingers and learned that he had become a spirit here, seeking to harm your master. That was why I did not even bother to put on my clothes or jewels, for I was exercising my divine powers to fashion this basket to catch him."

"Bodhisattva," said Pilgrim, "please remain here for a moment. Let me go and call together the believers in the Chen village so that they may gaze upon your golden visage. This will be your great favor toward them, and, moreover, the account of how you have captured the fiend will help these mortal humans to become your devout worshippers."

"All right," said the Bodhisattva. "Go and call them together quickly."

Eight Rules and Sha Monk sprinted back to the village, screaming, "Come, all of you, to see the living Bodhisattva Guanyin!"

The inhabitants of the entire village, young and old, all rushed to the edge of the river. Without regard for the mud and water, they all knelt down and kowtowed. Someone skilled in painting among them at once made a portrait of the goddess, and that was how the picture of the Guanyin with a fish basket came about. Thereafter, the Bodhisattva returned to South Sea.

Opening a path in the water, Eight Rules and Sha Monk went straight to the Sea-Turtle House to search for their master. The watery fiends and fish spirits inside were all dead. They went to the rear of the palace and opened the stone box. Then they carried the Tang Monk to leave the waves and to be reunited with the others on the shore. Chen Qing and his brother in gratitude kowtowed to them, saying, "Venerable Father, you should have listened to our pleadings and you would not have had to undergo such suffering."

"No need to say that anymore," said Pilgrim. "You people here will have no need to make any more sacrifices next year, for the Great King has been done away with. He will take no more lives. Mr. Chen, now we must count on you to find a boat to take us across the river."

"We have one! We have one!" said Chen Qing. He at once gave the order to build a boat; when the villagers heard this, everyone responded with enthusiasm. One of them said that he would purchase the mast and another volunteered to get the oars. Some of them wanted to bring the ropes, while still others promised to hire the sailors.

As they were making such clamor by the bank of the river, they suddenly heard this cry coming from the middle of the water:

"Great Sage Sun, there is no need for a boat that will only be a waste of money and materials. I'll take you four across the river." When the people heard this, they were so frightened that the timid ones fled back to the village, while the more courageous among them, trembling all over, stole glances at where the voice was coming from. Instantly, out crawled a strange creature from the depths. "How did he look?" you ask. He is

A square-headed divine not of this world;
His name: a water god most subtle and shrewd.
His tail can life prolong a thousand years;

He hides himself in a hundred rivers deep.
Vaulting on waves and currents he comes to shore;
Facing the sun and wind he lies on the beach.
Truly enlightened he nourishes his breath,
An old turtle, scabby headed and white shelled.

"Great Sage," cried the old sea-turtle again, "don't build the boat. I'll take all of you, master and disciples, across the river." Raising high his iron rod, Pilgrim said, "Cursed creature! If you dare approach me, I'll kill you with one blow of my rod!"

"I am grateful to the kindness of the Great Sage," said the old turtle, "and that's why I want to help all of you with the best intention. Why do you want to hit me instead?"

"What kindness have I shown you?" asked Pilgrim.

The old turtle said, "Great Sage, you don't realize that the Sea-Turtle House down below happens to be my residence, a place my ancestors handed down to me from generation to generation. Since I had awakened to my source and origin, I succeeded in nourishing my numinous breath to enable me to practice self-cultivation here. The house had been rebuilt by me and named the Sea-Turtle House.

Nine years ago, that fiend arrived during a huge tidal wave, and at once he let loose his violence and fought with me. He slew many of my children and robbed me of many of my kinsfolk. I was no match for him, and my house was taken away by force. Now I am truly indebted to the Great Sage, who in his attempt to rescue his master, has succeeded in bringing the Bodhisattva Guanyin here to disperse all the fiendish miasma. With the monster seized, the house belongs to me once again. Now I can be reunited with my kin, young and old; I can occupy my old home again without having to rest on earth or recline on mud. This favor of yours is indeed great as a mountain and deep as the sea. But it is not just I myself who am indebted to you. The entire village here has been exempted from ever having to make the annual sacrifice, and countless children's lives are spared. This is indeed a case of the double gain with a single move. Dare I not show my gratitude and try to repay you?" Secretly pleased by what he heard, Pilgrim put away his iron rod and said, "Are you really sincere about this?"

The old turtle said, "I'm a recipient of the Great Sage's profound kindness. How dare I play false?"

"Swear to Heaven that you are telling the truth," said Pilgrim. Opening wide his huge red mouth toward the sky, the old turtle said, "If I do not truly intend to send the Tang Monk across the Heaven-Reaching River, may my body turn into blood!"

"You come here then," said Pilgrim, chuckling. Swimming to the edge of the river, the old turtle then crawled up the bank. When the people gathered about him to take a look, they found a huge white globe of a shell, about forty feet in its circumference. "Master," said Pilgrim, "we can get on him and cross over."

Tripitaka said, "Disciple, even that thick ice before gave us difficulty. I wonder if this turtle's carapace is safe at all."

"Please do not worry, Master," said the old turtle, "I'm much safer than that thick ice! If I make even one slip, I'll not achieve my merit."

"O Master!" said Pilgrim. "It is not likely for a creature who has acquired human speech to lie. Brothers, bring us the horse! Quick!"

As they went to the edge of the river, the entire Chen village, young and old, all came to bow to them. After Pilgrim led the horse up onto the back of the old turtle, he asked the Tang Monk to stand to the left of the horse's neck, Sha Monk to the right, and Eight Rules at the back. Pilgrim himself stood in front of the horse. Fearing that the turtle might cause trouble nevertheless, he untied the sash of his tiger-skin kilt and fastened it to the nose of the turtle, pulling it up like a rein. He placed one foot on the turtle's back and the other foot on its head; one hand held the iron rod while the other held the rein. "Old Turtle," said he, "go slowly. One wrong move and I'll give your head a blow!"

"I dare not! I dare not!" said the old turtle. Stretching forth his four legs, the turtle trod on the surface of the water as smoothly as if he were walking on level ground. The people on shore all burned incense and kowtowed, everyone chanting, "Namo Amitābha!" It was truly as if real arhats were descending to earth and living Bodhisattvas revealing themselves. The people worshipped until they could no longer see the pilgrims before they dispersed, and we shall speak no more of them.

We tell you instead about the master riding on the white turtle; in less than a day, they crossed the Heaven-Reaching River of eight hundred miles. With dry hands and feet, they went ashore, As Tripitaka landed, he pressed his palms together to give thanks, saying, "I have troubled you, old Turtle, but there is nothing I can give you. Let me acquire the scriptures first, and when I come back, I'll thank you then with a gift."

The old turtle said, "There's no need for any gift from you, old Master. But I have heard that the Buddhist Patriarch in the Western Heaven has not only transcended the process of birth and death, but he has also the knowledge of past and future. I have practiced self-cultivation here for a full thirteen hundred years. Though I have lengthened my age and lightened my body, and I have also acquired the knowledge of human speech, I find it difficult to shed my original shell. When you get to the Western Heaven, I beg the old Master to inquire of the Buddhist Patriarch and see when I may cast off my original shell to acquire a human body."

Tripitaka said, "I promise to ask."

Then the old turtle turned around and plunged back into the water. Pilgrim helped Tang Monk to mount the horse, Eight Rules poled the luggage, and Sha Monk took up the rear. Master and disciples found the main road and started out again toward the West. Thus it was that

The holy monk sought Buddha by decree
Through a vast distance and many ordeals.
His mind was steadfast, undaunted by death;
He crossed Heaven River on a turtle's back.

We don't know exactly how far they still have to go, or whether good or evil befalls them; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY

Nature follows confused feelings through lust and desire
Faint spirit and moved mind meet a demon chief

The poem says:

Sweep often the grounds of the mind;
Wipe clean the dust of affections.
Let not the pit ensnare your Buddha-self.
Only when essential self's clean
May you your primal source convene.
You must lift and trim nature's wick
To breathe thus freely at Caoxi.
Keep the horse and the ape from sounding harsh:
Through night and day a breath serene
Will let all your technique be seen.

The tune of this lyric poem is called A Southern Branch. It is meant to describe the Tang Monk and how he escaped from his ordeal of ice in the Heaven-Reaching River and how he ascended the other shore by standing on the white turtle. Master and the disciples, the four of them, followed the main road and set out again toward the West. It was the time of midwinter, and they saw

Faint outlines of woodlands in the mists,
Clear frames of bare mountains in the stream.

As master and disciples walked along, they again came upon a huge mountain blocking their way. The road turned exceedingly narrow and the cliffs were tall; moreover, there were many rocks and the ridges were so steep that it would be difficult for humans or horses to proceed. Reining in his horse, Tripitaka called out, "Disciples." Pilgrim led Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk forward, saying, "Master, what do you have to say?"

"Look how tall the mountain is ahead of us," said Tripitaka. "I fear that tigers and wolves might run rampant up there, or strange beasts might come out to attack us. Be careful!"

"Please do not worry, Master," said Pilgrim. "We three brothers are united in a single effort to embrace the Right and seek the Real. We will exercise our power to disperse monsters and subdue fiends. You needn't be afraid of any tigers or wolves!" On hearing his words, Tripitaka felt more assured and urged his horse forward to ascend the cliff. As they did so, they glanced around and saw that it was quite a mountain indeed.

Rugged and soaring—
Pointed and towering—
Rugged and soaring it rises to the sky;
Pointed and towering it blocks the blue heavens.
Strange rocks piled high like tigers sitting;
Hoary pines aslant like dragons flying.
Atop the peak a bird sings a pretty song;
Before the cliff the plums waft a strong, sweet scent.

The brook swells and surges, its water cold;
The clouds assail the summit, dense and dark.
You also feel the drifting snow,
The biting wind,
And the mountain's roaring, famished tiger.
Jackdaws pick through the trees but find no nest;
Wild deer search in vain for a place to rest.
Pity the travelers, who can hardly walk:
Crestfallen, downcast, they cover their heads!

Master and disciples, the four of them, braved the snow and cold to scale, shivering, the rugged peak. After they passed it, they saw in the distance a towered building in the fold of the mountain and some charming buildings nearby. Delighted, the Tang Monk said on his horse, "O Disciples, I feel so cold and hungry today! It's a good thing that there are in the fold of the mountain that building and the houses. It has to be either a village, a mansion, an abbey, or a monastery. Let's go and beg for some food. We can move on after we have a meal." When Pilgrim heard this, he opened wide his eyes to look and saw that the place was shrouded with baleful clouds and diabolical air. "Master," he turned to speak to the Tang Monk, "that's not a good place."

"There are buildings and houses," said Tripitaka. "Why isn't it a good place?"

"O Master," said Pilgrim with a snicker, "how could you know? There are plenty of monsters and demons on the way to the West, and they are most capable of devising some form of houses or dwellings. It doesn't matter whether it is a towered building or a pavilion, or some such edifice; any one of these can be merely a transformation to deceive people.

You have heard of the saying that 'a dragon can beget nine kinds of offspring.' One of them is the giant clam; the breath this creature emits is luminous and takes on the appearance of buildings and houses. When a big river is caught in inclement weather, that's when the giant clam produces such a mirage. If some birds or crows happen to fly by and decide to rest their wings on these specious buildings, the clam will swallow them with one gulp. It's a vicious trap. When I see how baleful the aura is over there, I must tell you not to approach it."

"So we can't go over there," said Tripitaka, "but I'm really hungry!"

"If you are, Master, please dismount," said Pilgrim. "Sit here on level ground and let me go somewhere to beg some vegetarian food for you to eat."

Tripitaka consented and dismounted. After Eight Rules took hold of the reins, Sha Monk put down the luggage and untied the wrap to take out the alms bowl to hand over to Pilgrim. Taking it in his hand, Pilgrim gave this instruction to Sha Monk:

"Worthy Brother, don't go forward. Just stand guard over Master sitting here. Wait until I come back with the food and we can then set out again to the West." Sha Monk obeyed, and Pilgrim said once more to Tripitaka, "Master, that place in front of us betokens more evil than good. Don't ever leave here and go elsewhere.

Old Monkey is off to beg for food."

"Don't talk anymore," said the Tang Monk. "Just go quickly and come back. I'll wait for you here." Pilgrim turned and was about to leave, but he walked back again to say, "Master, I realize you can't sit still for very long. Let me provide you with some means of safety."

He took out his golden-hooped rod and drew on the level ground a large circle. The Tang Monk was asked to sit in its middle, while Eight Rules and Sha Monk stood by either side of him. The horse and the luggage, too, were placed near them. Then Pilgrim pressed his palms together to bow to the Tang Monk, saying, "The circle drawn by old Monkey here is as strong as an iron wall. No matter what they are—tigers, wolves, ogres, or demons—they will not dare come near you. But you must not step out of the circle. Remain seated inside and no harm will come to you. But if you leave the circle, you will in all likelihood meet with danger. Please take heed of my words! Please take heed of my words!"

Tripitaka agreed and all three of them sat down solemnly in the circle.

Mounting the clouds, Pilgrim went south to search for a place to beg for food. Suddenly he saw some tall, aged trees, near which was a village. He lowered his cloud and took a careful look. He saw

Snow abusing weak willows
And ice frozen in the square pond;
Sparse bamboos waving their blue;
Dense pine trees holding their green;
A few thatched huts half decked with silver;
A small, slanted bridge powder-dusted;
Half-bloomed narcissus by the fence;
Long icicles dangling beneath the eaves.
The piercing cold wind wafted a rare scent,
But snow hid the place where plum flowers bloomed.

As Pilgrim admired the scenery of the village, he heard one of the wooden gates open with a creak and out walked an old man, who wore a lamb's-wool hat, a long robe full of holes, and a pair of grass sandals. Supporting himself with a staff, he looked up to the sky and said, "Ah, the northwest wind is rising. It'll be fair tomorrow."

Hardly had he finished speaking when a Pekingese ran out from behind him and barked furiously at Pilgrim. Only then did the old man turn around.

Pilgrim stood before him holding the alms bowl and bowed, saying, "Old Benefactor, this priest happens to be someone sent by imperial decree of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from Buddha. We are passing through your region and my master is hungry. I have come to your honorable residence to beg you for some vegetarian food." When the old man heard this, he shook his head and struck the ground several times with his staff, saying, "Elder, you shouldn't beg for food just yet, for you have taken the wrong road."

"I have not," said Pilgrim. The old man said, "The main road to the Western Heaven is due north of here, over a thousand miles away. You should go and find that road at once." Pilgrim laughed and said, "Yes, it *is* due north of here, and my master right now is sitting beside that road and waiting for me to beg for food."

"This monk is babbling!" said the old man. "If your master is indeed waiting at the main road for you to beg for food, a distance of a thousand miles will require six or seven days of traveling one way, even if you happen to be an exceptionally adroit traveler. When you go back to him, it will take another week or so. By then, he would be long starved to death, wouldn't he?" Pilgrim laughed again and said, "To tell you the truth, Old Benefactor, I left my master not long ago, and it took me no more than the

time of drinking a cup of tea to get to this place. Once I succeed in begging some food, I shall rush back to serve it to him for lunch." On hearing this, the old man became terribly frightened, thinking to himself, "This priest is a ghost! A ghost!"

He turned around and began to dash inside. Pilgrim made a grab at him and said, "Benefactor, where are you going? If you have some food, donate it to us."

"It's not convenient! It's not convenient!" said the old man. "Go to some other family."

"Benefactor," said Pilgrim, "you aren't very considerate! As you said, this place is over a thousand miles away from the main road. If I go to another family, it may take another thousand miles. Wouldn't my master be really starved to death then?"

"To tell you the truth," said the old man, "there are altogether six or seven people in my family, and we have just washed and placed three pints of rice in the cauldron. It's not even fully cooked yet. Please go somewhere else to look for your food." Pilgrim said, "As the ancients said, 'Walking to three other houses is not like sitting in one.' This humble priest will sit here and wait." When the old man saw how persistent Pilgrim was, he became angry; lifting his staff, he struck out at Pilgrim. Not the least intimidated, Pilgrim allowed the old man to hit his bald head seven or eight times without a flinch—it was as if someone were scratching an itch for him! "This is a priest with a collision-proof head!" said the old man. "Venerable Sir," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "you can hit me all you want. But you'd better remember the number of blows you give me: one blow will cost you one pint of rice! You can take your time and measure it!" On hearing this, the old man quickly dropped his staff and ran inside. He slammed the door shut, yelling, "A ghost! A ghost!"

The entire household was so terrified that both the front and the back doors were at once tightly bolted.

When Pilgrim saw that the doors were shut, he thought to himself, "This old rogue said that they had just washed the rice and placed it in the cauldron. I wonder if he was telling the truth. As the proverb says, 'The Daoists beg from the worthies but the Buddhists from the fools.' Let old Monkey go in and take a look."

Dear Great Sage! He made the magic sign with his fingers and used the magic of invisibility to walk straight into the kitchen: steam was indeed rising from the cauldron, for there was inside it half a cauldron of dried rice. He stuffed the alms bowl into the cauldron and gave it a strong scoop to fill the alms bowl with rice. He then mounted the clouds to go back to his master, and we shall not speak of him for the moment.

We tell you now instead about the Tang Monk sitting in the circle. He waited for a long time without seeing Pilgrim returning. Half rising, he said dejectedly, "Where did that ape go to beg for food?"

"Who knows!" said Eight Rules on one side, snickering. "He must have gone somewhere to play around! You think he's going to beg for food? He just wants us imprisoned here!"

"What do you mean by imprisoned?" asked Tripitaka. "Don't you know, Master?" said Eight Rules. "The ancients drew on the ground to establish a jail.

That's what he did! He drew a circle with his rod, and he claimed that it was stronger than a wall of iron. But if some tigers or ferocious beasts really showed up, how could this circle protect us? We might as well give ourselves to them for food!"

"Wuneng," said Tripitaka, "what do you propose to do?"

Eight Rules said, "This place can't shelter us from the wind or the cold. If you agree with old Hog, we should follow this road and start out toward the West once more. If Elder Brother manages to get some food, he will no doubt return quickly, riding on his cloud. He should have no difficulty catching up with us, and when there is food, we can stop and eat first before we move on. Sitting here all this time will only make our feet grow cold!" It was the bad luck of Tripitaka to have heard these words! He agreed with Idiot and all of them walked out of the circle. Eight Rules led the horse while Sha Monk poled the luggage; the elder did not even climb on the horse. Following the road, he walked right up to the towered building and found that it was an edifice facing south. Outside the door was a brick wall painted white with corners like the word eight, which connected with a small towered-gate decorated with carvings of lovebirds hung upside down and painted with five colors. The door of the building was half closed. Eight Rules tied the horse to one of the stoneware door wedges, and Sha Monk put down his pole. As he was sensitive to the cold wind, Tripitaka sat on the threshold. "Master," said Eight Rules, "this must be the residence of a noble man or an official. If we can't see anyone near the front door, all the inhabitants must be inside warming themselves by the fire. You two sit here, and let me go inside to take a look."

"Take care!" said the Tang Monk. "Don't offend people!" Idiot said, "I know! Since I was converted and entered the gate of Chan, I have acquired some manners! I'm not like one of those village fools!"

Tying the muckrake to his waist, Idiot straightened out his blue silk shirt and walked inside in a civil manner. He saw three large front halls with all the curtains drawn up; the whole place was quiet and without a trace of any human inhabitant. There were neither furniture nor utensils. Passing the screens, he walked further inside and came upon a long corridor, behind which was a tall, two-story building. The windows on top were half opened, and one could see parts of a set of yellow silk curtains in the room. "The people must be afraid of the cold," said Idiot to himself. "They are still sleeping!" With no regard for manners, Idiot strode right up to the second story of the building. When he drew the curtains apart to take a look, he was so startled that he stumbled and fell. Inside the curtains, you see, and lying on top of an ivory bed was a skeleton of sickly white. The skull was big as a jar and the leg bones, straight as poles, were about four or five feet long. After he had calmed down, Idiot could not restrain the tears rolling down his cheeks. Shaking his head and sighing, he said to the skeleton, "I wonder you are

The remains of a marshal of which nation,
Or of which domain or state a great general.
Once you were a hero striving to win;
Today how piteously you show your bones.
Your children and wife aren't here to serve you;
No soldiers burn incense to honor you.
You are truly most lamentable a sight:
You, who used to seek rule by might or right!"

As Eight Rules thus lamented, he suddenly saw a flare of light behind the curtains. "Someone must be here after all to offer incense to him," said Idiot. He went behind the curtains hurriedly to look and found that rays of light were coming through some screens set up in a side room. Behind the screens was a lacquered table, on which

there were several garments made of embroidered silk brocade. When Idiot picked them up, he saw that they were three silk vests.

Without regard for good or ill, he took the vests and came down the building. He went back through the front halls to walk out the door. "Master," he said, "there's no trace of anyone living inside. It's in fact a residence of the deceased. Old Hog went inside and walked upstairs to the tall tower, where there was a skeleton inside some yellow silk curtains. In a side room there were three silk vests, which I've brought with me. This has to be our luck, at least a little of it! Since it's turning cold now, we can make good use of them. Master, take off your outer garment and put on one of those vests. Enjoy, so you won't feel the cold so much."

"No! No!" said Tripitaka. "For the *Code Book* says, 'To take things, whether in open or in secret, is thievery.' If someone found out and caught up with us, the officials would undoubtedly charge us with the crime of theft. Take them back and put them at the place you found them. We can sit here for awhile to escape from the wind, and when Wukong arrives, we'll move on. Those of us who have left the family should not be so covetous of small gains!"

Eight Rules said, "There's not a single person around, even dogs or chickens are unaware of our presence. Only we know what we have done. Who will file charges against me? Who will be a witness? It was as if I had picked up these vests from the road. What do you mean by taking in open or in secret?"

"You act foolishly!" said Tripitaka. "Though man may not know it, will Heaven be ignorant of it? Xuandi left this instruction:

> *He may conscience slyly despise,*
> *But like lightning are the god's eyes.*

Return them quickly! Don't be greedy for things which do not belong to you." Idiot, of course, refused to listen. Laughing, he said to the Tang Monk, "O Master! Since I became a human, I have worn several vests, but none made with such lovely brocade. If you won't want to put it on, let old Hog put it on. I'm going to try something new, and I want to warm my back a bit. When Elder Brother arrives, I'll take it off and we'll move on."

"If that's the way you put it," said Sha Monk, "I'll try one, too!"

The two of them took off their shirts and put on the vests. They were just trying to tighten the straps when all of sudden they could no longer stand up and tumbled to the ground. The vests, you see, somehow turned out to be like two straitjackets; in an instant, the two of them had their arms twisted backwards and firmly bound behind their backs. Tripitaka was so taken aback that he stamped his feet and chided them; he then went forward to try to untie them, but it was all to no avail. As the three of them made continuous clamor over there, a demon was soon alerted.

That towered building, you see, had indeed been devised by a monster-spirit, who had spent the days ensnaring people at the place.

As he sat in his own cave, he suddenly heard noises of complaint and expostulation. When he hurried out to have a look, he found two victims all tied up. The demon called up his little imps quickly and did away with the buildings and towers. The Tang Monk was seized, along with the white horse and the luggage. Then they herded all of them, including Eight Rules and Sha Monk, into the cave.

After the old demon took his seat high in the middle, the little fiends pushed the Tang Monk forward and forced him to kneel down.

"Where did you come from, monk?" asked the old demon. "How dare you be so bold as to steal my garments?"

As tears rolled down, the Tang Monk said, "This poor monk is someone sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. Stricken with hunger just now, I told my senior disciple to go to beg for food and he hasn't returned.

He told us to remain seated in the mountain, and if we had listened to him, we would not have trespassed your immortal court to find shelter from the cold wind. It was here that these two young disciples of mine grew covetous of small things after they found your clothes. Your poor monk certainly had no evil intentions, and they were told to return the vests to where they were found. Refusing to listen to me, they wanted to wear them just to warm their backs, and that was how they fell into the traps set by the Great King. Since you have caught me, I beg you to be merciful and spare my life so that I may proceed to acquire the true scriptures. I shall always be grateful for your grace and kindness, which I shall forever proclaim when I return to the Land of the East."

"I have often heard," said the demon, chuckling, "that if anyone eats a piece of the Tang Monk's flesh, his white hair will turn black, and his fallen teeth will grow back once more. Today it is my good fortune that you have arrived without my beckoning. And you still expect me to spare you? What is the name of your big disciple? Where did he go to beg for food?" On hearing the question, Eight Rules said loudly and boastfully, "My Elder Brother is Sun Wukong, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who caused great havoc in Heaven five hundred years ago." When the demon heard that declaration, he became rather apprehensive. Though he did not utter a word, he thought to himself, "I have heard for a long time that that fellow has vast magic powers. I didn't expect that I would meet him by chance like this."

Then he gave the order:

"Little ones, tie them up also with two new ropes. Put them all in the rear. Wait until I have caught their big disciple.

Then we can steam them all together to eat them."

The little fiends obeyed with a shout and tied up all three of them before they were carried to the rear. The white horse was chained in the stable and the luggage was left in the house. Then the various monster-spirits began sharpening their weapons to prepare to catch Pilgrim, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about Pilgrim Sun, who after he had stolen an alms bowlful of rice from the village in the south, mounted his cloud to return to where he began. By the time he reached the slope of the mountain and lowered his cloud, he saw that the Tang Monk was gone. The circle he drew with his rod could be seen on the ground, but neither the people nor the horse were anywhere in sight. He quickly turned his head to look toward the towered buildings and found that these, too, had disappeared. All he saw were strange rocks and mountain ridges. Aghast, Pilgrim said, "That's it! They must have fallen into danger!"

Following the tracks of the horse he hurried along the road toward the West.

He journeyed for about five or six miles, and as he became more and more dejected, he heard all at once someone speaking on the northern slope. When he looked, he saw that it was an old man, who had on a thick woolen robe, and his head was covered by a warm hat. On his feet he had on a pair of half-new leather boots which had been nicely waxed. He supported himself with a staff that had a dragon head, and he was followed by a young houseboy. The old man also carried a twig of winter-plum blossoms in his hand, and as he walked down the slope, he was humming some kind of song. Putting down his alms bowl, Pilgrim faced him and bowed, saying, "Old Grandpa, this humble priest salutes you." Returning his bow, the old man said, "Where did you come from, elder?" Pilgrim said, "We came from the Land of the East, on our way to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Western Heaven. Master and disciples, there were altogether four of us. Because my master was hungry, I was sent to beg for some vegetarian food. I told the three of them to sit on a level spot by the mountain slope back there to wait for me. By the time I came back, however, they had disappeared. I don't know which road they took. May I ask, Old Grandpa, whether you have seen them?" When the old man heard this, he snickered and said, "Was there someone with a long snout and huge ears among those three?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" said Pilgrim.

"Was there also someone with a gloomy complexion tugging a white horse and leading a pale-faced stoutish monk?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" said Pilgrim. The old man said, "You have taken the wrong road, all of you! Don't bother to look for them. Each of you should flee for your life!" Pilgrim said, "The pale-faced one is my master, and those strange-looking priests are my younger brothers. They and I were united in our determination to go to the Western Heaven for scriptures. How could I not go to search for them?"

"I passed through this region some time ago," said the old man, "and I saw them taking the wrong road, which had to lead them straight into the mouth of demons."

"Old Grandpa," said Pilgrim, "please tell me what kind of a demon there is and where does he live, so that I may demand their return at his door."

The old man said, "This mountain is named the Golden Helmet Mountain, and in it there is a Golden Helmet Cave. The master of the cave is the Great King One-Horned Buffalo, who has vast magic powers and who is most capable in the martial arts. Your three companions this time must have lost their lives, and if you go there to search for them, I fear that you, too, may get yourself killed.

Perhaps it's better for you not to go. I don't want to keep you from going, but I certainly am not going to encourage you either. It's your decision."

Bowing again and again to thank him, Pilgrim said, "I am grateful to the Old Grandpa for his instructions. But I cannot possibly give up my search!"

He was about to pour out the rice that he took from the village in the south to give to the old man so that he could put away the empty bowl when the old man lay down his staff and took away the alms bowl. All at once the houseboy and the old man both revealed their true forms and went to their knees to kowtow. "Great Sage," they cried in unison, "these humble deities dare not hide anything from you. We are the mountain god and the local spirit of this region, and we have come to receive you here. Let us keep the bowl and the rice for the moment, so that the Great Sage can exercise

his power. When the Tang Monk is rescued, the rice will then be presented to him and he will appreciate what reverence and devotion the Great Sage has shown him."

"You are asking to be beaten, clumsy ghosts!" bellowed Pilgrim. "If you knew that I had arrived, why didn't you show up earlier to meet me? Why must you come in shabby disguises?"

"The Great Sage is rather impetuous," said the local spirit, "and this humble deity dares not confront you directly. That's why we camouflage ourselves to report to you."

Calming down more and more, Pilgrim said, "I'll only make a note of your beating this time! Take care of that alms bowl for me, and let me go and catch that monster-spirit."

The local spirit and the mountain god obeyed.

Tightening his sash on his tiger-skin kilt which he hitched up, our Great Sage dashed into the mountain to look for the fiend's cave, holding high his golden-hooped rod. He passed one of the cliffs and saw more strange boulders and two stone doors just beneath a green ledge. In front of the doors were many little imps, wielding lances and waving swords. Truly there were

Mists in auspicious folds;
Moss in bluish clumps;
Strange rugged rocks stood in array;
Rough winding paths coiled round and round.
Apes cried and birds sang in this lovely scene;
Phoenixes, male and female, danced as in Peng- Ying.
A few plums, facing the east, began to bloom;
Warmed by the sun, the bamboos displayed their green.
Beneath the steep ridge—
Within the deep brook—
Beneath the steep ridge snow piled high like powder;
Within the deep brook water froze as ice.
Pines and cedars fresh for a thousand years;
Bunches of mountain tea all glowing red.

As he did not go there merely to admire the scenery, our Great Sage strode up to the doors and cried out in a severe voice, "Little imps! Go inside quickly and tell your cave master that I am Sun Wukong, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, and the disciple of the holy monk from the Tang court. Tell him to send out my master quickly so that all of your lives may be spared."

That group of fiends dashed inside to report, "Great King, there is a hairy-faced priest with a curved beak outside. He calls himself Sun Wukong, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, and he has come to demand the return of his master." When he heard this announcement, the demon king was delighted. "I wanted him to come!" he said. "Since I left my former palace and descended to earth, I have never had a chance to practice martial art. Today he is here and he will be a worthy opponent."

He gave the order at once for his weapon to be brought out, and every one of those fiends, young and old, in the cave aroused himself. They hurriedly hauled out a twelve-foot-long spotted-steel lance to present to the old fiend. Then the old fiend gave this order:

"Little ones, all of you must follow orders. Those who advance will be rewarded; those who retreat will be executed."

The fiends all obeyed and followed the old demon, who, when he walked out of the cave, asked aloud, "Who is Sun Wukong?" On one side Pilgrim took a look at that demon king and saw that he was ugly and ferocious indeed:

A jagged, single horn;
A pair of gleaming eyes;
Coarse skin swelling up from his head;
Dark flesh glowing beneath his ears.
A long tongue oft' licking his nose;
A wide mouth full of yellow teeth.
His hide is like indigo blue;
His tendons are tough as steel.
Rhino-like, though he can't light up the stream;
Steer-like, though he can't plow the fields.
He has no use at all for tilling the soil,
Though he has the strength to shake Heav'n and Earth.
His two dyed-blue hands with tendons brown
Grasp firmly the long, straight, spotted-steel lance.
You'll see why, if you stare at his fierce form,
He's called Great King One- Horned Buffalo.

Pilgrim Sun walked up to him and said, "Your Grandpa Sun is here! Give me back my master quickly, and you will suffer no harm.

Utter but half a 'No,' and I'll see to it that you die faster than you can select your burial ground!"

"You audacious, brazen monkeyspirit!" shouted the demon. "What abilities do you have that you dare indulge in such tall talk?"

"You brazen fiend," said Pilgrim, "it's only you who has never seen the abilities of old Monkey!"

The demon said, "Your master stole some garments of mine and I caught him all right. And now I am just about to have him steamed and eaten. What kind of a warrior are you that you dare demand his return at my door?"

"My master is an honest and upright priest," said Pilgrim. "It's impossible that he should want to steal things from a fiend like you!"

The demon replied, "I created an immortal village beside the mountain, and your master sneaked into one of the buildings.

What he saw he coveted, and he took three of my vests of silk brocade and put them on. I had proof derived from both the stolen goods and witnesses, and that was why I seized him. If you indeed are able, you should try your hand with me. If you can withstand me for three rounds, I will spare your master's life. If you can't, I'll send you to the Region of Darkness!" With a laugh, Pilgrim said, "Brazen creature! No need for this bravado! If you speak of trying my hand, you are after old Monkey's own heart. Come up here and have a taste of my rod!"

The fiendish creature, of course, was in no wise afraid of any combat. Raising his lance, he stabbed at Pilgrim's face. This was quite a marvelous battle! Look at

The golden-hooped rod upraised—
The long-shaft ed lance going out—
The golden-hooped rod upraised
Is brilliant as the golden snakes of lightning.
The long-shaft ed lance going out
Is radiant like a dragon leaving the ink-dark sea.
The little imps beat the drums before the door
As they spread in formation to help the fight.
Over here our Great Sage uses his might
To reveal, back and forth, his abilities.
On that side there is a lance,
Alert and spirited;
On our side there is a rod—
Such lofty art of combat!
Truly a hero has met a hero true;
A foe has found another worthy foe.
That demon king belches purple breath like lightning coils;
This Great Sage's eyes flash forth rays like brocade clouds.
Because a Great Tang Monk faces an ordeal,
They, without forbearance, strive bitterly.

Closing again and again for more than thirty times, they could not reach a decision. When that demon king saw how perfect Wukong's style was in using his rod, how there was not even the slightest false move, he was so pleased that he shouted bravos repeatedly, saying, "Marvelous ape! Marvelous ape! Truly abilities like these are worthy to cause havoc in Heaven!"

That Great Sage, too, was also pleased by the methodical way in which the demon king wielded his lance: as he parried left and right, every blow and every thrust were in perfect form. "Marvelous spirit! Marvelous spirit!" cried the Great Sage also. "Truly a demon capable of stealing elixir!"

The two of them therefore fought for twenty more rounds.

Using the tip of his lance to point at the ground, the demon king shouted for the little imps to attack together. All those brazen fiends, wielding swords, scimitars, staffs, and spears, rushed forward at once and surrounded the Great Sage Sun completely. Entirely undaunted, Pilgrim only cried, "Welcome! Welcome! That's exactly what I want!"

He used his golden-hooped rod to cover his front and back, to parry blows east and west, but that gang of fiends refused to be beaten back. Growing more agitated, Pilgrim tossed his rod up into the air, shouting, "Change!" It changed immediately into iron rods by the hundreds and thousands; like flying snakes and soaring serpents, they descended onto the fiends from the air. When those monster-spirits saw this, everyone was frightened out of his wits. Covering their heads and necks, they fled toward their cave for their lives. The old demon king, however, stood still and, laughing with scorn, said, "Monkey, don't be impertinent! Watch my trick!"

He at once took out from his sleeve a white, shiny fillet and tossed it up in the air, crying, "Hit!" With a swish, all the iron rods changed back into a single rod, which was then sucked up by the fillet. The Great Sage Sun, completely empty-handed, had to use his somersault desperately in order to escape with his life. Thus

The demon, in victory, returned to his cave,
But Pilgrim, in a daze, knew not what to do.

Truly it is that

The Dao is one foot but demons are ten feet tall.
Nature reels, feelings faint—the wrong home you find.
Dharma-self, alas, has no proper seat:
His act that time stems from a faulty mind!

We do not know what is the end of all this; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-ONE

Mind Monkey in vain uses a thousand tricks
Futile water and fire makes it hard to smelt demons

We were telling you about the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who fled in defeat, empty-handed. He went to the back of the Golden Helmet Mountain, and as he sat down, big drops of tears fell from his eyes. "O Master!" he cried. "I had hopes that you and I,

Since Buddha's grace had both kindness and peace,
Would find same youth, same life, as my lasting wish:
To live, to work, to seek the same release,
With same will, same mercy to show our spirits' fruit;
To reason and think the same, our minds truly one;
To know and behold the same open way.
I knew not I would lose the staff of my will.
How could I prosper with empty hands and feet?"

After lamenting like this for a long time, the Great Sage thought to himself, "That monster-spirit recognized me! When we were fighting just now, I remember him paying me the compliment:

'Truly someone worthy to cause havoc in Heaven!' Judging from this, I can't imagine that he is a fiend of this mortal world; he has to be some evil star of Heaven who descended to Earth out of longing for the world. I wonder what sort of demon he really is and where he dropped down from. I'll have to go to the Region Above to make an investigation."

Thus it was that Pilgrim, using the mind to question the mind, deliberated with himself and thereby gained control of himself.

Leaping up, he mounted the auspicious cloud and went straight before the South Heaven Gate. As he raised his head, he was suddenly met by the Devarāja Virūpākṣa, who bowed low and said to him, "Where is the Great Sage going?"

"I must have an audience with the Jade Emperor," said Pilgrim. "What are *you* doing here?" Virūpāka said, "Today it's my turn to patrol the South Heaven Gate."

Hardly had he finished speaking when Ma, Zhao, Wen, and Guan, the four grand marshals, all appeared and greeted Pilgrim, saying, "Great Sage, we are sorry that we have not come to meet you. Please have some tea with us."

"But I'm busy," said Pilgrim, whereupon he took leave of Virūpākṣa and the four grand marshals and went inside the South Heaven Gate. When he arrived before the Hall of Divine Mists, he ran into Zhang Daoling, Immortal Ge, Xu Jingyang, Qiu Hongzhi, the six officers of the Southern Dipper, and the seven heads of the Northern Dipper. Meeting Pilgrim before the hall, they all raised their heads to greet him, saying, "Why has the Great Sage come here?" Immediately thereafter, they asked again, "Have you perfected the merit of accompanying the Tang Monk?"

"It's still too early! It's still too early!" said Pilgrim. "With so large a distance and so many demons, we have managed to accomplish only half the merit. Right now

we are stranded in the Golden Helmet Cave of the Golden Helmet Mountain, where a bovine monster has Master Tang captured in the cave. Old Monkey found the way to his door and fought with him, but that fellow had such vast magic powers that he managed to rob old Monkey of his golden-hooped rod. That's why it is so difficult to arrest that demon king. I suspect that he has to be some evil star from the Region Above who has descended to Earth out of longing for the world, but I really don't know what sort of demon he is or where he comes from. For this reason old Monkey came to seek the Jade Emperor and to charge him with the offense of not keeping his household under control."

"This ape head," chuckled Xu Jingyang, "is still so mischievous!"

"I'm not being mischievous," said Pilgrim. "It's just that old Monkey has been inquisitive all his life, and that's how he finds things out."

"No need to talk further," said Zhang Daoling, "let's announce his arrival for him."

"Thank you! Thank you!" said Pilgrim.

The four Celestial Masters indeed went into Divine Mists to make the announcement and led Pilgrim to have an audience with the Jade Emperor. Bowing deeply to the throne, Pilgrim said, "Venerable Sir, I'm sorry to have troubled you! I'm sorry to have troubled you. Since old Monkey began to accompany the Tang Monk to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven, our journey has encountered more misfortune than good luck. But that goes without saying, I suppose! Right now a bovine monster has captured the Tang Monk in the Golden Helmet Cave of the Golden Helmet Mountain, and I don't know whether my master will be steamed, cooked, or sun-dried.

Old Monkey found the way to his door and fought with the fiend, who seemed to recognize old Monkey vaguely. His magic powers, however, are great indeed; he even managed to rob old Monkey of his golden-hooped rod, thus making it difficult for me to seize any monster. I have a suspicion that this monster is an evil star from Heaven, who descended to the Region Below out of longing for the world. For this reason old Monkey came especially to memorialize to you. I beg the Celestial Worthy in his compassion to grant me my request. Please issue a decree to find out the identity of the evil star and to send troops to arrest this demon. Old Monkey makes this request with the utmost fear and trembling."

Bowing deeply again, he said, "Such is my petition to be made known." On one side, Immortal Ge chuckled and said, "How is it that our ape behaves so haughtily at first and so humbly afterwards?"

"How should I dare?" asked Pilgrim. "I'm not acting haughtily at first and humbly afterwards, but right now I'm a monkey who has no rod to play with."

When the Jade Emperor heard this memorial, he at once gave a decree to the Kehan Bureau, saying, "In accordance with the memorial of Wukong, conduct an investigation among all the stars and planets of various Heavens and among all the divine kings of the various galaxies to see if anyone has been led to leave the Region Above out of longing for the world. Return to make your report as soon as you have fulfilled the decree. Such is our statement to be made known."

The adept Perfected Lord Kehan received the decree and went at once with the Great Sage to conduct this investigation. They first examined the various officials under the command of the devarājas of the four Heaven Gates; next, they examined the

various realized immortals, young and old, among the Three Forbidden Enclosures; then they checked through Tao, Zhang, Xin, Deng, Gou, Bi, Pang, and Liu, the thunder deities; and finally, they searched through all thirty-three Heavens, but no disturbance was found in any of them.

They then examined the twenty-eight lunar mansions: the seven mansions of the East containing the constellations Citrā, Niṣṭyā, Viśākhā, Anurādhā, Bāhu,

Mūlabarhaṇī, and Pūrva-Aṣādhā; the seven mansions of the West containing the constellations Uttara- Aṣādhā, Abhijit, Śravaṇā, Śraviṣṭha, Śatabhiṣā, Pūrva-Prosṭhapada, and Uttara-Proṣṭhapada. What they found was that all of these mansions, including those of the North seven mansions and South seven mansions, were peaceful and quiet. They then examined the Sun, the Moon, Venus, Jupiter, Mercury, Mars, and Saturn—the Seven Regulators—together with Rahu, Ketu, Qi, and Bo, the four Stars of Excesses. Of all the stars and planets in Heaven, there was not a single one who left for the Region Below out of longing for the world. "Since this is the case," said Pilgrim, "old Monkey has no need to return to the Hall of Divine Mists. After all, it's not good to disturb the Jade Emperor once again. You may go back to make your report, and I'll wait here to see if there is any further message for me."

The adept Perfected Lord Kehan agreed. As Pilgrim Sun waited there, he composed a poem to record his impressions. The poem says:

Clear wind and fair clouds make felicity;
Quiet gods and bright stars show propitious signs.
The cosmos at peace, Earth and Heaven prosper.
At all five quarters arms and banners recline.

After having made a thorough search everywhere, the adept Perfected Lord and Master of the Kehan Bureau returned to report to the Jade Emperor with this memorial:

"None is missing among the stars and mansions of Heaven; the divine warriors of all quarters are present. There is no one who has left for the Region Below out of longing for the world." When the Jade Emperor heard this, he gave the order:

"Let Wukong select a few celestial warriors to help him to capture the demon in the Region Below."

The four Celestial Masters, having received this decree, went out of the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists and said to Pilgrim, "O Great Sage, since there is no god in the Celestial Palace who longs for the world, the Jade Emperor in his great mercy has asked you to select a few divine warriors instead to help you capture the demon."

Bowing his head, Pilgrim thought to himself, "Those warriors in Heaven whose abilities are not as good as old Monkey's are plentiful, but those just as good are few. Remember when I caused great havoc in the Celestial Palace: the Jade Emperor sent out one hundred thousand Heaven soldiers with cosmic nets, but there is not a single person who could stand up to me. They found my match only when they called up the Little Sage Erlang. Now this fiend has abilities as strong as old Monkey's. How could we prevail against him?" Perceiving the meaning of his silence, Xu Jingyang said, "This time is not quite the same as last time! As the proverb says, 'One thing will vanquish specifically another.' You can't quite disobey the decree, can you? Use your judgment and select your celestial warriors. Don't allow your hesitation to cause unnecessary blunder."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "I am grateful for the imperial favor.

Indeed, I do not want to disobey the decree, nor does old Monkey wish to make this trip in vain. Let me trouble Jingyang to report to the Jade Emperor that I would like to be accompanied by Devarāja Li, the Pagoda Bearer, and Prince Naṭa. They have quite a few weapons designed to capture fiends. Let us go down below to do battle once with that fiend and see how things stand. If we manage to capture him, it will be the luck of old Monkey; if not, we can then decide what to do next."

And so that Celestial Master made the report to the Jade Emperor, who gave an order at once for Devarāja Li, father and son, to lead an army of celestial soldiers to assist Pilgrim. The devarāja accepted the order and came to meet Pilgrim, who said again to the Celestial Master, "I cannot thank the Jade Emperor enough for sending along the devarāja. There's one more request which I must trouble you to make known for me: we need the service of two thunder squires. When the devarājas fight with that demon, the thunder squires stationed at the edge of the clouds can aim their thunderbolts at the crown of his head. Isn't that a good plan for killing the monster?"

"Marvelous! Marvelous! Marvelous!" said the Celestial Master, laughing, and he indeed presented this plan to the Jade Emperor. The Jade Emperor issued another decree to the Mansion of Ninefold Heaven, where Deng Hua and Zhang Fan, the two thunder squires, were ordered to assist the devarāja in capturing the monster. They therefore went out of the South Heaven Gate with the devarāja and the Great Sage Sun.

In a moment they arrived at their destination. "This mountain," said Pilgrim, "is the Golden Helmet Mountain, and the Golden Helmet Cave is right in the middle. Please decide among yourselves which of you will go there to provoke battle first." Lowering the direction of his cloud, Devarāja Li ordered the celestial soldiers to pitch camp on the south slope of the mountain. "The Great Sage," he said, "has always known that my son Naṭa once subdued the demons of ninety-six caves. Most adroit in transformations, he carries with him many weapons for the subjugation of fiends. Let him go into battle first."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "let old Monkey be the prince's guide." Rousing his heroic powers, that prince leaped with the Great Sage into the tall mountain and arrived at the cave's entrance. They found the door tightly shut and not a single spirit below the rocky ledge. Walking forward, Pilgrim shouted:

"Brazen demon, open the door quickly! Return my master!"

The little fiends standing guard at the doors inside the cave hurriedly made the report:

"Great King, Pilgrim Sun is leading a boy to provoke battle in front of our door."

"The iron rod of the monkey," said the demon king, "was taken by me. Since he can't fight with empty hands, he must have gotten help now. Fetch my weapon!"

Gripping the lance in his hands, the demon king walked out the door to have a look: he found a little boy with rare and refined features and who had a sturdy build. Truly

His coy, jadelike face is like a full moon;
Ruddy lips and square mouth show silver teeth.
Protrusive eyeballs give lightning-like gaze;
Bangs crowd his broad forehead like gathered mists.
His sash like flying flames dances in the wind;

Sunlit, his brocade robe sheds golden blooms.
Brilliant straps hold up his heart-guarding disk;
Lustrous armor matches his battle boots.
Though small of body, his voice rings loud and strong:
This faith-defender, fierce Naṭa of Three Heav'ns.

With a laugh the demon king said, "You are the third child of Devarāja Li who bears the name Prince Naṭa. Why are you clamoring at my door?"

"Because of the disorder perpetrated by you, brazen demon!" said the prince. "So you seek to imprison and harm the holy monk from the Land of the East. By the golden decree of the Jade Emperor, I have come especially to arrest you."

Growing very angry, the demon king said, "You must have been asked by Sun Wukong to come here. I'm the evil star of that Tang Monk, all right! But what sort of martial skill does a small boy like you possess that you dare mouth such arrogant words? Don't run away! Have a taste of my lance!" Wielding his fiend-cutting sword, the prince met him head-on. As the two of them joined hands and began their contest, the Great Sage dashed past the mountain slope and cried out:

"Thunder squires, where are you? Get down there quickly and aim your thunderbolts at the demon. Help the prince to subdue him."

Treading on the cloudy luminosity, Deng and Zhang, the two squires, were just about to attack when they saw the prince resorting to magic. Shaking his body, he changed himself into someone with three heads and six arms holding six kinds of weapons to attack the demon. The demon king also changed himself into someone with three heads and six arms, using three long lances to defend himself. Exercising his fiend-routing power even further, the prince tossed his six weapons in the air. "Which six weapons are these?" you ask. They are a monster-cleaving sword, a monster-slashing scimitar, a monster-binding rope, a monster-taming club, an embroidered ball, and a fiery wheel. "Change!" he roared, and the weapons changed into hundreds and thousands. Like a thundershower and a sleet storm, these weapons rained down on the head of the demon. Not the least bit daunted, the demon king took out with one hand that somber white fillet. He tossed it into the air, crying, "Hit!" With a loud whoosh, the six weapons were all sucked away by it. In desperation Prince Naṭa fled for his life with empty hands, while the demon king turned back in triumph.

In midair Deng and Zheng, the two thunder squires, smiled nervously to themselves and said, "It was a good thing that we looked over the situation first and didn't release the thunderbolts immediately. If they had been sucked away by him, how could we go back to face the Celestial Worthy?" Lowering the direction of their clouds, the two squires went with the prince to the southern slope and said to Devarāja Li, "That demon indeed has vast magic powers!"

Giggling, Wukong said on one side, "His powers are only so-so, but that fillet of his is formidable. I wonder what kind of treasure it is that can suck away things like that."

"This Great Sage is not very mature!" grumbled Naṭa angrily. "We have lost our weapons and we have fled in defeat—we are sorely distressed all because of you. And you are giggling there instead! Why?"

"You speak of being distressed," said Pilgrim, "you think old Monkey in the last analysis is not distressed? But I have neither plan nor alternative at the moment. I can't cry, and that's why I am giggling!"

The devarāja asked, "How are we going to bring this to an end?"

"You may discuss the matter some more," said Pilgrim, "but one thing is certain: whatever object cannot be sucked away by that fillet will be able to seize that fiend."

"Only water and fire can resist being sucked away," said the devarāja, "for as the proverb says, 'Water and fire are ruthless.'" When he heard this, Pilgrim said, "You may be right! Sit and wait here. Let old Monkey make another trip to Heaven."

"What for?" asked Deng and Zhang, the two squires. Pilgrim said, "When old Monkey gets there, he will not memorialize to the Jade Emperor. I will only go to the Red Aura Palace inside the South Heaven Gate and ask Mars, the Star of Fiery Virtue, to come here and start a fire to burn up that fiend. Perhaps the fillet, too, will be reduced to ashes, and then the demon will be arrested. First, we will be able to recover your weapons for you to take back to Heaven, and second, we will rescue my master from his ordeal." When the prince heard these words, he was delighted and said, "No need for further delay. Let the Great Sage go and come back quickly. All of us will wait for you here." Mounting the auspicious luminosity, Pilgrim again went before the South Heaven Gate. Virūpāksa and the four marshals met him, saying, "Why has the Great Sage come here again?" Pilgrim said, "Devarāja Li told the prince to fight, but they only did battle once when his weapons were snatched away by that demon king. Now I want to go to the Red Aura Palace and request assistance from the Star of Fiery Virtue." Not daring to detain him, the four marshals permitted him to enter the gate. When he reached the Red Aura Palace, the deities of the Fire Department went inside to make the report:

"Sun Wukong wishes to see our lord."

The Third Pneuma of the South, the Star of Fiery Virtue, at once straightened his clothes and went out of his gates to meet his visitor. Then he said, "Yesterday Kehan Bureau inspected this humble palace, but there's no one here who longs for the world."

"I know that," said Pilgrim, "but Devarāja Li and the prince have lost their first battle and their weapons. I came especially to ask you to give us some help."

The Star said, "Naṭa happens to be the great god presiding over the Grand Assembly of Three Platforms.

When he embarked on his official career, he once subdued the demons of ninety-six caves. If he with his vast magic powers could not do the job, how could this humble deity hope to assist you?" Pilgrim said, "I discussed the matter with Devarāja Li, and both of us thought that the most effective elements between Heaven and Earth are water and fire. That fiend has a fillet most capable of sucking away the possessions of others.

We have no idea what sort of treasure it is. Since we know, however, that fire can destroy virtually everything, I have come to ask you to go to the Region Below and start a fire to burn up the demon and save my master from this one ordeal." When he heard this, the Star of Fiery Virtue immediately called up the divine soldiers of his department and went with Pilgrim to the south slope of the Golden Helmet Mountain. After they greeted the devarāja and the thunder squires, the devarāja said, "Great Sage Sun, you must go again to provoke that fellow to come out. Let me fight with him; when he takes out his fillet, I'll move out of the way and ask Fiery Virtue to burn him."

"Exactly," said Pilgrim, chuckling. "I'll go with you."

They left to provoke battle, while Fiery Virtue stood on the tall peak with the prince and the two thunder squires.

When he reached the entrance of the cave, the Great Sage shouted:

"Open the door! Return my master quickly!"

The little fiends again hurried inside to report:

"Sun Wukong is here once more!"

The demon led his troops out of the cave to say to Pilgrim, "You brazen ape! What sort of help have you acquired this time?"

From this side the Pagoda Bearer Devarāja stepped forward, crying, "Lawless demon! You recognize me?"

"Devarāja Li," said the demon king with a laugh, "you want to exact vengeance for your son, I suppose, and you want to recover your weapons?"

"For one thing I want to exact vengeance," said the devarāja, "and for another I want to arrest you so that we can rescue the Tang Monk. Don't run away! Have a taste of my scimitar!" Stepping aside to dodge the blow, the fiendish creature lifted his long lance and turned to meet his opponent. In front of the cave the two of them had quite a battle! Look at the

Devarāja's scimitar slashing;
The fiend's lance upraised;
The scimitar slashes and frosty light emits bright flames;
The lance rises and the will to fight pierces doleful clouds.
One is the fiendish creature reared in the Golden Helmet Mountain;
One is the deity sent from the Divine Mists Hall.
That one for mocking Chan nature unleashes his power;
This one, to lift the master's ordeal, shows the great relation.
Using magic the devarāja lets fly sand and stone;
Striving to win the fiend sprays mud and dirt.
Spraying dirt can darken Heaven and Earth;
Flying sand may becloud rivers and seas.
The two work hard to make a merit
Because the Tang Monk bows to the World- Honored One.

When the Great Sage Sun saw the two of them had begun to fight, he turned at once and leaped up to the tall summit and said to the Star of Fiery Virtue, "Take care, Third Pneuma!" Look at them! The demon fought the devarāja for some time, and in the heat of the battle, he again took out the fillet. When the devarāja saw it, he at once turned his auspicious luminosity around and fled in defeat. On the tall summit the Star of Fiery Virtue quickly gave the command for the various gods of his department to start the fire. It was some fire, all right! Marvelous! The classic says:

"The South is the spirit of fire."
A few tiny sparks
Can burn up ten thousand acres,
For the power of the Third Pneuma
Can change into a hundred-point fire.

Now there are fire lances,
Fire scimitars,
Fire bows,
And fire arrows—
Such the gods of sundry bureaus
Use in different fashions.
You see in midair
Fire crows flying and cawing;
And all over the mount
Fire steeds swiftly galloping.
Red rats in pairs—
Fire dragons in twos—
Red rats in pairs throw out mighty flames
And ten thousand miles are reddened;
Fire dragons in twos belch thick smoke
And every corner turns black.
Fire carts are pushed out;
Fire gourds are opened.
Fire banners wave on a skyful of mists;
Fire rods stir up an earthful of blaze.
Why speak of Ning Qi whipping the ox?
This is more fierce than Mr. Zhou at Red Cliff .
This is a Heaven, not a worldly fire—truly awesome.
Crackling and roaring it's a holocaust.

When the demon saw the fire coming, he was not in the least afraid. He tossed the fillet in the air and with a loud whoosh, it sucked away all those fire dragons, fire horses, fire crows, fire rats, fire bows, and fire arrows. Then he turned toward his cave and went back in triumph.

The only thing left in the Star of Fiery Virtue's clutch was a banner, which he used to recall all his warriors to join the devarāja and his followers. As they sat down in the south slope of the mountain, the Star said to Pilgrim, "O Great Sage, truly one seldom sees a vicious demon like this one! Now I've lost my fire gear. What shall I do?"

"No need to grumble," said Pilgrim with a smile. "All of you, please take a seat for awhile. Old Monkey will make another trip."

"Where are you going this time?" asked the devarāja, and Pilgrim said, "If that fiendish creature is not afraid of fire, he must be afraid of water. The proverb says, 'Water can overcome fire.' Let old Monkey go to the Northern Heaven Gate and ask the Star of Watery Virtue to let loose his water and flood the cave. When that demon king is drowned, I'll get back your possessions."

"Though this is a good plan," said the devarāja, "I fear that your master, too, will be drowned."

"Don't worry," said Pilgrim. "If my master is drowned, I have a way to revive him. But if I cause you all any further inconvenience, it will not be proper."

"In that case," said Fiery Virtue, "please go! Please go!"

Dear Great Sage! Again he mounted the cloud somersault and went before the North Heaven Gate, where he ran at once into the Devarāja Vaiśravaṇa. “Where is the Great Sage Sun going?” asked the devarāja, bowing. Pilgrim said, “I must enter the Dark Vastness Palace and see the Star of Watery Virtue on a certain matter. What are *you* doing here?” Vaiśravaṇa replied, “Today happens to be my turn to patrol the gate.”

As they spoke, the four grand marshals—Pang, Liu, Gou, and Bi—all came forward to greet Pilgrim and invited him to have tea with them. “Don’t trouble yourselves!” said Pilgrim. “My affair’s most urgent.”

Taking leave of the deities, he went straight up to the Dark Vastness Palace and asked the deities of the water department to announce him. When the Star of Watery Virtue heard the announcement that the Great Sage Sun Wukong had arrived, he at once commanded that the four seas, the five lakes, the eight rivers, the four great rivers, the three mighty streams, and the nine tributaries be thoroughly searched. The dragon kings at these places were also asked to retire. He then straightened out his clothes to walk out of the palace door to greet his visitor. As they walked back into the palace, the Star said, “Yesterday, Kehan Bureau came to inspect our humble palace, for he feared that some god in this department might have longed for the world. We are still making a thorough investigation of the gods of rivers and seas, and it’s not finished yet.”

“That demon king isn’t a god of the rivers,” said Pilgrim, “but a much more powerful spirit. At first the Jade Emperor was kind enough to send Devarāja Li, his son, and two thunder squires to try to arrest him down below. He came up with his fillet and six divine weapons were sucked away. Old Monkey had no other choice but to go to the Red Aura Palace and ask the Star of Fiery Virtue to start a fire with the various gods of his department. Once more, the fillet sucked away the fire dragons, the fire horses, and the like. I thought that if this thing was not afraid of fire, it had to be afraid of water. I have come, therefore, especially to ask the Star to unleash your water power, capture that monster-spirit for us, and recover the weapons for the Heaven warriors. The ordeal of my master will also be lifted.” When Watery Virtue heard this, he at once gave this order to the Divine King Water Lord of the Yellow River:

“Follow the Great Sage and give him assistance.”

Taking out a small white jade chalice from his sleeve, Water Lord said, “I have something here to hold water.”

“Look at that!” said Pilgrim. “How much can this small chalice hold? How could it drown the demon?”

“To tell you the truth, Great Sage,” said Water Lord, “this chalice of mine contains the water of the Yellow River. Half a chalice means half a river, and one whole chalice will hold an entire river.”

Delighted, Pilgrim said, “Half a chalice is quite enough!”

He took leave of Watery Virtue at once and slipped away from the Heaven arches with the Yellow River God.

After he had bailed out half of the Yellow River’s water with his chalice, Water Lord followed the Great Sage to the Golden Helmet Mountain, where they met the devarāja, the prince, the thunder squires, and Fiery Virtue. “No need for going into the details,” said Pilgrim. “Just let Water Lord follow me there and let me command the fiend to open the door. Don’t wait for him to come out. You just pour the water into the cave and the whole nest of that fiend will be drowned. I’ll go and fish out the corpse of

my master, and there'll be lots of time to revive him." Water Lord agreed and walked right behind Pilgrim, who went around the slope to go up to the cave entrance. "Fiend, open the door!" he cried. Those little fiends standing guard at the door recognized that it was the voice of the Great Sage Sun and they hurried inside to report:

"Sun Wukong is here again." When the demon heard this, he picked up his treasure and his long lance and began to walk out. The stone door opened with a crash and Water Lord immediately emptied the content of his white jade chalice toward the inside of the cave. When he saw the water rushing in, the fiend dropped his long lance and took out the fillet, holding it high at the second door. Not only was the water blocked right there, but it reversed its course and gushed back out of the cave. So startled was the Great Sage Sun that he somersaulted immediately into the air and, together with Water Lord, leaped up to the tallest peak. The other deities also mounted the clouds to follow them; they all stood on the peak to watch the water swelling to tremendous height and force. Marvelous water! Truly

One spoonful of it
Will make it unfathomable;
For when it's propelled by divine force,
It benefits all things and flows to swell a hundred streams.
You hear its loud splashes rocking the valley;
You see its giant crest surging up to Heaven.
Its mighty roar seems like thunder rumbling;
Its violent waves seem like summit-snow swirling.
Billows, a thousand feet tall, cover the roadways;
Ripples, ten-thousand-layered, surge o'er the peaks.
Gurgling, like spilled jade;
Clanging, like plucked strings.
Hitting the rocks, it foams like chips of jade tossed high;
Rounding the curves, it breaks out in eddies unending.
It flows through the lowlands and depressions,
Filling up brooklets and joining both their reaches.

Alarmed by what he saw, Pilgrim said, "That's bad! The water is flooding the rice fields of people everywhere, but it hasn't even touched the inside of his cave. What shall we do?"

He asked Water Lord to retrieve the water at once, but Water Lord said, "Your humble deity only knows how to let loose the water but he doesn't know how to retrieve it."

As the proverb says, "Water thrown out cannot be retrieved."

Ah! Fortunately, that mountain was rather tall and rugged, so that all the water flowed swiftly downward. In a moment, it drained into all the brooks and ravines and disappeared.

A few little fiends leaped out of the cave afterwards, and when they saw that the water had receded, they began to play there happily —shouting and hollering, boxing with their fists, and wielding their rods and lances. "So this water never reached the inside of the cave," said the devarāja, "and all our efforts have been vain!" Pilgrim could not restrain the anger flaring up in his heart; wielding both his fists, he dashed up to the door of the demon and shouted:

"Don't run away! Watch out for a beating!"

These several little fiends were so terrified that they all dropped their rods and lances to dash into the cave. Trembling all over, they made the report:

"Great King, it's terrible! He's going to give us a beating!"

Holding high his long lance, the demon king went out of the door to meet his adversary, saying, "This brazen ape is such a rascal! You have lost to me several times, and not even your water or fire can touch me.

Why is it that you have still come to give up your life?"

"My son is twisting the facts!" said Pilgrim. "I don't know whether I'm the one who will give up my life, or whether you are the one! Come over here and have a taste of your old Grandpa's fists!"

"This monkey is desperately forcing the issue!" said the demon with a chuckle. "I'm using the lance, but he is using only his fists. That pair of hands is nothing but skin and bones, and no bigger than walnut pits! How could you call them 'pounders'? All right! All right! I'll put down my lance and box with you." Laughing, Pilgrim replied, "That's the way to speak! Come up here!"

Hitching up his clothes and walking forward, the fiend assumed a boxing posture; his two fists upraised looked truly like two iron sledge hammers. Our Great Sage also loosened his legs at once and moved his body to attack; right before the cave entrance, he began to box with the demon king. This was quite a fight! Aha!

The four limbs are stretched out;
The double-kicking feet fly up.
They pound the ribs and chests;
They stab at galls and hearts.
"The Immortal Pointing the Way";
"Laozi Riding the Crane";
"A Hungry Tiger Pouncing on the Prey" is most hurtful;
"A Dragon Playing with Water" is quite vicious.
The demon king uses a "Serpent Turning Around";
The Great Sage employs a "Deer Letting Loose its Horns."
The dragon plunges to Earth with heels upturned;
The wrist twists around to seize Heaven's bag.
A green lion's open-mouthed lunge;
A carp's snapped-back flip.
Sprinkling flowers over the head;
Tying a rope around the waist;
A fan moving with the wind;
The rain driving down the flowers.
The monster-spirit then uses the "Guanyin Palm,"
And Pilgrim counters with the "Arhat Feet."
The long punch, stretching, is more slack, of course.
How could it compare with the short, sharp jabs?
The two of them fought for many rounds—
None was the stronger, for they're e'enly matched.

As the two of them boxed in front of the cave entrance, those standing high on the peak were so thrilled by the spectacle that Devarāja Li shouted bravos and the Star of Fiery Virtue clapped his hands in acclaim. Then the two thunder squires and Prince Naṭa led the other deities in rushing forward and tried to help their colleague. On the other side, the little monsters immediately surged forward also to cover their master, waving banners and beating drums, wielding swords and brandishing scimitars. When the Great Sage saw that the situation might turn against him, he yanked off a handful of hairs from his own body and tossed them into the air, crying, "Change!"

At once they changed into some fifty little monkeys, who swarmed all over the demon—grabbing his legs, tugging at his torso, gouging his eyes, and pulling at his hair. The fiendish creature became so alarmed that he immediately took out his fillet.

When the Great Sage and his companions saw that object, they mounted the clouds at once and fled toward the tall summit. Tossing the fillet up into the air, the fiend changed those fifty monkeys back into their true forms and then they were sucked away again with a loud whoosh. After he had gained this victory, the fiend led his troops back to his cave, closed the door, and celebrated.

"The Great Sage Sun is still a marvelous fighter!" said the prince. "The way you box, it's truly like adding flowers to the embroidery, and the way you use your body-division magic is indeed the display of nobility before others."

"As you watched from afar," said Pilgrim, smiling, "how did the abilities of the fiend compare with old Monkey's?"

"His punches were slack," said Devarāja Li, "and his kicks were slow; he certainly could not match the Great Sage for his speed and tightness. He was quite flustered already by the sight of our arrival, and when he saw your magic of body-division, he grew even more desperate and resorted to his fillet."

"It's simple to deal with the demon king," said Pilgrim, "but it's difficult to overcome that fillet."

Both Fiery Virtue and Water Lord said together, "If we want to win, we must acquire his treasure first before we try to arrest him."

"How could we acquire his treasure," asked Pilgrim, "unless we try to steal it?"

"If we want to practice the ritual of stealing," said a thunder squire, chuckling, "there is no one more able than the Great Sage.

Remember that year when you caused great havoc in Heaven, how you stole imperial wine, immortal peaches, dragon's liver, phoenix's marrow, and the elixir of Laozi? What a talent that was! Today is the time to put that to use again."

"Thanks for the compliment!" said Pilgrim. "Thanks for the compliment! If that's what you think we should do, take a seat here and let old Monkey go to make some investigation."

Dear Great Sage! He leaped down from the peak and crept up to the cave entrance; with one shake of his body he changed himself into a tiny fly. Truly graceful! Look at him!

His wings thin as skin of bamboo;
A body small like a flower's heart.
His arms and his legs just thicker than hairs;
Beady eyes both shining and bright.

Good at chasing scent and fragrance,
He flies swiftly riding the wind.
His frame barely pulls down the steelyard weight;
So cute he's even of some use.

Ever so lightly he flew up to the door and crawled inside through a crack. There he found many fiends, young and old; some were singing and dancing, while others stood in rows on both sides. Sitting high on his throne was the old demon king, and before him were placed dishes of serpent meat, venison, bear-paw, camel-hump, mountain vegetables, and fruits. There were wine pots made of blue porcelain, from which came fragrant goat's milk and coconut wine. In big bowlfuls he and his other fiends were drinking with abandon. Dropping down into the crowd of little fiends, Pilgrim at once changed into a badger-head spirit and inched his way toward the throne of the demon king. He looked everywhere for a long time, but he could not discover where the treasure was placed. Dashing behind the throne, he found the fire dragons and fire horses hung up high in the rear hall, all whining and neighing. As he raised his head, he suddenly saw his own golden-hooped rod leaning against the east wall. So delighted was he by this discovery that he even forgot about changing into his true form before running forward to seize his iron rod. Only after he had picked it up did he reveal his original form and fought his way out with his rod. All those fiends were terrified, while the old demon king was caught completely off guard. Thus Pilgrim was able to push down three monsters on one side and bring down two on the other; opening up a bloody path, he went directly out of the cave. So it is that

The demon, so arrogant, lets down his guard;
The lordly staff returns to the rightful man.

We don't know whether good or evil will befall him; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-TWO

Wukong greatly disturbed the Golden Helmet Cave
Tathāgata reveals in secret the true master

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who recovered his golden-hooped rod and fought his way out of the door. He was filled with delight as he leaped up to the tall summit to face the various gods. "How did you do this time?" asked the Devarāja Li. "By his transformation," said Pilgrim, "old Monkey managed to get inside the cave. That fiend and his subordinates were all singing and dancing, drinking their victory wine. I did not succeed in detecting where he put his treasure, but when I went to the rear of the cave, I heard horses neighing and dragons whining and I knew that they had to be the belongings of the fire department. The golden-hooped rod was leaning against the east wall; old Monkey picked it up and fought his way out."

"You got your treasure," said the deities, "but when could we get back ours?"

"It's easy! It's easy!" said Pilgrim. "When I have this iron rod, I'll strike him down and recover your treasures for you, no matter what."

Hardly had he finished speaking when they heard a great din coming from below the mountain slope punctuated by the roll of drums and the sounding of gongs. The Bovine Great King, you see, was leading the various spirits to give chase to Pilgrim, who, when he saw the throng approaching, shouted:

"Good! Good! Good! This is exactly my wish! Have a seat, all of you, and let old Monkey go again to catch him."

Dear Great Sage! Lifting high his iron rod, he met them head-on, crying, "Brazen demon, where are you going? Watch my rod!" Using his lance to parry the blow, the fiend scolded him:

"You thievish ape! You're indeed ill-behaved! How dare you rob me in broad daylight?"

"You cursed beast!" said Pilgrim. "You don't know that you're about to die. You are the one who robbed us in broad daylight with your fillet. Which of these things really belongs to you? Don't run away. Have a taste of your Venerable Father's rod!" What a great battle this was!

The Great Sage displays his might;
The demon's no longer tame.
The two wage a fierce contest,
For neither's willing to quit.
This one's iron rod seems like a dragon's tail;
That one's long lance resembles a python's head.
From this one, the strokes of the rod roar like the wind;
From that one, the blows of the lance flow like strong currents.
You see colored mists close in to darken the peaks
And auspicious clouds hover o'er the woods.
The birds in the air all stop their wings;
The beasts in the wilds all hide their heads.

On the battlefield the little fiends cheer;
On this side the Great Sage rouses himself.
His one iron rod that none can withstand
Has fought throughout the West's ten thousand miles.
But that long lance is truthfully his match,
E're ruling Golden Helmet with all success.
They meet this time and they won't leave in peace;
Till one obtains a victory they'll never cease.

For three hours the demon king fought with the Great Sage Sun, but no decision could be reached. Soon it was getting dark. Using the lance to hold back the rod, the demon said, "Wukong, you stop now. When it's dark everywhere, it's no time to fight. Let's each of us take some rest. We'll resume our contest tomorrow morning."

"Shut up, you lawless beast!" scolded Pilgrim. "Old Monkey's just getting inspired! Who cares if it's getting late! I'm determined to find out which of us is better." With a shout, however, the fiend turned and fled, leading all those fiends and their arms back into the cave, after which they had the door tightly shut.

As the Great Sage walked back to the peak with his rod trailing behind him, the Heaven deities all congratulated him with these words:

"Truly a mighty power Equal to Heaven! What boundless, what limitless powers!"

"Thanks for the compliments! Thanks for the compliments!" said Pilgrim. "We haven't exaggerated in our praise," said Devarāja Li, drawing near. "You are indeed quite a man! The way you fought just now reminded us of the time when you defied the cosmic nets."

"Let's not revive old gossip," said Pilgrim.

"After he had fought with old Monkey all this while, that fiend must be tired. I won't complain of fatigue; while all of you sit here and relax, I want to go into the cave to find out where he has hidden that fillet of his. I'm determined to steal it and to catch the fiend. Then we can find your weapons so that you all may return to Heaven."

"It's getting late," said the prince. "Why not rest for the night and go there tomorrow morning?" Laughing, Pilgrim said, "Our little boy is still ignorant of the ways of the world! Who has ever seen a thief starting something in daytime? To sneak inside, one must go during the night, undetected; that's how this business is done!"

Both Fiery Virtue and one of the thunder squires said, "Don't talk anymore, Third Prince. This sort of thing may be foreign to us, but the Great Sage is an expert. He has to make use of this time, for the demon is tired and his guard may be down during the night. Let the Great Sage go now. Go quickly!"

Dear Great Sage! Grinning broadly, he put away his iron rod and leaped down from the tall summit to go once more before the cave.

He shook his body once and immediately changed into a small cricket. Truly he has

Hard mouth, long whiskers, and black skin,
With keen eyes and legs forked like branches.
Midst bright moon and clear breeze he chirps on the wall,
Like someone speaking in silent night.

He weeps when dew saddens prospect,
A proud voice, though halting and faint.
The window's pensive guest dreads hearing him,
This lodger 'neath the steps or the bed.

Stretching forth his long legs, he jumped up to the door with three or four leaps and crawled inside through a crack. He squatted near the foot of the wall and, by the light of lamps and torches inside, looked carefully around. The various fiends, young and old, were just wolfing down their dinners. Pilgrim creaked and cricked for a while, and soon after, the fiends finished eating and put away their utensils. After laying out their bedding, all the fiends retired. Not until the time of the first watch did Pilgrim go to the rear chamber, where he heard the old demon give this command:

"All the little ones guarding the doors should sleep lightly. I fear that Sun Wukong may change into something to come in here to steal again."

Those who were taking turns to stand watch began to beat their rattles or ring their bells. Our Great Sage, however, was most eager to do what he came to do! After he crawled into the bedroom, he found a stone bed, on both sides of which were several mountain ghosts or tree spirits all powdered and rouged. They were making the bed and helping the old demon to retire; some were unlacing his boots while others were untying his robe. After the demon king took off his clothes, at once the fillet—all ghostly white—could be seen. It was attached to his left shoulder like an armlet made of a string of pearls. Look at him! Instead of taking the fillet off, he pushed it up a couple of times until it was snugly clamped to his shoulder. Only then did he lie down to sleep. With one shake of his body again, Pilgrim changed into a flea with yellow skin. Leaping onto the stone bed and crawling inside his covers, he crept up to the left shoulder of the fiend and gave him a sturdy bite. The fiend was so stung by it that he turned over, shouting, "These slaves! They ought to be beaten more often! They didn't shake the covers, nor did they brush the bedding. Now I've been bitten by I don't know what!"

He gave his fillet two further shoves before dozing off once more. Crawling above the fillet, Pilgrim gave him another bite. Unable to sleep, the fiend sat up, yelling, "I'm itching to death!" When Pilgrim saw how carefully he guarded the fillet, refusing to let it leave his body for even a moment, Pilgrim knew that he would not be able to steal it. He leaped down from the bed, changed once more into a cricket, and left the bedroom to go to the rear, where he again heard dragons whining and horses neighing. Behind two doors tightly locked, you see, fire dragons and fire horses all hung inside. Pilgrim changed back to his original form as he walked up to the door to exercise his lock-opening magic. He recited a spell and gave the padlock a wipe: immediately the double patches snapped open. Pushing open the doors, he walked into a room so brightly lit by fire equipment that it seemed like daylight. Several weapons were seen leaning against the east and the west walls: they were the fiend-slashing scimitar of the prince, the fire bows and fire arrows of Fiery Virtue, and the like. In the glow of the light, Pilgrim looked carefully around and saw on top of a stone table behind the door a small basket woven of bamboo. Inside was placed a bunch of hairs. Filled with delight, the Great Sage picked up the hairs and blew on them two mouthfuls of hot air, crying, "Change!"

They changed at once into forty or fifty little monkeys, who were then told to pick up the scimitar, the sword, the club, the wheel, together with the bows, the arrows, the lances, the carts, the gourds, the fire crows, the fire rats, and the fire horses—all those things sucked away by the fillet. After they had mounted the fire dragons, they

started a huge blaze that burned outward from deep inside the cave. All you could hear were the snapping and cracking—bing-bing, bang-bang—as if thunderbolts or fire cannons were let loose inside. Those monster-spirits, young and old, were utterly terrified; in a stupor, they hugged their blankets or covered their heads, some screaming, some weeping. None of them knew which way to run and more than half of them were burned to death by the fire. The Handsome Monkey King thus returned to his camp in triumph at about the hour of the third watch.

We now tell you about Devarāja Li and his companions on the tall summit. They suddenly saw a bright flare of lights rushing toward them, and then they discovered Pilgrim riding on a dragon and shouting commands to a team of little monkeys as they ascended the mountain. After reaching the peak, he yelled:

"Come and get your weapons! Come and get your weapons!"

Fiery Virtue and Naṭa immediately answered his call, while Pilgrim shook his body to retrieve his hairs. Prince Naṭa took back his six weapons, and Fiery Virtue told his subordinates to put away the fire dragons and other equipment. All of them were full of smiles and praises for Pilgrim, and we shall leave them there for the moment.

We tell you instead about the Golden Helmet Cave, where flames were still shooting up everywhere. The Bovine Great King was scared out of his wits; dashing out of his room, he held his fillet up high with both hands. He pushed it toward the fire this way and that way, and it immediately went out. Though the air was filled with flame and smoke, they all subsided after he and his treasure had run through the entire cave. He tried to rescue the other fiends, but over half of them had been burned to death. Those who survived, male and female, did not number a hundred. Then he went to inspect the place where he had hidden the weapons, but not a single item could be found. Finally, he reached the rear of the cave where he saw Eight Rules, Sha Monk, and the elder still securely bound. The white dragon horse was tied to the stall, and even the load of luggage remained in the room. Angrily, the demon said, "I wonder which of the little fiends was so careless that he started the fire and brought all this on us!"

"Great King," one of the attendants by his side said, "This fire could not have been started by any one of our own. It had to be the work of someone intent on raiding our camp; after he had released the equipment of the fire department, he also stole the divine weapons." Only then did the old demon realize what had happened. "There is *no* one else!" he said. "It has to be that thief, Sun Wukong! No wonder I had such a hard time when I tried to sleep just now! That larcenous ape must have gotten in here by means of transformation and gave my shoulder a couple of bites.

Undoubtedly he wanted to steal my treasure, but when he saw how tightly it was attached to my body, he could not do it. That was the reason he stole the other weapons instead and let loose the fire dragons. How vicious of him! He wanted to burn me to death! Oh thievish ape! You've made vain use of your trickery! When I have this treasure on me, I can't be drowned even when I plunge into the ocean, nor can I be burned if I leap into a pool of fire. But when I catch you, thief, this time, I'm going to skin and cut you up alive.

Only then will I be satisfied."

He spoke sullenly in this manner for a long time, and soon thereafter it was dawn. On the tall summit, the prince, holding his six weapons that had just been recovered, said to Pilgrim, "Great Sage, it's getting bright. Let's not wait any further. We should make use of this opportunity when that demon's will to fight has been

blunted by you. With the help of the fire department, let us go again to do battle with him. Most probably he'll be captured this time."

"You are right," said Pilgrim, chuckling. "Let us unite and go have some fun!" In high spirits and eager to fight, each of them went up to the cave entrance. "Lawless demon, come out!" bellowed Pilgrim. "Come and fight with old Monkey!"

The two stone doors of the cave, you see, had been reduced to ashes the night before by the intense heat.

At the moment, several little fiends by the entrance were just in the process of gathering up the ashes and sweeping the ground. When they saw the various sages approach, they were so terrified that they abandoned their brooms and ash forks and dashed inside to report:

"Sun Wukong has led many gods to provoke battle outside our door!" So astounded was he by this report that the bovine fiend gnashed his teeth and rolled his ringlike eyes. He picked up his lance and his treasure, and no sooner had he emerged from the door when he began to castigate his adversary, saying, "You thievish ape! You camp-raider and arsonist! What skills do you have that you dare treat me so contemptuously?" Smiling broadly, Pilgrim said, "You brazen fiend! If you want to know my skills, come up here and listen to my recital.

My skills were great since the time of my birth,
As was my name throughout the universe.
Enlightened, I practiced the transcendent way;
In days past came the means to eternal youth.
I willed to bow at the place of the Heart,
To seek with reverence the home of a sage.
I learned how to change with endless power,
Taking as my playground the whole cosmos.
At leisure I tamed tigers on the mount;
When bored I subdued dragons in the sea.
I claimed a throne at native Flower- Fruit,
Flaunting my strength in Water-Curtain Cave.
A few times I lusted for Heaven's realm;
Ignorant, I robbed the Region Above.
My royal name: Great Sage, Equal to Heaven;
I was called also Handsome Monkey King.
When the Feast of Peaches was under way,
I took offense for no invitation came.
In secret I stole jade juice at Jasper Pool
And drank it in stealth at the treasure tower.
Dragon and phoenix organs I did taste;
A hundred dainties I would steal and eat.
Millennial peaches I freely enjoyed,
Stuffing my guts with long-life drugs and pills.
Strange things of Heav'n I took piece by piece,
And rare goods from sage mansions bit by bit.
When Jade Emperor learned what great skills I had,
He sent divine soldiers to the battlefield.
I banished those fierce Nine Luminaries;

And wounded the Five Quarters' Vicious Stars.
All Heaven's warriors were no match of mine;
A hundred thousand troops dared not meet me.
Hard pressed, the Jade Emperor gave a decree:
Libation Stream's Little Sage then raised his sword.
Seventy-two transformations we struggled through,
Each rousing his spirit, each showing his might.
Guanyin of South Sea came, too, at length
To lend them her help with willow and vase.
Laozi then made use of his diamond snare
To have me captured and brought up there
To see, bound firmly, the Great Emperor Jade,
As judge and tribunal indicted me.
They told God Powerful to cut me dead,
But sparks flew up when knives fell on my head.
Since no means was found to put me to death,
They sent me all shackled to Laozi's hall:
A brazier, watched by the Six Gods of Light,
Refined me till I became hard as steel.
With vessel opened on day forty-ninth,
I leaped out to work violence yet once more.
When gods hid themselves and none withstood me,
The sages agreed that Buddha be called.
Tathāgata's power was mighty indeed!
His wisdom, truly vast and limitless!
A somersault match waged upon his hand
Made a mountain press me, now no more strong.
When the Emperor gave the Feast of Heaven's Peace,
The West regained its name of Ultimate Bliss.
Old Monkey jailed for full five hundred years
Did not once taste a bit of tea or rice.
But when Elder Gold Cicada came to earth,
The East sent him to go to Buddha's home
To fetch true scriptures for a noble state,
Where the Great Tang ruler might save the dead.
Guanyin taught me to submit to the Good
And let faith held firmly my wildness check.
Free of my ordeal at that mountain root,
I now go West to fetch the scripture texts.
Lawless demon, cease your foxlike cunning!
Return my Tang Monk, bow to Dharma King!"

When he heard these words, he pointed at Pilgrim and cried, "So, you were the big thief who robbed Heaven! Don't run away! Swallow my lance!"

The Great Sage met him with the rod and the two of them began to fight. On this side Prince Naṭa became angry and the Star of Fiery Virtue grew vicious: they hurled those six divine weapons together with the fire equipment at the demon. The Great Sage Sun fought even more fiercely as the thunder squires took up their thunderbolts and the devarāja his scimitar to rush at their enemy. Smiling scornfully, the demon calmly took

out from his sleeve his treasure and tossed it in the air, crying, "Hit!" With a loud whoosh, the six divine weapons, the fire equipment, the thunderbolts, the scimitar of the devarāja, and the rod of Pilgrim were all snatched away. Once again, the deities and the Great Sage Sun were empty-handed. After the demon returned in triumph to his cave, he gave this order:

"Little ones, gather rocks and boulders to rebuild our doors, and tidy up our rooms and hallways. When we finish our work, we shall slaughter the Tang Monk and his companions to thank the Earth. Then all of us can disperse the blessing and enjoy."

The little fiends all obeyed, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about the Devarāja Li, who led the rest of the gods back to the tall summit. Fiery Virtue then began to rail at Naṭa for being too impulsive, while the thunder squires blamed the devarāja for acting too recklessly. Water Lord, however, stood to one side and sulked. When Pilgrim saw how distraught they looked, he had little alternative but to appear cheerful and said to them, forcing a smile, "Please don't be so distressed, all of you. After all, the ancient proverb says, 'Victory or defeat is a common thing for the soldier.' If we want to consider the demon's fighting skill, it's no more than so-so. The reason he can cause so much harm is that fillet in his possession, which has again sucked away all our weapons. Nonetheless, try to relax. Let old Monkey go and see if he can find out something more about his pedigree."

"When you first presented your memorial to the Jade Emperor," said the prince, "there was a thorough search made throughout the celestial realm, but not a trace of this monster could be found. Now where are you going to make further investigation?" Pilgrim replied, "Come to think of it, the dharma power of Buddha is boundless. I shall go now to the Western Heaven to question our Buddha Tathāgata; I shall ask him to scan with his eye of wisdom the four great continents of Earth and see where this fiend was born and raised. I want to learn what sort of treasure his fillet is, and no matter what, I'm determined to have him arrested. Only then will all of you be avenged and have a happy trip back to Heaven."

"If that's your intention," said the gods, "don't delay. Go quickly! Go quickly!"

Dear Pilgrim! He said he would go, and at once he mounted his cloud-somersault. Instantly he arrived at the Spirit Mountain.

Lowering his auspicious luminosity, he looked everywhere. Marvelous place!

The noble Mount Spirit,
Fine, pure cloud-layers;
A divine summit touching jade-green sky.
A great town seen in Western Heaven,
Its form, its air surpassing even China's.
The primal breath flows to widen Heav'n and Earth;
Strong wind scatters a platform full of flowers.
Long notes of bells and stones are often heard,
And clear, loud scripture recitations.
You see, too, lay-sisters lecturing beneath green pines
And arhats walking among jadelike cedars.
White cranes with feelings come to Vulture Peak;
Blue phoenixes wish to stand by quiet arbors.
Black apes in pairs hold up immortal fruits;

Aged deer in twos present purple blooms.
Rare birds call often like some tale-telling,
And flowers too strange and fair to have names.
The ranges turn and circle, fold upon fold;
The old path meanders, though it's level.
A place where pure void of spirit's the norm—
Buddha's solemn and great awakened form.

As Pilgrim enjoyed the sight of the mountain scenery, he heard someone calling him:

"Sun Wukong, where did you come from? Where are you going?"

He turned quickly and found that it was the Honored One Bhikṣuṇi.

The Great Sage greeted her and said, "I have a matter that requires an audience with Tathāgata."

"You rascal!" said Bhikṣuṇi, "if you want to see Tathāgata, why don't you ascend the treasure temple? Why stay here to look at the mountain?"

"This is the first time I have been to this noble region," replied Pilgrim, "and that's why I am acting boldly."

"Follow me quickly," said Bhikṣuṇi, and Pilgrim ran after her up to the gate of the Thunderclap Monastery, where their way was barred by the heroic figures of the Eight Great Diamond Guardians.

"Wukong," said Bhikṣuṇi, "wait here for a moment and let me announce your arrival." Pilgrim had no choice but to wait outside the gate. Going before the Buddha, Bhikṣuṇi pressed her palms before her and said, "Sun Wukong needs to have an audience with Tathāgata." Whereupon Tathāgata commanded him to enter, and only then did the diamond guardians allow him to pass.

After Pilgrim touched his head to the ground, Tathāgata asked, "Wukong, I heard previously that after the Honored One Guanyin had freed you, you made submission to Buddhism and agreed to accompany the Tang Monk to seek scriptures here. Why have you come all by yourself? What is the matter?"

Again touching his head to the ground, Pilgrim said, "Let me report this to our Buddha.

Since your disciple embraced the faith, he has followed the master from the Tang court in his journey west. We reached the Golden Helmet Cave of the Golden Helmet Mountain, where we ran into an evil demon, who had the name of Bovine Great King. He had such vast magic powers that he abducted my master and brothers into his cave. Your disciple demanded their return, but he had no good will at all and we fought it out. My iron rod was snatched away by a ghostly white fillet of his. As I suspected that he might be some celestial warrior who longed for the world, I went to the Region Above to investigate. The Jade Emperor was kind enough to lend me the assistance of the father-and-son team of Devarāja Li, only to have him rob the prince of his six weapons. Then I asked the Star of Fiery Virtue to burn him with fire, but he took the fire equipment also. Next we asked the Star of Watery Virtue to drown him with water, but we couldn't even touch a single hair of his. After your disciple spent enormous energy to steal back the iron rod and other things, we went again to provoke battle. Once again his fillet sucked away all our weapons, and we are powerless to subdue him.

That's why I have this special request for our Buddha, in his great compassion, to survey the world and find out what is the true origin of this creature. I shall then be able to capture his kin or neighbor so that it will facilitate the arrest of the demon and the rescue of my master. All of us then will be able to bow, with palms pressed together and with utter sincerity, to seek the right fruit."

After Tathāgata heard this, he trained his eyes of wisdom to peer into the distance and immediately he had knowledge of the whole affair. "Though I've learned the identity of that fiendish creature," he said to Pilgrim, "I can't reveal it to you because you have such a loose, apish tongue. If somehow you pass on the fact that it was I who disclosed his identity, he would not fight with you but he would start a quarrel up here in Spirit Mountain. That would cause me a lot of trouble. Let me give you the assistance of my dharma power instead to help you capture him."

Bowing deeply again, Pilgrim thanked him and said, "What sort of dharma power will you bestow on me?"

Tathāgata immediately ordered the Eighteen Arhats to open the treasury and take out eighteen grains of golden cinnabar sand to assist Wukong. "What will this golden cinnabar sand do?" asked Pilgrim. "Go before the cave," said Tathāgata, "and ask the demon for a contest. Entice him to come out and the arhats will at once release the sand, which will entrap him. Since he won't be able to move his body or raise his feet, you can beat him up at will."

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" cried Pilgrim, laughing. "Bring them out quickly!" Not daring to delay, the arhats at once took out the golden cinnabar sand and walked out of the gate. After Pilgrim thanked Tathāgata again, he ran after the crowd and found there were only sixteen arhats. "What sort of a place is this," yelled Pilgrim, "that you are taking bribes and releasing prisoners?"

"Who is taking bribes and releasing prisoners?" asked the arhats, and Pilgrim said, "Originally eighteen of you were sent. Why is it that there are only sixteen now?"

Hardly had he finished speaking when Dragon Subduer and Tiger Tamer, the two Honored Ones, walked out from inside. "Wukong," they said, "how could you be so mischievous? The two of us remained behind because Tathāgata had further instructions for us."

"That's a wretched way to take bribes!" said Pilgrim. "If I waited even a moment in hollering, you probably would not come out." Laughing uproariously, the arhats mounted the auspicious clouds.

In a moment, they arrived at the Golden Helmet Mountain, where they were met by Devarāja Li leading the rest of the deities. "No need to go into the details," said one of the arhats. "Go quickly and ask him to come out."

Holding his fists high, our Great Sage went before the cave entrance and shouted, "Blubbery fiend! Come out quickly and try your hands with your Grandpa Sun."

Again those little fiends dashed inside to make the report. Infuriated, the demon king said, "This thievish ape! I wonder whom he has invited to come make a nuisance here!"

"There's no other warrior," said the little fiends, "he's all by himself."

"I've already taken away his rod," said the demon king. "How is it that he shows up all by himself again? Could it be that he wants to box some more?" Picking up his treasure and his lance, he ordered the little fiends to move away the boulders and leaped out of the cave. "Larcenous ape!" he scolded.

"For several times you haven't been able to gain the upper hand, and that should make you stay away. Why are you here again making noises?" Pilgrim said, "This brazen demon doesn't know good or evil! If you don't want your Grandpa to show up at your door, you make submission, apologize, and send out my master and brothers. Then I'll spare you."

"Those three monks of yours," said the fiend, "have been scrubbed clean. Soon they will be slaughtered. And you are still making a fuss? Go away!" When Pilgrim heard the word "slaughter," fire leaped up to his cheeks. Unable to suppress the anger of his heart, he wielded his fists and attacked the demon with hooks and jabs. Spreading out his long lance, the fiend turned to meet him. Pilgrim jumped this way and that to deceive the monster. Not knowing it was a trick, the demon left the entrance of the cave and gave chase toward the south. At once Pilgrim shouted for the arhats to pour the golden cinnabar sand down on the demon. Marvelous sand! Truly,

Like fog, like mist, it spreads out at first;
In great profusion it drops from afar.
One mass of white
Blinding vision every where.
A dark expanse
Flaring up to lead you astray.
The working woodsman has lost his partner;
The fairy youth picking herbs can't see his home.
It drifts and soars like fine wheat-flour;
Some grains are coarse like sesame.
The world seems opaque as the summits darken;
The sun's hidden and the sky disappears.
It's not quite the noise and dust at a horse's heels,
Nor the light fluffiness chasing a scented car.
This sand is by nature a ruthless thing
Which can blot out the world to seize the fiend.
Because a demon assails the right Way,
The arhats by Law release their power.
Though your hand may hold a bright shiny pearl,
Soon the blown sand will your eyesight obscure.

When the demon saw that the flying sand was clouding up his vision, he lowered his head and discovered that his feet were already standing in three feet of the stuff. He was so horrified that he tried to jump upward; before he could even stand up properly the sand grew another foot. In desperation, the fiend tried to pull up his legs while taking out his fillet. Throwing it up into the air, he cried, "Hit!" With a loud whoosh, the eighteen grains of golden cinnabar sand were sucked away. The demon then strode back to the cave.

All of those arhats with bare hands stopped their clouds, while Pilgrim drew near and asked, "Why are you not sending down the sand?"

"There was a sound just now," one of them said, "and instantly our golden cinnabar sand vanished."

"That little something has sucked them away again!" sighed Pilgrim with a laugh. "If he's so hard to catch," said Devarāja Li to the rest, "how could we ever arrest him? When will we be able to return to Heaven? How could we face the Emperor?" On one side, Dragon Subduer and Tiger Tamer, the two arhats, said, "Wukong, did you know why we delayed in coming out of the door just now?"

"Old Monkey only feared that you were trying to find some pretense not to come," said Pilgrim. "I don't know any other explanation." One of the two arhats replied, "Tathāgata told the two of us that the demon had vast magic powers. If we lost the golden cinnabar sand, he said, we should ask Sun Wukong to search for his origin at the place of Laozi, the Tushita Palace of the Griefless Heaven. The demon would be caught with one stroke." When Pilgrim heard this, he said, "That's most despicable! Even Tathāgata is trying to hornswoggle old Monkey! He should have told me right then and there, and there would have been no need for all of you to travel."

"If Tathāgata made such a clear revelation," said Devarāja Li, "let the Great Sage go up there quickly."

Dear Pilgrim! "I'm off!" he said, and at once he mounted the cloud somersault to enter the South Heaven Gate. There he was met by the four grand marshals, who raised their folded hands to their chins to salute him, asking, "How's the affair of arresting that monster?"

Answering them as he walked along, Pilgrim said, "It's unfinished! It's unfinished! But I'm on his trail now!"

The four grand marshals dared not detain him and permitted him to walk inside the Heaven Gate. Going neither to the Hall of Divine Mists nor to the Dipper Palace, he went instead straight up to the Tushita Palace of the Griefless Heaven, which was beyond the thirty-third Heaven. Two immortal youths were standing outside the palace. Without announcing who he was, however, Pilgrim walked right inside the door, so startling the youths that they tugged at him, crying, "Who are you? Where are you going?" Only then did Pilgrim say, "I'm the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. I wish to see Laozi, Mr. Li."

"Why are you so rude?" asked one of the youths. "Stand here and let us announce you."

But Pilgrim would have none of that. With a shout, he dashed inside and ran smack into Laozi, who was just coming out.

Bowing low hurriedly, Pilgrim said, "Venerable Sir, haven't seen you for awhile."

"Why is this ape not going to seek scriptures?" said Laozi, chuckling. "What's he doing here?" Pilgrim replied,

Scripture-seeking—
Toil unending.
My way was blocked:
I came shuffling.

"If the road to the Western Heaven is blocked," said Laozi, "what has that got to do with me?"

Again Pilgrim said,

Ah, Heaven West!
Stop your protest!
I find my trail:
You I'll contest.

"This place of mine," said Laozi, "is an incomparable immortal palace. What sort of trail can you find?"

Eyes unblinking, Pilgrim went inside and looked left and right. He walked past several corridors and all at once he discovered a boy sound asleep by the corral. The green buffalo, however, was not inside. "Venerable Sir," said Pilgrim, "your buffalo has escaped! Your buffalo has escaped!"

"When did this cursed beast escape?" asked Laozi, highly astonished. All that clamor woke up the boy, who immediately went to his knees and said, "Father, your disciple fell asleep. I don't know when he escaped."

"How could you fall asleep, you rogue?" scolded Laozi. The boy kowtowed several times before he answered, "Your disciple picked up one pellet of elixir in the elixir chamber. As soon as I ate it, I fell asleep."

"It must be the Elixir of Seven Returns to the Fire that we made the other day. One pellet fell out, and this rogue picked it up and ate it. Well, anyone who eats one of those pellets will sleep for seven days. Because you fell asleep, no one looked after that cursed beast, and he took the opportunity to go to the Region Below. Today is the seventh day." Immediately Laozi wanted to make an investigation to see if any treasure was stolen, but Pilgrim said, "He doesn't have any treasure except a fillet, and it is quite formidable." Laozi made a quick inventory; everything was there except the diamond snare. "This cursed beast stole my diamond snare!" said Laozi. "So, that's the treasure!" said Pilgrim. "It was the same snare that hit me that time!

Now it's going wild down below, sucking away who knows how many things."

"Where's the cursed beast now?" asked Laozi. Pilgrim replied, "At the Golden Helmet Cave of the Golden Helmet Mountain. He caught my Tang Monk first and robbed me of my golden-hooped rod. When I asked the celestial soldiers to come help me, he also took away the divine weapons of the prince. When the Star of Fiery Virtue arrived, his equipment was also taken. Only Water Lord did not lose anything to him, but his water could not drown the demon either. Finally, I asked Tathāgata to order the arhats to use sand, but even that golden Cinnabar sand was snatched away. When someone like you, Venerable Sir, lets loose a fiendish creature to rob and harm people, with what kind of crime should we charge him?" Laozi said, "That diamond snare of mine is a treasure perfected since the time of my youth, and it was also an instrument with which I converted the barbarians when I passed through the Hangu Pass.

Whatever weapons you may have, including fire and water, you can't touch it. If the demon had stolen my plantain-leaf fan also, then even I would not be able to do anything to him."

Thereafter, Laozi took up his plantain-leaf fan and mounted the auspicious cloud, followed by a happy Great Sage. They left the celestial palace, went through the South Heaven Gate, and lowered their clouds on the Golden Helmet Mountain. There they were met by the eighteen arhats, the thunder squires, Water Lord, Fiery Virtue, and Devarāja Li and his son, to whom they gave a thorough account of what had taken

place. “Sun Wukong,” said Laozi, “may go again to entice him to come out; I’ll put him away then.” Jumping down from the summit, Pilgrim again shouted, “You cursed blubbery beast! Come out quickly and submit to death!” Once more the little fiends went inside to report, and the old demon said, “This larcenous ape has asked someone to come again.” Quickly he took up his lance and treasure and walked out of the door. “You brazen demon!” scolded Pilgrim. “This time you will die for sure! Don’t run away. Have a taste of my palm!”

He leaped right onto the chest of the demon and gave him a terrific whack on the ear before turning to flee. Wielding his lance, the demon gave chase, only to hear someone calling on the tall summit:

“If that little buffalo doesn’t come home now, what’s he waiting for?” When the demon raised his head and saw that it was Laozi, his heart shook and his gall quivered. “This thievish ape,” he said, “is truly a devil of the Earth! How did he manage to find my master?” Reciting a spell, Laozi fanned the air once with his fan. The fiend threw the fillet at Laozi, who caught it immediately and gave him another fan. All at once the fiend’s strength fled him and his tendons turned numb; he changed back into his original form, which was that of a green buffalo. Blowing a mouthful of divine breath on the diamond snare, Laozi then used it to pierce the nostrils of the fiend.

Next, he took off the sash around his waist and fastened one end of it to the snare while his hand held the other. Thus the custom of leading the buffalo with a ring in its nose was established, a custom in use even now. This is also what we call *binlang.*

After he took leave of the various deities, Laozi climbed onto the back of his green buffalo.

Mounting colored clouds,
He went back to Tushita Palace;
Having bound the fiend,
He ascended to the Griefless Heaven.

Then the Great Sage Sun fought his way with the other deities into the cave and slaughtered all the remaining little fiends, some one hundred of them. Each of the gods recovered his weapons, after which the father-and-son team of Devarāja Li went back to Heaven; the thunder squires to their mansions; Fiery Virtue to his palace; Water Lord to his rivers; and the arhats to the West. Pilgrim then took back his iron rod and untied the Tang Monk, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk, who also gave thanks to him. After they got the horse and the luggage ready, master and disciples left the cave and found the main road to journey once more.

As they proceeded, they heard someone by the road calling, “Holy Tang Monk, eat the food first before you go.”

The elder was terribly frightened. We do not know who it was that called them; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-THREE

Imbibing, the Chan Lord conceives a ghostly child
Yellow Dame brings water to end the weird fetus

Perform eight hundred virtuous acts;
Make three thousand unknown merits.
Treating justly thing and self, kin and foe,
Will fit Western Heaven's basic vow.
Bull-demon fears no knife or sword;
In vain water and fire have toiled.
Laozi subdues it, turns its face to Heav'n—
Laughing, he now the green buffalo leads.

We were telling you that someone by the road was calling the pilgrims. "Who could it be?" you ask. They were actually the mountain god and the local spirit of the Golden Helmet Mountain. Holding up the almsbowl of purple gold, they cried, "O Holy Monk! This bowl of rice was one which the Great Sage Sun succeeded in begging from a good place. Because all of you did not listen to sound advice, you fell by mistake into the hands of a demon. The Great Sage had to toil and struggle most pitifully before he managed to rescue you today. Come and eat the rice first before you journey. Don't abuse the filial reverence of the Great Sage."

"Disciple," said Tripitaka, "I'm deeply indebted to you, and I can't thank you enough. If I had known it before, I would have never left that circle of yours and there would have been no such mortal danger."

"To tell you the truth, Master," said Pilgrim, "because you did not believe in my circle, you had to be placed in someone else's circle. What suffering you had to bear! It's lamentable!"

"What do you mean by someone else's circle?" asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim replied, "Coolie, it was the doing of your cursed mouth and cursed tongue that landed this great ordeal on Master. What old Monkey dug up in Heaven and on Earth—the fire, the water, the celestial soldiers, and the cinnabar sand of the Buddha—they were all sucked away by a ghostly white fillet of his. Through two arhats, however, Tathāgata secretly revealed to old Monkey the origin of that fiend, and only then could we ask Laozi to come here to subdue him. It was his green buffalo that was causing all the trouble." When Tripitaka heard this, he thanked him profusely, saying, "Worthy disciple, after this experience, I will certainly listen to you next time." Whereupon the four of them divided up the rice to eat, rice that was still steaming hot. "This rice has been here for a long time," said Pilgrim. "Why is it still hot?" Kneeling down, the local spirit said, "Since this humble deity has learned that the Great Sage has achieved his merit, he heated up the rice first before serving it." In a moment, they finished the rice and put away the almsbowl.

Having taken leave of the mountain god and the local spirit, the master mounted his horse to pass the tall mountain. Thus it was that

Mind purged of care, they the Buddha's wisdom embrace;
They dine on wind and rest by water to journey West.

After traveling for a long time, it was again early spring and they heard

Purple swallows murmuring
And orioles warbling.
Purple swallows murmur, tiring their scented beaks;
Orioles warble, their artful notes persist.
Ground full of fallen blooms like brocade spread out;
Whole mountain birthing green like mounds of moss.
On the peak green plums are budding;
The cliff's cedars detain the clouds.
Faint, misty lights o'er the meadows;
Sandbars warmed by bright sunshine.
In few gardens floral stamens unfold;
The sun back to earth turns willow strands gold.

As they walked along, they came upon a small river of cool, limpid currents. The elder Tang reined in his horse to look around and saw in the distance several thatched huts beneath willows hanging jadelike. Pointing in that direction, Pilgrim said, "There must be someone running a ferryboat in those houses."

"It's likely," said Tripitaka, "but since I haven't seen a boat, I don't dare open my mouth."

Dropping down the luggage, Eight Rules shouted, "Hey, ferryman! Punt your boat over here."

He yelled several times and indeed, from beneath the shade of willows a boat emerged, creaking as it was punted. In a little while, it approached the shore while master and disciples stared at it. Truly,

As a paddle parts the foam,
A light boat floats on the waves,
With olive cabins brightly painted
And a deck made of flat, level boards.
On the bow, iron cords encircle;
At the stern, a shining rudder stem.
Though it may be a reed of a boat,
It will sail the lakes and the seas;
Though without fancy cables and tall masts,
It has, in fact, oars of cedar and pine.
It's unlike the divine ship of great distance,
But it can traverse a river's width.
It comes and goes only between two banks;
It moves only in and out of ancient fords.

In a moment, the boat touched the bank, and the person punting called out:

"If you want to cross the river, come over here."

Tripitaka urged his horse forward to take a look at the boatman and saw that the person had

On the head a woolen wrap
And on the feet, two black silk shoes;
On the body, an often patched cotton coat;

A thousand-stitched, old cloth skirt hugged the waist.
The wrists had coarse skin and the tendons, strength;
Dim eyes, knitted brows showed features of age.
The voice like an oriole's was soft and coy;
An old woman appeared on closer look.

Walking to the side of the boat, Pilgrim said, "You are the one ferrying the boat?"

"Yes," said the woman. "Why is the ferryman not here?" asked Pilgrim. "Why is the ferrywoman punting the boat?"

The woman smiled and did not reply; she pulled out the gangplank instead and set it up. Sha Monk then poled the luggage into the boat, followed by the master holding onto Pilgrim. Then they moved the boat sideways so that Eight Rules could lead the horse to step into it. After the gangplank was put away, the woman punted the boat away from shore and, in a moment, rowed it across the river.

After they reached the western shore, the elder asked Sha Monk to untie one of the wraps and take out a few pennies for the woman.

Without disputing the price, the woman tied the boat to a wooden pillar by the water and walked into one of the village huts nearby, giggling loudly all the time. When Tripitaka saw how clear the water was, he felt thirsty and told Eight Rules:

"Get the almsbowl and fetch some water for me to drink."

"I was just about to drink some myself," said Idiot, who took out the almsbowl and bailed out a full bowl of water to hand over to the master. The master drank less than half of the water, and when Idiot took the bowl back, he drank the rest of it in one gulp before he helped his master to mount the horse once more.

After master and disciples found their way to the West they had hardly traveled half an hour when the elder began to groan as he rode. "Stomachache!" he said. Eight Rules, who was behind him, also said, "I have a stomachache, too." Sha Monk said, "It must be the cold water you drank."

But before he even finished speaking, the elder cried out:

"The pain's awful!"

Eight Rules also screamed, "The pain's awful!"

As the two of them struggled with this unbearable pain, their bellies began to swell in size steadily. Inside their abdomens, there seemed to be a clot of blood or a lump of flesh, which could be felt clearly by the hand, kicking and jumping wildly about. Tripitaka was in great discomfort when they came upon a small village by the road; two bundles of hay were tied to some branches on a tall tree nearby. "Master, that's good!" said Pilgrim. "The house over there must be an inn. Let me go over there to beg some hot liquid for you. I'll ask them also whether there is an apothecary around, so that I can get some ointment for your stomachache."

Delighted by what he heard, Tripitaka whipped his white horse and soon arrived at the village. As he dismounted, he saw an old woman sitting on a grass mound outside the village gate and knitting hemp. Pilgrim went forward and bowed to her with palms pressed together saying, "*Popo*, this poor monk has come from the Great Tang in the Land of the East. My master is the royal brother of the Tang court. Because he drank some water from the river back there after we crossed it, he is having a stomachache."

Breaking into loud guffaws, the woman said, “You people drank some water from the river?”

“Yes,” replied Pilgrim, “we drank some of the clean river water east of here.”

Giggling loudly, the old woman said, “What fun! What fun! Come in, all of you. I’ll tell you something.” Pilgrim went to support Tang Monk while Sha Monk held up Eight Rules; moaning with every step, the two sick men walked into the thatched hut to take a seat, their stomachs protruding and their faces turning yellow from the pain. “*Popo*,” Pilgrim kept saying, “please make some hot liquid for my master. We’ll thank you.” Instead of boiling water, however, the old woman dashed inside, laughing and yelling, “Come and look, all of you!” With loud clip-clops, several middle-aged women ran out from within to stare at the Tang Monk, grinning stupidly all the time.

Enraged, Pilgrim gave a yell and ground his teeth together, so frightening all of them that they turned to flee, stumbling all over.

Pilgrim darted forward and caught the old woman, crying, “Boil some water quick and I’ll spare you!”

“Sire!” said the old woman, shaking violently, “boiled water is useless to cure their stomachaches. Let me go, and I’ll tell you.” Pilgrim released her, and she said, “This is the Women State of Western Liang.

Not even a single male but only women live in our state. That’s why we were amused when we saw you. That water your master drank is not the best, for the river is called Child-and-Mother River. Outside our capital we also have a Male Reception Post-house, by the side of which there is also a Pregnancy Reflection Stream. Only after reaching her twentieth year would someone from this region dare go and drink that river’s water, for she would feel the pain of conception soon after she took a drink. After three days, she would go to the Male Reception Post-house and look at her reflection in the stream. If a double reflection appears, it means that she will give birth to a child. Since your master drank some water from the Child-and-Mother River, he, too, has become pregnant and will give birth to a child. How could hot water cure him?” When Tripitaka heard this, he paled with fright. “O disciple,” he cried, “what shall we do?”

“O father!” groaned Eight Rules as he twisted to spread his legs further apart, “we are men, and we have to give birth to babies? Where can we find a birth canal? How could the fetus come out?” With a chuckle Pilgrim said, “According to the ancients, ‘A ripe melon will fall by itself.’ When the time comes, you may have a gaping hole at your armpit and the baby will crawl out.” When Eight Rules heard this, he shook with fright, and that made the pain all the more unbearable. “Finished! Finished!” he cried.

“I’m dead! I’m dead!”

“Second Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, laughing, “stop writhing! Stop writhing! You may hurt the umbilical cord and end up with some sort of prenatal sickness.” Our Idiot became more alarmed than ever. Tears welling up in his eyes, he tugged at Pilgrim and said, “Elder Brother, please ask the *Popo* to see if they have some midwives here who are not too heavy-handed.

Let’s find a few right away. The movement inside is becoming more frequent now. It must be labor pain. It’s coming! It’s coming!”

Again Sha Monk said, chuckling, "Second Elder Brother, if it's labor pain, you'd better sit still. I fear you may puncture the water bag."

"O *Popo*," said Tripitaka with a moan, "do you have a physician here? I'll ask my disciple to go there and ask for a prescription.

We'll take the drug and have an abortion."

"Even drugs are useless," said the old woman, "but due south of here there is a Male- Undoing Mountain. In it there is a Child Destruction Cave, and inside the cave there is an Abortion Stream. You must drink a mouthful of water from the stream before the pregnancy can be terminated. But nowadays, it's not easy to get that water. Last year, a Daoist by the name of True Immortal Compliant came on the scene and he changed the name of the Child Destruction Cave to the Abbey of Immortal Assembly. Claiming the water from the Abortion Stream as his possession, he refused to give it out freely. Anyone who wants the water must present monetary offerings together with meats, wines, and fruit baskets. After bowing to him in complete reverence, you will receive a tiny bowl of the water. But all of you are mendicants. Where could you find the kind of money you need to spend for something like this? You might as well suffer here and wait for the births." When Pilgrim heard this, he was filled with delight. "*Popo*," he said, "how far is it from here to the Male-Undoing Mountain?"

"About three thousand miles," replied the old woman. "Excellent! Excellent!" said Pilgrim. "Relax, Master! Let old Monkey go and fetch some of that water for you to drink."

Dear Great Sage! He gave this instruction to Sha Monk:

"Take good care of Master. If this family ill behaves and tries to hurt him, bring out your old thuggery and scare them a little. Let me go fetch the water." Sha Monk obeyed. The old woman then took out a large porcelain bowl to hand over to Pilgrim, saying, "Take this bowl and try to get as much water as possible. We can save some for an emergency." Indeed, Pilgrim took over the bowl, left that thatched hut, and mounted the cloud to leave. Only then did the old woman fall to her knees, bowing to the air, and cried, "O father! This monk knows how to ride the clouds!" She went inside and told the other women to come out to kowtow to the Tang Monk, all addressing him as arhat or bodhisattva. Then they began to boil water and prepare rice to present to the pilgrims, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about the Great Sage Sun on his cloud somersault; in a little while, he saw the peak of a mountain blocking his path. Dropping down from his cloudy luminosity, he opened wide his eyes to look around. Marvelous mountain! He saw

Rare flowers spreading brocade;
Wild grass unrolling blue;
Plunging streams—one after another;
Brooks and clouds, both leisurely.
Canyons, packed together, rank with creepers and vines;
Ranges, stretching afar, dense with forests and trees.
Birds call, and wild geese glide by;
Deer drink, and monkeys clamber.
A mountain green like a jade screen;
A ridge blue like locks of hair.
Difficult indeed to reach from this world of dust!

Rocks and water splashing, a sight that never tires!
One often sees immortal lads leave, picking herbs.
One often meets woodsmen come, bearing loads.
Truly it's almost the scenery of Tiantai,
Surpassing perhaps the three peaks of Mount Hua.

As the Great Sage stared at the scenery, he discovered also a building with its back on the dark side of the mountain and from where the sound of a dog barking could be heard. Going down the mountain, the Great Sage went toward the building, which was also a rather nice place. Look at the

Stream piercing a small bridge;
Thatched huts nestling a green hill.
A dog barks near the lonely fence;
The recluse comes and goes at will.

In a moment he came up to the gate, where he found an old Daoist sitting cross-legged on the green lawn. When the Great Sage put down his porcelain bowl to bow to him, the Daoist rose slightly to return his greeting, saying, "Where did you come from? For what purpose have you come to this humble Abbey?" Pilgrim replied, "This poor monk is a scripture pilgrim sent by imperial commission of the Great Tang in the Land of the East.

Because my master mistakenly drank water from the Child-and-Mother River, he is suffering from a swollen belly and unbearable pain. We asked the natives there and learned that the pregnancy thus formed has no cure. We are told, however, that there is an Abortion Stream in the Child Destruction Cave of the Male-Undoing Mountain, and its water can eliminate the conception. This is why I have come especially to see the True Immortal Compliant, in order to beg from him some water to save my master. May I trouble the old Daoist to lead me to him?"

"This used to be the Child Destruction Cave," said the Daoist, chuckling, "but it's now changed to the Abbey of Immortal Assembly. I am none other than the eldest disciple of the venerable father, True Immortal Compliant. What's your name? Tell me so I can announce you."

"I am the eldest disciple of Tripitaka Tang, master of the Law," said Pilgrim, "and my humble name is Sun Wukong."

"Where are your monetary gifts?" asked the Daoist. "Your offerings of wine?" Pilgrim said, "We are mendicants on a journey, and we haven't prepared them."

"You are quite mad!" said the Daoist, chuckling again. "My old master is now the protector of this mountain stream, and he has never given its water free to anyone. You go back and bring some gifts, and I'll announce you. Otherwise, please leave. Don't think about the water!" Pilgrim said, "Goodwill can be more powerful than an imperial edict. If you go and announce the name of old Monkey, I am sure that he will express his goodwill. Perhaps he will turn over the entire well of water to me."

This statement of Pilgrim gave the Daoist little alternative but to go inside to make the announcement. As the True Immortal was just playing the lute, the Daoist had to wait until he finished playing before saying, "Master, there is a Buddhist monk outside who claims to be Sun Wukong, the eldest disciple of Tripitaka Tang. He wants some water from the Abortion Stream to save his master." It would have been better if

the True Immortal had not heard the name, for the moment he came upon those words, Wukong,

Anger flared in his heart,
Wrath sprouted from his gall.

Jumping down quickly from his lute couch, he took off his casual garment and put on his Daoist robe. He picked up a compliant hook and leaped out of the door of the Abbey. "Where is Sun Wukong?" he shouted. Pilgrim turned his head to see how that True Immortal was dressed.

A star cap of bright colors crowned his head;
He wore a red magic robe with golden threads.
His cloud shoes were topped by patterned brocade;
An elegant treasure belt wrapped around his waist.
A pair of stockings of embroidered silk;
Half visible, a patterned woolen kilt.
His hands held a compliant golden hook:
The blade, sharp; the handle, dragonlike and long.
Phoenix eyes glowed with brows going straight up;
Sharp, steely teeth within a blood-red mouth.
A beard soared like bright flames beneath his chin;
Like rushes flared his temple's scarlet hair.
His form seemed as violent as Marshal Wen's,
Although their clothing was not the same.

When Pilgrim saw him, he pressed his palms together before him and bowed, saying, "This poor monk is Sun Wukong."

"Are you the real Sun Wukong," said the master with a laugh, "or are you merely assuming his name and surname?"

"Look at the way the master speaks!" said Pilgrim. "As the proverb says, 'A gentleman changes neither his name when he stands, nor his surname when he sits.' What would be the reason for me to assume someone else's name?"

The master asked, "Do you recognize me?"

"Since I made repentance in the Buddhist gate and embraced with all sincerity the teaching of the monks," said Pilgrim, "I have only been climbing mountains and fording waters. I have lost contact with all the friends of my youth. Because I have never been able to visit you, I have never beheld your honorable countenance before. When we asked for our way in a village household west of the Child-and-Mother River, they told me that the master is called the True Immortal Compliant. That's how I know your name."

The master said, "You are walking on your way, and I'm cultivating my authentic immortality. Why did you come to visit me?"

"Because my master drank by mistake the water of the Child-and-Mother River," replied Pilgrim, "and his stomachache turned into a pregnancy. I came especially to your immortal mansion to beg you for a bowl of water from the Abortion Stream, in order that my master might be freed from this ordeal."

"Is your master Tripitaka Tang?" asked the master, his eyes glowering. "Yes, indeed!" answered Pilgrim. Grinding his teeth together, the master said spitefully, "Have you run into a Great King Holy Child?"

"That's the nickname of the fiend, Red Boy," said Pilgrim, "who lived in the Fiery Cloud Cave by the Dried Pine Stream, in the Roaring Mountain. Why does the True Immortal ask after him?"

"He happens to be my nephew," replied the master, "and the Bull Demon King is my brother. Some time ago my elder brother told me in a letter that Sun Wukong, the eldest disciple of Tripitaka Tang, was such a rascal that he brought his son great harm. I didn't know where to find you for vengeance, but you came instead to seek me out. And you're asking me for water?"

Trying to placate him with a smile, Pilgrim said, "You are wrong, Sir. Your elder brother used to be my friend, for both of us belonged to a league of seven bond brothers when we were young. I just didn't know about you, and so I did not come to pay my respect in your mansion. Your nephew is very well off, for he is now the attendant of the Bodhisattva Guanyin. He has become Sudhana, the Boy Skilled in Wealth, with whom even we cannot compare. Why do you blame me instead?"

"You brazen monkey!" shouted the master. "Still waxing your tongue! Is my nephew better off being a king by himself, or being a slave to someone? Stop this insolence and have a taste of my hook!" Using the iron rod to parry the blow, the Great Sage said, "Please don't use the language of war, Sir. Give me some water and I'll leave."

"Brazen monkey!" scolded the master. "You don't know any better! If you can withstand me for three rounds, I'll give you the water. If not, I'll chop you up as meat sauce to avenge my nephew."

"You damned ignorant fool!" scolded Pilgrim. "You don't know what's good for you! If you want to fight, come up here and watch my rod!"

The master at once countered with his compliant hook, and the two of them had quite a fight before the Abbey of Immortal Assembly.

The sage monk drinks from this procreant stream,
And Pilgrim must the Immortal Compliant seek.
Who knows the True Immortal is a fiend
That safeguards by force the Abortion Stream?
When these two meet, they speak as enemies
Feuding, and resolved not to give one whit.
The words thus traded engender distress;
Rancor and malice so bent on revenge.
This one, whose master's life is threatened, comes seeking water;
That one for losing his nephew declines to yield the stream.
Fierce as a scorpion's the compliant hook;
Wild like a dragon's the golden-hooped rod.
Madly it stabs the chest, what savagery!
Aslant, it hooks the legs, what subtlety!
The rod aiming down there inflicts grave wounds;
The hook, passing shoulders, will whip the head.
The rod slaps the waist—"a hawk holds a bird."

The hook swipes the head—"a mantis hits its prey."
They lunge here and there, both striving to win;
They turn and close in again and again.
The hook hooks, the rod strikes, without letup—
Victory cannot be seen on either side.

The master fought the Great Sage for over ten rounds and then he began to weaken. The Great Sage, however, grew more fierce, the blows of his rod raining on his opponent's head like a meteor shower. His strength all gone, the master fled toward the mountain with his compliant hook trailing behind him.

Instead of chasing after him, the Great Sage wanted to go into the Abbey to look for the water, but the Daoist had long had the door tightly shut. Holding the porcelain bowl, the Great Sage dashed up to the door and kicked it down with all his might. He rushed inside and saw the Daoist leaning on the well, covering its mouth with his body. The Great Sage lifted high his rod and shouted that he was about to strike, causing the Daoist to flee to the rear. Then he found a bucket, but just as he tried to bail some water, the master dashed out from the rear and caught hold of one of his legs with the compliant hook. One hard tug sent the Great Sage tumbling beak-first to the ground. Clambering up, the Great Sage at once attacked with his iron rod, but the master only retreated to one side. With hook in hand, he cried, "See if you could take away my water!"

"Come up here! Come up here!" yelled the Great Sage. "I'll beat you to death!"

But the master refused to go forward to fight; he just stood there and refused to permit the Great Sage to bail out the water. When the Great Sage saw that his enemy was motionless, he wielded his iron rod with his left hand while his right hand tried to let the rope down the well. Before the pulley had made several turns, however, the master again struck with his hook. As the Great Sage could hardly protect himself with only one hand, the hook once more caught hold of one of his legs, causing him to stumble and the rope to fall into the well, bucket and all. "This fellow is quite rude!" said the Great Sage, who clambered up and, holding the iron rod now with both hands, showered his opponent's body and head with blows. Not daring to face him and fight, the master fled away as before. Again the Great Sage wanted to get the water, but this time he had no bucket, and moreover, he was afraid that the master would return to attack him. He thought to himself:

"I must go and find a helper."

Dear Great Sage! He mounted the clouds and went straight back to the village hut, crying, "Sha Monk." Inside Tripitaka was moaning to endure the pain, while the groans of Eight Rules were continuous. Delighted by the call, they said, "Sha Monk, Wukong's back." Sha Monk hurried out the door to ask, "Big Brother, have you brought water?"

The Great Sage entered and gave a thorough account to the Tang Monk. Shedding tears, Tripitaka said, "O disciple! How is this going to end?"

"I came back," said the Great Sage, "to ask Brother Sha to go with me. When we reach the Abbey, old Monkey will fight with that fellow and Sha Monk can use the opportunity to get that water to save you."

Tripitaka said, "Both of you who are healthy will be gone, leaving behind the two of us who are sick. Who will look after us?"

The old woman waiting on them said, “Relax, old arhat. You don’t need your disciples. We will serve you and take care of you. When you first arrived, we were already fond of you. Then we saw how this bodhisattva traveled by cloud and fog, and we knew that you had to be an arhat or bodhisattva. We’ll never dare to harm you again.”

“You are all women here,” snapped Pilgrim. “Whom do you dare to harm?”

“O dear father!” said the old woman, giggling. “You’re lucky to have come to my house. If you had gone to another one, none of you would have remained whole.”

“What do you mean,” said Eight Rules, still groaning, “by not remaining whole?”

The old woman replied, “The four or five of us in this family are all getting on in years. We have given up the activities of love. If you go to another family, there may be more youthful members than old ones. You think the young ones will let you go? They will want to have intercourse with you, and if you refuse, they will take your lives. Then they will cut you up to use your flesh to make fragrant bags.”

“In that case,” said Eight Rules, “I won’t be hurt. They all smell nice, and they’ll be good for fragrant bags. I’m a stinking hog, and even when I’m cut up, I still stink. That’s why I can’t be hurt.”

“Don’t be so talkative!” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “Save your strength, so you can give birth.”

The old woman said, “No need for delay. Go quickly to get the water.”

“Do you have a bucket in your house?” asked Pilgrim. “Please lend us one.”

The old woman went to the back to take out a bucket and rope to hand over to Sha Monk, who said, “Let’s bring two ropes. We may need them if the well is deep.”

After Sha Monk received the bucket and the ropes, he followed the Great Sage out of the village hut and they left together, mounting the clouds. In less than half an hour, they arrived at the Male-Undoing Mountain. As they lowered their clouds to go before the Abbey, the Great Sage gave Sha Monk this instruction:

“Take the bucket with the ropes and hide yourself. Old Monkey will go and provoke battle. When we are in the thick of fighting, you can use the opportunity to go inside, get the water, and leave.” Sha Monk obeyed.

Wielding his iron rod, the Great Sage Sun approached the door and shouted:

“Open the door! Open the door!”

The Daoist who stood guard at the door hurried inside to report, “Master, that Sun Wukong is here again.”

Greatly angered, the master said, “This brazen ape is insolent indeed! I have always heard that he has considerable abilities, and today I know it’s true. That rod of his is quite difficult to withstand.”

“Master,” said the Daoist, “his abilities may be great, but yours are not inferior. You are, in fact, exactly his match.”

“But twice before,” said the master, “I lost to him.”

"Only in a contest of sheer violence," said the Daoist. "Later, when he tried to bail water, your hook made him fall twice. Haven't you equalized the situation? He had little alternative but to leave at first, and now he's back. It must be that Tripitaka's pregnancy is so advanced and his body so heavy that his complaints have driven this monkey to return, against his better judgment. He must feel rather contemptuous toward his master, and I'm sure that you will win." When the True Immortal heard these words, he became

Delighted and filled with elation;
Full of smiles and brimming with power.

Holding straight his compliant hook, he walked out of the door and shouted, "Brazen simian! Why are you here again?"

"Only to fetch water," answered the Great Sage. "That water," said the True Immortal, "happens to be in my well. Even if you are a king or a prime minister, you must come begging with offerings of meat and wines, and then I will only give you a little. You are my enemy no less, and you dare to ask for it with empty hands?"

"You really refuse to give it to me?" asked the Great Sage. The True Immortal replied, "Yes! Yes!"

"You damned fool!" scolded the Great Sage. "If you don't give me the water, watch my rod!"

He opened up at once and rushed at the True Immortal, bringing down the rod hard on his head. Stepping aside quickly to dodge the blow, the True Immortal met him with the hook and fought back. This time, it was even more ferocious a battle than last time. What a fight!

Golden-hooped rod,
Compliant hook,
Two angry men so full of enmity.
The cosmos darkens as sand and rocks fly up;
Sun and moon sadden as dirt and dust soar high.
The Great Sage seeks water to save his master,
Denied by the fiend for his nephew's sake.
The two exert their strength
To wage a contest there.
Teeth are ground together
To strive for a victory.
More and more alert,
They arouse themselves.
They belch cloud and fog to sadden ghosts and gods.
Bing-bing and bang-bang clash both hook and rod,
Their cries, their shouts shake up the mountain range.
The fierce wind, howling, ravages the woods;
The violent airs surge past the dipper stars.
The Great Sage grows happier as he strives;
The True Immortal's gladder as he fights.
They do this battle with whole heart and mind;
They will not give up until someone dies.

The two of them began their fighting outside the Abbey, and as they struggled and danced together, they gradually moved to the mountain slope below. We shall leave this bitter contest for a moment.

We tell you instead about our Sha Monk, who crashed through the door, holding the bucket. He was met by the Daoist, who barred the way at the well and said, "Who are you that you dare come to get our water?"

Dropping the bucket, Sha Monk took out his fiendrouting treasure staff and, without a word, brought it down on the Daoist's head. The Daoist was unable to dodge fast enough, and his left arm and shoulder were broken by this one blow. Falling to the ground, he lay there struggling for his life. "I wanted to slaughter you, cursed beast," scolded Sha Monk, "but you are, after all, a human being. I still have some pity for you, and I'll spare you. Let me bail out the water."

Crying for Heaven and Earth to help him, the Daoist crawled slowly to the rear, while Sha Monk lowered the bucket into the well and filled it to the brim. He then walked out of the Abbey and mounted the cloud and fog before he shouted to Pilgrim, "Big Brother, I have gotten the water and I'm leaving. Spare him! Spare him!" When the Great Sage heard this, he stopped the hook with his iron rod and said, "I was about to exterminate you, but you have not committed a crime. Moreover, I still have regard for the feelings of your brother, the Bull Demon King. When I first came here, I was hooked by you twice and I didn't get my water. When I returned, I came with the trick of 'Enticing the Tiger to leave the Mountain' and deceived you into fighting me, so that my brother could go inside to get the water. If old Monkey is willing to use his real abilities to fight with you, don't say there is only one of you so-called True Immortal Compliant. Even if there are several of you, I would beat you all to death. But to kill is not as good as to let live, and so I'm going to spare you and permit you to have a few more years. From now on if anyone wishes to obtain the water, you must not blackmail the person." Not knowing anything better, that bogus immortal brandished his hook and once more attempted to catch Pilgrim's legs. The Great Sage evaded the blade of his hook and then rushed forward, crying, "Don't run!"

The bogus immortal was caught unprepared and he was pushed head over heels to the ground, unable to get up. Grabbing the compliant hook the Great Sage snapped it in two; then he bundled the pieces together and, with another bend, broke them into four segments. Throwing them on the ground, he said, "Brazen, cursed beast! Still dare to be unruly?"

Trembling all over, the bogus immortal took the insult and dared not utter a word. Our Great Sage, in peals of laughter, mounted the cloud to rise into the air, and we have a testimonial poem.

The poem says:

For smelting true lead true water you need;
True water well mixed dries true mercury.
True mercury and lead have no maternal breath;
Elixir are numinous drugs and grains.
In vain baby boy has a pregnant form;
Earth Mother has achieved merit with ease.
Heresy pushed down, right faith they learn;
The Lord of the Mind, all smiles, would return.

Mounting the auspicious luminosity, the Great Sage caught up with Sha Monk. Having acquired the true water, they were filled with delight as they returned to where they belonged. After they lowered the clouds and went up to the village hut, they found Zhu Eight Rules leaning on the door post and groaning, his belly huge and protruding. Walking quietly up to him, Pilgrim said, "Idiot, when did you enter the delivery room?"

Horrified, Idiot said, "Elder Brother, don't make fun of me. Did you bring the water?" Pilgrim was about to tease him some more when Sha Monk followed him in, laughing as he said, "Water's coming! Water's coming!"

Enduring the pain, Tripitaka rose slightly and said, "O disciples, I've caused you a lot of trouble."

That old woman, too, was most delighted, and all of her relatives came out to kowtow, crying, "O bodhisattva! This is our luck! This is our luck!" She took a goblet of flowered porcelain, filled it half full, and handed it to Tripitaka, saying, "Old master, drink it slowly. All you need is a mouthful and the pregnancy will dissolve."

"I don't need any goblet," said Eight Rules. "I'll just finish the bucket."

"O venerable father, don't scare people to death!" said the old woman. "If you drink this bucket of water, your stomach and your intestines will all be dissolved." Idiot was so taken aback that he dared not misbehave; he drank only half a goblet.

In less than the time of a meal, the two of them experienced sharp pain and cramps in their bellies, and then their intestines growled four or five times. After that, Idiot could no longer contain himself: both waste and urine poured out of him. The Tang Monk, too, felt the urge to relieve himself and wanted to go to a quiet place. "Master," said Pilgrim, "you mustn't go out to a place where there is a draft. If you are exposed to the wind, I fear that you may catch some postnatal illness."

At once the old woman brought to them two night pots so that the two of them could find relief. After several bowel movements, the pain stopped and the swelling of their bellies gradually subsided as the lump of blood and flesh dissolved. The relatives of the old woman also boiled some white rice congee and presented it to them to strengthen their postnatal weakness. "*Popo*," said Eight Rules, "I have a healthy constitution, and I have no need to strengthen any postnatal weakness. You go and boil me some water, so that I can take a bath before I eat the congee."

"Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "you can't take a bath. If water gets inside someone within a month after birth, the person will be sick."

Eight Rules said, "But I have not given proper birth to anything; at most, I only have had a miscarriage. What's there to be afraid of? I must wash and clean up." Indeed, the old woman prepared some hot water for them to clean their hands and feet. The Tang Monk then ate about two bowls of congee, but Eight Rules consumed over fifteen bowls and he still wanted more. "Coolie," chuckled Pilgrim, "don't eat so much. If you get a sand-bag belly, you'll look quite awful."

"Don't worry, don't worry," replied Eight Rules.

"I'm no female hog. So what's there to be afraid of?"

The family members indeed went to prepare some more rice.

The old woman then said to the Tang Monk, "Old master, please bestow this water on me." Pilgrim said, "Idiot, you are not drinking the water anymore?"

"My stomachache is gone," said Eight Rules, "and the pregnancy, I suppose, must be dissolved. I'm quite fine now. Why should I drink any more water?"

"Since the two of them have recovered," said Pilgrim, "we'll give this water to your family."

After thanking Pilgrim, the old woman poured what was left of the water into a porcelain jar, which she buried in the rear garden. She said to the rest of the family, "This jar of water will take care of my funeral expenses."

Everyone in that family, young and old, was delighted. A vegetarian meal was prepared and tables were set out to serve to the Tang Monk. He and his disciples had a leisurely dinner and then rested.

At dawn the next day, they thanked the old woman and her family before leaving the village. Tripitaka Tang mounted up, Sha Monk toted the luggage, Zhu Eight Rules held the reins, and the Great Sage Sun led the way in front. So, this is how it should be:

The mouth washed of its sins, the self is clean;
Worldly conception dissolved, the body's fit.

We don't know what sort of affairs they must attend to when they reach the capital; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-FOUR

Dharma-nature, going west, reaches the Women State
Mind Monkey makes a plan to flee the fair sex

We tell you now about Tripitaka and his disciples, who left the household at the village and followed the road westward. In less than forty miles, they arrived at the state border of Western Liang. Pointing ahead as he rode along, the Tang Monk said, "Wukong, we are approaching a city, and from the noise and hubbub coming from the markets, I suppose it must be the Women State. All of you must take care to behave properly. Keep your desires under control and don't let them violate the teachings of our gate of Law."

Hearing this, the three disciples obeyed the strict admonition.

Soon they reached the head of the street that opened to the eastern gate. The people there, with long skirts and short blouses, powdered faces and oily heads, were all women regardless of whether they were young or old. Many of them were doing business on the streets, and when they saw the four of them walking by, they all clapped their hands in acclaim and laughed aloud, crying happily, "Human seeds are coming! Human seeds are coming!"

Tripitaka was so startled that he reined in his horse; all at once the street was blocked, completely filled with women, and all you could hear were laughter and chatter. Eight Rules began to holler wildly:

"I'm a pig for sale! I'm a pig for sale!"

"Idiot," said Pilgrim, "stop this nonsense. Bring out your old features, that's all!" Indeed, Eight Rules shook his head a couple of times and stuck up his two rush-leaf fan ears; then he wriggled his lips like two hanging lotus roots and gave a yell, so frightening those women that they all fell and stumbled. We have a testimonial poem, and the it says:

The sage monk, seeking Buddha, reached Western Liang,
A land full of females but without one male.
Farmers, scholars, workers, and those in trade,
The fishers and plowers were women all.
Maidens lined the streets, crying "Human seeds!"
Young girls filled the roads to greet the comely men.
If Wuneng did not show his ugly face,
The siege by the fair sex would be pain indeed.

In this way, the people became frightened and none dared go forward; everyone was rubbing her hands and squatting down. They shook their heads, bit their fingers, and crowded both sides of the street, trembling all over but still eager to stare at the Tang Monk.

The Great Sage Sun had to display his hideous face in order to open up the road, while Sha Monk, too, played monster to keep order.

Leading the horse, Eight Rules stuck out his snout and waved his ears. As the whole entourage proceeded, the pilgrims discovered that the houses in the city were

built in orderly rows while the shops had lavish displays. There were merchants selling rice and salt; there were wine and tea houses—

All bell and drum towers with goods piled high;
Bannered kiosks and hostels with screens hung low.

As master and disciples followed the street through its several turns, they came upon a woman official standing in the street and crying, "Visitors from afar should not enter the city gate without permission. Please go to the post-house and enter your names on the register. Allow this humble official to announce you to the throne. After your rescript is certified, you will be permitted to pass through."

Hearing this, Tripitaka dismounted; then he saw a horizontal plaque hung over the gate of an official mansion nearby, and on the plaque were the three words, Male Reception Post-house. "Wukong," said the elder; "what that family in the village said is true.

There is indeed a Male Reception Post-house."

"Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, laughing, "go and show yourself at the Pregnancy Reflection Stream and see if there's a double reflection."

Eight Rules replied, "Don't play with me! Since I drank that cup of water from the Abortion Stream, the pregnancy has been dissolved. Why should I show myself?"

Turning around, Tripitaka said to him, "Wuneng, be careful with your words."

He then went forward to greet the woman official, who led them inside the post-house.

After they took their seats in the main hall, the official asked for tea to be served. All the servants working here combed their hair into three braids, and their garments were worn in two sections. Look at them! Even those serving tea were tittering. In a moment, they finished tea, and the official rose and asked, "Where did the visitors come from?" Pilgrim replied, "We are people from the Land of the East, sent by imperial commission of the Great Tang Emperor to worship Buddha in the Western Heaven and to seek scriptures. My master, the royal brother of the Tang emperor, bears the title of Tripitaka Tang. I'm Sun Wukong, his eldest disciple, and these two— Zhu Wuneng and Sha Wujing—are my brothers. There are five of us altogether, including the horse. We have with us a travel rescript, and we beg you to certify it so that we may pass through."

After the woman official wrote this in the register with a brush, she came forward to kowtow, saying, "Venerable Fathers, please pardon me. This humble official is the clerk at the Male Reception Post-house. I did not know that such dignitaries from a noble nation were on their way, and therefore I did not go to a distance to meet you."

After she kowtowed, she rose and immediately gave an order to the housekeeper to prepare food and drink. "Let the venerable fathers sit here for a while," she said, "and this humble official will enter the capital to present a memorial to our ruler. We will certify your rescript and use our seals, so that you can be sent on your way to the West."

Delighted, Tripitaka sat down and we shall leave him for the moment.

We tell you now about that clerk of the post-house, who, after she had put on the proper attire, went to the Five Phoenix Tower inside the capital and said to the Custodian of the Yellow Gate, "I'm the clerk of the Male Reception Post-house, and I must have an audience with the throne."

The Yellow Gate at once presented the memorial, and the clerk was summoned up to the main palace hall.

The queen asked, "Why does the Clerk of the post-house wish to see us?"

"Your humble subject," said the clerk, "has just received in the post-house Tripitaka Tang, the royal brother of the Great Tang Emperor in the Land of the East. He has three disciples by the names of Sun Wukong, Zhu Wuneng, and Sha Wujing; there are altogether five of them, including a horse. They are on their way to seek scriptures from the Buddha in the Western Heaven. I have come especially to report this to my queen and to ask whether they may have their travel rescript certified and the permission to pass through." When the queen heard this report, she was filled with delight.

"Last night," she said to the civil and military officials, "we dreamed that

Luminous hues grew from the screens of gold,
Refulgent rays spread from the mirrors of jade.

That had to be a good omen for today."

"Mistress," said the women officials in unison as they prostrated themselves before the vermilion steps, "how could you tell that it was a good omen?"

The queen said, "This man from the Land of the East is a royal brother of the Tang court. In our country, the rulers of various generations since the time when chaos divided had never seen a man come here.

Now the royal brother of the Tang emperor has arrived, and he must be a gift from Heaven. We will use the wealth of an entire nation to ask this royal brother to be king; we are willing to be his queen. Such a sexual union will produce children and grandchildren, and the perpetuity of our kingdom will be assured. When you consider this, is not our dream a good omen?"

The women officials all kowtowed to express their delight and acclaim.

Then the clerk of the post-house said, "What our mistress has proposed is good for extending the familial line to ten thousand generations. But those three disciples of the royal brother are savage men; their appearances are most unsightly."

"According to what you have seen, worthy subject, how does that royal brother look?" asked the queen. "And how do his disciples look?"

"The royal brother," said the clerk, "has features most dignified and handsome, truly befitting a man who belongs to the Heavenly court of a noble nation, the China of South Jambūdvīpa. His three disciples, however, have such savage looks that they appear to be spirits."

"In that case," said the queen, "let us provide his disciples with some supplies and certify the travel rescript for them. We shall send them off to the Western Heaven, and only the royal brother will remain here. Anything wrong with that?"

Again the officials bowed to say, "The words of our mistress are most appropriate, and your subjects obey your instruction. The affair of marriage, however, requires a matchmaker, for as the ancients have declared,

The marriage contract depends on red leaves;
A couple's joined by the moon-man's scarlet threads."

"We shall follow the counsel of our subjects," replied the queen. "Let the present Grand Preceptor serve as our marriage go-between, and the clerk of the Male Reception Post-house as the one who officiates the ceremony. Let them go first to the post-house to propose to the royal brother. If he consents, we shall take our carriage out of the capital to receive him."

The Grand Preceptor and the clerk accepted this decree and left the court.

We now tell you about Tripitaka and his disciples, who were just enjoying their vegetarian meal at the hall of the post-house when someone came in to report:

"The Grand Preceptor and our own governess have arrived."

Tripitaka said, "Why does the Grand Preceptor come here?"

"Perhaps the queen wants to give us an invitation," said Eight Rules. "If not that," said Pilgrim, "then to offer a proposal of marriage."

"Wukong," said Tripitaka, "if they hold us and want to force us to marry them, what shall we do?"

"Master," replied Pilgrim, "just say Yes to them. Old Monkey will take care of the matter."

They had hardly finished speaking when the two women officials arrived and bowed deeply to the elder, who returned their salutations one by one, saying, "This humble cleric is someone who has left the family. What virtue or talent do I have that I dare let you bow to me?" When the Grand Preceptor saw how impressive the elder looked, she was delighted and thought to herself, "Our nation is truly quite lucky! Such a man is most worthy to be the husband of our ruler."

After the officials made their greetings, they stood on either side of the Tang Monk and said, "Father royal brother, we wish you ten thousand happinesses!"

"I'm someone who has left the family," replied Tripitaka. "Where do those happinesses come from?"

Again bending low, the Grand Preceptor said, "This is the Women State in the Western Liang, and since time immemorial, there is not a single male in our country. We are lucky at this time to have the arrival of father royal brother. Your subject, by the decree of my ruler, has come especially to offer a proposal of marriage."

"My goodness! My goodness!" said Tripitaka. "This poor monk has arrived at your esteemed region all by himself, without the attendance of either son or daughter. I have with me only three mischievous disciples, and I wonder to which of us is offered this marriage proposal."

The post-house clerk said, "Your lowly official just now went into court to present my report, and my ruler, in great delight, told us of an auspicious dream she had last night. She dreamed that

Luminous hues grew from the screens of gold,
Refulgent rays spread from the mirrors of jade.

When she learned that the royal brother is a man from the noble nation of China, she was willing to use the wealth of her entire nation to ask you to be her live-in husband. You would take the royal seat facing south to be called the man set apart from others, and our ruler would be the queen. That was why she gave the decree for the Grand Preceptor to serve as the marriage go-between and this lowly official to officiate

at the wedding. We came especially to offer you this proposal." When Tripitaka heard these words, he bowed his head and fell into complete silence. "When a man finds the time propitious," said the Grand Preceptor, "he should not pass up such an opportunity. Though there is, to be sure, such a thing in the world as asking a husband to live in the wife's family, the dowry of a nation's wealth is rare indeed. May we ask the royal brother to give his quick consent, so that we may report to our ruler?"

The elder, however, became more dumb and deaf than ever.

Sticking out his pestlelike snout, Eight Rules shouted, "Grand Preceptor, go back and tell your ruler that my master happens to be an arhat who has attained the Way after a long process of cultivation. He will never fall in love with the dowry of a nation's wealth, nor will he be enamored even with beauty that can topple an empire. You may as well certify the travel rescript quickly and send them off to the West. Let me stay here to be the live-in husband. How's that?" When the Grand Preceptor heard this, her heart quivered and her gall shook, unable to answer at all. The clerk of the post-house said, "Though you may be a male, your looks are hideous. Our ruler will not find you attractive."

"You are much too inflexible," said Eight Rules, laughing. "As the proverb says,

The thick willow's a basket, the thin, a barrel—
Who in the world will take a man as an ugly fellow?"

Pilgrim said, "Idiot, stop this foolish talk. Let Master make up his mind: if he wants to leave, let him leave, and if he wants to stay, let him stay. Let's not waste the time of the marriage go-between."

"Wukong," said Tripitaka, "What do you think I ought to do?"

"In old Monkey's opinion," replied Pilgrim, "perhaps it's good that you stay here. As the ancients said, 'One thread can tie up a distant marriage.' Where will you ever find such a marvelous opportunity?"

Tripitaka said, "Disciple, if we remain here to dote on riches and glory, who will go to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven? Won't the waiting kill my emperor of the Great Tang?"

The Grand Preceptor said, "In the presence of the royal brother, your humble official dares not hide the truth. The wish of our ruler is only to offer you the proposal of marriage. After your disciples have attended the wedding banquet, provisions will be given them and the travel rescript will be certified, so that they may proceed to the Western Heaven to acquire the scriptures."

"What the Grand Preceptor said is most reasonable," said Pilgrim, "and we need not be difficult about this. We are willing to let our master remain here to become the husband of your mistress. Certify our rescript quickly and send us off to the West. When we have acquired the scriptures, we will return here to visit father and mother and ask for travel expenses so that we may go back to the Great Tang."

Both the Grand Preceptor and the clerk of the post-house bowed to Pilgrim as they said, "We thank this teacher for his kind assistance in concluding this marriage."

Eight Rules said, "Grand Preceptor, don't use only your mouth to set the table! Since we have given our consent, tell your mistress to prepare us a banquet first. Let us have an engagement drink. How about it?"

"Of course! Of course!" said the Grand Preceptor. "We'll send you a feast at once." In great delight, the Grand Preceptor left with the clerk of the posthouse.

We tell you now about our elder Tang, who caught hold of Pilgrim immediately and berated him, crying, "Monkey head! Your tricks are killing me! How could you say such things and ask me to get married here while you people go to the Western Heaven to see Buddha? Even if I were to die, I would not dare do this."

"Relax, Master," said Pilgrim, "old Monkey's not ignorant of how you feel.

But since we have reached this place and met this kind of people, we have no alternative but to meet plot with plot."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Tripitaka.

Pilgrim said, "If you persist in refusing them, they will not certify our travel rescript nor will they permit us to pass through. If they grow vicious and order many people to cut you up and use your flesh to make those so-called fragrant bags, do you think that we will treat them with kindness? We will, of course, bring out our abilities that are meant to subdue demons and dispel fiends. Our hands and feet are quite heavy, you know, and our weapons ferocious. Once we lift our hands, the people of this entire nation will be wiped out.

But you must think of this, however. Although they are now blocking our path, they are no fiendish creatures or monster-spirits; all of them in this country are humans. And you have always been a man committed to kindness and compassion, refusing to hurt even one sentient being on our way. If we slaughter all these common folk here, can you bear it? That would be true wickedness." When Tripitaka heard this, he said, "Wukong, what you have just said is most virtuous. But I fear that if the queen asks me to enter the palace, she will want me to perform the conjugal rite with her. How could I consent to lose my original *yang* and destroy the virtue of Buddhism, to leak my true sperm and fall from the humanity of our faith?"

"Once we have agreed to the marriage," said Pilgrim, "she will no doubt follow royal etiquette and send her carriage out of the capital to receive you. Don't refuse her. Take a ride in her phoenix carriage and dragon chariot to go up to the treasure hall, and then sit down on the throne facing south. Ask the queen to take out her imperial seal and summon us brothers to go into court. After you have stamped the seal on the rescript, tell the queen to sign the document also and give it back to us. Meanwhile, you can tell them to prepare a huge banquet; call it a wedding feast as well as a farewell party for us.

After the banquet, ask for the chariot once more on the excuse that you want to see us off outside the capital before you return to consummate the marriage with the queen. In this way, both ruler and subjects will be duped into false happiness; they will no longer try to block our way, nor will they have any cause to become vicious. Once we reach the outskirts of the capital, you will come down from the dragon chariot and Sha Monk will help you to mount the white horse immediately. Old Monkey will then use his magic of immobility to make all of them, ruler and subjects, unable to move. We can then follow the main road to the West. After one day and one night, I will recite a spell to recall the magic and release all of them, so that they can wake up and return to the city. For one thing, their lives will be preserved, and for another, your primal soul will not be hurt. This is a plot called Fleeing the Net by a False Marriage. Isn't it a doubly advantageous act?" When Tripitaka heard these words, he seemed as if he were snapping out of a stupor or waking up from a dream. So delighted was he that he forgot

all his worries and thanked Pilgrim profusely, saying, “I’m deeply grateful for my worthy disciple’s lofty intelligence.”

And so, the four of them were united in their decision, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about that Grand Preceptor and the clerk of the post-house, who dashed inside the gate of the court without even waiting for summons and went before the white-jade steps. “The auspicious dream of our mistress is most accurate,” they cried, “and nuptial bliss will soon be yours.” When the queen heard this report, she had the pearly screen rolled up; descending from the dragon couch, she opened her cherry lips to reveal her silvery teeth and asked, full of smiles and in a most seductive voice, “What did the royal brother say after our worthy subjects saw him?”

“After your subjects reached the post-house,” said the Grand Preceptor, “and bowed to the royal brother, we immediately presented to him our proposal of marriage. The royal brother still expressed some reluctance, but it was fortunate that his eldest disciple gave his consent for them without hesitation. He was willing to let his master become the husband of our ruler and call himself king, facing south. All he wanted was to have their travel rescript certified so that the three of them could leave for the West. On their way back after acquiring the scriptures, they will come here to bow to father and mother and ask for travel expenses to go back to the Great Tang.”

“Did the royal brother say anything more?” asked the queen, smiling. The Grand Preceptor said, “The royal brother did not say anything more, but he seemed to be willing to marry our mistress.

His second disciple, however, wanted to drink to their consent first.” When the queen heard this, she at once ordered the Court of Imperial Entertainments to prepare a banquet. She also requested that her imperial cortege be readied so that she might go out of the capital to receive her husband. The various women officials, in obedience to the queen’s command, began to sweep and clean the palaces and to prepare the banquet with the utmost haste. Look at them! Though this State of Western Liang happens to be a dominion of women, the carriage and chariot are not less opulent than those of China. You see

Six dragons belching colors—
Two phoenixes bringing luck—
Six dragons, belching colors, support the chariot;
Two phoenixes, bringing luck, lift up the carriage.
Strange fragrance in endless waves;
Auspicious airs continuously rise.
Fish-pendants of gold or jade worn by many ministers;
Rows and rows of lovely locks and bejeweled hair.
A royal carriage shielded by mandarin-duck fans;
Through pearly screens glisten the phoenix hairpins.
Melodic pipes,
Harmonious strings.
What great sense of joy reaching to the sky!
What boundless bliss leaving the Estrade Numina.
Three-layered canopies wave above the royal house;
Five-colored banners light up the imperial steps.
This land has ne’er seen the nuptial cup exchanged;

Today the queen marries a gifted man.

In a moment, the imperial cortege left the capital and arrived at the Male Reception Post-house. Someone went inside to announce to Tripitaka and his disciples:

"The imperial cortege has arrived." On hearing this, Tripitaka straightened out his clothes and left the main hall with the three disciples to meet the carriage. As the queen rolled up the screen to descend from the carriage, she asked, "Which is the royal brother of the Tang court?" Pointing with her ringer, the Grand Preceptor said, "The one in a clerical robe standing behind the incense table outside the post-house gate." Lifting her moth-brows and opening wide her phoenix-eyes, the queen stared at him and found that this was an uncommon figure indeed. Look at him!

What handsome features!
What dignified looks!
Teeth white like silver bricks,
Ruddy lips and a square mouth.
His head's flat-topped, his forehead, wide and full;
Lovely eyes, neat eyebrows, and a chin that's long.
Two well-rounded ears betoken someone brave.
He is all elegance, a gifted man.
What a youthful, clever, and comely son of love,
Worthy to wed Western Liang's gorgeous girl!

Utterly ravished by what she saw, the queen was swept away by amorous passion. Opening her tiny, cherrylike mouth, she cried out:

"Royal brother of the Great Tang, aren't you coming to take and ride the phoenix?" When Tripitaka heard these words, his ears turned red and his face, scarlet; filled with embarrassment, he dared not lift his head at all.

On one side, however, Zhu Eight Rules stuck up his snout and stared with glassy eyes at the queen, who was quite beguiling herself.

Truly she had

Brows like kingfisher hair,
And flesh like mutt on jade.
Peach petals bedeck her face;
Her bun piles gold-phoenix hair.
Her eyes' cool, liquid gaze—such seductive charm.
Her hands' young, tender shoots—such dainty form.
Colors flutter from a red sash hung aslant;
Bright gleams flash forth from jade and pearl pinned high.
Don't speak of the beauty of Zhaojun,
She indeed surpasses even Xi Shi.
The willow waist bends slightly to gold-pendant sounds;
The light, lotus steps move the jadelike limbs.
The lunar goddess cannot come up to her,
Nor can the maids of Heaven compare with her.
Her fair, palace style's not of a worldly school;
She's like Queen Mother from Jasper Pool.

As our Idiot gazed at this pleasing figure, he could not restrain the saliva from drooling out of his mouth and the deer pounding at his heart. All at once, he grew weak

and numb and simply melted away like a snow lion faced with fire! The queen went forward and caught hold of Tripitaka. In a most seductive voice, she said, "Royal brother darling, please ascend the dragon chariot so that we may go to the Treasure Hall of Golden Chimes and become husband and wife." Shaking so hard that he could barely stand up, our elder behaved as if he were drunk or mesmerized. Pilgrim on one side whispered to him, "Master, don't be too modest. Please get in the carriage with our mistress. Go and have our rescript certified quickly so that we may proceed to fetch the scriptures."

The elder did not dare reply; he tugged at Pilgrim a couple of times and he could no longer stop the tears from falling down. "Master, you must not be distressed," said Pilgrim. "Look at all these riches! If you don't enjoy them now, when are you going to do it?"

Tripitaka had little alternative but to acquiesce. Wiping away his tears, he forced himself to appear happy and joined the queen as they,

Holding hands together,
Rode the dragon carriage.
In great delight the queen wanted to get married;
In great fear the elder wished only to worship Buddha.
One desired amorous play in the bridal chamber;
One sought to see the World- Honored One at Mount Spirit.
The queen was sincere;
The monk pretended,
The queen was sincere,
Hoping to reach old age in harmony.
The monk pretended,
Guarding his feelings to nurse his primal spirit.
One was so glad to see a man
That she would couple with him in broad daylight.
One dreaded to meet a woman
And thought only to flee and go to Thunderclap.
The two mounted jointly the chariot.
Who knew Tang Monk was of another mind!

When those civil and military officials saw that their ruler and the Tang Monk had ascended the phoenix carriage and sat side by side together, every one of them beamed with pleasure. The entire entourage turned around and went back into the capital.

Meanwhile, the Great Sage Sun told Sha Monk to pole the luggage and lead the white horse to follow the imperial cortege. Zhu Eight Rules, however, scurried ahead and ran madly up to the Tower of Five Phoenixes first, shouting all the while, "What comfort! What an opportunity! But this can't be done until we have drunk the wedding wine and presented ourselves to the kinfolk first."

Those officials who were attending the cortege were so terrified that they went to the chariot and said, "My Lady, that monk who has a long snout and huge ears is shouting in front of the Five Phoenix Towers for wedding wine to drink." When the queen heard this, she leaned her fragrant shoulder over to the elder and put her peachlike cheeks up to his face. Opening her scented mouth, she said softly, "Royal brother darling, which disciple of yours is that one with a long snout and huge ears?"

"He's my second disciple," said Tripitaka, "and he has a huge appetite. In fact, he loves to indulge his mouth throughout his life. He must be given some food and drink first before we can proceed with our business."

The queen asked hurriedly, "Has the Court of Imperial Entertainments finished preparing the banquet?"

"It has," reported one of the officials. "There are both meat and vegetarian dishes set up in the East Hall."

"Why both?" asked the queen again. "We fear that the royal brother of the Tang court," said the official, "and his disciples are accustomed to keeping a vegetarian diet. That is why we have both meat and vegetarian dishes."

Full of smiles, the queen again snuggled close to the elder and said, "Royal brother darling, do you eat meat, or are you keeping a vegetarian diet?"

Tripitaka said, "This humble priest observes a vegetarian diet, but my disciples have not abstained from wine. My second disciple would like very much to have a few cups of dietary wine."

They had not finished speaking when the Grand Preceptor approached them and said, "Please go to the East Hall to attend the banquet. Today is an auspicious day, and Your Majesty can marry the venerable royal brother. Tomorrow Heaven will reveal the Yellow Road, and we shall invite the venerable royal brother to ascend the treasure hall and face south. He can then designate the name of his reign and assume the throne."

Highly pleased, the queen held hands with the elder to descend from the dragon chariot and enter the main palace gate. They were met by

Music divine, wind-waft ed from the towers,
As the jade carriage moved through palace gates.
Phoenix doors flung wide to bright flares of light;
The palace now opened with rows of brocade.
The unicorn hall was draped o'er by incense smoke;
Bright corridors wound round the peacock screens.
Towers rose rugged like the noble state's,
With jade halls, gold horses more wondrous still.

When they reached the East Hall,

They heard a choir of melodious strings and pipes;
They saw two rows of winsome, graceful maids.

Two kinds of sumptuous repast were set up in the central hall: on the head table to the left was the vegetarian spread, whereas meat dishes were placed on the right. Two rows of single tables were also set up toward the front of the hall. Rolling up her sleeves to reveal her dainty, pointed fingers, the queen immediately picked up a jade cup to toast her guests. Pilgrim went forward to say, "We are all keeping a vegetarian diet. Let our master be seated at the head table on the left. Then we three brothers may take the single tables on both sides of him."

"Yes! Yes!" said the Grand Preceptor in delight. "Master and disciples are just like father and sons. They should not sit side by side."

The various officials hurriedly set up the tables in proper order, after which the queen toasted each of them as he took his seat. Thereafter, Pilgrim gave the Tang Monk a look, indicating to his master to return the salutation. Tripitaka, therefore, left his seat

and, holding the jade goblet, also toasted the queen. The other civil and military officials all knelt to thank the imperial favor before they took the other seats on both sides according to their ranks. The music stopped and they began to drink and eat.

As Eight Rules was bent on satisfying his stomach, he had little regard for consequence. It did not matter that the food before him was corn, steamed breads, sweet pastries, butt on mushrooms, black mushrooms, tender bamboo shoots, wood-ears, Chinese cabbage, seaweed, laver, green turnips, taros, white turnips, yams, or yellow sperms—in big gulps, he finished them all, washing down the food with seven or eight cups of wine. "Bring us more food!" he hollered. "Bring some big steins! After we drink a few more steins, each of us will attend to our business."

"Such a fine feast and you don't want to enjoy some more?" asked Sha Monk. "What sort of business do you want to attend to?" With a laugh, our Idiot said, "As the ancients said,

Let the bow-maker make his bow,
The arrow-maker his arrow.

At this time, those of us who want to take a wife may take a wife, and those of us who want to marry a husband may marry a husband.

Those who want to acquire scriptures need to be on their way to acquire scriptures. We can't let the coveted cup delay our affairs. Let's have our rescript certified quickly. As the saying goes,

If the general does not dismount,
Every man will go his own way."

When the queen heard this, she asked for big cups, and the attendants quickly took out several parrot cups, cormorant-shaped ladles, gold beakers, silver chalices, glass goblets, crystal basins, Penglai bowls, and amber steins. They filled these with the mellowest of wines and all of the disciples drank a round.

Tripitaka then rose from the table and bowed to the queen with hands folded, saying, "Your Majesty, thank you for this lavish feast.

We have drunk quite enough. Please ascend the treasure hall and certify our rescript. While there is still light, let us send the three of them on their way."

The queen agreed. After the banquet had been dismissed, she led the elder by the hand up to the Hall of Golden Chimes and immediately wanted the elder to take the throne. "No! No!" said Tripitaka. "Just now the Grand Preceptor said that tomorrow would be the proper auspicious day, and only then would this poor monk dare assume the throne and call myself the man set apart. Today you should use your seal on the rescript so that they may be sent away."

Again the queen agreed and sat down on the dragon couch. A golden high-backed chair was placed on the left of the couch for the Tang Monk to sit on. Then the disciples were asked to bring forth the travel rescript. After Sha Monk untied the wrap and took it out, the Great Sage presented the rescript with both hands to the queen. When she examined it, she found on the document the marks of nine treasure seals of the Great Tang Emperor, together with the seals of the Precious Image Kingdom, the Black Rooster Kingdom, and the Cart Slow Kingdom. After the queen had looked at the document, she said again, smiling seductively, "So royal brother darling also bears the name of Chen?"

"That is the surname of my secular family," said Tripitaka, "and my religious name is Xuanzang. Because the Tang emperor in his imperial kindness took me as his brother, he bestowed on me the name of Tang."

"Why is it," asked the queen, "that the rescript does not contain the names of your disciples?"

"My three mischievous disciples," replied Tripitaka, "are not people from the Tang court."

"If they are not," asked the queen once more, "how is it that they are willing to follow you on your journey?"

"My eldest disciple," answered Tripitaka, "comes from the Aolai Country in the East Pūrvavideha Continent; the second disciple, from a village in Qoco in the West Aparagodānīya Continent; and the third, from the River of Flowing Sand. All three of them had transgressed the decrees of Heaven. The Bodhisattva Guanshiyin, however, liberated them from their sufferings, as a result of which they were willing to make submission and hold fast the good. So that their merits might atone for their sins, they resolved to accompany me and protect me on my journey to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures. Since they became my disciples when I was already on my way, their names therefore had not been recorded on the rescript."

"Let me add them on for you, all right?" asked the queen. Tripitaka replied, "Your Majesty may do as you please."

The queen asked at once for brush and ink; after the ink had been rubbed out and the brush nicely soaked in it, she wrote at the end of the rescript declaration the names of Sun Wukong, Zhu Wuneng, and Sha Wujing. Then she took out her imperial seal with which she neatly stamped the rescript before she signed her own name. The document was passed down again to the Great Sage Sun, who gave it to Sha Monk to put into the wrap. Picking up a tray of small pieces of gold and silver, the queen left the dragon couch to hand it to Pilgrim, saying, "Take this, the three of you, as travel money, and may you reach the Western Heaven at an early date. When you return after you have acquired the scriptures, we shall have greater rewards for you." Pilgrim said, "We are those who have left the family, and we cannot accept gold or silver. There will be places on our way where we may beg for our living." When the queen saw that he refused, she took out ten bales of silk brocade and said to Pilgrim, "Since you are rushing away, there's no time for measurement or sewing. Take this and have some clothes made on the way to protect you from the cold."

"Those who have left the family," said Pilgrim, "are not permitted to wear silk brocade. We have cloth garments to cover our bodies." When the queen saw that he refused again, she gave this order:

"Take three pints of imperial rice, and you can use it for a meal on the road." When Eight Rules heard the word "meal," he at once accepted it and put the rice in the wrap. "Brother," said Pilgrim, "the luggage is getting heavier. You have the strength to pole it?"

"You wouldn't know," chuckled Eight Rules, "but what's good about rice is that it's a product for daily consumption. One meal will finish it off."

They all pressed their palms together to thank the queen.

Tripitaka said, “Let Your Majesty take the trouble to accompany this poor monk, who will send them off outside the capital. Let me give them a few instructions so that they may leave for the West. I will return and then I can enjoy forever with Your Majesty riches and glory. Only without such burdens or cares can we enter into conjugal bliss.”

The queen, of course, did not know that this was a trick, and she asked at once for the imperial cortege. Leaning her fragrant shoulder on Tripitaka, she ascended the phoenix carriage with him and proceeded to the west of the capital. At that time, all the people in the capital lined the streets with containers filled with clean water and urns with the finest incense. Wishing to see the cortege of the queen and the male form of the royal brother were all powdered faces and cloudlike hair; old and young, they crowded into the streets. In a moment, the imperial cortege went out of the capital and stopped before the western gate.

After putting everything in order, Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk faced the imperial carriage and cried out in unison, “The queen need not go any further. We shall take our leave now.”

Descending slowly from the dragon chariot, the elder raised his hands toward the queen and said, “Please go back, Your Majesty, and let this poor monk go to acquire scriptures.” When the queen heard this, she paled with fright and tugged at the Tang Monk. “Royal brother darling,” she cried, “I’m willing to use the wealth of my entire nation to ask you to be my husband. Tomorrow you shall ascend the tall treasure throne to call yourself king, and I am to be your queen. You have even eaten the wedding feast. Why are you changing your mind now?” When Eight Rules heard what she said, he began to act as if he were delirious. Pouting his snout and flapping his ears wildly, he charged up to the carriage, shouting, “How could we monks marry a powdered skeleton like you? Let my master go on his journey!” When the queen saw that hideous face and ugly behavior, she was scared out of her wits and fell back into the carriage. Sha Monk pulled Tripitaka out of the crowd and was just helping him to mount the horse when another girl dashed out from somewhere and shouted, “Royal brother Tang, where are you going? Let’s you and I make some love!”

“You stupid hussy!” cried Sha Monk and, whipping out his treasure staff, brought it down hard on the head of the girl. Suddenly calling up a cyclone, the girl carried away the Tang Monk with a loud whoosh and both of them vanished without a trace. Alas! Thus it was that

Having just left the fair sex net,
Then the demon of love he met.

We do not know whether that girl is a human or a fiend, or whether the old master will die or live; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-FIVE

Deviant form makes lustful play for Tripitaka Tang
Upright nature safeguards the untainted self

We were just telling you of the Great Sage Sun and Zhu Eight Rules, who were about to use magic to render those women immobile when they heard the shouts of Sha Monk and the howl of the wind. They turned quickly to look, only to discover that the Tang Monk had vanished. "Who is it that has abducted Master?" asked Pilgrim, and Sha Monk said, "It's a girl. She called up a cyclone and whizzed Master away." When Pilgrim heard this, he leaped straight up to the edge of the clouds; using his hand to shade his eyes, he peered all around and found a roiling mass of wind and dust hurtling toward the northwest. "Brothers," he shouted to them down below, "mount the clouds quickly to pursue Master with me."

Eight Rules and Sha Monk tied the luggage to the horse, and with a whoosh they all shot up to midair and left.

Those women of the State of Western Liang, ruler and subjects, were so terrified that they knelt on the ground, all crying, "So these are arhats who can ascend to Heaven in broad daylight!"

Then the officials said to the queen, "Let not our ruler be frightened or vexed anymore. The royal brother of Tang has to be a Buddhist monk who has attained the Way. Since none of us possesses true discernment, we could not recognize these Chinese men for what they are and all our schemings have been wasted. Let our mistress ascend the carriage to go back to court."

The queen herself became quite embarrassed, and as she went back to the capital with all her officials, we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about the Great Sage Sun with his two brothers, who trod on air and fog to give chase to that cyclone. In a little while, they came upon a tall mountain, where they saw the dust had died down and the wind subsided. Not knowing where the fiend had gone to, the three brothers lowered their clouds and began to search for the way. It was then that they saw on the side of the mountain a huge slab of stone, all shiny and green, that looked like a screen. The three of them led the horse to the back of the screen and discovered two stone doors, on which there was in large letters the following inscription:

Toxic Foe Mountain, Cave of the Lute.

As he had always been rather stupid, Eight Rules immediately wanted to break down the doors with his rake, but he was quickly stopped by Pilgrim. "Don't be so hasty, Brother," he said. "After we followed the cyclone here, we had to search for awhile before we found these doors. We don't even know the long and short of the matter. Suppose this is the wrong door. Won't your action offend the owner? I think the two of you should look after the horse and wait in front of that stone screen. Let old Monkey go inside to do some detection before we start anything."

Greatly pleased by what he heard, Sha Monk said, "Very good! This is what I call caution in recklessness, composure in urgency." So, the two of them led the horse away.

The Great Sage Sun, meanwhile, displayed his divine power: making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and with one shake of his body changed into a bee—truly agile and light. Look at him!

His thin wings go soft with wind;
His waist in sunlight is trim.
A mouth once sweetened by flowers;
A tail that stripe-toads has tamed.
What merit in honey-making!
How modest his home-returning!
A smart plan he now conceives
To soar past both doors and eaves.

Crawling inside through a crack in the door, Pilgrim flew past the second-level door and came upon a flower arbor in the middle of which sat a female fiend. Attending her on both sides were several young girls dressed in colored silk and with parted bangs on their foreheads. All of them appeared to be in a most pleasant mood, talking with great animation about something. Ever so lightly our Pilgrim flew up there and alighted on the trellis of the arbor. As he cocked his ear to listen, he saw two other girls with disheveled hair walking up to the arbor, each holding a plate of steaming hot pastries. "Madam," they said, "on this plate are buns stuffed with human flesh, and on the other buns stuffed with red bean paste."

"Little ones," said the female fiend with a giggle, "help the royal brother of Tang to come out."

The girls dressed in colored silk went to one of the rear chambers and led the Tang Monk out by his hands. The master's face, however, had turned yellow and his lips, white; his eyes were red and brimming with tears. "Master has been poisoned!" sighed Pilgrim to himself.

The fiend walked out of the arbor and extended her dainty, spring-onion-like fingers to catch hold of the elder, saying, "Relax, royal brother! Though our place here is not like the palace of the Western Liang State of Women and cannot compare with their wealth and luxury, it is actually less hectic and more comfortable. You will find it perfect for chanting the name of Buddha and reading scriptures.

I'll be your companion on the Way, and we'll enjoy a harmonious union until old age."

Tripitaka would not utter a word. "Stop worrying," said the fiend again. "I know that you didn't eat much when you attended the banquet in the State of Women. Here are two kinds of flour goods, meat and vegetarian, and you may take whatever you want, just to calm your fear."

Tripitaka thought to himself, "I can remain silent and refuse to eat anything, but this fiend is not like the queen. The queen, after all, is a human being whose action is governed by propriety. This fiend is a monster-spirit most capable of hurting me. What shall I do? I wonder if my three disciples know that I am held in custody here. If she does harm me because of my stubborness, wouldn't I have thrown away my life?"

As he questioned his mind with mind like that, he had no alternative but to force himself to open his mouth.

"What's the meat made of and what's the vegetarian made of?" he asked. The fiend said, "The meat bun has human flesh stuffing, while the vegetarian has red bean paste stuffing."

"This poor monk," said Tripitaka, "keeps a vegetarian diet."

"Girls," said the female fiend, giggling, "bring us some hot tea so that the elder of your household can eat the vegetarian buns." One of the girls brought out a cup of fragrant tea and placed it in front of the elder. Picking up a vegetarian bun, the fiend broke it in half and handed the pieces to Tripitaka, who in turn took a meat bun and presented it whole to the fiend. "Royal brother," asked the fiend, laughing, "why didn't you break it first before you handed it to me?"

Tripitaka pressed his palms together before he replied, "As someone who has left the family, I dare not break open food made with meat."

"If you as someone who has left the family dare not break open food made with meat," said the fiend, "how is it that you were willing to eat water pudding the other day at the Child-and- Mother Stream? Having done that, do you still insist on eating red bean paste stuffing today?"

Tripitaka replied:

"At high tide a boat leaves quickly;
In sand traps a horse trots slowly."

Pilgrim on the trellis heard everything. Fearing that such banter might confound the real nature of his master, he could no longer contain himself. He revealed his true form at once and whipped out his iron rod. "Cursed beast!" he shouted. "You're so unruly!" When the female fiend saw him, she blew out immediately from her mouth a ray of misty light to cover up the entire arbor. "Little ones," she cried, "take away the royal brother!" Picking up a steel trident, she leaped out of the arbor and yelled, "Lawless simian rascal! How dare you sneak into my house and play Peeping Tom? Don't run away! Have a taste of your mama's trident!" Using the iron rod to parry her blows, the Great Sage fought back as he retreated.

The two of them fought their way out of the cave. Eight Rules and Sha Monk were waiting in front of the stone screen; when they saw the combatants emerging, Eight Rules hurriedly pulled the white horse out of the way, saying, "Sha Monk, you guard the horse and the luggage. Let old Hog go and help with the fight."

Dear Idiot! Lifting high the rake with both his hands, he rushed forward and shouted, "Elder Brother, stay back! Let me beat up this bitch!" When the fiend saw Eight Rules approaching, she summoned up some more of her abilities. With one snort fire spurted out from her nostrils as smoke licked out from her mouth. She shook her body once and there were now three tridents dancing and thrusting in the air, wielded by who knows how many hands. As she charged like a cyclone into the fray, she was met by Pilgrim and Eight Rules on both sides.

"Sun Wukong," cried the fiend, "you really have no judgment! I recognize you, but you can't recognize me. But even your Buddha Tathāgata at the Thunderclap Monastery is afraid of me. Two clumsy oafs like you, you think you'll get anywhere! Come on up, both of you, and I'll give each of you a beating!"

"How was this battle?" you ask.

The female fiend's power expanded;

The Monkey King's vigor increased.
The Heavenly Reeds Marshal, striving for merit,
Wielded wildly his rake to show his vim.
That one with many hands and fast tridents the misty light encircled;
From these two—impulsive, with strong weapons—foggy air rose up.
The fiend wished only to seek a mate;
The monk refused to leak his primal sperm.
Yin and yang at odds would do battle now,
Each flaunting its might in this bitter strife.
Quiet yin, to nourish being, quickened in lust;
Tranquil yang purged desires to guard its health.
To these two parties thus came discord;
A contest was waged by trident, rake, and rod.
This one's rod was strong,
The rake, more potent—
But the fiend's trident met them blow for blow.
Three unyielding ones before Mount Toxic Foe;
Two ruthless sides outside Cave of the Lute.
That one was pleased to seize the Tang Monk for her spouse;
These two with the elder resolved to seek true writ.
To do battle they stirred up Heaven and Earth
And fought till sun and moon darkened and planets moved.

The three of them fought for a long time and no decision was reached. Leaping suddenly into the air, the female fiend resorted to the Horse-Felling Poisoned Stake and, unseen, gave the Great Sage a terrific stab on his head. "Oh, misery!" cried Pilgrim and at once fled in severe pain. When Eight Rules saw that the tide was turning, he too retreated with the rake trailing behind him. The fiend thus retrieved her tridents and returned in triumph.

Gripping his head, with brows contracted and face woe-laden, Pilgrim kept crying, "Horror! Horror!"

Eight Rules went up to him and asked, "Elder Brother, how is it that, when you were just enjoying the fight, you suddenly ran away, whining up a storm?" Pilgrim gripped his head and could only say, "It hurts! It hurts!"

"It must be your migraine," said Sha Monk. "No! No!" cried Pilgrim, jumping up and down. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "I didn't see that you were wounded. But now your head hurts. Why?"

"Lord, it's terrible!" said Pilgrim with a groan. "I was just fighting with her. When she saw that I was breaking through her defense with the trident, she suddenly leaped into the air. I don't know what kind of weapon it was that gave my head a stab, but the pain is unbearable.

That was why I fled."

"You have always bragged about that head of yours when things were quiet," said Eight Rules with a laugh, "saying that it has gone through such a long process of cultivation. How is it now that it can't even take a stab?"

"Indeed," replied Pilgrim. "Since I achieved the art of realized immortality, and since I stole and ate the immortal peaches, celestial wine, and the golden elixir of Laozi,

this head of mine cannot be harmed. When I caused great disturbance in Heaven, the Jade Emperor sent the Demon King Powerful and the Twenty-Eight Constellations to take me outside the Dipper Star Palace and have me executed. What those divine warriors used on me were swords, axes, scimitars, bludgeons, thunderbolts, and fire. Thereafter Laozi placed me within his brazier of eight trigrams and smelted me for forty-nine days. But there wasn't even a scratch on my head. I don't know what sort of weapon this woman used today, but she certainly wounded old Monkey!"

"Take away your hands," said Sha Monk, "and let me see if the skin has been torn."

"No, it hasn't," replied Pilgrim.

"I'll go to the State of Western Liang and ask for some ointment to tape on you," said Eight Rules. Pilgrim said, "There's no swelling, and it's not an open wound. Why should you want to tape ointment on it?"

"Brother," said Eight Rules, chuckling, "I didn't come down with any pre- or postnatal illness, but you are getting a brain tumor."

"Stop joking, Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk. "It's getting late! Big Brother's head has been hurt and we don't know whether Master is dead or alive. What shall we do?"

"Master's all right," said Pilgrim with a groan. "I changed into a bee to fly inside, and I found that woman sitting inside a flower arbor. In a little while, two maids brought out two plates of buns: one had human flesh for stuffing and the other, red bean paste. Then she asked two other maids to help Master out to eat, just to calm his fear. She also said something about her desire to be Master's companion on the Way. At first, Master did not say anything to the woman, nor did he eat the buns. Later, perhaps it was because of all her sweet talk or some other odd reason, he began to speak with her and told her that he kept a vegetarian diet. The woman broke one of those vegetarian buns into halves to hand to Master, and he presented her with a meat one whole. 'Why didn't you break it?' the woman asked, and Master said, 'Those who have left the family dare not break into something made with meat.' 'In that case,' asked the woman, 'how was it that you were willing to eat water pudding the other day? And you still insist on eating stuffing made of red bean paste?' Master didn't quite understand her puns, and he replied:

'

At high tide a boat leaves quickly;
In sand traps a horse trots slowly.'

I heard everything on the trellis, and I was afraid that Master's nature might be confounded. That was when I revealed my true form and attacked her with my iron rod. She, too, used her magic power; blowing out some mist or fog to cover the arbor, she shouted for the girls to take away the 'royal brother' before she picked up her steel trident and fought her way out of the cave with old Monkey." When Sha Monk heard this, he bit his finger and said, "We've been picked up and followed by this bitch from who knows where, but she certainly has knowledge of what has happened to us recently."

"If you put it that way," said Eight Rules, "it looks as if we wouldn't be able to rest, doesn't it? Let's not worry if it's dusk or midnight. Let's go up to her door and

provoke battle. At least our hubbub will prevent them from sleeping, so that she can't pull a fast one on our master."

"My head hurts," said Pilgrim. "I can't go!" Sha Monk said, "No need to provoke battle. In the first place, Elder Brother has a headache, and in the second, our master is a true monk. He won't allow either form or emptiness to confound his nature.

Let us sit here for the night beneath the mountain slope where there's no draft and regain our energy. Then we can decide what to do by morning."

And so, the three brothers, after having tied up the white horse firmly, rested beneath the mountain slope, guarding the luggage.

We now tell you about that female fiend, who banished violence from her mind and once again took on a pleasant appearance.

"Little ones," she said, "shut the front and back doors tightly."

Two little fiends were instructed to stand watch against the intrusion of Pilgrim. If there were any sound at all at the door, they were told to report at once. Then she gave this order also:

"Maids, fix up the bedroom nicely. After you have lit the candles and the incense, go and invite royal brother Tang to come here. I want to make love with him."

They therefore brought out the elder from the rear. Putting on her most seductive charms, she caught hold of the Tang Monk and said, "As the proverb says,

Though gold may have its price,
Our pleasure's more worthwhile.

Let's you and I play husband and wife and have some fun!"

Gritting his teeth, our elder would not permit even a sound to escape from his mouth. He was about to refuse her invitation, but he was afraid that she might decide to take his life. He had no alternative but to follow her into the perfumed room, trembling all the while. Completely in a stupor, he raised neither his eyes nor his head; he did not see what sort of coverlets or bedding there was in the room, nor was he eager to find out what kinds of furniture or dresser were placed therein. As for all the amorous declaration and sultry speech of the female fiend, he did not hear a word. Marvelous monk! Truly

His eyes saw no evil form;
His ears heard no lustful sound;
He regarded as dirt and dung this coy, silken face,
This pearl-like beauty as ashes and dust.
His one love in life was to practice Chan,
Unwilling to step once beyond Buddha-land.
How could he show affection and pity
When all he knew was religion and truth?
That fiend, all vibrant
With boundless passion;
Our elder, most deadpan
And filled with Buddhist zeal.
One was like soft jade and warm perfume;
One seemed like cold ashes or dried wood.
That person undid her collar,

Her passion overflowing;
This person tied up his robe,
His resolve unswerving.
That one wanted to mate, breast to breast with thighs entwined;
This one wished to face the wall and seek Bodhidharma in the mount.
The fiend loosened her clothes
To display her fine, scented flesh;
The Tang Monk bundled up his cloak
To hide his coarse and thickset skin.
The fiend said, "My sheets and pillows are ready, why don't you sleep!"
The Tang Monk said, "How could my bald head and strange clothes join you there!"
That one said, "I'm willing to be the former period's Liu Cuicui."
This one said, "This humble monk is not a lovesick priest!"
The fiend said, "I'm pretty as Xi Shi and e'en more lissome."
The Tang Monk said, "Like King Yue I have long been mortified!"
The fiend said, "Royal brother, remember
He who dies beneath the flowers;
E'ven his ghost's a happy lover."
The Tang Monk said, "My true yang is treasure most precious.
How could I give it to a powdered cadaver?"

The two of them prattled on like that deep into the night, but the elder Tang showed no sign whatever that he had been aroused.

Though the female fiend tugged and pulled at him and refused to let go, our master doggedly rejected her advances. By midnight, all this hassle made the fiend mad, and she shouted, "Little ones, bring me a rope!"

Alas! The dearly beloved was at once trussed up until he looked like a shaggy ape! After telling her subordinates to drag the monk back to the corridor, she blew out the lamps and all of them retired.

Soon the cock crowed three times, and beneath the mountain slope our Great Sage Sun rose up, saying, "I had a headache for quite awhile, but now my head feels neither painful nor numb. In fact, I have a little itch."

"If you have an itch," chuckled Eight Rules, "how about asking her to give you another stab?" Pilgrim spat at him and said, "Go! Go! Go!"

Eight Rules laughed again and replied, "Go! Go! Go! But it was Master last night who went wild! Wild! Wild!"

"Stop gabbing, the two of you," said Sha Monk. "It's light. Go quickly to catch the monster."

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "stay here to guard the horse and don't move. Zhu Eight Rules will go with me."

Arousing himself, our Idiot straightened out his black silk shirt and followed Pilgrim; they took their weapons and leaped up to the mountain ledge to go before the stone screen. "Stand here," said Pilgrim to Eight Rules, "for I fear that the fiend might have harmed Master during the night. Let me go inside to snoop around a bit. If Master truly had lost his primal *yang* and his virtue because of her deception, then all of us could scatter. If he has not been confounded and if his Chan mind has remained

unmoved, then we could in all diligence fight to the end, slaughter the monster-spirit, and rescue Master to go to the West."

"You are quite numbskulled!" said Eight Rules. "As the proverb says, 'Could dried fish be used for a cat's pillows?' Like it or not, it would receive a few scratches!" Pilgrim said, "Stop babbling! I'll go and see."

Dear Great Sage! He left Eight Rules in front of the stone screen and shook his body again to change into a bee. After he flew inside, he found two maids sleeping, their heads resting on the watch-rattles. He went up to the flower arbor to look around. The monsterspirit, you see, had struggled for half the night; she and her attendants were all very tired. Everyone was still fast asleep, not knowing that it was dawn already. Flying to the rear, Pilgrim began to hear the faint moans of the Tang Monk, and then he saw that the priest was left, hogtied, in the corridor. Pilgrim gently alighted on his head and whispered, "Master." Recognizing the voice, the Tang Monk said, "Have you come, Wukong? Save my life, quick!"

"How were the night's activities?" asked Pilgrim. Tripitaka, clenching his teeth, replied, "I would rather die than do anything of that sort!"

"I thought," said Pilgrim, "I saw her showing you a good deal of tenderness yesterday. How is it that she is putting you through such torment today?"

"She pestered me for half the night," answered Tripitaka, "but I did not even loosen my clothes or touch her bed. When she saw that I refused to yield to her, she had me tied up like this. Please rescue me, so that I can go acquire the scriptures."

As master and disciples spoke to each other like that, they woke up the monster-spirit. Though she was furious at the Tang Monk, she was still very fond of him. When she stirred and heard something about going to acquire scriptures, she rolled off the bed at once and shouted:

"You mean to tell me that you don't want to get married and still want to go and seek scriptures?" Pilgrim was so startled that he abandoned his master, spread his wings, and flew out of the cave. "Eight Rules," he cried, and our Idiot came around the stone screen, saying, "Has that thing been concluded?"

"Not yet! Not yet!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "She worked on the old master for quite some time, but he refused. She got mad and had him hogtied. He was just telling me all this when the fiend woke up, and I became so startled that I came back out here."

Eight Rules asked, "What did Master actually say?"

"He said," replied Pilgrim, "that he did not even loosen his clothes nor did he touch her bed."

"Good! Very good!" chuckled Eight Rules. "He's still a true monk! Let's go rescue him!"

As he had always been a roughneck, our Idiot did not wait for further discussion. Lifting high his muckrake, he brought it down on the stone doors with all his might, and with a loud crash they broke into many pieces. The two maids sleeping on the watch-rattles were so terrified that they ran back to the second-level door and screamed:

"Open up! Those two ugly men of yesterday have come again and smashed our doors!"

The female fiend was just leaving her room. “Little ones,” she cried, “bring some hot water for me to wash my face. Carry the royal brother, all tied up like that, and hide him in the rear room. I’m going out to fight them.”

Dear monster-spirit! She ran out with her trident uplifted and shouted:

“Brazen ape! Wild boar! You don’t know when to stop, do you? How dare you break my doors?”

“You filthy bitch!” scolded Eight Rules. “You have our master imprisoned, and you still dare to talk with such insolence? Our master was only your kidnapped husband! Send him out quickly, and I’ll spare you. If you dare but utter half a no, the blows of old Hog’s rake will level even your mountain.”

The monster-spirit, of course, did not permit such words to intimidate her. With enormous energy and using magic as before, she attacked with her steel trident while her nose and mouth belched fire and smoke. Eight Rules leaped aside to dodge her blow before striking back with his rake, helped by the Great Sage Sun and his iron rod on the other side. The power of that fiend was tremendous indeed! All at once she seemed to have acquired who knows how many hands, waving and parrying left and right. After they fought for several rounds, she again used some kind of weapon and gave the lip of Eight Rules a stab. His rake trailing behind him and his lips pouting, our Idiot fled in pain for his life. Pilgrim also became somewhat envious of him; making one false blow with the rod, he, too, fled in defeat. After the fiend returned in triumph, she told her little ones to place rock piles in front of the door.

We now tell you about Sha Monk, who was grazing the horse before the mountain slope when he heard some hog-grunting. As he raised his head, he saw Eight Rules dashing back, lips pouted and grunting as he ran. “What in the world . . .?” asked Sha Monk, and our Idiot blurted out:

“It’s awful! It’s awful! This pain! This pain!”

Hardly had he finished speaking when Pilgrim also arrived. “Dear Idiot!” he chuckled. “Yesterday you said I had a brain tumor, but now you are suffering from the plague of the swollen lip!”

“I can’t bear it!” cried Eight Rules. “The pain’s acute! It’s terrible! It’s terrible!”

The three of them were thus in sad straits when they saw an old woman approaching from the south on the mountain road, her left hand carrying a little bamboo basket with vegetables in it. “Big Brother,” said Sha Monk, “look at that old lady approaching. Let me find out from her what sort of a monster-spirit this is and what kind of weapon she has that can inflict a wound like this.”

“You stay where you are,” said Pilgrim, “and let old Monkey question her.” When Pilgrim stared at the old woman carefully, he saw that there were auspicious clouds covering her head and fragrant mists encircling her body. Recognizing all at once who she was, Pilgrim shouted, “Brothers, kowtow quickly! The lady is Bodhisattva!” Ignoring his pain, Eight Rules hurriedly went to his knees while Sha Monk bent low, still holding the reins of the horse. The Great Sage Sun, too, pressed his palms together and knelt down, all crying, “We submit to the great and compassionate, the efficacious savior, Bodhisattva Guanshiyin.” When the Bodhisattva saw that they recognized her original light, she at once trod on the auspicious clouds and rose to midair to reveal her true form, the one which carried the fish basket. Pilgrim rushed up there also to say to her, bowing, “Bodhisattva, pardon us for not receiving you properly. We were

desperately trying to rescue our master and we had no idea that the Bodhisattva was descending to earth. Our present demonic ordeal is hard to overcome indeed, and we beg the Bodhisattva to help us."

"This monsterspirit," said the Bodhisattva, "is most formidable. Those tridents of hers happen to be two front claws, and what gave you such a painful stab is actually a stinger on her tail. It's called the Horse-Felling Poison, for she herself is a scorpion spirit. Once upon a time she happened to be listening to a lecture in the Thunderclap Monastery. When Tathāgata saw her, he wanted to push her away with his hand, but she turned around and gave the left thumb of the Buddha a stab. Even Tathāgata found the pain unbearable! When he ordered the arhats to seize her, she fled here. If you want to rescue the Tang Monk, you must find a special friend of mine, for even I cannot go near her."

Bowing again, Pilgrim said, "I beg the Bodhisattva to reveal to whom it is that your disciple should go to ask for assistance."

"Go to the East Heaven Gate," replied the Bodhisattva, "and ask for help from the Star Lord Orionis in the Luminescent Palace. He is the one to subdue this monster-spirit." When she finished speaking, she changed into a beam of golden light to return to South Sea.

Dropping down from the clouds, the Great Sage Sun said to Eight Rules and Sha Monk, "Relax, Brothers, we've found someone to rescue Master."

"From where?" asked Sha Monk. Pilgrim replied, "Just now the Bodhisattva told me to seek the assistance of the Star Lord Orionis. Old Monkey will go immediately." With swollen lips, Eight Rules grunted, "Elder Brother, please ask the god for some medicine for the pain."

"No need for medicine," said Pilgrim with a laugh. "After one night, the pain will go away like mine."

"Stop talking," said Sha Monk. "Go quickly!"

Dear Pilgrim! Mounting his cloud somersault, he arrived instantly at the East Heaven Gate, where he was met by the Devarāja Virūḍhaka. "Great Sage," said the devarāja, bowing, "where are you going?"

"On our way to acquire scriptures in the West," replied Pilgrim, "the Tang Monk ran into another demonic obstacle. I must go to the Luminescent Palace to find the Star God of the Rising Sun."

As he spoke, Tao, Zhang, Xin, and Deng, the four Grand Marshals, also approached him to ask where he was going. "I have to find the Star Lord Orionis," said Pilgrim, "and ask him to rescue my master from a monster-spirit." One of the grand marshals said, "By the decree of the Jade Emperor this morning, the god went to patrol the Star-Gazing Terrace."

"Is that true?" asked Pilgrim. "All of us humble warriors," replied Grand Marshal Xin, "left the Dipper Palace with him at the same time. Would we dare speak falsehood?"

"It has been a long time," said Grand Marshal Tao, "and he might be back already. The Great Sage should go to the Luminescent Palace first, and if he's not there, then you can go to the Star-Gazing Terrace."

Delighted, the Great Sage took leave of them and arrived at the gate of the Luminescent Palace. Indeed, there was no one in sight, and as he turned to leave, he saw a troop of soldiers approaching, followed by the god, who still had on his court regalia made of golden threads. Look at

His cap of five folds ablaze with gold;
His court tablet of most lustrous jade.
A seven-star sword, cloud patterned, hung from his robe;
An eight-treasure belt, lucent, wrapped around his waist.
His pendant jangled as if striking a tune;
It rang like a bell in a strong gust of wind.
Kingfisher fans parted and Orionis came
As celestial fragrance the courtyard filled.

Those soldiers walking in front saw Pilgrim standing outside the Luminescent Palace, and they turned quickly to report:

"My lord, the Great Sage Sun is here." Stopping his cloud and straightening his court attire, the god ordered the soldiers to stand on both sides in two rows while he went forward to salute his visitor, saying, "Why has the Great Sage come here?"

"I have come here," replied Pilgrim, "especially to ask you to save my master from an ordeal."

"Which ordeal," asked the god, "and where?"

"In the Cave of the Lute at the Toxic Foe Mountain," Pilgrim answered, "which is located in the State of Western Liang."

"What sort of monster is there in the cave," asked the god again, "that has made it necessary for you to call on this humble deity?" Pilgrim said, "Just now the Bodhisattva Guanyin, in her epiphany, revealed to us that it was a scorpion spirit. She told us further that only you, sir, could overcome it. That is why I have come to call on you."

"I should first go back and report to the Jade Emperor," said the god, "but the Great Sage is already here, and you have, moreover, the Bodhisattva's recommendation. Since I don't want to cause you delay, I dare not ask you for tea. I shall go with you to subdue the monster-spirit first before I report to the throne." When the Great Sage heard this, he at once went out of the East Heaven Gate with the god and sped to the State of Western Liang.

Seeing the mountain ahead, Pilgrim pointed at it and said, "This is it."

The god lowered his cloud and walked with Pilgrim up to the stone screen beneath the mountain slope. When Sha Monk saw them, he said, "Second Elder Brother, please rise. Big Brother has brought back the star god."

His lips still pouting, Idiot said, "Pardon! Pardon! I'm ill, and I cannot salute you."

"You are a man who practices self-cultivation," said the star god. "What kind of sickness do you have?"

"Earlier in the morning," replied Eight Rules, "we fought with the monster-spirit, who gave me a stab on my lip. It still hurts."

The star god said, "Come up here, and I'll cure it for you."

Taking his hand away from his snout, Idiot said, “I beg you to cure it, and I’ll thank you most heartily.”

The star god used his hand to give Eight Rules’s lip a stroke before blowing a mouthful of breath on it. At once, the pain ceased. In great delight, our Idiot went to his knees, crying, “Marvelous! Marvelous!”

“May I trouble the star god to touch the top of my head also?” said Pilgrim with a grin. “You weren’t poisoned,” said the star god. “Why should I touch you?” Pilgrim replied, “Yesterday, I was poisoned, but after one night the pain is gone. The spot, however, still feels somewhat numb and itchy, and I fear that it may act up when the weather changes. Please cure it for me.”

The star god indeed touched the top of his head and blew a mouthful of breath on it. The remaining poison was thus eliminated, and Pilgrim no longer felt the numbness or the itch.

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, growing ferocious, “let’s go and beat up that bitch!”

“Exactly!” said the star god. “You provoke her to come out, the two of you, and I’ll subdue her.” Leaping up the mountain slope, Pilgrim and Eight Rules again went behind the stone screen. With his mouth spewing abuses and his hands working like a pair of fuel-gatherer hooks, our Idiot used his rake to remove the rocks piled up in front of the cave in no time at all. He then dashed up to the second-level door, and one blow of his rake reduced it to powder. The little fiends inside were so terrified that they fled inside to report:

“Madam, those two ugly men have destroyed even our second-level door!”

The fiend was just about to untie the Tang Monk so that he could be fed some tea and rice. When she heard that the door had been broken down, she jumped out of the flower arbor and stabbed Eight Rules with the trident. Eight Rules met her with the rake, while Pilgrim assisted him with his iron rod. Rushing at her opponents, the fiend wanted to use her poisonous trick again, but Pilgrim and Eight Rules perceived her intentions and retreated immediately.

The fiend chased them beyond the stone screen, and Pilgrim shouted, “Orionis, where are you?” Standing erect on the mountain slope, the star god revealed his true form. He was, you see, actually a huge, double-combed rooster, about seven feet tall when he held up his head. He faced the fiend and crowed once: immediately the fiend revealed her true form, which was that of a scorpion about the size of a lute. The star god crowed again, and the fiend, whose whole body became paralyzed, died before the slope. We have a testimonial poem for you, and the poem says:

Like tasseled balls his embroidered neck and comb,
With long, hard claws and angry, bulging eyes,
He perfects the Five Virtues forcefully;
His three crows are done heroically.
No common, clucking fowl about the hut,
He’s Heaven’s star showing his holy name.
In vain the scorpion seeks the human ways;
She now her true, original form displays.

Eight Rules went forward and placed one foot on the back of the creature, saying, “Cursed beast! You can’t use your Horse-Felling Poison this time!” Unable to

make even a twitch, the fiend was pounded into a paste by the rake of the Idiot. Gathering up again his golden beams, the star god mounted the clouds and left, while Pilgrim led Eight Rules and Sha Monk to bow to the sky, saying, "Sorry for all your inconvenience! In another day, we shall go to your palace to thank you in person."

After the three of them gave thanks, they took the luggage and the horse into the cave, where they were met by those maids, who knelt on both sides to receive them. "Fathers," they cried, "we are not fiends. We are all women from the State of Western Liang who have been kidnapped by this monster-spirit some time ago. Right now your master is weeping in a scented room in the rear." On hearing this, Pilgrim stared at them and saw that there was indeed no demonic aura about them. He therefore went to the rear, crying, "Master!" When the Tang Monk saw them, he was very pleased. "Worthy disciples," he said, "I have caused you a lot of trouble. What happened to that woman?"

"She was a huge female scorpion," replied Eight Rules. "We are fortunate to have received the revelation from the Bodhisattva Guanyin, whereupon Big Brother went to Heaven to acquire the assistance of the Star Lord Orionis. He came here and subdued her, and she has been reduced to mud by old Hog. Only then did we dare walk in here to see your face."

The Tang Monk could not end his thanks to them. Then they found some rice and noodles with which they prepared a meal, after which they showed the way home to those girls who had been taken captive. Lighting up a fire, they burned out the entire cave-dwelling before they found the main road to the West once more. Thus it was that

They cut worldly ties to leave beauty and form;
They drained the gold sea to know the mind of Chan.

We do not know how many more years they still need in order to perfect the art of realized immortality; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-SIX

Wild Spirit slays brutish bandits
Wayward Way sets loose Mind Monkey

The poem says:

That mind is called pure when it holds nothing—
All quiet with not one thought arising.
Firmly restrain the monkey and the horse.
Guard both spirit and sperm to stay on course.
Discard the Six Robbers;
Awake to the Three Wains;
Causations halted, all things will be plain.
Depraved forms destroyed, to true realm you rise
To sit and enjoy the Western paradise.

We were telling you about our Tripitaka Tang, who, with such grim determination that he would have bitten through an iron nail, had managed to preserve his body from ruin. Moreover, he was fortunate enough to have had Pilgrim and his other assistants slaughter the scorpion spirit and rescue him from the Cave of the Lute. As they set out on their journey, it was the season of clear, clement weather again, when

Warm breezes oft wafted the wild-orchid scent;
Young bamboos cooled off as cleansing rain ceased.
None picked the moxa leaves all o'er the hills;
Rush flowers filled the streams to display their hues.
Bright pomegranates pleased the wandering bees.
Yellow birds bustled in the brook's willow-shade.
Rice-cakes were not wrapped on a long journey
Though dragon boats now mourned at Miluo Stream.

As master and disciples enjoyed this scenery of the Double Fifth Festival season when the sun was high in the sky, they found once more a tall mountain blocking their path. Reining in his horse, the elder turned his head to address his disciples:

"Wukong, there's a mountain ahead of us. I fear that it may breed fiends. Please be careful."

"Please don't worry, Master," replied Pilgrim. "We make submission to the faith in complete obedience. Why worry about fiends?"

Delighted by what he heard, the elder urged his horse forward, and in a little while they arrived at a tall ledge on the mountain. This was what they saw as they looked around:

The peak's pines and cedars join the clouds in blue;
Wild creepers hang on the cliff's briars and thorns.
Ten thousand feet, lofty—
A thousand tiers, sheer hanging—
Ten thousand feet of lofty, rugged peak;
A thousand tiers of sheer, hanging buff.

Jade-green moss and lichen on dark rocks spread;
Large forests formed by tall junipers and elms.
Deep in the forest,
Listen to the birds:
Their skillful voices make singable songs.
The brooklet's water flows like splashing jade;
The roadside's petals rest as mounds of gold.
This wretched mount
So hard to scale!
Walk ten steps and not even one is flat!
Travelers meet in pairs the foxes and deer;
They face in twos both black apes and white fawns.
All at once there's a fearsome tiger-roar,
Or the crane-cry that reaches Heaven's court.
Yellow plums, red apricots make worthy fruits;
Wild grass and flowers are of name unknown.

The four of them entered the mountain and journeyed slowly for a long time. After they passed the summit, they went down the west slope until they came to a piece of level ground. Attempting to show off his energy, Zhu Eight Rules asked Sha Monk to pole the luggage while he raised high his muckrake with both his hands and went forward to drive the horse. The horse, however, was not at all afraid of him; though Eight Rules whooped and hollered, he kept on trotting slowly. "Brother," said Pilgrim, "why are you driving him? Let him walk slowly."

"It's getting late," answered Eight Rules, "and we've been walking for a whole day since we ascended this mountain. I'm getting hungry. Let's hurry and see if we can find a house where we can beg some food." When Pilgrim heard this, he said, "In that case, let me make him run."

He waved the golden-hooped rod once and gave a shout: immediately, the horse shot away like an arrow on the level road. For what reason, you say, is the horse afraid of Pilgrim and not of Eight Rules? Pilgrim, you see, was appointed an official, the title being Ban-Horse-Plague, at the Imperial stable in Heaven by the Jade Emperor five hundred years ago.

Ever since that time, horses have been afraid of apes. Unable to hang on to the reins, our elder at this moment could only cling to the saddle and allow the horse to go in a gallop some twenty miles before it slowed again as it came upon some open fields.

At that moment, a sudden clang of gongs brought out from both sides of the road some thirty men, all armed with spears, scimitars, staffs, and rods. They barred the way and cried, "Monk! Where are you off to?"

The Tang Monk was so terrified and shaking so violently that he fell down from the horse. Crouching in the bushes by the road, he could only say, "Great kings, spare me! Please spare me!"

Two burly men at the head of the band said, "We won't hit you, but you must leave us your travel money." Only then did the elder realize that these were bandits. As he got up slowly, he stole a glance at them and saw that

One had a green face with fangs beating Jupiter's;
One had round and bulging eyes like Death himself.

Their temples' red hair seemed like soaring flames;
Like pins stuck to their chins were their yellow beards.
The two had striped tiger-skin caps on their heads
And sable battle kilts around their waists.
One held in his hands a wolf-teeth club,
And on one's shoulder rested a knotty staff.
Indeed, this one was no less than a hill-pawing tiger!
Truly, that one looked like a dragon darting out of water!

When he saw how ferocious they were, Tripitaka had no choice but to get up, and pressing his palms together before him, he said, "Great kings, this humble priest is someone sent by the Tang emperor in the Land of the East to go to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures. Since I left our capital, Chang'an, it has been many years; even if I had any travel money, I have long spent it. Those of us who have left the family live by begging. Where do I have cash? I beg the great kings to be kind and let this humble priest pass through."

The two bandit chiefs drew near and said, "We have resolved to stand guard by this main road like a tiger with the sole intention of picking up some cash or money. What do you mean by kindness? If you don't have any money, take off your clothes quickly and leave us the white horse, too. We'll let you pass then."

"Amitabha!" replied Tripitaka. "The robe on this poor priest has been made from cloth begged from one family and needles from another. It is a garment, in fact, that has come from patchwork begging! Wouldn't it be just like killing me if you stripped me of it? You might be valiant men in this life, but you might become beasts in the next."

Angered by what he heard, one of the bandits wielded a big rod and wanted to hit the elder, who did not say a word but thought to himself, "Alas! Now you boast of your rod, but you have little idea of my disciple's rod!"

The bandit, of course, did not permit any further discussion; lifting his rod, he started to shower the elder with blows. Now, our elder had never lied in his life before, but faced with such a dilemma, he had no choice but to mouth falsehood. "Please do not raise your hands, great kings, both of you," he said. "I have a young disciple, who should arrive any moment. He has on him several ounces of silver, which I'll be glad to give to you."

"This monk," said the bandit, "can't take any pain. Let's tie him up."

His followers acted at once and bound their victim with a rope, after which he was hung high on a tree.

We tell you now about those three rowdy troublemakers, who were chasing the horse from behind. Laughing uproariously, Eight Rules said, "Master has gone off so quickly! I wonder where he's waiting for us."

Then he caught sight of the elder hanging on a tree in the distance, and he said, "Look at master! He should have just waited for us. But no, he's so spirited that he has to climb a tree for fun, swinging back and forth on a vine!" When Pilgrim saw that, he said, "Idiot, don't babble! Isn't master being hung up there? The two of you stay back, and let me go take a look."

Dear Great Sage! He jumped up to a knoll nearby, and when he stared in front of him, he recognized at once that there was a group of bandits. Secretly pleased, he thought to himself:

"Lucky! Lucky! Business is at the door!" Walking down from the knoll, he changed with one shake of his body into a young priest wearing a clerical robe. He was only about sixteen years old, and he had a blue cloth-wrap on his shoulder. In big strides, he came up to where his master was, crying, "Master, what do you have to say for yourself? Who are these bad men?"

"O disciple," replied Tripitaka, "aren't you going to rescue me? Why all these questions?"

"What sort of business are they engaged in?" asked Pilgrim. Tripitaka replied, "They are highwaymen; they barred my way and asked for toll money. As I had nothing on me, they tied me up and hung me here. They are waiting for you to show up to finish the discussion with them. If nothing works, we may have to give them this horse of ours." On hearing this, Pilgrim chuckled and said, "Master, you are so weak! There are many monks in the world, but few are as thinskinned as you. The Tang emperor, Taizong, sent you to see Buddha in the Western Heaven. But who told you to give away this dragon horse?"

"O disciple!" said Tripitaka. "They've already tied me up like this. If they want to beat me for fun, what shall I do?"

"What did you say to them anyway?" asked Pilgrim. "They threatened me with beatings," said Tripitaka, "until I had no choice but to make a confession about you."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "you are such a lark! What kind of confession did you make about me?"

Tripitaka replied, "I said that you had some travel money, just to make them stop hitting me. It was something to get me out of a jam."

"Fine! Fine! Fine!" said Pilgrim. "Thanks for doing me this favor! That's exactly the sort of confession about me I want! If you can make it seventy or eighty times a month, old Monkey will have lots of business." When those bandits saw him chatting with his master like that, they spread out and had them entirely surrounded. "Little monk," one of them said. "Your master told us that you had some travel money. Take it out quickly and your lives will be spared. If you but utter half a no, both of you will die on the spot!" Putting down his cloth wrap, Pilgrim said, "Officers, don't make a clamor! There is some travel money, not much, in this wrap: about twenty shoes of gold and perhaps thirty ingots of polished silver. I haven't made a count of the small change. If you want it, take the wrap, too, but please don't hit my master. As an ancient book says:

Virtue is fundamental;
Riches are accidental.

What you want is really the most peripheral thing. We are those who have left the family, and there will be other places for us to beg.

When we run into some aged person who wishes to feed and supply the monks, we will have allowances and we will have clothing.

How much can we use or spend? I just hope that you will release my master, and I'll offer you everything." When those bandits heard these words, they were most

pleased, all saying, “That old monk is so stingy, but this young one is quite generous.” One of the chiefs gave this command:

“Release him!” When that elder got his life again, he leaped on the horse; without another thought for Pilgrim, he took whip in hand and headed straight back on the road from which he came.

“You are going the wrong way!” shouted Pilgrim hurriedly. Picking up his wrap, he gave chase at once, only to be barred by the bandits. “Where do you think you are going?” said the bandit leader. “Put your money down, before I start the torture!”

“As I was saying,” chuckled Pilgrim, “the travel money ought to be divided into three portions.”

“This young priest,” said a bandit chief, “is pretty cagey! Now he wants to keep a little for himself after his master’s gone. All right! Take it out first and let’s have a look. If there’s enough, we’ll let you have a tiny bit—so that you can buy some goodies to eat when you are by yourself.”

“Oh, dear elder brother,” said Pilgrim, “that’s not what I meant. You think I really have travel money? What I meant was, that gold and silver you robbed from other people you must divide with me.” When the thief heard this, he became enraged. “This monk doesn’t know what’s good for him!” he hollered. “You are not willing to give me anything, and you ask me instead for something? Bah! Watch the beating!”

He raised up his knotty staff and gave the bald head of Pilgrim seven or eight blows, but Pilgrim behaved as if nothing whatever had happened. “Dear elder brother,” he said, full of smiles, “if that’s how you hit people, you can hit me until next spring and I won’t consider you doing it for real.”

Horrified, the bandit said, “This monk has quite a hard head!”

“Hardly! Hardly!” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “You praise me too much! It’s just passable!” Without permitting further discussion, two more of the bandits joined their leader and started to shower blows on Pilgrim. “Please calm your anger, all of you,” said Pilgrim. “Let me take out something.”

Dear Great Sage! He gave his ear a rub and brought out a tiny embroidery needle. “Sirs,” he said, “I’m someone who has left the family, and I haven’t any travel money with me. I have only this needle, which I’ll be glad to give to you.”

“What rotten luck!” said the bandit. “We released a wealthy priest and we have caught instead this poor, bald ass! You must be quite good at tailoring, I suppose.

What do I need a needle for?” When Pilgrim heard that he did not want the needle, he waved it once in his hand and it changed immediately into a rod with the thickness of a rice bowl. Growing fearful, the bandit said, “Though this monk appears to be young, he knows magic.” Sticking the rod into the ground, Pilgrim said to them, “If any of you can pick it up, it’s yours.”

The two bandit chiefs at once went forward to try to grab it, but alas, it was as if dragonflies were attempting to shake a stone pillar. They could not even budge it half a whit! This rod, you see, happened to be the compliant golden-hooped rod, which tipped the scale in Heaven at thirteen thousand, five hundred pounds.

How could those bandits have knowledge of this? The Great Sage walked forward and picked up the rod with no effort at all.

Assuming the style of the Python Rearing its Body, he pointed at the bandits and said, “Your luck’s running out, for you have met old Monkey!” One of the bandit chiefs approached him and gave him another fifty or sixty blows. “Your hands must be getting tired!” chuckled Pilgrim. “Let old Monkey give you one stroke of the rod. I won’t do it for real either!” Look at him! One wave of the rod and it grew to about seventy feet, its circumference almost as big as a well. He banged it on the bandit, and he at once fell to the ground: his lips hugging the earth, he could not make another sound.

The other bandit chiefs shouted, “This baldy is so audacious! He has no travel money, but he has killed one of us instead!”

“Don’t fret! Don’t fret!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “I’ll hit every one of you, just to make sure that all of you will be wiped out!” With another bang he beat to death the other bandit chief. Those small thieves were so terrified that they abandoned their weapons and fled for their lives in all directions.

We tell you now about that Tang Monk, who rode toward the east and was caught by Eight Rules and Sha Monk. “Master,” they said, “where are you going? You are heading in the wrong direction.”

The elder pulled in his reins, saying, “Oh, disciples, go quickly and tell your elder brother to be merciful with his rod. Tell him not to kill all those bandits.”

“Master, stay here,” said Eight Rules, “and let me go.” Idiot ran all the way back to the spot, shouting, “Elder Brother, Master tells you not to hit people.”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “since when have I hit any people?”

“Where did those bandits go?” asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim replied:

“All of them have scattered, but there are two of them sleeping here.”

“Plague on you two!” said Eight Rules with a laugh. “You must have been up all night, if you can take hardship like this! Why not go elsewhere? Of all places, you have to sleep here!” Idiot walked up to them and took a closer look. “They are just like me,” he said, “sleeping soundly with their mouths open, they are drooling just a little.”

“One stroke of old Monkey’s rod,” said Pilgrim, “has brought out their bean curd!”

“How could there be bean curd in people’s heads?” asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim replied, “I beat their brains out!” On hearing this, Eight Rules ran back hurriedly to say to the Tang Monk, “They have disbanded!”

“My goodness! My goodness!” said Tripitaka. “Which road did they take?”

Eight Rules said, “They have been beaten until their legs are stiff and straight. You think they can walk somewhere?”

“Why, then, did you say that they have disbanded?” asked Tripitaka.

“They have been beaten to death!” said Eight Rules. “Isn’t that disbanding?”

“How do they look now?” asked Tripitaka again, and Eight Rules said, “Two gaping holes in their heads.”

“Untie the wrap,” said Tripitaka, “and take out a few pennies. Go somewhere quickly and see if you can buy two tapes with ointment to tape them up.”

"You aren't serious," said Eight Rules, laughing. "Ointment can be taped on living people for their sores or boils. How could you cure the gaping holes of dead men?"

"Are they really beaten to death?" asked Tripitaka, and he became terribly upset, so much so that he began to berate Pilgrim under his breath, calling him wretched ape and miserable simian as he turned around the horse. Soon, he and his two disciples arrived at the spot where they found two bloody corpses lying beneath the mountain slope.

Unable to bear the sight, the elder at once commanded Eight Rules:

"Use your muckrake quickly and dig a hole to bury them. I'll recite for them a scroll of scripture for the dead."

"You've asked the wrong man, Master," said Eight Rules. "It was Pilgrim who killed these people, and he should be asked to bury them. Why do you make old Hog the grave-digger?" Pilgrim, however, was irritated by his master's castigations, and therefore he shouted at Eight Rules, "You lazy coolie! Bury them quickly! A little tardiness and you, too, will get the rod!"

Horrified, Idiot began digging at once beneath the slope. After the hole had reached a depth of about three feet, rocks and boulders in the ground resisted the rake. Abandoning his tool, our Idiot resorted to his snout to remove the rocks. When he hit the soft element again, one shove of his snout took away about two and a half feet of dirt and two shoves created a hole of about five feet.

Thus the two bandits were buried and a mound was raised. "Wukong,"

Tripitaka called out, "bring me some incense and candles, so that I may say a prayer and recite the scriptures."

"What silliness!" said Pilgrim, pouting. "Halfway up this mountain, when there is no village in front and no store behind us, where can I ask for incense and candles? There's no place for us to buy some even if we have the money."

"Move aside, ape head!" said Tripitaka spitefully. "Let me pinch s ome dirt to use as incense and then I'll pray."

And so,

Tripitaka left the saddle to mourn at a rustic grave;
The sage monk in kindness prayed to a lonely mound.

This was his supplication:

I bow to you noble ones,
Listen to all my reasons:
Have regard for this student,
From the East a Tang person.
The emperor Taizong by his own decree
To fetch scripture texts from the West sent me.
I came to this very place
And met you all face to face—
Natives of some prefecture or some district
Who have formed a gang on this hilly place.
With good words and kind

I begged you earnestly,
But you wouldn't change your mind
And instead grew so angry.
When you met up with Pilgrim,
Two of you fell by his rod.
I pity greatly your corpses exposed,
And I cover you with moundfuls of sod.
I break bamboo for candles—
Though lightless,
They mean well.
I take stones for offerings;
Though tasteless,
Truth they tell.
If you should protest at the Hall of Darkness
And dig up the past,
Remember that his name is Sun
And my name is Chen.
A wrong has its wrongdoer,
And a debt its creditor.
Please don't accuse this scripture seeker!

"Master," said Eight Rules, chuckling, "you have neatly passed the buck! But when he hit these people, we weren't around either."

Tripitaka indeed scattered another pinch of dirt and prayed:

"Noble ones, when you file suit, file it against Pilgrim only. Eight Rules and Sha Monk have nothing to do with this." When the Great Sage heard these words, he could no longer refrain from snickering.

"Master," he said, "there's not much kindness in you, is there? Because of your enterprise of seeking scriptures, I don't know how much energy or exertion I've spent. Now I've slaughtered these two crummy thieves, and you tell them instead to go file suit against old Monkey. Though it was I who raised my hands to kill them, I did it only for you. If you hadn't resolved to go to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven, and if I hadn't become your disciple, how could I end up killing people at this place? Now that you have said all those things, I might as well give them a little benediction!"

He lifted up his iron rod and pounded it three times on the grave mound, saying, "You plague-ridden bandits! Listen to me! You gave me seven whacks here and eight whacks there with your rods, beating me until I was sorely annoyed because your blows caused me neither itch nor pain. So, I made the mistake of beating you to death. You may go anywhere you like to file suit against me, but old Monkey is not afraid.

The Jade Emperor knows me;
The devarājas follow me;
The Twenty- Eight Constellations fear me;
The Nine Luminaries are afraid of me;
The prefectural, district, and municipal deities kneel before me;
Equal to Heaven, the guardian of Mount Tai dreads me;
The Ten Kings of Hell once served as my attendants;
The Five Grand Deities have been my houseboys;
Whether they be Five Bureaus of the Three Realms,

Or the Sundry Gods of the Ten Quarters,
They regard me as an intimate friend.

You may go anywhere you like to lodge your complaint!" When Tripitaka heard him using such strong language, he was quite shocked. "Oh, disciple," he said, "my prayer was meant to make you appreciate the reverence for life and become a virtuous person. Why are you taking it so hard?"

"Master," replied Pilgrim, "what you've said is no joke! Anyway, let's go find shelter for the night." Still nursing his anger, the elder forced himself to mount the horse.

Thus the Great Sage Sun harbored feelings of hostility, while Eight Rules and Sha Monk, too, were swayed by enmity. In fact, master and disciples, as they followed the main road westward, only appeared to be cordial. Presently a village north of the road came into sight, and, pointing with his whip, Tripitaka said, "Let's go over there to ask for shelter."

"Very good," replied Eight Rules.

They went up to the village where the Tang Monk dismounted. As they looked about, they found that it was a rather nice place after all. You see

On the path wild blooms parade;
Motley trees the door blockade.
Mountain streams from distant banks flow;
On level fields mallow and wheat grow.
Sedge and reed dew-moistened, a small gull rests.
Willows in gentle breeze, a tired bird nests.
Fresh cedars, pine-studded, rival in green.
Red smartweeds' bright hues with rushes are seen.
Village dogs bark;
Vesper cocks crow;
Cattle well-fed, cowboys now homeward go.
Yellow millet's cooked for smoke's in sight
From mountain homes at time of fading light.

As the elder walked forward, he saw an old man emerging from one of the village huts. The elder immediately greeted him, and the old man asked, "Where does the priest come from?"

"This humble cleric," replied Tripitaka, "is someone sent by imperial commission to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. It is getting late as I pass through your honored region, and that is why I have come to ask for a night's lodging." With a chuckle, the old man said, "It is an enormous journey from your place to mine. How is it that you have scaled the mountains and forded the waters all by yourself?"

"This humble cleric," said Tripitaka, "also has three disciples in my company."

"Where are your honored disciples?" asked the old man, and Tripitaka pointed with his hand to reply, "Those three standing near the main road." Lifting his head, the old man discovered how hideous they looked and he immediately turned to try to flee inside. He was caught by Tripitaka, however, who said, "Old patron, I beg you to be merciful. Please grant us shelter for one night."

Trembling all over, the old man could hardly speak. He waved his head and his hand, saying, “No! No! No! These can’t be human beings! They must be monster-spirits!”

Attempting to placate him with a smile, Tripitaka said, “Please don’t be afraid, patron. My disciples are born like that. They are not monster-spirits.”

“Oh, my father!” cried the old man. “One is a yakṣa, one is a horse-face, and one is a thunder squire.” On hearing this, Pilgrim shouted back, “The thunder squire is my grandson, the yakṣa is my great-grandson, and the horse-face is my great-great grandson.” When the old man heard this, his spirit left him and his soul fled; his face drained of all color, he only wanted to go inside.

Tripitaka took hold of him and entered the thatched hall. Smiling again, he said, “Old Patron, don’t be afraid of them. All of them are quite rude, and they don’t know how to speak properly.”

As he was thus trying to pacify the old man, an old woman leading a child about five or six years old walked out from the rear.

“Papa,” she said, “why are you fretting like that?” Only then did the old man say, “Mama, bring us some tea.”

The old woman indeed left the child behind to go inside and brought out two cups of tea. After he drank it, Tripitaka turned to bow to the old woman, saying, “This humble cleric is someone sent by the Great Tang of the Land of the East to go acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. I just arrived in your region and wanted to beg from you a night’s lodging. Because my three disciples are rather ugly in their appearances, the elder of your family has been struck with false alarm.”

“If you are so intimidated by ugly appearances,” said the old woman, “what would happen if you faced tigers or wolves?”

“Oh, Mama,” replied the old man, “it’s all right if they look ugly, but they are more scary once they open their mouths. I made the remark that they looked like a yakṣ, a horse-face, and a thunder squire, and one of them shouted back, saying that the thunder squire was his grandson, the yakṣ his great-grandson, and the horse-face his great-great grandson. I was quite terrified by what I heard.”

“No! No!” said the Tang Monk. “The one who looks like a thunder squire happens to be my eldest disciple, Sun Wukong; the one with the horse-face is my second disciple, Zhu Wuneng, and the one who looks like a yakṣ is my third disciple, Sha Wujing. Though they may be ugly, they have embraced the faith of utter poverty and made submission to the virtuous fruit. They are no vicious demons or ferocious fiends. Why fear them?”

Greatly relieved by what they heard, the old couple said, “Please come in, please come in.”

The elder walked out of the door to instruct his disciples, saying, “Just now the old man found you three most repulsive. When you go in now to meet him and his family, don’t offend them. All of you should behave more courteously.”

“I’m both handsome and civilized,” said Eight Rules, “and I’m not sassy like elder brother.”

“Indeed!” chuckled Pilgrim. “You’re a fine man, if it weren’t for that long snout, those big ears, and that hideous face!”

"Stop wrangling," said Sha Monk. "This isn't the place for you to be smart-alecks. Let's go in! Let's go in!"

Thereupon they brought the luggage and the horse inside, and after they reached the thatched hall, they made a bow before taking their seats. As she was both good and kind, the old woman took the little boy inside and then asked for rice to be cooked and a vegetarian meal to be prepared for master and disciples. After they ate, it grew dark and lamps were brought into the thatched hall so that the pilgrims could sit and chat. "Patron," asked the elder, "what is your noble surname?"

The elder replied, "My surname is Yang." When asked about his age, the old man replied that he was seventy-four. "How many sons do you have?" asked Tripitaka again. The old man said, "Only one. Just now, the one following Mama is our little grandson."

"I would like to greet your son," said the elder, "if he's willing to meet us."

"That fellow," replied the elder, "is not worthy of your bow. Life is rather cruel to this old moron, because I can't seem to be able to rear him. He's no longer staying with us."

"Where is he then," said Tripitaka, "and what sort of profession does he have?"

"Pity! Pity!" sighed the old man, shaking his head. "If he had a profession somewhere, that would be lucky for me. Unfortunately he is wicked in thought and has no regard for his origin. All he cares for is to plunder and rob, to kill and burn. His friends are all rascals and ruffians. He went out about five days ago, and he hasn't been back since." When Tripitaka heard this, he dared not reply, thinking to himself, "Perhaps he's one of those beaten to death by Wukong . . ."

As he grew more anxious, the elder rose from his seat and exclaimed, "My goodness! My goodness! How could such fine parents give birth to such a rebellious son!"

Approaching them, Pilgrim said, "Venerable Sir, such a vile and pernicious offspring can only implicate his parents in dire troubles. Why keep him? Let me go find him and slay him for you!"

"I would like to send him away, too," said the old man, "but I have no other heir. Though he lacks talents, I must still leave him behind to dig my grave." Smiling, both Eight Rules and Sha Monk said, "Elder Brother, you should mind your own business. You and I are not officials. If his family is unwilling, this affair should no longer concern us. Let us ask the patron for a bundle of hay instead so that we may make our bedding somewhere. By morning, we should be on our way."

The old man got up and took Sha Monk to the rear to pick up two bundles of hay. Then they were told to rest in a barn in the rear garden. After Pilgrim led the horse and Eight Rules poled the luggage to the barn, they retired, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about the son of the old man Yang, who was indeed one of those bandits. After Pilgrim had beaten to death the two chiefs on the mountain slope, the thieves scattered and fled for their lives. By about the time of the fourth watch, however, they had regrouped and came to knock on the door of the Yang house. When he heard the noise, the old man put on his clothes at once and said, "Mama, he's back."

"If he's here," said the old woman, "go open the door and let him in." No sooner had he opened the door when those thieves swarmed inside, all crying, "We're hungry! We're hungry!"

The son of old Yang hurried inside to wake up his wife, so that she could cook some rice. As there was no more firewood in the kitchen, he had to bring back some from the rear garden. Then he asked his wife in the kitchen, "Whose white horse is that in the rear garden?"

"It belongs to some monks from the Land of the East," said the wife, "who are on their way to seek scriptures. They came to ask for lodging last night, and Papa and Mama fed them dinner before they were sent to sleep in the barn back there." When the fellow heard this, he ran out to the thatched hall in front, laughing and clapping his hands. "Brothers," he said, "we're very lucky! Our foes are in the house!"

"Which foes?" asked the thieves. The fellow replied, "The monks who killed our chiefs came to our house to ask for shelter. They are sleeping in the haystacks in our barn."

"How marvelous!" said the bandits. "Let's catch these bald asses, and we'll chop each of them into minced meat. For one thing, we'll get the luggage and the horse; for another, we'll avenge our leaders."

"Don't be hasty," said the fellow. "All of you should sharpen your knives right now. Wait until the rice is cooked; after we have a full meal, we can attack them together."

The thieves indeed went to sharpen their knives and spears.

When the old man heard them talking like that, however, he went quietly to the rear garden and woke up the Tang Monk and his three disciples. "That fellow has led a band of his friends here," he said, "and when they discovered that you were here, they planned to harm you. Mindful of the fact that you have traveled a great distance to reach our place, this old moron can't bear the thought of your getting hurt. Pack your bags quickly, and I'll let you out the back door." When Tripitaka heard this, he shook all over as he kowtowed to thank the old man. Then he called Eight Rules to lead the horse, Sha Monk to pole the luggage, and Pilgrim to pick up the nineringed priestly staff. After the old man let them out of the back door, he returned to the front and quietly went to bed once more.

We tell you now about the fellow and his companions. When they had sharpened their knives and spears and eaten their fill, it was already about the time of the fifth watch. They rushed together into the rear garden, but no one was to be seen. Quickly lighting torches and lamps, they searched all around for a long time, but not a trace could be detected. Then they found that the back door was open, and they all said, "They've escaped from the back door!" With a shout, they gave chase immediately.

Every bandit was darting forward like an arrow, and by sunrise, they caught sight of the Tang Monk. When the elder heard shouts behind him, he turned to look and discovered a band of some thirty men rushing toward him, all armed with knives and spears. "Oh, disciples," he cried, "the brigand troops are catching up with us. What shall we do?"

"Relax, relax!" said Pilgrim. "Old Monkey will go finish them off!"

"Wukong," said Tripitaka as he stopped his horse, "you must not hurt these people. Just frighten them away." Unwilling, of course, to listen to his master, Pilgrim turned quickly to face his pursuers, saying, "Where are you going, sirs?"

"You nasty baldie!" cried the thieves. "Give us back the lives of our great kings!"

As they encircled Pilgrim, the bandits lifted their spears and knives to stab and hack away madly. The Great Sage gave one wave of his rod and it had the thickness of a bowl; with it, he fought until those bandits dropped like stars and dispersed like clouds. Those he bumped into died at once, those he caught hold of perished immediately, those he tapped had their bones broken, and those he brushed against had their skins torn. The few smart ones managed to escape, but the rest of the dumb ones all went to see King Yama! When Tripitaka saw that many men had fallen, he was so aghast that he turned and galloped toward the West, with Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk hard on the horse's heels. Pilgrim pulled over one of the wounded bandits and asked, "Which is the son of old Yang?"

"Father," groaned the thief, "the one in yellow." Pilgrim went forward to pick up a knife and beheaded the one in yellow. Holding the bloody head in his hand, he retrieved his iron rod and, in great strides, caught up with the Tang Monk. As he arrived before the horse, he raised the head and said, "Master, this is the rebellious son of old Yang, and he's been beheaded by old Monkey." Paling with fright, Tripitaka fell down from the horse, crying, "Wretched ape! You've scared me to death! Take it away! Take it away!"

Eight Rules went forward and kicked the head to the side of the road, where he used the muckrake to bury it.

Sha Monk, meanwhile, put down the luggage and took hold of the Tang Monk, saying, "Master, please get up."

After he regained composure, the Tang Monk stood on the ground and began to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell. The head of Pilgrim was clamped so painfully tight that his entire face turned scarlet, his eyes bulged, and dizziness overtook him. Rolling on the ground, all he could mutter was; "Stop that recital! Stop that recital!"

The elder, however, went on for more than ten times, and still he would not stop.

Pilgrim was doing somersaults and handstands, for the pain was truly unbearable. "Master, please forgive my sins!" he cried. "If you have something to say, say it. Just stop that recital!" Only then did Tripitaka halt his recitation and say, "I have nothing to say to you. I don't want you as my follower. Go back." Kowtowing despite his pain, Pilgrim said, "Master, how is it that you are chasing me away?"

"Brazen ape," said Tripitaka, "you're just too vicious! You are no scripture pilgrim. When you slaughtered those two bandit chiefs below the mountain slope yesterday, I took offense already at your lack of human kindness. When we reached that old man's house last night, he was good enough to give us lodging and food, and moreover, it was *he* who opened his back door to let us escape with our lives. Though his son is no good, he has not done anything to us to deserve this kind of execution. As if that's not enough, you have taken so many lives that you have practically destroyed the sentiment of peace in this world. I have tried to admonish you so many times, but there's not a single thought of kindness in you. Why should I keep you? Be gone, quickly! Or I will start reciting the magic words once more!"

"Stop it! Stop it!" cried a horrified Pilgrim. "I'm going!"

He said he would go, and immediately he vanished without a trace by his cloud somersault. Alas, thus it is that

Elixir will not ripen with a violent mind;
When spirit's unstable, the Way's hard to find.

We don't know to which direction the Great Sage rushed off; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-SEVEN

True Pilgrim lays bare his woes at Mount Potalaka
False Monkey King transcribes texts at Water-Curtain Cave

We were telling you about a dejected Great Sage Sun, who rose into midair. He was about to return to the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain, but he was afraid that those little fiends might laugh at him, for how could he be a true hero if he could betray his own word? He thought of seeking shelter in the celestial palace, but he feared that he would not be given permission to stay there long. He next thought of the islands in the sea, but then he was ashamed to face the resident immortals. Finally, he considered the dragon palace, but he could not stomach the idea of approaching the dragon kings as a suppliant. Truly, he had absolutely no place to go, and he thought sadly to himself, "All right! All right! All right! I'll go to see my master again, for only that will bear the right fruit."

He dropped down from the clouds and went before the horse of Tripitaka, saying, "Master, please forgive this disciple one more time! I'll never dare work violence again. I promise I'll accept all your admonitions, and I beg you to let me accompany you to the Western Heaven." When the Tang Monk saw him, however, he even refused to reply. As soon as he reined in the horse, he recited the Tight-Fillet Spell. Over and over again, he went through it for more than twenty times until the Great Sage fell prostrate to the ground, the fillet cutting an inch into his flesh. Only then did the elder stop and say, "Why don't you leave? Why have you come to bother me again?" Pilgrim could only reply, "Don't recite anymore! Don't recite anymore! I can spend my days somewhere, but without me I fear that you can't reach the Western Heaven."

Growing angry, Tripitaka said, "You are a murderous ape! Heaven knows how many times you've brought troubles on me! I absolutely don't want you anymore. Whether I can reach there or not, it's no concern of yours. Leave quickly! If you don't, I'll start the magic word again, and this time, I won't stop—not until your brains are squeezed out!" When the Great Sage saw that his master refused to change his mind, and as the pain was truly unbearable, he had no alternative but to mount his cloud somersault once more and rise into the air. Then he was struck by the thought:

"If this monk is so ungrateful to me, I'll go to the Bodhisattva Guanyin at Mount Potalaka and tell on him."

Dear Great Sage! He turned his somersault around and in less than an hour reached the Great Southern Ocean. Lowering his auspicious luminosity, he descended on the Potalaka Mountain and sped at once into the purple bamboo grove. There he was met by the disciple Mokṣa, who greeted him, saying, "Where is the Great Sage going?"

"I must see the Bodhisattva," replied Pilgrim. Mokṣa led him to the entrance of the Tidal Sound Cave, where the Boy Skilled in Wealth also greeted him, saying, "Why has the Great Sage come here?"

"I have something to tell on the Bodhisattva," Pilgrim said.

When he heard the words "to tell on,"

Skilled in Wealth laughed and said, "What a smart-mouthed ape! You think you can oppress people just like the time I caught the Tang Monk. Our Bodhisattva is a holy

and righteous goddess, one who is of great compassion, great promise, and great conveyance, one who with boundless power saves us from our sufferings. What has she done that you want to bring an accusation against her?" Pilgrim was already deeply depressed; what he heard only aroused him to anger and he gave such a snarl that the Boy Skilled in Wealth backed off at once. "You wicked, ungrateful little beast!" he shouted. "You are so dimwitt ed! You were once a fiend, a spirit, but it was I who asked the Bodhisattva to take you in. Since you have made your submission to the Right, you have been enjoying true liberty and long life—an age as everlasting, in fact, as Heaven's. Instead of thanking me, how dare you be so insulting? I said that I was going to tell something on the Bodhisattva. How dare you say that I'm smart-mouthed?"

Trying to placate him with a smile, Skilled in Wealth said, "You're still an impulsive ape! I was just teasing you. Why do you change color so suddenly?"

As they were thus conversing, a white cockatoo came into view, flying back and forth before them for a couple of times, and they knew that this was the summons of the Bodhisattva. Whereupon Mokṣa and Skilled in Wealth led the way to the treasure lotus platform. As Pilgrim went to his knees to bow to the Bodhisattva, he could no longer restrain the tears from gushing forth and he wailed loudly. Asking Mokṣa to lift him up, the Bodhisattva said, "Wukong, tell me plainly what's causing you such great sorrow. Stop crying! I'll relieve your suffering and dispel your woe." Pilgrim, still weeping, bowed again before he said, "In previous years, when has your disciple ever consented to be snubbed by anyone? When, however, I was liberated by the Bodhisattva from my Heaven-sent calamity, and when I took the vow of complete poverty to accompany the Tang Monk on his way to see Buddha for scriptures in the Western Heaven, I was willing to risk my very life. To rescue him from his demonic obstacles was like

Snatching a tender bone from the tiger's mouth,
Scraping off one scale, live, from a dragon's back.

My only hope was to be able to return to the Real and attain the right fruit, to cleanse myself of sins and destroy the deviates. How could I know that this elder could be so ungrateful! He cannot recognize any virtuous cause, nor can he distinguish between black and white."

"Tell me," said the Bodhisattva, "a little about the black and white." Whereupon Pilgrim gave a thorough account of how he had beaten to death the brigands, which provoked the misgivings of the Tang Monk; how without distinguishing black and white, the Tang Monk had used the Tight-Fillet Spell to banish him several times; and how he had to come to lay bare his woes to the Bodhisattva because there was no place on Earth or in Heaven where he could find refuge. Then the Bodhisattva said to him:

"When Tripitaka Tang received the imperial decree to journey to the West, his sole intention was to be a virtuous monk, and therefore he most certainly would not lightly take even one human life. With your limitless magic power, why should you beat to death these many bandits? Those brutish bandits are no good, to be sure, but they are, after all, human beings and they don't deserve such punishment. They are not like those fiendish fowl or monstrous beasts, those demons or griffins. If you kill or slaughter those things, it's your merit, but when you take human lives, then it's your wickedness. Just frighten them away, and you would still be able to protect your master. In my opinion, therefore, you have not acted in a virtuous manner." Still tearful, Pilgrim kowtowed and said, "Though I may not have acted in a virtuous manner, I should have been given a chance to use my merit to atone for my sins. I don't deserve to be banished like this. I beg now the Bodhisattva to have compassion on me and recite the Loose-

Fillet Spell. Let me be released from the golden fillet and I'll give it back to you. Let me go back to the Water-Curtain Cave with my life." Smiling at him, the Bodhisattva replied, "The Tight-Fillet Spell was imparted to me originally by Tathāgata, who sent me in that year to go find a scripture pilgrim in the Land of the East. He gave me three kinds of treasure: the brocade cassock, the nine-ringed priestly staff, and three fillets named the golden, the tight, and the prohibitive. I was also taught in secret three different spells, but there was no such thing as the Loose-Fillet Spell."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "let me take leave of the Bodhisattva."

The Bodhisattva asked, "Where are you going?"

"To the Western Heaven," replied Pilgrim, "where I'll beg Tathāgata to recite the Loose-Fillet Spell."

"Wait a moment," said the Bodhisattva, "and let me scan the fortune for you."

"No need for that," said Pilgrim. "This sort of misfortune is all I can take!"

"I'm not scanning yours," said the Bodhisattva, "but the Tang Monk's."

Dear Bodhisattva! As she sat solemnly on the lotus platform, her mind penetrated the three realms and her eyes of wisdom surveyed from a distance the entire universe. In a moment, she opened her mouth and said, "Wukong, your master will soon encounter a fatal ordeal. Before long, he will be looking for you, and I will tell him then to take you back so that both of you can acquire the scriptures to attain the right fruit."

The Great Sage Sun had no choice but to obey; not daring to misbehave, he stood at attention beneath the lotus platform where we shall leave him for the moment.

We tell you now about the elder Tang, who, after he had banished Pilgrim, told Eight Rules to lead the horse and Sha Monk to pole the luggage. All four of them headed toward the West. When they had traveled some fifty miles, Tripitaka stopped the horse and said, "Disciples, we left the village at the early hour of the fifth watch, and then that Ban-Horse-Plague made me terribly upset. After this half a day, I'm quite hungry and thirsty. Which of you will go beg me some food?"

"Please dismount, Master," said Eight Rules, "and let me see if there's a village nearby for me to do so." On hearing this, Tripitaka climbed down from the horse, while Idiot rose on the clouds. As he stared all around, he found mountains everywhere, but there was not a single house in sight. Dropping down, Eight Rules said to Tripitaka, "There's no place to beg food. I couldn't see a village anywhere."

"If there's no place to beg food," said Tripitaka, "let's get some water for my thirst."

Eight Rules said, "I'll go fetch some water from the brooklet south of the mountain." Sha Monk therefore handed the almsbowl over to him, and supporting it with his palm, Eight Rules left on the clouds and fog. The elder sat by the road to wait for him, but after a long while, he still did not return. The bitter thirst, alas, was becoming quite unbearable, for which we have a testimonial poem. The poem says:

To nurse breath and spirit, that's extraction:
Feelings and nature are in form the same.
Ailments arise from spirit and mind distraught;
When shape and sperm fail, the Way declines.
Three flowers fizzle and your labor's vain;

All Four Greats wither and you strive for naught.
Earth and wood sterile, metal and water die.
When will true self, so sluggish, be attained?

When Sha Monk saw how greatly Tripitaka was suffering from his hunger and thirst, and Eight Rules still had not returned with the water, he had no alternative but to put down the wraps and tie up the white horse. Then he said, "Master, please sit here for a moment; let me go and see if I can hurry him back with the water."

Tears welling up in his eyes, the elder could only nod his head to give his reply. Quickly mounting the cloudy luminosity, Sha Monk also headed for the south of the mountain.

As he sat there all by himself enduring his agonies, the elder suddenly heard a loud noise near him. He was so startled that he jumped up, and then he saw that Pilgrim Sun was kneeling on one side of the road, his two hands holding high a porcelain cup.

"Master," he said, "without old Monkey, you don't even have water. This is a cup of nice, cool water. Drink it to relieve your thirst, and let me then go beg some food for you."

"I won't drink your water!" replied the elder. "If I die of thirst on the spot, I'll consider this my martyrdom! I don't want you anymore! Leave me!"

"Without me," said Pilgrim, "you can't go to the Western Heaven."

"Whether I can or not," said Tripitaka, "is no business of yours! Lawless ape! Why are you bothering me again?"

Changing his color all at once, that Pilgrim became incensed and shouted at the elder, "You cruel bonze! How you humiliate me!"

He threw away the porcelain cup and slammed the iron rod on the back of the elder, who fainted immediately on the ground. Picking up the two blue woolen wraps, the monkey mounted his cloud somersault and went off to some place.

We now tell you about Eight Rules, who went to the south slope of the mountain with his almsbowl. As he passed the fold of the mountain, a thatched hut, the sight of which had been blocked previously by the mountain, came into view. He walked up to it and discovered that this was some sort of human residence. Idiot thought to himself, "I have such an ugly face. They will no doubt be afraid of me and refuse to give me any food. I must use transformation . . ."

Dear Idiot! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and shook his body seven or eight times. At last he changed into a yellowish, consumptive monk, still rather stoutish. Moaning and groaning, he staggered up to the door and called out:

"Patron,

If your kitchen has surplus rice,
Let it starved wayfarers suffice.

This humble cleric is from the Land of the East, on his way to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. My master, now sitting by the road, is hungry and thirsty. If you have any cold rice or burnt crusts, I beg you to give us some." Now, the men of the household, you see, had all gone to plant the fields, and only two women remained behind. They had just finished cooking lunch and filled two large bowls with rice to be sent to the fields, while some rice and crusts were still in the pot.

When they saw his sickly appearance, and when they heard all that muttering about going to the Western Heaven from the Land of the East, they thought that he was babbling because of his illness. Afraid, moreover, that he might fall dead right before their door, the women hurriedly packed the almsbowl with the leftovers, crust and all, which Idiot gladly received. After he left on the road from which he came, he changed back into his original form.

As he proceeded, he heard someone calling, "Eight Rules!" Raising his head, he found that it was Sha Monk, standing on a cliff and shouting, "Come this way! Come this way!"

Then he leaped down from the cliff and approached Eight Rules, saying, "There's lovely, clean water here in the brook. Why didn't you bail some? Where did you run off to?"

"When I reached here," said Eight Rules, chuckling, "I saw a house in the fold of the mountain. I went there and succeeded in begging from them this bowl of dried rice."

"We can use that," said Sha Monk, "but Master is terribly thirsty. How can we bring back some water?"

"That's easy," replied Eight Rules.

"Fold up the hem of your robe, and we'll use that to hold the rice. I'll take the alms-bowl to bail some water." In great spirits, the two of them went back to the spot by the road, where they saw Tripitaka lying down with his face hugging the earth. The reins were loosened, and the white horse was rearing up and neighing repeatedly by the road. The pole with the luggage, however, was nowhere to be seen. Eight Rules was so shaken that he stamped his feet and beat his breast, shouting, "This has to be it! This has to be it! The cohorts of those bandits whom Pilgrim Sun beat to death must have returned to kill Master and take the luggage."

"Let's tie up the horse first," said Sha Monk, and then he too began to shout:

"What shall we do? What shall we do? This is truly the failure that comes in midway!"

As he turned to call but once "Master," tears streamed down his face and he wept bitterly. "Brother," said Eight Rules, "stop crying. When we have reached this stage of affairs, let's not talk about that scripture business. You watch over Master's corpse, and let me ride to some village store in whatever county or district nearby and see if I can buy a coffin. Let's bury Master and then we can disperse." Unwilling, however, to give up on his master, Sha Monk turned the Tang Monk over on his back and put his own face up to the corpse's face. "My poor master!" he wailed, and presently, the elder's mouth and nose began to belch hot air as a little warmth could also be felt on his chest. "Eight Rules," cried Sha Monk hurriedly, "come over here. Master's not dead!" Our Idiot approached them and lifted up the elder, who woke up slowly, groaning all the time. "You lawless ape!" he exclaimed. "You've just about struck me dead!"

"Which ape is this?" asked both Sha Monk and Eight Rules, and the elder could do nothing more than to sigh. Only after he drank several gulps of water did he say, "Disciples, soon after both of you left, that Wukong came to bother me again. Because I adamantly refused to take him back, he gave me a blow with his rod and took away our blue woolen wraps." When Eight Rules heard this, he clenched his teeth as fire leaped

up from his heart. “This brazen ape!” he said. “How could he be so insolent? Sha Monk, you look after Master and let me go to his home to demand the wraps.”

“Stop being so angry,” said Sha Monk.

“We should take Master to that house in the fold of the mountain and beg for some hot liquids to warm up the rice we managed to get just now. Let’s take care of Master first before you go look for him.”

Eight Rules agreed; after having helped their master to mount up, they held the almsbowl and carried the cold rice up to the house’s door, where they found only an old woman inside. Seeing them, she quickly wanted to hide. Sha Monk pressed his palms together and said, “Old Mama, we are those from the Land of the East sent by the Tang court to go to the Western Heaven. Our master is somewhat indisposed, and that is why we have come here especially to your house to beg some hot tea or water, so that he may eat some rice.”

“Just now,” said the old woman, “there was a consumptive monk who claimed to have been sent from the Land of the East. We have already given him some food. How is it that you are also from the Land of the East? There’s no one in the house. Please go to someplace else.” On hearing this, the elder held onto Eight Rules and dismounted. Then he bent low and said, “Old *Popo,* I had originally three disciples, who were united in their efforts to accompany me to see Buddha for scriptures at the Great Thunderclap Monastery in India. My eldest disciple, whose name is Sun Wukong, has unfortunately practiced violence all his life and refused to follow the virtuous path. For this reason, I banished him. Little did I expect him to return in secret and give my back a blow with his rod. He even took our luggage and our clothing. I must now send a disciple to go find him and ask for our things, but the open road is no place to sit. Hence we have come to ask your permission to use your house as a temporary resting place. As soon as we get back our luggage, we’ll leave, for we dare not linger.”

“But there *was* a yellowish, consumptive monk just now,” said the old woman, “who received our food. He also claimed to be part of a pilgrimage going to the Western Heaven from the Land of the East. How could there be so many of you?” Unable to restrain his giggles, Eight Rules said, “That was I. Because I have this long snout and huge ears, I was afraid that your family might be frightened and refuse me food. That was why I changed into the form of that monk. If you don’t believe me, just take a look at what my brother’s carrying in the fold of his robe. Isn’t that your rice, crust and all?” When the old woman saw that it was indeed the rice that she had given him, she no longer refused them and asked them to go inside and take a seat. She then prepared a pot of hot tea, which she gave to Sha Monk for him to mix with the rice. After the master had eaten several mouthfuls, he felt more calm and said, “Which of you will go ask for the luggage?”

“In that year when Master sent him back there,” said Eight Rules, “I went to look for him. So I know the way to his Flower-Fruit Mountain and the Water-Curtain Cave.

Let me go! Let me go!”

“You can’t go!” replied the elder. “That monkey has never been friendly with you, and you are so rough with your words. A tiny slip when you talk to him and he may want to attack you. Let Wujing go.”

"I'll go! I'll go!" said Sha Monk agreeably, whereupon the elder gave him this further instruction:

"You must size up the situation as soon as you get there. If he's willing to give you our wraps, just pretend to thank him and take them. If he's unwilling, be sure not to argue or fight with him. Go directly to the Bodhisattva's place at the South Sea and tell her everything. Ask the Bodhisattva to demand the luggage from him."

After he had listened most attentively, Sha Monk said to Eight Rules, "When I'm gone, you must not be slack in your care of Master. And don't cause any mischief in this family, for I fear that they would not serve you rice then. I'll be back soon."

"I know," said Eight Rules, nodding. "But you must come back quickly, whether you succeed or not in getting our things back. I don't want something to happen like 'Hauling firewood with a pointed pole: you lose at both ends'!"

And so, Sha Monk made the magic sign and mounted the cloudy luminosity to head for the East Pūrvavideha Continent. Truly,

Body's here but spirit has flown its lodge.
How could fireless oven heat elixir?
Yellow Dame leaves her lord to seek Metal Squire;
Wood Mother bids a teacher in sickly looks.
This journey's of unknown returning date,
A time, hard to surmise, of coming home.
Five Phases work no smooth conquest or growth.
Wait till Mind Monkey reenters the pass.

Only after he had traveled in the air for three nights and days did Sha Monk finally reach the Great Eastern Ocean. As the sound of waves reached his ears, he lowered his head and saw that

Black fog swelling skyward makes the dark air dense;
The brine holds the sun to chill the light of dawn.

He was, of course, too preoccupied to enjoy the scenery. Passing the immortal island of Yingzhou, he hurried toward the Flower-Fruit Mountain, riding on the oceanic wind and tide.

After a long while, he saw towering peaks jutting up like rows of halberds and sheer cliffs like hanging screens. He dropped down on the highest summit and began to search for his way to the Water-Curtain Cave. As he drew near his destination, he began to hear a noisy din made by countless monkey spirits living in the mountain. Sha Monk walked closer and found Pilgrim Sun sitting high on a rock terrace, his two hands holding up a piece of paper from which he was reading aloud the following statement:

Emperor Li, King of the Great Tang in the Land of the East, now commands the sage monk, Chen Xuanzang, royal brother before the throne and master of the Law, to go to India in the West, and ask for scriptures in all sincerity from the Buddhist Patriarch, Tathāgata, in the Great Thunderclap Monastery on the Spirit Mountain.

Because of grave illness invading our body, our soul departed for the region of Hades. It was our good fortune to have our life span unexpectedly lengthened, and the Kings of Darkness kindly returned us to life. Whereupon we convened a vast and goodly assembly to erect a Plot of the Way for the redemption of the dead. We were indebted to the salvific and woe-dispelling Bodhisattva Guanshiyin, who appeared to us in her golden form and revealed that there were both Buddha and scriptures in the West, which could deliver and redeem the lost souls of the dead. We have, therefore, commissioned Xuanzang, master of the Law, to traverse a thousand mountains in order to acquire such scriptures. When he reaches the various

states of the Western region, we hope that they will not destroy such goodly affinity and allow him to pass through on the basis of this rescript.

This is an imperial document promulgated on an auspicious day in the autumn of the thirteenth year in the Zhenguan reign period of the Great Tang.

Since leaving my noble nation, I have passed through several countries, and in midjourney, I have made three disciples: the eldest being Pilgrim Sun Wukong, the second being Zhu Wuneng Eight Rules, and the third being Sha Wujing Monk.

After he read it aloud once, he started again from the beginning. When Sha Monk realized that it was the travel rescript, he could no longer contain himself. Drawing near, he shouted:

"Elder Brother, this is Master's rescript. Why are you reading it like that?" When that Pilgrim heard this, he raised his head but could not recognize Sha Monk. "Seize him! Seize him!" he yelled. The other monkeys immediately had Sha Monk surrounded; pulling and tugging at him, they hauled him before that Pilgrim, who bellowed, "Who are you, that you dare approach our immortal cave without permission?" When Sha Monk saw how he had changed color and refused to recognize his own, he had little choice but to bow low and say, "Let me inform you, Elder Brother. Our master previously was rather impetuous and wrongly put the blame on you. He even cast the spell on you several times and banished you home. Your brothers did not really try to pacify Master for one thing, and for another, we soon had to look for water and beg for food because of Master's hunger and thirst. We didn't expect you to come back with all your good intentions. When you took offense at Master's adamant refusal to take you in again, you struck him down, left him fainted on the ground, and took the luggage. After we rescued him, I was sent to plead with you. If you no longer hate Master, and if you can recall his previous kindness in giving you freedom, please give us back the luggage and return with me to see Master. We can go to the Western Heaven together and accomplish the right fruit. But if your animosity is deep and you are unwilling to leave with me, please give me back the wraps at least. You can enjoy your old age in this mountain, and you will have done at the same time all of us a very good turn." When he heard these words, that Pilgrim laughed scornfully and said, "Worthy Brother, what you said makes little sense to me. I struck the Tang Monk and I took the luggage not because I didn't want to go to the West, nor because I loved to live in this place. I'm studying the rescript at the moment precisely because I want to go to the West all by myself to ask Buddha for the scriptures. When I deliver them to the Land of the East, it will be my success and no one else's. Those people of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent will honor me then as their patriarch and my fame will last for all posterity."

"You have spoken amiss, Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, smiling, "Why, we have never heard anyone speaking of 'Pilgrim Sun seeking scriptures'! When our Buddha Tathāgata created the three canons of true scriptures, he also told the Bodhisattva Guanyin to find a scripture pilgrim in the Land of the East. Then she wanted us to traverse a thousand hills and search through many states as protectors of that pilgrim. The Bodhisattva once told us that the scripture pilgrim was originally Tathāgata's disciple, whose religious designation was the Elder Gold Cicada. Because he failed to listen attentively to a lecture of the Buddhist Patriarch, he was banished from the Spirit Mountain to be reborn in the Land of the East. He was then instructed to bear the right fruit in the West by cultivating once more the great Way. Since it was preordained that he should encounter many demonic obstacles in his journey, we three were liberated so that we might become his guardians. If Elder Brother does not wish to

accompany the Tang Monk in his quest, which Buddhist Patriarch would be willing to impart to you the scriptures? Haven't you dreamed up all this in vain?"

"Worthy Brother," said that Pilgrim, "you've always been rather blockish! You know one thing, but you fail to perceive another. You claim that you have a Tang Monk who needs both of us to protect him. Do you really think that I don't have a Tang Monk? I have already selected here a truly enlightened monk, who will go acquire the scriptures and old Monkey will only help him. Is there anything wrong with that? We have, in fact, decided that we'll begin the journey tomorrow. If you don't believe me, let me show you."

He then cried:

"Little ones, ask the old master to come out quickly please."

The little fiends indeed ran inside and led out a white horse, followed by a Tripitaka Tang, an Eight Rules poling the luggage, and a Sha Monk carrying the priestly staff.

Enraged by the sight, Sha Monk cried, "Old Sand here changes neither his name when he walks nor his surname when he sits. How could there be another Sha Monk? Don't be impudent! Have a taste of my staff!"

Dear Sha Monk! Lifting high his fiend-routing staff with both his hands, he killed the specious Sha Monk with one blow on the head. He was actually a monkey spirit. That Pilgrim, too, grew angry; wielding his golden-hooped rod, he led the other monkeys and had Sha Monk completely surrounded. Charging left and right, Sha Monk managed to fight his way out of the encirclement. As he fled for his life by mounting the cloud and fog, he said to himself:

"This brazen ape is such a rogue! I'm going to see the Bodhisattva to tell on him!" When that Pilgrim saw that the Sha Monk had been forced to flee, he did not give chase. He went back to his cave instead and told his little ones to have the dead monkey skinned. Then his meat was taken to be fried and served as food along with coconut and grape wines. After they had their meal, that Pilgrim selected another monkey monster who knew transformation to change into a Sha Monk. He again gave them instructions on how to go to the West, and we shall leave them for the moment.

Once Sha Monk had left the Eastern Ocean by mounting the clouds, he reached the South Sea after journeying for a day and night.

As he sped forward, he saw the Potalaka Mountain approaching, and he stopped his cloud to look around. Marvelous place it was! Truly

This secret spot of Heaven,
This hidden depth of Earth,
Where a hundred springs join to bathe both sun and stars,
Where the wind blows as the moon beams her rippling light.
When the tide rises, the great fishes change:
When the waves churn, the huge scorpaenids swim.
Here water joins the northwest sea,
Its billows the Eastern Ocean fuse.
The four seas are linked by the same Earth pulse;
Each isle immortal has its fairy homes.
Speak not of Penglai every where.
Let's look at Cave Potalaka.

What fine scenery!
The peak's bright colors show prime essence strong.
Auspicious breeze wafts moonlight beneath the ridge.
Through groves of purple bamboo peacocks fly;
On willow-branch a sentient parrot speaks.
Jade grass, jasper flowers bloom fair each year:
Gold lotus, jewelled trees grow annually.
A few times the white cranes fly up the peak;
The phoenix comes often to the mount-kiosk.
E'en fishes by nature seek authentic Truth,
For to hear scriptures they leap through the waves.

Descending slowly from the Potalaka Mountain as he admired the scenery, he was met by the disciple, Mokṣa, who said to him, "Sha Wujing, why aren't you accompanying the Tang Monk to procure scriptures? Why are you here?"

After Sha Monk returned his bow, he said, "I have a matter that requires my having an audience with the Bodhisattva. Please take the trouble to announce me." Mokṣa already knew that it had to do with his search for Pilgrim, but he did not mention it. He went instead inside first and said to the Bodhisattva, "The youngest disciple of the Tang Monk, Sha Wujing, is outside seeking an audience." When Pilgrim Sun heard that beneath the platform, he chuckled and said, "This has to be that the Tang Monk has met some kind of ordeal, and Sha Monk is here to seek the assistance of the Bodhisattva."

The Bodhisattva at once asked Mokṣa to call him in, and Sha Monk went to his knees to kowtow. After his bow, he raised his head and was about to tell the Bodhisattva what had happened, when all of a sudden he saw Pilgrim Sun standing on one side. Without even a word, Sha Monk whipped out his fiend-routing staff and aimed it at Pilgrim's face. Pilgrim, however, did not fight back; he only stepped aside to dodge the blow. "You brazen ape!" screamed Sha Monk. "You rebellious simian guilty of ten evil deeds! So, you are even here to hoodwink the Bodhisattva!"

"Wujing!" shouted the Bodhisattva. "Don't raise your hands! If you have a complaint, tell it to me first." Putting away his treasure staff, Sha Monk knelt down before the platform, and, still huffing, said to the Bodhisattva, "This monkey has performed countless violent acts along the way. The day before, he beat two highwaymen to death beneath the mountain slope, and Master already found fault with him. Little did we expect that that very night we had to live right in the bandit camp, and he slaughtered a whole band of them. As if that weren't enough, he took a bloody head back to show to Master, who was so aghast that he fell down from his horse. It was then that Master gave him a reprimand and banished him. After we separated, Master found the hunger and thirst unbearable at one place and told Eight Rules to go find water. When he didn't return after a long while, I was told to go find him. When Pilgrim Sun saw that we both had left, he sneaked back and gave Master a blow with his iron rod, after which he took away our two blue woolen wraps. When we finally returned, we managed to revive Master, and then I had to make a special trip to his Water-Curtain Cave to demand from him the wraps. How could I know that he would change his face and refuse to recognize me? Instead, he was reciting back and forth the travel rescript of Master. When I asked him why, he said that he was no longer willing to accompany the Tang Monk. He wanted to go procure sciptures in the Western Heaven and take them all by himself to the Land of the East. That, he said, would be his sole merit, and the people would honor him as their patriarch while his fame would be everlasting. I told him,

‘Without the Tang Monk, who would be willing to give you scriptures?’ He said then that he had already selected a true, enlightened monk, and he brought out a Tang Monk, all right, including a white horse, followed by an Eight Rules and a Sha Monk for me to see. ‘I’m the Sha Monk,’ I said, ‘so how could there be another Sha Monk?’ I rushed up to this impostor and gave him a blow with my treasure staff; it turned out to be a monkey spirit. Then this ape led his followers to try to capture me, and that was when I fled and decided to come here to inform the Bodhisattva. He must have used his cloud somersault and arrived first, and I don’t know what sort of balderdash he has mouthed to dupe the Bodhisattva.”

“Wujing,” said the Bodhisattva, “don’t blame another person wrongly. Wukong has been here for four days, and I haven’t let him go anywhere. How could he have gone to find another Tang Monk to go fetch scriptures by themselves?”

“But,” said Sha Monk, “I saw a Pilgrim Sun in the Water-Curtain Cave. You think I’m lying?”

“In that case,” said the Bodhisattva,“don’t get upset. I’ll tell Wukong to go with you to take a look at the Flower-Fruit Mountain. Truth is indestructible, but falsehood can easily be eliminated. When you get there, you’ll find out.” On hearing this, our Great Sage and Sha Monk took leave at once of the Bodhisattva and left. And so, the result of their journey will be that

Before Mount Flower- Fruit black and white will be made distinct;
By the Water-Curtain Cave the true and perverse will be seen.

We don’t know, however, how that will be accomplished; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-EIGHT

Two Minds cause disorder in the great cosmos
It's hard for one body to realize true Nirvāṇa

After our Pilgrim and Sha Monk kowtowed to take leave of the Bodhisattva, they rose on two beams of auspicious light and departed from the South Sea. Now, the cloud somersault of Pilgrim, you see, was much faster than the mere cloud soaring of Sha Monk. He therefore wanted to speed ahead, but Sha Monk pulled him back, saying, "Elder Brother, you need not try to cover up or hide your tracks by getting there first. Let me travel right beside you."

The Great Sage, of course, was full of good intentions, whereas Sha Monk at that moment was filled with suspicion.

So, the two of them rode the clouds together and in a little while, they spotted the Flower-Fruit Mountain. As they lowered their clouds to glance around, they found indeed outside the cave another Pilgrim, sitting high on a stone ledge and drinking merrily with a flock of monkeys. His looks were exactly the same as those of the Great Sage: he, too, had a gold fillet clamped to his brownish hair, a pair of fiery eyes with diamond pupils, a silk shirt on his body, a tiger kilt tied around his waist, a golden-hooped iron rod in one of his hands, and a pair of deerskin boots on his feet. He, too, had

A hairy face, a thunder god beak,
An empty jowl unlike Saturn's;
Two forked ears on a big, broad head,
And huge fangs that have outward grown.

His ire aroused, our Great Sage abandoned Sha Monk and rushed forward, wielding his iron rod and crying, "What sort of a fiend are you that you dare change into my appearance, take my descendants captive, occupy my immortal cave, and assume such airs?" When that Pilgrim saw him, he did not utter a word of reply; all he did was meet his opponent with the iron rod. The two Pilgrims closed in, and you could not distinguish the true one from the false. What a fight!

Two iron rods,
Two monkey sprites,
This fight of theirs is truly no light thing!
They both want to guard the royal brother of Tang,
Each seeking merit to acquire great fame.
The true ape accepts the poverty faith;
The specious fiend utters false Buddhist claims.
Their magic gives them transformations vast:
They're exact equals, that's the honest truth!
One is the Equal to Heaven Sage of the unified breath of Composite Prime;
One is a long-cultivated sentient spirit, able to shorten the ground.
This one is the compliant golden-hooped rod;
That one is the acquiescent staff of iron.
They block and parry and fight to a draw;

They buck and resist and neither can win.
They join hands at first outside the cave;
Soon they rise to do battle in midair.

Treading on the cloudy luminosity, the two of them rose into the sky to fight. On the side, Sha Monk did not have the courage to join the battle, for he found it truly difficult to distinguish between the two of them. He wanted very much to lend his assistance, but he feared that he might inadvertently inflict harm on the real Pilgrim. After waiting patiently for a long while, he leaped down from the mountain cliff and wielded his fiend-routing staff to disperse the various fiends outside the Water-Curtain Cave. He then overturned the stone benches and smashed to pieces all those eating and drinking utensils before searching for his two blue woolen wraps. They were, however, nowhere to be seen. The cave, you see, was located actually behind a huge waterfall, which had the entrance neatly hidden as if it were behind a white curtain. That was the reason for the name, Water-Curtain Cave. Sha Monk, of course, had no idea of its history or its layout, and it was therefore difficult for him to make his search.

Unable to recover his wraps, Sha Monk again mounted the clouds to rush up to midair. He held high his treasure staff, but he simply dared not strike at either of the combatants. "Sha Monk," said the Great Sage, "if you can't help me, go back to Master and tell him about our situation. Let old Monkey do battle with this fiend all the way to the Potalaka Mountain of South Sea so that the Bodhisattva can distinguish the true from the false." When he finished speaking, the other Pilgrim also said the same thing. Since both of them had exactly the same appearance and there was not even the slightest difference even in their voices, Sha Monk could not distinguish one from the other. He had no choice but to change the direction of his cloud and go back to report to the Tang Monk. We shall now leave him for the moment.

Look at those two Pilgrims instead! They fought as they journeyed; soon they arrived at the Potalaka Mountain in the South Sea, trading blows and insults all the time. All the continuous uproar quickly alerted the various guardian deities, who rushed inside the Tidal Sound Cave to say, "Bodhisattva, there are indeed two Sun Wukongs who have arrived fighting!"

The Bodhisattva immediately descended from her lotus platform to go out of the cave with her disciples Mokṣa, the Boy Skilled in Wealth, and the Dragon Girl.

"Cursed beasts," she cried, "where do you two think you are going?" Still entangled together, one of them said, "Bodhisattva, this fellow indeed resembles your disciple. We started our battle from the Water-Curtain Cave, but we have not yet reached a decision even after such a long bout. The fleshy eyes of Sha Wujing were too dim and dull to tell us apart, and thus he couldn't help us even if he had the strength. Your disciple told him to go back to the road to the West and report to my master. I have fought with this fellow up to your treasure mountain because I want you to lend us your eyes of wisdom. Please help your disciple to distinguish the true from the false, the real from the perverse." When he finished speaking, the other Pilgrim also repeated the same words. The various deities and the Bodhisattva stared at the two for a long time, but none could tell them apart. "Stop fighting," said the Bodhisattva, "and stand apart.

Let me look at both of you once more."

They indeed let go of each other and stood on opposite sides. "I'm the real one," said one side.

"He's a fake!" said the other.

Asking Mokṣa and Goodly Wealth to approach her, the Bodhisattva whispered to them this instruction:

"Each of you take hold of one of them firmly, and let me start reciting in secret the Tight-Fillet Spell. The one whose head hurts is the real monkey; the one who has no pain is specious." Indeed, the two disciples took hold of the two Pilgrims as the Bodhisattva recited in silence the magic words.

At once the two of them gripped their heads and rolled on the ground, both screaming, "Don't recite! Don't recite!"

The Bodhisattva stopped her recital, and the two of them again became entangled together, fighting and shouting as before. Unable to think of anything else, the Bodhisattva asked the various deities and Mokṣa to go forward to help, but the gods were afraid that they might hurt the real person and they, therefore, dared not raise their hands. "Sun Wukong," called the Bodhisattva, and the two of them answered in unison.

"When you were appointed Bimawen," she said, "and when you brought chaos to Heaven, all those celestial warriors could certainly recognize you. You go up to the Region Above now and they should be able to distinguish between the two of you."

This Great Sage thanked her and the other Pilgrim also thanked her.

Tugging and pulling at each other, screaming and hollering at each other, the two of them went before the South Heaven Gate. The Devarāja Virūpākṣa was so startled that he led Ma, Zhao, Wen, and Guan, the four great celestial warriors, and the rest of the divine gate attendants to bar the way with their weapons. "Where are you two going?" they cried. "Is this a place for fighting?"

The Great Sage said, "I was accompanying the Tang Monk on his way to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. Because I slayed some thieves on the way, that Tripitaka banished me, and I went to tell my troubles to the Bodhisattva Guanyin at the Potalaka Mountain. I have no idea when this monster-spirit assumed my form, struck down my master, and robbed us of our wraps. Sha Monk went to look for our things at the Flower-Fruit Mountain and discovered that this monster-spirit had taken over my lair. Thereafter, he went to seek the assistance of the Bodhisattva, and when he saw me standing at attention beneath the platform, he falsely accused me of using my cloud somersault in order to cover up my faults. The Bodhisattva, fortunately, was righteous and perceptive; she didn't listen to Sha Monk and told me to go with him instead to examine the evidence at the Flower-Fruit Mountain. I discovered there that this monster-spirit indeed resembled old Monkey. We fought just now from the Water-Curtain Cave to the place of the Bodhisattva, but even she found it difficult to tell us apart. That's why we came here. Let all of you deities take the trouble of using your perception and make distinction between the two of us." When he finished speaking, that Pilgrim also gave exactly the same account. Though the various gods stared at them for a long time, they could not tell the difference. "If all of you can't recognize us," the two of them shouted, "stand aside and let us go see the Jade Emperor!" Unable to resist them, the various deities had to let them through the Heaven Gate, and they went straight up to the Treasure Hall of Divine Mists. Marshal Ma dashed inside with Zhang, Ge, Xu, and Qiu, the Four Celestial Masters, to memorialize, saying, "There are two Sun Wukongs from the Region Below who have fought their way into the Heaven Gate. They claim they want to see the Emperor."

Hardly had they finished speaking when the two monkeys brawled their way in. The Jade Emperor was so taken aback that he stood up and came down the treasure hall

to ask, “For what reason did the two of you enter the celestial palace without permission? Are you seeking death with your brawling before us?”

“Your Majesty! Your Majesty!” cried our Great Sage. “Your subject has already made submission and embraced the vow of poverty.

I would never dare be so audacious as to mock your authority again. But because this monster-spirit has changed into the form of your subject, . . .” whereupon he gave a thorough account of what had taken place, ending with the words, “I beg you to do this for your subject and distinguish between the two of us.”

That Pilgrim also gave exactly the same account.

Issuing a decree at once to summon Devarāja Li, the Pagoda-Bearer, the Jade Emperor commanded:

“Let us look at those two fellows through the imp-reflecting mirror, so that the false may perish and the true endure.”

The devarāja took out the mirror immediately and asked the Jade Emperor to watch with the various celestial deities. What appeared in the mirror were two reflections of Sun Wukong: there was not the slightest difference between their golden fillets, their clothing, and even their hair. Since the Jade Emperor found it impossible to distinguish them, he ordered them chased out of the hall.

Our Great Sage was laughing scornfully, while that Pilgrim also guffawed jovially as they grabbed each other’s head and neck once more to fight their way out of the Heaven Gate. Dropping down to the road to the West, they shouted at each other, “I’ll go see Master with you! I’ll go see Master with you!” We now tell you about that Sha Monk, who since leaving them at the Flower-Fruit Mountain, traveled again for three nights and days before he arrived at the mountain hut. After he told the Tang Monk all that had taken place, the elder was filled with regret, saying, “I thought at that time that it was Sun Wukong who gave me a blow with his rod and who robbed us of our wraps. How could I know that it was a monster-spirit who had assumed the form of Pilgrim?”

“Not only did that fiend do that,” said Sha Monk, “but he had someone change into an elder, and another into Eight Rules poling our wraps. In addition to a white horse, there was still another fiend who changed into the likeness of me. I couldn’t restrain my anger and killed him with one blow of my staff. He was actually a monkey spirit. I left in a hurry to go to inform the Bodhisattva, who then asked Elder Brother to go with me to see for ourselves back at the Water-Curtain Cave. When we arrived, we discovered that that fiend was indeed an exact copy of Elder Brother. I couldn’t tell them apart and it was difficult, therefore, for me to lend any assistance. That’s why I came back first to report to you.” On hearing this, Tripitaka paled with fright, but Eight Rules laughed uproariously, saying, “Fine! Fine! Fine! The *Popo* of our patron’s house has spoken true! She said that there had to be several groups of pilgrims going to procure scriptures. Isn’t this another group?”

The members of that family, old and young, all came to ask Sha Monk, “Where have you been these last few days? Did you go off to seek travel money?”

“I went to the place of my Big Brother,” said Sha Monk with a laugh, “at the Flower-Fruit Mountain of the East Pūrvavideha Continent to look for our luggage. Next I went to have an audience with the Bodhisattva Guanyin at the Potalaka Mountain of

South Sea. Then I had to go back to the Flower-Fruit Mountain again before I came back here."

"What was the distance that you had to travel?" asked the old man. "Back and forth," replied Sha Monk, "it had to be about two hundred thousand miles."

"Oh, Sire," said the old man, "you mean to tell me that you have covered all that distance in these few days? You must have soared on the clouds, or you would never have made it."

"If he didn't soar on the clouds," said Eight Rules, "how could he cross the sea?"

"We haven't covered any distance," said Sha Monk. "If it were my Big Brother, it would take only a couple of days for him to get there and return." When those family members heard what he said, they all claimed that their visitors had to be immortals. "We are not immortals," said Eight Rules, "but the immortals are really our juniors!"

As they were speaking, they suddenly heard a great uproar in the middle of the sky. They were so startled that they came out to look, and they found two Pilgrims locked in battle as they drew near. On seeing them, Eight Rules's hands began to itch, and he said, "Let me see if I can tell them apart."

Dear Idiot! He leaped into the air and cried, "Elder Brother, don't fret! Old Hog's here!"

The two Pilgrims cried out at the same time, "Brother, come and beat up this monster-spirit!"

The old man was so astonished by the sight that he said to himself, "So we have in our house several arhats who can ride the clouds and mount the fog! Even if I had made a vow to feed the monks, I might not have been able to find this kind of noble people." Without bothering to think of the cost, he wanted at once to bring out more tea and rice to present to his visitors. Then he muttered to himself, "But I fear that no good can come out of these two Pilgrims fighting like that. They will overturn Heaven and Earth and cause terrible calamity who knows where!" When Tripitaka saw that the old man was openly pleased, though he was, at the same time, full of secret anxiety, he said to him, "Please do not worry, old Patron, and don't start any lamentation. When this humble cleric succeeds in subduing his disciple and in inducing the wicked to return to virtue, he will most certainly thank you."

"Please don't mention it! Please don't mention it!" said the old man repeatedly. "Please don't say anything more, Patron," said Sha Monk. "Master, you sit here while I go up there with Second Elder Brother. Each of us will pull before you one of them, and you can start reciting that little something. We'll be able to tell, for whoever has pain will be the real Pilgrim."

"You are absolutely right," said Tripitaka.

Sha Monk indeed rose to midair and said, "Stop fighting, the two of you, and we'll go with you to Master and let him distinguish the true from the false." Our Great Sage desisted, and that Pilgrim also dropped his hands. Sha Monk took hold of one of them and said, "Second Elder Brother, you take the other one."

They dropped down from the clouds and went before the thatched hut. As soon as he saw them, Tripitaka began reciting the Tight-Fillet Spell, and the two of them

immediately screamed, “We’ve been fighting so bitterly already. How could you still cast that spell on us? Stop it! Stop it!”

As his disposition had always been kind, the elder at once stopped his recitation, but he could not tell them apart at all. Shrugging off the hold of Sha Monk and Eight Rules, the two of them were again locked in battle. “Brothers,” said our Great Sage, “take care of Master, and let me go before King Yama with him to see if there could be any way of discriminating us.”

That Pilgrim also spoke to them in the same manner. Tugging and pulling at each other, the two of them soon vanished from sight.

“Sha Monk,” said Eight Rules, “when you saw the false Eight Rules poling the luggage in the Water-Curtain Cave, why didn’t you take it away?” Sha Monk said, “When that monster-spirit saw me slaying his false Sha Monk with my treasure staff, he and his followers surrounded me and wanted to seize me. I had to flee for my life, you know. After I told the Bodhisattva and went back to the entrance of the cave with Pilgrim, the two of them fought in midair while I went to overturn their stone benches and scattered the little fiends. All I saw then was a huge cascade flowing into a stream, but I could not find the cave entrance anywhere nor could I locate the luggage. That’s why I came back to Master empty-handed.”

“You really couldn’t have known this,” said Eight Rules. “When I went to ask him to return that year,

I met him first outside the cave. After I succeeded in persuading him to come, he said he wanted to go inside to change clothes. That was when I saw him diving right through the water, for the cascade is actually the cave entrance. That fiend, I suppose, must have hidden our wraps in there.”

“If you know where the entrance is,” said Tripitaka, “you should go there now while he is absent and take out our wraps. Then we can go to the Western Heaven by ourselves. Even if he should want to join us again, I won’t use him.”

“I’ll go,” answered Eight Rules. “Second Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “there are over a thousand little monkeys in that cave of his. You may not be able to handle them all by yourself.”

“No fear, no fear,” said Eight Rules, laughing. He dashed out of the door, mounted the cloud and fog, and headed straight for the Flower-Fruit Mountain to search for the luggage.

We tell you now instead about those two Pilgrims, who brawled all the way to the rear of the Mountain of Perpetual Shade. All those spirits on the mountain were so terrified that they, shaking and quaking, tried desperately to hide themselves. A few managed to escape first and they rushed inside the fortified pass of the nether region and reported in the Treasure Hall of Darkness:

“Great Kings, there are two Great Sages, Equal to Heaven, who are fighting their way down from the Mountain of Perpetual Shade.” King Qinguang of the First Chamber was so terrified that he at once passed the word to King of the Beginning River in the Second Chamber, King of the Song Emperor in the Third Chamber, King of Complete Change in the Fourth Chamber, King Yama in the Fifth Chamber, King of Equal Ranks in the Sixth Chamber, King of Tai Mountain in the Seventh Chamber, King of City Markets in the Eighth Chamber, King of Avenging Ministers in the Ninth Chamber, and King of the Turning Wheel in the Tenth Chamber. Soon after the word had passed

through each chamber, the ten kings assembled together and they also sent an urgent message to King Kṣitigarbha to meet them at the Hall of Darkness. At the same time, they called up all the soldiers of darkness to prepare to capture both the true and the false. In a moment, they felt a gush of strong wind and then they saw dense, dark fog rolling in, in the midst of which were two Pilgrims tumbling and fighting together.

The Rulers of Darkness went forth to stop them, saying, "For what purpose are the Great Sages causing trouble in our nether region?"

"I had to pass through the State of Western Liang," replied our Great Sage, "because I was accompanying the Tang Monk on his way to procure scriptures in the Western Heaven. We reached a mountain shortly thereafter, where brigands attempted to rob my master. Old Monkey slaughtered a few of them, but my master took offense and banished me. I went instead to the Bodhisattva at South Sea to make known my difficulties. I have no idea how this monster-spirit got wind of it, but somehow he changed into my likeness, struck down my master in midjourney, and robbed him of his luggage. My younger brother, Sha Monk, went to my native mountain to demand the wraps, but this fiend falsely claimed that he wished to go to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven in the name of Master. Fleeing to South Sea, Sha Monk informed the Bodhisattva when I was standing right there. The Bodhisattva then told me to go with him to look for myself at the Flower-Fruit Mountain, and I discovered that indeed my old lair was occupied by this fellow. I strove with him until we reached the place of the Bodhisattva, but in truth his appearance, his speech, and the like are exactly like mine. Even the Bodhisattva found it hard to distinguish us. Then we fought our way up to Heaven, and the gods couldn't tell us apart.

We next went to see my master, and when he recited the Tight-Fillet Spell to test us, this fellow's head hurt just like mine. That's why we brawl down to the nether region, in hopes that you Rulers of Darkness will examine for me the Register of Life and Death and determine what is the origin of the specious Pilgrim. Snatch away his soul at once, so that there will not be the confusion of two Minds."

After he finished speaking, the fiend also repeated what he said in exactly the same manner.

On hearing this, the Rulers of Darkness summoned the judge in charge of the register to examine it from the beginning, but there was, of course, nothing written down that had the name "specious Pilgrim."

He then studied the volume on hairy creatures, but the one hundred and thirty some entries under the name "monkey," you see, had already been crossed out by the Great Sage Sun with one stroke of the brush, in that year when he caused great havoc in the region of darkness after he had attained the Way.

Ever since that time, the name of any species of monkey was not recorded in the register. After he finished examining the volume, he went back to the hall to make his report. Picking up their court tablets to show their solemn intentions, the Rulers of Darkness said to both of the Pilgrims, "Great Sages, there is nowhere in the nether region for you to look up the impostor's name. You must seek discrimination in the world of light."

Hardly had they finished speaking when the Bodhisattva Kṣitigarbha said, "Wait a moment! Wait a moment! Let me ask Investigative Hearing to listen for you."

That Investigative Hearing, you see, happens to be a beast that usually lies beneath the desk of Kṣitigarbha. When he crouches on the ground, he can in an instant perceive the true and the false, the virtuous and the wicked among all short-haired creatures, scaly creatures, hairy creatures, winged creatures, and crawling creatures, and among all the celestial immortals, the earthly immortals, the divine immortals, the human immortals, and the spirit immortals resident in all the cave Heavens and blessed lands in the various shrines, rivers, and mountains of the Four Great Continents. In obedience, therefore, to the command of Kṣitigarbha, the beast prostrated himself in the courtyard of the Hall of Darkness, and in a little while, he raised his head to say to his master, "I have the name of the fiend, but I cannot announce it in his presence. Nor can we give assistance in capturing him."

"What would happen," asked Kṣitigarbha, "if you were to announce his name?"

"I fear then," replied Investigative Hearing, "that the monster-spirit might unleash his violence to disturb our treasure hall and ruin the peace of the office of darkness."

"But why," asked his master again, "can't we give assistance in capturing him?" Investigative Hearing said, "The magic power of that monster-spirit is no different from the Great Sage Sun's. How much power do the gods of the nether region possess? That's why we cannot capture him."

"How, then, shall we do away with him?" asked Kṣitigarbha. Investigative Hearing answered, "The power of Buddha is limitless." Waking up all at once, Kṣitigarbha said to the two Pilgrims, "Your forms are like a single person, and your powers are exactly the same. If you want clear distinction between the two of you, you must go to the Thunderclap Monastery, the abode of Śākyamuni."

"You are right! You are right!" shouted both of them in unison. "We'll go to have this thing sett led before the Buddhist Patriarch in the Western Heaven."

The Rulers of Darkness of all Ten Chambers accompanied them out of the hall before they thanked Kṣitigarbha, who returned to the Jade Cloud Palace. The ghost attendants were then told to close up the fortified passes of the nether region, and we shall leave them for the moment.

Look at those two Pilgrims! Soaring on cloud and darting on fog, they fought their way up to the Western Heaven, and we have a testimonial poem. The poem says:

If one has two minds, disasters he'll breed;
He'll guess and conjecture both far and near.
He seeks a good horse or the Three Dukes' office,
Or the seat of first rank there in Golden Chimes.
He'll war unceasing in the north and south;
He'll not keep still assailing both east and west.
You must learn of no mind in the gate of Chan,
And let the holy babe be formed thus quietly.

Tugging and pulling at each other, the two of them brawled in midair as they proceeded, and finally, they reached the Thunderclap Treasure Monastery on the Spirit Vulture Mountain in the great Western Heaven.

At that time the Four Great Bodhisattvas, the Eight Great Diamond Kings, the five hundred arhats, the three thousand guardians of the faith, the mendicant nuns and the mendicant monks, the upāsakas and the upāsikās—all this holy multitude was

gathered beneath the lotus seat of seven jewels to listen to a lecture by Tathāgata. His discourse had just reached the point on

The existent in the nonexistent;
The nonexistent in the non-nonexistent;
The form in the formlessness;
The emptiness in the nonemptiness.
For the nonexistent is the existent,
And the non-nonexistent is the nonexistent.
Formlessness is verily form;
Nonemptiness is verily emptiness.
Emptiness is indeed emptiness;
Form is indeed form.
Form has no fixed form;
Thus form is emptiness.
Emptiness has no fixed emptiness;
Thus emptiness is form.
The knowledge of emptiness is not emptiness;
The knowledge of form is not form.
When names and action mutually illuminate,
Then one has reached the wondrous sound.

As the multitude bowed their heads in submission and chanted in unison these words of the Buddha, Tathāgata caused celestial flowers to descend upon them in profusion. Then he said to the congregation, "You are all of one mind, but take a look at two Minds in competition and strife arriving here." When the congregation looked up, there were indeed two Pilgrims locked in a clamorous battle as they approached the noble region of Thunderclap. The Eight Great Diamond Kings were so aghast that they went forward to bar the way, crying, "Where do you two think you are going?"

"A monster-spirit," replied our Great Sage, "has assumed my appearance. I want to go below the treasure lotus platform and ask Tathāgata to make distinction between us."

The Diamond Kings could not restrain them, and the two monkeys brawled up to the platform. "Your disciple," said our Great Sage as he knelt before the Buddhist Patriarch, "was accompanying the Tang Monk to journey to your treasure mountain and to beg you for true scriptures. I have exerted I don't know how much energy on our way in order to smelt demons and bind fiends. Some time ago, we ran into some bandits trying to rob us, and in truth, your disciple on two occasions did take a few lives. Master took offense and banished me, refusing to allow me to bow with him to the golden form of Tathāgata. I had no choice but to flee to South Sea and tell Guanyin of my woes. Little did I anticipate that this monster-spirit would falsely assume my voice and my appearance and then strike down Master, taking away even our luggage. My younger brother, Wujing, followed him to my native mountain, only to be told by the crafty words of this fiend that he had another true monk ready to be the scripture pilgrim. Wujing managed to escape to South Sea to inform Guanyin of everything. Whereupon the Bodhisattva told your disciple to return with Wujing to my mountain, as a result of which the two of us fought our way to South Sea and then to the celestial palace. We went also to see the Tang Monk as well as the Rulers of Darkness, but no one could tell us apart. For this reason I make bold to come here, and I beg you in your great compassion to fling wide the great gate of means. Grant unto your disciple your

discernment of the right and the perverse, so that I may again accompany the Tang Monk to bow to your golden form in person, acquire the scriptures to bring back to the Land of the East, and forever exalt the great faith." What the congregation heard was one statement made by two mouths in exactly the same voice, and none of them could distinguish between the two Pilgrims. Tathāgata, however, was the only one who had the perception; he was about to make his revelation when a pinkish cloud floating up from the south brought to them Guanyin, who bowed to the Buddha.

Pressing his palms together, our Buddha said, "Guanyin, the Honored One, can you tell which is the true Pilgrim and which is the false one?"

"They came to your disciple's humble region the other day," replied the Bodhisattva, "but I truly could not distinguish between them. They then went to both the Palace of Heaven and the Office of Earth, but even there they could not be recognized. I have come, therefore, especially to beg Tathāgata to do this on the true Pilgrim's behalf." Smiling, Tathāgata said, "Though all of you possess vast dharma power and are able to observe the events of the whole universe, you cannot know all the things therein, nor do you have the knowledge of all the species." When the Bodhisattva asked for further revelation, Tathāgata said, "There are five kinds of immortals in the universe, and they are: the celestial, the earthbound, the divine, the human, and the ghostly. There are also five kinds of creatures, and they are: the short-haired, the scaly, the hairy, the winged, and the crawling. This fellow is not celestial, earthbound, divine, human, or ghostly, nor is he short-haired, scaly, hairy, winged, or crawling.

But there are, however, four kinds of monkeys which also do not belong to any of these ten species."

"May I inquire," said the Bodhisattva, "which four kinds they are?"

"The first," said Tathāgata, "is the intelligent stone monkey, who

Knows transformations,
Recognizes the seasons,
Discerns the advantages of earth,
And is able to alter the course of planets and stars.

The second is the red-buttocked baboon, who

Has knowledge of yin and yang,
Understands human affairs,
Is adept in its daily life
And able to avoid death and lengthen its life.

The third is the bare-armed gibbon, who can

Seize the sun and the moon,
Shorten a thousand mountains,
Distinguish the auspicious from the inauspicious,
And manipulate planets and stars.

The fourth is the sixth-eared macaque, who has

A sensitive ear,
Discernment of fundamental principles,
Knowledge of past and future,
And comprehension of all things.

These four kinds of monkeys are not classified in the ten species, nor are they contained in the names between Heaven and Earth. As I see the matter, that specious Wukong must be a six-eared macaque, for even if this monkey stands in one place, he can possess the knowledge of events a thousand miles away and whatever a man may say in that distance. That is why I describe him as a creature who has

A sensitive ear,
Discernment of fundamental principles,
Knowledge of past and future,
And comprehension of all things.

The one who has the same appearance and the same voice as the true Wukong is a sixth-eared macaque." When the macaque heard how Tathāgata had announced his original form, he shook with fear; leaping up quickly, he tried to flee.

Tathāgata, however, at once ordered the Four Bodhisattvas, the Eight Diamond Kings, the five hundred arhats, the three thousand guardians of the faith, the mendicant monks, the mendicant nuns, the upāsakas, the upāsikās, Guanyin, and Mokṣa to have him completely encircled. The Great Sage Sun also wanted to rush forward, but Tathāgata said, "Wukong, don't move. Let me capture him for you."

The macaque's hair stood on end, for he supposed that he would not be able to escape. Shaking his body quickly, he changed at once into a bee, flying straight up. Tathāgata threw up into the air a golden almsbowl, which caught the bee and brought it down.

Not perceiving that, the congregation thought the macaque had escaped. With a smile, Tathāgata said, "Be silent, all of you. The monster-spirit hasn't escaped. He's underneath this almsbowl of mine."

The congregation surged forward and lifted up the almsbowl; a sixth-eared macaque in his original form indeed appeared. Unable to contain himself anymore, the Great Sage Sun raised his iron rod and killed it with one blow on the head. To this day this species of monkey has remained extinct.

Moved to pity by the sight, Tathāgata exclaimed, "My goodness! My goodness!"

"You should not have compassion on him, Tathāgata," said our Great Sage. "He wounded my master and robbed us of our wraps. Even according to the law, he was guilty of assault and robbery in broad daylight. He should have been executed."

Tathāgata said, "Now you go back quickly to accompany the Tang Monk here to seek the scriptures."

As he kowtowed to thank the Buddha, the Great Sage said, "Let me inform Tathāgata, that it is certain that my master will not want me back. If I go to him now and he rejects me, it's simply a waste of effort. I beg you to recite the Loose-Fillet Spell instead so that I can give back your golden fillet. Let me return to secular life."

"Stop such foolish thought," said Tathāgata, "and don't be mischievous! If I ask Guanyin to take you back to your master, you should have no fear that he will reject you. Take care to protect him on his journey, and in due time

When merit's done and Nirvāṇa's home,
You, too, will sit on a lotus throne."

When she heard that, Guanyin pressed together her palms to thank the sage's grace, after which she led Wukong away by mounting the clouds. They were followed

at once by her disciple, Mokṣa, and the white cockatoo. Soon they arrived at the thatched hut, and when Sha Monk saw them, he quickly asked his master to bow at the door to receive them. “Tang Monk,” said the Bodhisattva, “the one who struck you the other day was a specious Pilgrim, a sixth-eared macaque. It was our good fortune that Tathāgata recognized him, and subsequently he was slain by Wukong. You must now take him back, for the demonic barriers on your journey are by no means entirely overcome, and only with his protection can you reach the Spirit Mountain and see the Buddha for scriptures. Don’t be angry with him anymore.” Kowtowing, Tripitaka replied, “I obey your instruction.”

At that moment when he and Sha Monk were thanking the Bodhisattva, they heard a violent gust of wind blowing in from the east: it was Zhu Eight Rules, who returned riding the wind with two wraps on his back. When Idiot saw the Bodhisattva, he fell on his knees to bow to her, saying, “Your disciple took leave of my master the other day and went to the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain to look for our luggage. I saw indeed a specious Tang Monk and another specious Eight Rules, both of whom I struck dead.

They were two monkeys. Then I went inside and found the wraps, and examination revealed that nothing was missing. I mounted the wind to return here. What, may I ask, has happened to the two Pilgrims?”

The Bodhisattva thereupon gave him a complete account of how Tathāgata had revealed the origin of the fiend, and Idiot was thoroughly delighted. Master and disciples all bowed to give thanks.

As the Bodhisattva went back to South Sea, the pilgrims were again united in their hearts and minds, their animosity and anger all dissolved. After they also thanked the village household, they put in order their luggage and the horse to find their way to the West once more. Thus it is that

Midway parting upsets the Five Phases;
The fiend’s defeat fuses primal light.
Spirit returns to Mind and Chan is still.
Six senses subdued, elixir’s in sight.

We do not know when Tripitaka will be able to face the Buddha and ask for the scriptures; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

FIFTY-NINE

Tripitaka Tang's path is blocked at Mountain of Flames
Pilgrim Sun baits for the first time the palm-leaf fan

Seed-natures are basically the same:
The sea accepts without end.
Ten thousand thoughts and cares are folly all;
Each form, each kind's in harmony.
One day with work and merit complete,
Perfected real nature towers on high.
Let no thing amiss slip to east or west;
Lock on and tighten your hold.
Pick and safekeep it in th'elixir stove
For smelting until it's red like the sun—
Bright and brilliant, all aglow.
Astride the dragon you'll come and go.

We were telling you about Tripitaka, who obeyed the instruction of the Bodhisattva and took back Pilgrim. Along with Eight Rules and Sha Monk, he severed the Two Minds and shackled both Ape and Horse. United in mind and effort, they pressed on toward the Western Heaven. We cannot begin to describe how time flies like an arrow, how the seasons pass like the weaver's shuttle. After the torrid summer, the frosty scenery of late autumn again appeared. You see

Thin broken clouds as a west wind turns brisk;
Distant cranes cry, woods frosted like brocade.
What a scene of timely sadness
Where endless hills stretch endless streams!
To north borders the wild geese fly;
To south lanes blackbirds return.
The wayfarer's road is lonesome;
The monk's robe swiftly grows cold.

However, as master and disciples, the four of them, proceeded, they gradually felt a stifling heat. Reining in his horse, Tripitaka said, "It's now autumn. How is it that the heat is so intense?"

"You may not know of this," said Eight Rules, "but there is, on the journey to the West, a Sūrya Kingdom.

It is the place where the sun sets, and that's why its popular name is 'The Edge of Heaven.' During the time of late afternoon each day, the king will send people up to the battlements to beat the drums and blow the bugles, in order to dilute and weaken the sound of the sea boiling. For the sun, you see, is the true fire of grand yang, and when it drops into the Western Sea, it's like flames plunging into water and creating a deafening sizzle. If there were no drums or bugles to lessen the impact, the children in the city would all be killed. With this stifling heat here, this place must be where the sun sets." When the Great Sage heard this, he could not hold back his laughter, saying, "Idiot, don't talk nonsense. If it's the Sūrya Kingdom you're thinking of, it's much too early. When you consider the sort of delays the Master has had to face night and day, it may

take him several lifetimes—from youth to old age and back again—and even then he may not get there."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "if you say that this is not the place where the sun sets, then why is it so hot?"

"There must be something wrong with the climate," said Sha Monk, "so that you have summer weather in autumn."

As the three of them debated like that, they came upon several buildings by the road, all having red tiles on the roof, red bricks on the wall, red painted doors, and red lacquered-wood benches. Everything, in fact, was red. As Tripitaka dismounted he said, "Wukong, go and ask in that house and see if you can uncover the reason for the heat." Putting away his golden-hooped rod, the Great Sage straightened out his clothes and affected a civil manner as he left the main road to walk up to the house. Just then an old man emerged from the main door,

Who wore a not quite yellow
And not quite red robe of grass cloth;
His head had on a not quite blue
And not quite black hat of bamboo-splint;
His hands held a not quite crooked
And not quite straight staff of knotted bamboo;
His feet trod on a pair of not quite new
And not quite old calf-length leather boots.
His face was like red bronze;
His beard seemed like white chains.
Two aged eyebrows topped his lustrous eyes;
One grinning mouth revealed some teeth of gold.

When he caught sight of Pilgrim all of a sudden, the old man was somewhat startled. Leaning on his bamboo staff, he shouted, "What sort of a weird creature are you, and where are you from? What are you doing here before my door?"

Bowing deeply, Pilgrim said, "Old Patron, please don't be afraid of me. I'm no weird creature. This poor monk has been sent by imperial commission of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go seek scriptures in the West. There are altogether four of us, master and disciples. We have just arrived in your noble region, and when we feel how hot the weather is, we want very much to know what the reason is for it and what is the name of the land here. I have come especially to seek your instruction."

Greatly relieved, the old man smiled and said, "Elder, please don't be offended. This old man was somewhat dim-sighted just now, and I couldn't quite recognize you."

"Not at all," replied Pilgrim. Then the old man asked him again, "Where is your master?"

"Over there," said Pilgrim, "the one standing on the main road south of us."

"Please ask him to come! Please ask him to come here!" said the old man. Delighted, Pilgrim waved at Tripitaka, who immediately approached with Eight Rules and Sha Monk, leading the white horse and poling the luggage. They all bowed to the old man.

When the old man saw how distinguished Tripitaka appeared and how strange Eight Rules and Sha Monk looked, he was both startled and delighted. He had no

choice, however, but to invite them inside to be seated before he asked his houseboys to serve tea and to prepare a meal. When Tripitaka heard him, he rose to thank him, saying, "May I ask the *Gong-gong* why it is that such intense heat returns to the autumn of your noble region?"

"Our humble region," replied the old man, "is named the Mountain of Flames. There's neither spring nor autumn here; all four seasons are hot."

"Where is this mountain?" asked Tripitaka. "Is it on the way to the West?"

"You can't go to the West," replied the old man, "for that mountain, about sixty miles from here, sits squarely on the main road. It's covered with flames for over eight hundred miles, and all around not even a single blade of grass can grow. If you walk on this mountain, you will turn to liquid even if you have a bronze skull and an iron body." Paling with horror, Tripitaka dared not ask another question.

Just then, a young man passed by the front door, pushing a red cart and calling, "Rice-puddings!" Pulling off one piece of hair, which he changed into a copper penny, the Great Sage went out to the young man to buy his puddings. After taking the money, and without dickering over the price, the man at once untied the wrap on his cart and took out a piece of steaming hot rice-pudding to hand over to Pilgrim. When it touched the palm of his hands, Pilgrim felt as if he had received a piece of lit charcoal or glowing nail taken from the blacksmith's stove. Look at him! He switched the pudding from the left hand to the right hand and back again to the left, and all he could say was "Hot! Hot! Hot! I can't eat this!"

"If you're afraid of heat," said the man, chuckling, "don't come here. It's this hot around this place."

"Look, fella," said Pilgrim, "you're not quite reasonable. The proverb says,

Without heat or cold,
Five grains will not grow.

But the heat of this place is intense! Where do you get your flour for the pudding?"

The man said,

If you rice-pudding flour desire,
Immortal Iron- Fan inquire.

"What has Immortal Iron-Fan got to do with it?" asked Pilgrim. The man said, "That Immortal Iron-Fan happens to have a palm-leaf fan. If he lets you have it, one wave of the fan will extinguish the fire; the second will produce a breeze, and the third will start the rain.

Only then can we sow and reap in due seasons, and that is how we produce the five grains. Without the immortal and the fan, not a blade of grass will grow in this region." On hearing this, Pilgrim dashed inside and handed the piece of rice-pudding to Tripitaka, saying, "Relax, Master! Don't get anxious before you have to. Eat the pudding first, and I'll tell you something."

Holding the pudding in his hand, the elder said to the old man of the house, *"Gong-gong*, please take some pudding."

"I haven't even served you tea or rice," answered the old man. "Would I dare eat your pudding?" Smiling, Pilgrim said, "Dear Sir, you need not bestow on us any tea or rice. But let me ask you instead, where does the Immortal Iron-Fan live?"

"Why do you ask?" said the old man.

Pilgrim said, "Just now the pudding peddler said that this immortal has in his possession a palm-leaf fan. If he lets us have it, one wave of the fan will extinguish the fire, the second will bring on a breeze, and the third will start the rain. Then the people of your region can sow and reap the five grains for your livelihood. I would like to find him and ask for the fan to extinguish the Mountain of Flames. We'll be able to pass then, and you people may also find a more stable existence by being able to plant and harvest according to the seasons."

"Yes," replied the old man, "what the peddler said was correct. But you people don't have any gifts, and I fear that the sage will be unwilling to come here."

"What sort of gifts does he want?" asked Tripitaka. The old man said, "The families of the region will seek an audience with the immortal once every ten years, and, as First Meeting presents, they must offer four hogs and four sheep, rare flowers and fine fruits in season, chickens, geese, and mellow wine. After cleansing themselves in ritual baths, they will go up in all sincerity to his immortal mountain to beg him come here to exercise his power."

"Where is that mountain located," asked Pilgrim, "and what's its name? How many miles away? I'll go ask him for the fan."

"The mountain," replied the old man, "is southwest of here, and it bears the name of Jade Cloud Mountain. In the mountain there is a cave by the name of the Palm-Leaf Cave. When the believers from our region go to worship on that mountain, the round trip takes approximately a month, for the distance is slightly over one thousand four hundred and fifty miles."

"That doesn't matter," said Pilgrim with a laugh. "I'll be back in no time."

"Wait a moment," said the old man, "take some food first, and let us prepare you some dried goods. You will need two other companions, for there's no human habitation on that road, but there are plenty of tigers and wolves.

You can't reach there in one day. It's not fun, you know."

"No, no! I don't need any of that," said Pilgrim, laughing. "I'm going now!"

Hardly had he finished speaking when he immediately disappeared. "Oh, Sire!" said the old man, greatly alarmed. "So you are a divine man who can soar on cloud and fog!" We'll not continue to tell you how that family doubled its effort to be hospitable to the Tang Monk. We tell you instead about our Pilgrim, who arrived at the Jade Cloud Mountain instantly. He stopped his auspicious luminosity, and as he searched for the entrance of the cave, he heard the sound of a woodcutter chopping in the forest. When Pilgrim drew near, he heard the man chanting:

By yonder clouds my dear, old forest I'll know,
Though wild grass, rough boulders hide the path below.
When I see morning rain in western hills,
The south brook, as I return, will overflow.

Pilgrim went forward to salute him, saying, "Brother Woodsman, please accept my bow."

The woodcutter dropped his ax to return the greeting, saying, "Where are you going, Elder?"

"May I inquire," said Pilgrim, "whether this is the Jade Cloud Mountain?"

The woodcutter replied, "It is."

"There is, I understand, a Palm-Leaf Cave that belongs to the Immortal Iron-Fan," said Pilgrim. "Where is it?" Smiling, the woodcutter said, "We have a Palm-Leaf Cave, all right, but there is no Immortal Iron-Fan. There is only a Princess Iron- Fan, who also bears the name of Rākṣasī."

"People claim that this immortal has a palm-leaf fan," said Pilgrim, "which can extinguish the Mountain of Flames. Is she the one?"

"Exactly, exactly!" replied the woodcutter. "Because the sage has in her possession this treasure which can extinguish the fire and protect the families of other regions, she is commonly called the Immortal Iron-Fan. But the families of *our* region have no use for her; we only know her as Rākṣasī, who also happens to be the wife of the Mighty Bull Demon King." When Pilgrim heard these words, he was so startled that he paled visibly. He thought to himself, "I'm up against another fated enemy! In a previous year, we brought to submission that Red Boy, who was said to have been reared by this woman. When I ran into his uncle at the Child Destruction Cave of the Male-Undoing Mountain, he already was filled with desire for vengeance and absolutely refused to give me the needed water. Now it is his parents that I have to face! How could I possibly succeed in borrowing the fan?" When the woodcutter saw that Pilgrim had become lost in his deliberations, sighing to himself repeatedly, he said with a smile, "Elder, you're someone who has left the family, and you should have *no* anxious thoughts. Just follow this path eastward and you'll find the Palm-Leaf Cave in less than five miles. Don't worry."

"To tell you the truth, Brother Woodsman," said Pilgrim, "I'm the eldest disciple of the Tang Monk, a scripture pilgrim sent by the Tang court in the Land of the East to go to the Western Heaven. Some years back I had a small feud with Red Boy, the son of Rākṣasī, at the Fiery Cloud Cave. I feared that her hostility might cause her to refuse me the fan, and that was the reason for my anxiety."

"A man," replied the wood-cutter, "must determine another's appearance by examining his color. You should go now with the sole purpose of borrowing the fan and not be bothered by any old grudge. I'm sure you'll succeed." On hearing this, Pilgrim bowed deeply and said, "I thank Brother Woodsman for this instruction. I'll go."

He thus took leave of the woodcutter and went up to the entrance of the Palm-Leaf Cave, where he found both of its doors tightly shut but lovely scenery outside. Marvelous place! Truly

This mountain uses rocks for bones,
And rocks form the essence of earth.
The mist keeps moisture overnight;
Lichen and moss then add fresh green.
The rugged shape soars to top Isle Peng,
Its secluded blooms as fragrant as Yingzhou's.
Beneath a few knotty pines the wild cranes rest;
On some sad willows the orioles speak.
It's indeed an ancient spot of a thousand years,

An immortal site of ten thousand years.
The phoenix sings in green paulownia trees;
And living streams hide aged dragons.
The path winds as beans and vines dangle;
The stone steps ascend with the creepers.
Apes of the peak wail, saddened by the moon rising;
Birds sing on tall trees, gladdened by the bright sky.
Two forests of bamboo, their shade cool as rain;
One path of dense flowers, thick little brocade.
From distant hills will white clouds often show;
Formless, they drift where gentle breezes blow.

Walking forward, Pilgrim cried out:

"Big Brother Bull, open the door! Open the door!" With a creak, the doors opened and out walked a young girl who had in her hands a flower basket and on her shoulder a little rake. Truly

She had no adornment but only rags on herself;
Her spirit was full, for she had the mind of Dao.

Pilgrim approached her with palms pressed together and said, "Little girl, please take the trouble of announcing me to your princess.

I'm actually a monk journeying to acquire scriptures. It's hard for me to cross the Mountain of Flames on this road to the West, and I've come especially to borrow your palm-leaf fan."

The little girl said, "To which monastery are you attached and what is your name? Tell me and I'll announce you."

"I'm a priest from the Land of the East," replied Pilgrim, "and my name is Sun Wukong."

The young girl turned around and went inside to kneel before Rākṣasī, saying, "Madam, there is a priest outside our cave by the name of Sun Wukong, who has come from the Land of the East. He wants to see you and ask to borrow the palm-leaf fan, so that he may cross the Mountain of Flames." When that Rākṣasī heard Sun Wukong, those three words, it was as if salt was added to a fire and oil was poured on flames.

Billowlike, redness swelled in her cheeks;
Savage anger flared in her heart.

"This wretched ape!" she cried. "So he's here today! Maids, bring out my armor and my weapons." She put on her armor at once, and holding two treasure swords of blue blade, she walked out of the cave. Pilgrim stepped aside to steal a glance at her and saw that she wrapped on

Her head a flower-patterned scarf,
And wore a brocade priestly robe.
A belt—two tiger tendons—bound her waist;
Her silk skirt was slightly hitched up.
Phoenix-bill shoes, just three inches;
Trousers with knee-fringes of gold.
Gripping treasure swords and shrieking she came,
Looking more fierce than the moon dame.

As she walked out of the door, Rākṣasī shouted, "Where's Sun Wukong?" Pilgrim went forward to meet her, bowing, and said, "Sisterin- law, old Monkey's here to greet you."

"Who's your sister-in-law?" hissed Rākṣasī, "and who wants your greeting?"

"The Bull Demon King of your household," replied Pilgrim, "and old Monkey once formed a fraternal alliance; there were, in fact, seven of us bond-brothers.

I understand that you, princess, are the consort proper of Big Brother Bull. Would I dare not address you as sister-in-law?"

"Wretched ape!" said Rākṣasī. "If you have any regard for fraternal relations, then why did you ensnare my son?" Pretending not to know, Pilgrim asked, "Who's your son?"

"He's the Red Boy," answered Rākṣasī, "The Great King Holy Child of the Fiery Cloud Cave by the Dried Pine Stream at the Roaring Mountain, who was brought down by you. I was just wondering where I could go to find you for vengeance, and you delivered yourself at the door. You think I would spare you?" Smiling as broadly as he could to try to placate her, Pilgrim said, "Sister-in-law, you haven't quite probed to the depth of the matter, and you've wrongly blamed old Monkey. Your boy took my master captive and even wanted to steam or boil him. It was fortunate that the Bodhisattva Guanyin subdued him and rescued my master. Now he has become the Boy Skilled in Wealth at the Bodhisattva's place; having received from her the right fruit, he now undergoes neither birth nor death and he experiences neither filth nor cleanliness. He shares the same age as Heaven and Earth, the same longevity as the sun and the moon. Instead of thanking old Monkey for the kindness of preserving your son's life, you blame me. Is that fair?"

"You smart-mouthed ape!" said Rākṣasī. "Though my son was not killed, how could I ever get him back so that I could see him again?" Smiling, Pilgrim said, "If you want to see your boy, that's easy. Lend me your fan so that I can extinguish the fire. After I accompany my master across the mountain, I'll go at once to the Bodhisattva of South Sea and bring him back for you to see, and I'll return your fan at the same time. Is there anything wrong with that? At that time, you can examine him thoroughly to see if there's any harm done to him. If there is, then you can rightfully blame me. But if you find him even more handsome than ever, then you should thank me indeed."

"Monkey devil!" cried Rākṣasī. "Stop wagging your tongue. Stretch out your head and let me hack you a few times with my sword.

If you can endure the pain, I'll lend you the fan. If you can't, I'll send you to see King Yama right away."

Folding his hands before him, Pilgrim walked forward and said, laughing, "Sister-in-law, no need for further talk. Old Monkey will stretch out his bald head right now and you may hack me as many times as you please. You may stop when your strength runs out. But you must lend me your fan then." Without permitting further discussion, Rākṣasī raised her hands and chopped at Pilgrim's head some ten or fifteen times. Our Pilgrim thought that it was all a game. Growing fearful, Rākṣasī turned around and wanted to flee. "Sister-in-law," said Pilgrim, "where are you going? Lend it to me quickly."

"My treasure," said Rākṣasī, "is not to be lent lightly."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "have a taste of your brother-in-law's rod!"

Dear Monkey King! With one hand he caught hold of her, and with the other he took out from his ear the rod, which with one shake grew to the thickness of a bowl. That Rākṣasī, however, managed somehow to struggle free and turned to meet him with upraised swords. Pilgrim, of course, followed up at once and struck her with the rod. Before the Jade Cloud Mountain, the two of them discarded any fraternal sentiments; they were driven only by animosity. This was some battle!

The lady's a fiend deft in magic arts,
Who hates the monkey because of her son.
Though Pilgrim's anger has been much aroused,
He still, for master's sake, defers to her,
Saying at first he wants the palm-leaf fan
And not using might on the gentle one.
Foolish Rākṣasī slashes with her sword,
Though Monkey King would claim relations first.
(
How could a woman battle with a man
Who, after all, would a woman suppress?)
How ferocious is this one's golden-hooped iron rod!
How thick and fast are that one's blue and frosty blades!
A blow on the face—
A slash on the head—
They bitterly fight and refuse to quit.
Left and right they parry with martial skill;
Back and front they cover most craftily.
In their battle they are so wholly rapt
That they hardly notice the sun has set.
Swiftly Rākṣasī takes out her true fan
And one wave brings the gods and ghosts distress.

Rākṣasī fought with Pilgrim until dark; when she saw how heavy the rod of Pilgrim was and what great skills he had as a fighter, she knew that she could not prevail against him. She took out her palm-leaf fan and fanned Pilgrim once: a strong gust of cold wind at once blew him completely out of sight while she returned to her cave in triumph.

Drifting and soaring in the air, our Great Sage could not stop at all: he sank to the left but he was unable to touch ground; he dropped to the right but he could not remain still. The wind bore him away like

A cyclone dispatching fallen leaves,
A stream sweeping some withered flowers.

On he tumbled for a whole night, and only by morning did he finally drop down on a mountain. Hugging a rock on the summit with both his hands, he rested for a long while before he looked around. Then he recognized that this was the Little Sumeru Mountain.

Heaving a lengthy sigh, our Great Sage said, "What a formidable woman! How in the world did she manage to send old Monkey back to this place? I remember I once

asked for the assistance of the Bodhisattva Lingji here some years past to subdue the fiend Yellow Wind in order to rescue my master.

The Yellow Wind Ridge is about three thousand miles due north of here. Since I'm blown back here from the road to the West, I must have traveled in a southeasterly direction for who knows how many tens of thousands of miles. I think I'd better go down there to talk to the Bodhisattva Lingji and see if I can find my way back."

As he thought to himself like that, he heard loud chiming bells. He hurried down the slope to reach the temple, where he was recognized by the worker at the front gate, who immediately went inside to announce:

"The hairy-faced Great Sage who came some years back to ask the Bodhisattva to go subdue the fiend Yellow Wind is here again." Knowing it was Wukong, the Bodhisattva quickly left his treasure throne to meet his visitor and to greet him, saying, "Congratulations! Have you acquired the scriptures already?"

"Not quite, not quite!" replied Wukong. "It's still too early."

"If you have not yet reached Thunderclap," said Lingji, "why is it that you have returned to this humble mountain?" Pilgrim said, "Since that year when you were kind enough to help us subdue the fiend Yellow Wind, we have gone through countless ordeals on our journey. We have now arrived at the Mountain of Flames, but we can't proceed. When we asked the natives there, they said that the palm-leaf fan belonging to an Immortal Iron-Fan could extinguish the fire. Old Monkey went to visit her and discovered that that immortal was in fact the wife of the Bull Demon King, the mother of Red Boy. Because she claimed that she could no longer see her son frequently since I had sent him to be the youth attendant of the Bodhisattva Guanyin, she regarded me as her worst enemy, refused to lend me the fan, and fought with me. When she saw how heavy my rod was, she fanned me once with her fan and I drifted all the way back here before I dropped down. That's why I have intruded upon your abode to ask you for the way back. How many miles are there from here to the Mountain of Flames?" Laughing, Lingji replied, "That woman is named Rākṣasī, and she's also called Princess Iron-Fan. Her palm-leaf fan happens to be a spiritual treasure begotten of Heaven and Earth at the back of Mount Kunlun at the time when chaos divided. It is a finest leaf of the supreme yin, and that is why it can extinguish all fires. If a man is fanned by it, he will drift for eighty-four thousand miles before the cold wind subsides. There are only some fifty thousand miles between my place here and the Mountain of Flames. It is only because the Great Sage has the ability to halt the clouds that he is able to stop. No mortal person can possibly stand still after such a short distance!"

"Formidable! Formidable!" exclaimed Pilgrim. "How could my master overcome this hurdle?"

"Relax, Great Sage," said Lingji. "It is actually the affinity of the Tang Monk that you have landed here. This will ensure your success."

"How so?" asked Pilgrim, and Lingji said, "In years past when I received the instructions from Tathāgata, I was given a Flying-Dragon Staff and a Wind-Arresting Elixir. The staff was used to subdue the wind demon, but the elixir has never been used. I'll give it to you now, and you can be certain that that fan will not be able to move you. You can take the fan, extinguish the fire, and achieve your merit then." Pilgrim bowed deeply at once to thank him, whereupon the Bodhisattva took out from his sleeve a tiny silk bag in which there was the Wind-Arresting Elixir. The pellet was firmly sewn onto the underside of Pilgrim's collar with needle and thread. Then the Bodhisattva saw

Pilgrim out the door, saying, “There’s not time for me to entertain you. Go toward the northwest and you’ll find the mountain home of Rākṣasī.”

Taking leave of Lingji, Pilgrim mounted the cloud somersault and went back to the Jade Cloud Mountain. In a moment he arrived and, beating the door with his iron rod, shouted:

“Open the door! Open the door! Old Monkey wants to borrow the fan!”

The maid inside the door hurriedly went to report:

“Madam, the person who wants to borrow the fan is here again.” On hearing this, Rākṣasī became fearful, saying, “This wretched ape’s truly able! When I fan someone with my treasure, he’ll have to drift eighty-four thousand miles before he can stop. This ape was blown away not long ago. How could he return so soon? This time, I’m going to fan him three or four times so that he won’t be able to come back at all.” She got up quickly, and after putting on her armor properly, she picked up both of her swords and walked out of the door, saying, “Pilgrim Sun, aren’t you afraid of me? Are you here seeking death once more?”

“Don’t be so stingy, Sister-in-law,” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “Please lend me your fan. I’m a gentleman with an excess of honesty, not a small man who doesn’t return what he borrows.”

“You brazen baboon!” scolded Rākṣasī. “You’re so impudent, so empty-skulled! I have yet to avenge the wrong of having my son taken. How could I possibly grant you the wish of borrowing the fan? Don’t run away! Have a taste of this old lady’s swords!” Our Great Sage, of course, was not to be intimidated; he wielded the iron rod to meet her. The two of them charged each other and closed in some six or seven times, when Rākṣasī’s arms began to weaken even as Pilgrim Sun grew stronger than ever. When she saw that the tide was turning against her, she took out the fan and fanned Pilgrim once. He, however, stood there without moving at all. Putting away his iron rod, he said to her, full of smiles, “This time is not the same as last time! You can fan all you want. If old Monkey budges a teeny bit, he’s not a man!” Rākṣasī indeed gave him a couple more, but he remained unmoved. Horrified, Rākṣasī put away her treasure and dashed inside the cave, tightly shutting the doors behind her.

When Pilgrim saw her shutting the doors, he resorted to his other abilities. Tearing open his collar, he took out the Wind-Arresting Elixir and placed it in his mouth instead. With one shake of his body, he changed into a tiny mole cricket and crawled inside through a crack in the door. There he found Rākṣasī crying, “I’m terribly thirsty! Bring me some tea.”

The maid attending her took up a pot of fragrant tea and filled the cup so hurriedly that bubbles welled up. Delighted by what he saw, Pilgrim spread his wings and dived right into the bubbles.

As she was extremely thirsty, Rākṣasī grabbed the tea and finished it in two gulps. Pilgrim by then already reached her stomach; changing back into his true form, he shouted, “Sister-in-law, lend me your fan!”

Turning white, Rākṣasī cried, “Little ones, have you shut the front door?”

“We have,” they all replied. “If you have shut the door,” she said, “then how is it that Pilgrim Sun is making noises in our house?”

“He’s making noises in your body,” said one of the maids.

"Pilgrim Sun," said Rākṣasī, "where are you playing your tricks?"

"Old Monkey in all his life hasn't known how to play tricks," said Pilgrim. "What I rely on are all real competences, genuine abilities. I'm now having a little fun in my esteemed Sister-in-law's stomach! I am, as the saying goes, seeing right through you! I know how thirsty you must be, so let me send you a 'sitting bowl' to relieve your thirst." Suddenly he shoved his foot down hard and unbearable pain shot through Rākṣasī's lower abdomen, sending her tumbling to the floor and moaning. "Please don't refuse me, Sister-in-law," said Pilgrim, "I'm presenting you with an added snack for your hunger."

He jerked his head upward, and unbearable pain coursed through Rākṣasī's heart. She began to roll all over the ground, the pain turning her face yellow and her lips white. All she could do was to cry out, "Brother-in-law Sun, please spare my life!" Only then did Pilgrim stop his movements, saying, "Do you now recognize me as your brother-in-law? I'll spare you for the sake of Big Brother Bull. Bring out the fan quickly for me to use." Rākṣasī said, "Brother-in-law, I have the fan. You come out and take it."

"Bring it out and let me see it first," said Pilgrim.

Rākṣasī told one of her maids to hold up a palm-leaf fan and stand on one side. When Pilgrim crawled up to her throat and saw it, he said, "Since I'm going to spare you, Sister-in-law, I'll not scratch a hole in your rib cage to come out. I'll leave through your mouth.

Open it three times."

That Rākṣasī did as she was told, and Pilgrim at once flew out as a mole cricket, which then alighted on the palmleaf fan. Rākṣasī did not even see him; she opened her mouth three times and kept saying, "Brother-in-law, please come out."

Changing at once into his original form, Pilgrim took the fan in his hand and said, "I'm right here. Thanks for lending it to me."

He started to walk out of the cave in big strides; the little ones hurriedly opened the door to let him out of the cave.

Mounting the clouds, our Great Sage headed back toward the east and, in a moment, arrived at his destination, dropping down beside the red-brick wall. Eight Rules was delighted when he saw him. "Master," he shouted, "Elder Brother has returned!"

Tripitaka came out of the house with the old man and Sha Monk to greet Pilgrim, and they all went back inside. Pilgrim stood the fan to one side and asked, "Sir, is this the fan?"

"It is, it is," replied the old man.

Highly pleased, the Tang Monk said, "Worthy disciple, you have made a great merit, but you must have worked very hard to acquire this treasure."

"No need to talk about the hard work," replied Pilgrim, "but who do you think is that Immortal Iron-Fan? It's actually the wife of the Bull Demon King, the mother of Red Boy, whose name is also Rākṣasī. She is also called the Princess Iron-Fan. I went to her cave to try to borrow the fan, but she wanted to settle the old score with me, hacking me a few times with her swords. I used the rod to frighten her, and that was when she brought out this thing and gave me a fan. I drifted all the way back to the Little Sumeru Mountain, where I was fortunate enough to see the Bodhisattva Lingji. He gave me a

Wind-Arresting Elixir and pointed out to me the way back to the Jade Cloud Mountain. I saw Rākṣasī again, and when she couldn't drive me away with her fan this time, she retreated back into her cave. Old Monkey then changed into a mole cricket to fly inside. She was just asking for tea, so I dived inside the tea bubbles and managed to get inside her stomach. When I waved my hands and feet, she had such unbearable pain that she couldn't stop calling me brother-in-law and asking me to spare her. When she was finally willing to lend me her fan, I did spare her and brought back this fan. After we have crossed the Mountain of Flames, I'll take it back to her." On hearing this, Tripitaka thanked him repeatedly. Then master and disciples took leave of the old man.

They proceeded westward for some forty miles, and they began to feel the heat growing more intense and more oppressive. "My feet are on fire!" Sha Monk could only cry. "They are killing me!" said Eight Rules. Even the horse was trotting more rapidly than usual, but because the ground was becoming hotter all the time, they found it exceedingly difficult to go forward. "Master," Pilgrim said at length, "please dismount. And don't move, Brothers. Let me use the fan to extinguish the fire. Allow the wind and rain to cool off the earth first before we try to cross this mountain." Lifting high the fan, Pilgrim dashed up to the flames and fanned at them with all his might. On that mountain the blaze grew brighter than ever. He waved the fan a second time and the fire became more intense a hundredfold. He tried for a third time and the fire leaped ten thousand feet tall, roaring toward him. Pilgrim dashed away but already the hair on both his thighs was completely burnt off. He ran back to the Tang Monk, shouting, "Go back! Go back! The fire's coming!"

Climbing on the horse, our elder galloped toward the east, followed by Eight Rules and Sha Monk. They retreated for some twenty miles before they rested. "Wukong," said the elder, "what happened?"

"It's a mess!" replied Pilgrim, throwing the fan away. "She has tricked me!" On hearing this, Tripitaka became utterly dejected. Tears streaming down his face, he could only say, "What shall we do?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "why did you yell for us to go back so hurriedly?"

"I fanned at the mountain once," said Pilgrim, "and the blaze grew brighter. I did it a second time and the fire became even more intense. A third wave of the fan made the flames leap up ten thousand feet tall. If I hadn't run fast enough, all my hair would have been burned away." With a chuckle, Eight Rules said, "You have often made the claim that you can be hurt neither by thunder nor by fire. How is it that you are afraid of fire now?"

"Oh, Idiot!" said Pilgrim. "You just don't know anything! On those occasions, I was always prepared, and therefore I could not be hurt.

Today I was only trying to extinguish the fire with the fan, and I did not even make the fire-repellant sign, nor did I use magic to protect my body. So, the hair on both my thighs is burned up."

"If the fire's so intense," said Sha Monk, "and there's no way to get to the West, what's to be done?"

"Let's head for the direction where there's no fire," said Eight Rules. "Which direction?" asked Tripitaka. Eight Rules said, "There's no fire in the east, the south, and the north."

"But which direction has scriptures?" Tripitaka asked again.

Eight Rules said, "The West."

"I only want to go where the scriptures are," said Tripitaka. Sha Monk said

"Where there are scriptures, there's fire.
Where there's no fire, there are no scriptures.

We are in some dilemma!"

As master and disciples were chatting like that, they heard someone calling, "Great Sage, please do not be distressed. Take some food first before you think of what you want to do."

The four of them turned to look and they saw an old man,

Who wore a wind-wafted cape
And a cap of half-moon shape;
Who held a dragon-head cane
And trod on iron-gaitered boots.

He was followed by a demon with a hawk beak and a fish jowl. The demon's head was supporting a copper pan in which were placed some steamed cakes, puddings, and rice of yellow millet. The old man stood by the road and bowed, saying, "I'm the local spirit of the Mountain of Flames. When I learned that the Great Sage and the holy monk could not proceed, I came to present you a meal."

"Food is of small concern to us at the monent," said Pilgrim. "How can we extinguish this fire so that my master can cross over the mountain?"

"If you want to extinguish the fire," said the local spirit, "you must ask the Rākṣasī for the palm-leaf fan." Picking up the fan from the side of the road, Pilgrim said, "Isn't this the fan? But the blaze grew bigger than ever when I fanned at it. Why?" When the local spirit saw it, he laughed and said, "This is not the real fan. You've been tricked."

"How can I get the real one?" asked Pilgrim. Again bowing and smiling gently, the local spirit said,

"If you the real palm-leaf fan desire,
Then King Powerful you must inquire."

We do not know for what reason they must seek the Mighty King; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY

Bull Demon King stops fighting to attend a lavish feast
Pilgrim Sun baits for the second time the palm-leaf fan

The local spirit said, "King Powerful is, in fact, the Bull Demon King."

"So, this fire of the mountain was set by the Bull Demon King," said Pilgrim, "and it was erroneously named the Mountain of Flames, right?"

"No, no," replied the local spirit, "but I dare not speak plainly unless the Great Sage is willing to pardon this humble deity."

"What offense is there?" said Pilgrim. "Go ahead and tell us."

The local spirit said, "This fire originally was set by the Great Sage."

"Where could I have been at the time?" said Pilgrim, his anger growing. "How could you babble like that? Am I an arsonist?"

"You can't possibly recognize me now," said the local spirit. "There was no such mountain in this place originally. Five hundred years ago, when the Great Sage caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace, you were caught by Illustrious Sagacity and taken in custody to Laozi. He placed you inside the brazier of eight trigrams, and after the process of refinement, the reactionary vessel was opened. You jumped out, kicking over the elixir oven in the process, and a few bricks still on fire dropped down to this spot. They were transformed into the Mountain of Flames. I was then the Daoist worker attending the brazier in the Tushita Palace. Since Laozi blamed me for carelessness, I was banished to become the mountain's local spirit."

"No wonder you are dressed like this!" said Eight Rules, somewhat annoyed. "You were actually a Daoist!" Only half-believing what he heard, Pilgrim said, "Tell me further, why did you say that I had to fight King Powerful?"

"King Powerful," said the local spirit, "happens to be the husband of Rākṣasī, but he left her some time ago and is currently residing at the Cloud-Touching Cave of the Hoard-Thunder Mountain. A fox king of ten thousand years used to be the cave-master there, but he passed away, leaving behind a daughter by the name of Princess Jade Countenance and a vast fortune with no one to care for it. Two years ago, when she learned that the Bull Demon King had enormous magic powers, she was willing to give up all her wealth as dowry and take him in as her consort. The Bull King thus abandoned Rākṣasī and hasn't paid her a visit since. Only if the Great Sage succeeds in finding him can you acquire the real fan. If he is willing to lend it to you, you will be able to do three good deeds: one, enable your master to proceed on his journey; two, eliminate the blight of fire for the people of this region; and three, obtain a pardon for me so that I may return to Laozi in Heaven."

"Where is this Hoard-Thunder Mountain," asked Pilgrim, "and how far away is it?"

"Due south of here," said the local spirit, "about three thousand miles." On hearing this, Pilgrim told Eight Rules and Sha Monk to protect their master with care, and he gave instruction as well to the local spirit to remain and keep them company. With a loud whoosh, he at once disappeared.

In less than half an hour he came upon a tall mountain. He lowered his cloud and stood on the peak to look all around. It was indeed a fine mountain:

Tall or not,
Its top touches the blue sky;
Deep or not,
Its roots reach the yellow spring.
Before the mountain the sun's warm;
Behind the mountain the wind's cold;
Before the mountain the sun's warm,
Though the winter plants do not know of it;
Behind the mountain the wind's cold:
Ice, e'en in late summer, stays unmelted.
The dragon lagoon joins a flowing brook;
Flowers bloom early by the cliff's tiger lair.
Water flows like countless strands of flying jade,
And flowers bloom like bunches of brocade.
Sinuous trees twist round the sinuous peak;
Craggy pines grow beyond the craggy rocks.
Truly we have
The mountain that's tall,
The cliff that's sheer,
The stream that's deep,
The flower that's fragrant,
The fruit that's pretty,
The wisteria that's red,
The pine that's blue,
The willow that's jade-green—
Their features in all climes remain the same;
Their hues stay vibrant in ten thousand years.

After he looked at this scenery for a long time, our Great Sage walked down from the pointed summit to search for the way. He did not, in truth, know quite where to turn when a lissome young woman emerged from a shady pine forest, her hand holding a twig of fragrant orchid. Hiding himself behind some boulders, the Great Sage stared at her. How did she look, you ask?

A coy, empire-toppling beauty,
In slow, sedate steps she walks.
With a face like Wang Qiang's,
With features like a girl of Chu,
She seems like a flower able to speak;
She resembles a fragrant figure of jade.
Her jet black hair-bun smartly rises high;
Her eyes, mascara-greened, shine like autumn's pools.
Beneath her silk skirt tiny shoes half-appear;
From sleeves, just upturned, extend long, white wrists.
How shall we speak of such seductive airs?
Truly she has pearl-like teeth, ruddy lips,
And moth-brows soft and smooth like the River Jin;

She surpasses even Wenjun and Xue Tao.

Gradually, the girl drew near to the boulders. Bowing low to salute her, the Great Sage said slowly, "Lady Bodhisattva, where are you going?"

As the girl did not notice him at first, she raised her head only when she heard his voice, and all at once she discovered how ugly the appearance of the Great Sage was. Terrified, she could neither retreat nor advance, and, trembling all over, she forced herself to reply, "Where have you come from? To whom are you addressing your question?"

The Great Sage thought to himself, "If I mention the business of seeking scriptures, I fear that she may be related to the Bull King.

I'd better say something like I am some sort of a relative who has come here to invite the demon king to return home. Perhaps that may be acceptable. "When the girl, however, saw that he did not reply, her color changed and she said with anger in her voice, "Who are you and how dare you question me?"

Bowing again and smiling, the Great Sage said, "I have come from the Jade Cloud Mountain. As this is my first visit to your noble region, I don't know my way. May I ask the Lady Bodhisattva whether this is the Hoard-Thunder Mountain?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"There is a Cloud-Touching Cave," said the Great Sage. "Where is it located?"

"Why do you want to find the cave?" asked the girl.

The Great Sage said, "I have been sent here by the Princess Iron-Fan of the Palm-Leaf Cave at Jade Cloud Mountain to fetch the Bull Demon King."

Enraged by this one statement, the girl grew red from ear to ear and began to scream, "That filthy slut! She's a real numbskull! It hasn't been two years since the Bull King arrived in my house, and during that time, he has sent back to her God knows how many pieces of jewels and precious stones, how many bolts of silk and satin. He provides her with firewood by the year and with rice by the month so that she can enjoy her life to her heart's content. Doesn't she know shame at all? Why does she want you to fetch him now?" When the Great Sage heard these words, he knew that the girl had to be the Princess Jade Countenance. Deliberately pulling out his golden-hooped rod, he bellowed at her:

"You bitch! You used your wealth to buy the Bull King. Indeed, you got your man by throwing money away. Aren't *you* ashamed? And you dare castigate someone else?" When that girl saw his savage appearance, she was so terrified that her spirit left her and her soul fled. Shaking all over, she turned and ran, while the Great Sage gave chase from behind, still shouting and hollering at her. After they went through the pine forest, the entrance of the Cloud-Touching Cave immediately came into view. The girl dashed inside and slammed the door shut. Only then did the Great Sage put away his golden-hooped rod and pause to glance about. Lovely place!

Luxuriant forest;
Precipitous cliffs;
The broken shades of wisteria;
The sweet, pure scent of orchids.
A stream, gurgling jade, cuts through old bamboos;
Canny rocks know how to sport fallen blooms.

Mist enshrouds the distant hills;
The sun and moon shine through cloud-screens.
Dragons chant and tigers roar;
Cranes cry and orioles sing.
A loveable spot of pure serenity
Where jade flowers and grass are ever bright—
No less divine than a Tiantai cave,
It surpasses e'en Peng- Ying of the seas.

Let's not speak anymore of Pilgrim enjoying the scenery; we tell you instead about the girl, who ran until she perspired heavily and her heart pounded. She dashed into the library, where the Bull Demon King was quietly studying some books on elixir. Full of anguish, the girl fell onto his lap and began to wail, pinching her ears and scratching her cheeks. The Bull King smiled broadly and tried to placate her, saying, "Pretty Lady, don't be distressed. What's the matter?"

"Wretched demon!" cried the girl, jumping up and down. "You've just about killed me!"

"Why are you scolding me?" said the Bull King, laughing. "Because I lost my parents," said the girl, "I took you in so that I could have protection and care. You have the reputation in the world of being a hero, but you are actually a henpecked nitwit!" On hearing this, the Bull King embraced her and said, "Pretty Lady, where have I done wrong? Tell me slowly, and I'll apologize."

"Just now," said the girl, "I was taking a leisurely stroll outside the cave beneath the flowers to pick my orchids. I was stunned by a hairy-faced monk with a thunder god beak who suddenly barred my way and bowed to me. When I regained my composure and asked for his identity, he claimed that he was someone sent here by that Princess Iron-Fan to fetch the Bull Demon King. I tried to tell him off, but he gave me a severe reprimand instead and even chased me with a rod. If I hadn't run away so fast, I would have been struck to death by him. Isn't this calamity brought on by you? You're killing me!" When the Bull King heard what she said, he apologized to her and treated her with great tenderness. Only after a long time was the girl pacified, but then the Demon King became annoyed and said, "Pretty Lady, to tell you the truth, though that Palm-Leaf Cave is an out of the way place, it's an unsullied and comfortable spot. My wife, who has practiced self-cultivation since her youth, is also an immortal who has attained the Way. She presides, in fact, over a rather strict household, and there is not a single male within it at the moment, not even a baby boy. How could she have sent a man with a thunder god beak to make demands here? This has to be a fiend from somewhere who has falsely assumed her name to search for me. Let me go out and have a look."

Dear Demon King! He strode out of the library and went up to the main hall to put on his armor. After he was suited up properly, he picked up a cast-iron rod and went out of the door, crying, "Who is being so rowdy at my place?" When Pilgrim caught sight of him, the figure he saw was quite different from that of five hundred years ago. He saw that

He had had on a wrought-iron helmet, water polished and silver bright;
He wore a yellow gold cuirass lined with silk brocade;
His feet were shod in a pair of pointed-toe and powdered-sole buckskin boots;
His waist was tied with a lion king belt of triple-braided silk.
A pair of eyes that shone like bright mirrors;

Two thick eyebrows that glowed like red lightning.
His mouth seemed like a bloody bowl;
His teeth stood like slabs of bronze.
A roaring snort that made mountain gods cringe;
An imposing stride that vile spirits feared.
Famed in the four seas, he was named World- Wrecker,
The Powerful of the West called Demon King.

Straightening his clothes, our Great Sage walked forward and bowed deeply, saying, "Eldest Brother, do you still recognize me?" Returning his bow, the Bull King said, "Aren't you Sun Wukong, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven?"

"Indeed, I am," replied the Great Sage. "I have not had the privilege of bowing to you for a long time. Just now I had to ask a girl before I got to see you again. You look better than ever. Congratulations!"

"Stop this clever talk!" bellowed the Bull King. "I heard that as a result of your causing great disturbance in the Celestial Palace, you were pinned beneath the Mountain of Five Phases by the Buddhist Patriarch. Recently liberated from your Heaven-sent calamity, you were accompanying the Tang Monk to see Buddha for scriptures in the Western Heaven. But why did you bring harm to my son, Bull Holy Child, the master of Fiery Cloud Cave by the Dried Pine Brook on Roaring Mountain? I'm quite mad at you already. Why are you here also looking for me?"

Bowing again to him, the Great Sage said, "Don't wrongly blame me, Eldest Brother. At that time your son caught my master and wanted to eat his flesh. Your youngest brother was not able to get near him at all, and it was fortunate that the Bodhisattva Guanyin came to rescue my master. She persuaded your son to return to the right. Now he has become the Boy of Goodly Wealth, a rank higher even than yours, and he's enjoying the halls of ultimate bliss and the joys of everlasting life. Is there anything wrong with that? Why blame me instead?"

"You smart-mouthed ape!" scolded the Bull King. "I'll let you talk yourself free of the charge of hurting my son.

But why did you insult my beloved concubine and attack her right at my door?" With a laugh, the Great Sage said, "Because I had a hard time trying to find you, I questioned that girl, but I had no idea that she was my second Sister-in-law. She scolded me a little, and I lost my head momentarily and treated her rather roughly. I beg Eldest Brother to pardon me, please!"

"If you put it that way," said the Bull King, "I'll spare you for old time's sake. Leave!"

"I can't thank you enough," said the Great Sage, "for your great kindness. But I still have another matter that I must bring to you, and I beg you to be hospitable."

"Monkey," scolded the Bull King, "you don't know your limits! I've spared you already. Instead of going away, you stay here to pester me. What's this business about being hospitable?"

"To tell you the truth, Eldest Brother," said the Great Sage, "I was accompanying the Tang Monk on his westward journey, but our path was blocked by the Mountain of Flames and we couldn't proceed. When we asked the natives of that region, we learned that my esteemed Sister-in-law, Rāṣsī had in her possession a palm-leaf fan. Since it could be used to extinguish the fire, we went to your house and begged

her to lend it to us. She adamantly refused. That's why I now come to you and beg you to extend to us the compassion of Heaven and Earth. Go with me to the place of my big Sister-in-law and persuade her to lend us the fan. As soon as the Tang Monk has safely crossed the Mountain of Flames, we shall return it to you." When he heard these words, the Bull King could not suppress the fire leaping up in his heart. He gritted his teeth and shouted, "You claimed you weren't rowdy, but you wanted the fan all along. You must have insulted my wife first, and when she refused, you came to find me. What's more, you even chased my beloved concubine around! As the proverb says,

Ye must not slight
A friend's wife of thine,
Nor must ye snub
A friend's concubine.

You have, in fact, insulted my wife and snubbed my concubine. How insolent can you be? Come up here and have a taste of my rod!"

"If you mention fight," said the Great Sage, "you won't frighten me. But I have come to beg you for the fan in all earnestness. Please lend it to me!"

The Bull King said, "If you can withstand me for three rounds, I'll tell my wife to give it to you. If not, I'll kill you—just to relieve my wrath!"

"You are right, Eldest Brother," replied the Great Sage. "I have been rather remiss in visiting you, and I don't know whether your martial skill is as good as previous years. Let us practice a little with our rods." Without permitting further talk, the Bull King wielded his cast-iron rod and brought it down hard on his visitor's head, and it was met by the golden-hooped rod of the Great Sage. The two of them thus began quite a battle:

The golden-hooped rod,
The cast-iron rod—
Their colors change and they speak no more as friends.
That one says, "I still blame you, Monkey, for hurting my son!"
This one says, "Your son has attained the Way, so don't get mad!"
That one says, "How dare you be so brash as to approach my door?"
This one says, "I have good reason to give you a request."
One wants the fan to protect the Tang Monk;
One is too stingy to lend the palm-leaf.
Words are exchanged, their old amity's gone;
Friendship destroyed, they have but anger left.
The Bull King's rod like a dragon rears up;
The Great Sage's rod comes, gods and ghosts take flight.
Before the mountain they battle at first;
Then they rise jointly on auspicious clouds
To show in midair their great magic might,
To flaunt their powers in five-colored lights.
Two rods resound to shake the gates of Heav'n—
None's the stronger, they're evenly matched.

Our Great Sage and the Bull King fought for over one hundred rounds, but no decision could be reached.

In that moment when it was virtually impossible to separate the two of them, someone suddenly called out from the mountain peak:

"Sire Bull, my Great King sends you his earnest invitation. Please come early so that the banquet may begin." On hearing this, the Bull King stopped the golden-hooped rod with his cast-iron rod and said, "Monkey, you stop for a moment. I have to attend a banquet in a friend's house first."

He dropped down at once from the clouds and went inside the cave to say to Princess Jade Countenance, "Pretty Lady, that man just now with a thundergod beak happens to be the monkey, Sun Wukong, who has been driven away by the blows of my rod. He won't dare return. I am off to drink in a friend's house."

He took off his armor and put on instead a duck-green silk jacket.

Walking outside, he mounted a water-repellent golden-eyed beast, and, after giving instructions to the little ones to guard the door, departed midway between cloud and fog toward the northwest.

When the Great Sage, standing on the tall summit, saw him leave, he thought to himself, "I wonder what sort of friend that old Bull has, and where he is going to attend a banquet. Let old Monkey follow him."

Dear Pilgrim! With one shake of his body he changed into a gust of wind to catch up with the Bull King and proceed with him. In a little while, they arrived at a mountain, and the Bull King soon disappeared. Collecting himself to change back into his true form, the Great Sage entered the mountain to look around, and he came upon a deep lagoon with lovely clear water. There was, beside the lagoon, a stone tablet, on which there was in large letters this inscription:

Scattered-Rocks Mountain, Green Wave Lagoon. The Great Sage thought to himself, "That old Bull must have gone into the water, and an aquatic fiend has to be some kind of dragon spirit, fish spirit, or turtle spirit. Let old Monkey go in also to have a look."

Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and with one shake of his body changed into a crab; neither too big nor too small, it weighed about thirty-six pounds. He leaped into the water with a splash and sank quickly to the bottom of the lagoon. There he saw all at once a towered gateway with finely carved openwork. Beneath the arch there was tied the waterrepellent golden-eyed beast, but it was waterless inside the gateway. Crawling through, the Great Sage stared all around and he heard the sound of music coming from buildings still further in. This is what he saw:

Scarlet halls and shelled arches
Not commonly found in this world;
Roof tiles made of yellow gold;
Door frames formed by milk-white jade;
Railings built from coral twigs;
Spread screens of tortoise-shell inlay.
Auspicious clouds hang o'er the lotus throne—
Above, the Three Lights, below, the Milky Way.
Though it's not Heav'n or the sea's treasure chest,
This place quite rivals the island of Peng.
Guests and hosts gather in a tall banquet hall;

Pearls stud the caps of officials great and small.
They beckon jade girls to serve their ivory trays;
They urge divine maids to make merry tunes.
Long whales squeal;
Huge crabs dance;
Scorpaenids play flutes;
Iguanas roll drums.
Rare, lustrous pearls light up the food and drink;
Nature's patterns are carved on kingfisher screens.
Shrimp-whiskered curtains hang o'er corridors.
Eight instruments play in divine harmony,
Their glorious tones resound throughout the sky.
Green-headed perch-cocottes stroke the zithers,
And red-eyed young boys blow the flutes of jade.
Perch matrons present the venison stripes;
Gold-phoenix hairpins crown the dragon girls.
What they have to eat:
The eight treasure dainties of Heaven's kitchen;
What have they to drink:
The rich mellow brew from the purple mansion.

Sitting above in the middle honored seat was the Bull Demon King, while several female dragon spirits sat on his immediate left and right. Facing him was an old dragon spirit, attended by scores of dragon sons, dragon grandsons, dragon grandmothers, and dragon daughters on both sides. They were toasting one another and drinking with abadon when the Great Sage Sun walked right in. The old dragon caught sight of him, and he at once gave the order:

"Seize that wild crab!"

The various dragon sons and grandsons surged forward and took hold of the Great Sage, who assumed human speech, crying, "Spare me! Spare me!"

The old dragon said, "Where did you come from, wild crab? How dare you barge into our hall and hobble around without permission? Confess quickly, and we'll spare your life!"

Dear Great Sage! With specious words of a lyric to the tune of "Moon Over West River," he made this confession:

Since birth the lake's my livelihood,
I dwell in a cave by the ridge.
Of late time's passage has my body freed—
My rank, Private Sidewise- Carriage.
Treading on grass and trailing mud,
I've ne'er learned to walk properly.
Untaught in law, I your kingly might offend;
I beg your Grace to pardon me.

When those spirits attending the banquet heard what he said, they all rose to bow to the old dragon and to say, "This is the first time that Private Crab has entered the royal palace, and he's unfamiliar with the proper etiquette. We beg our lord to pardon him."

The old dragon expressed his consent, and one of the spirits gave this command:

"Release him. We'll stay the sentence of flogging. Let him go outside and wait on us."

The Great Sage dutifully gave his obedient reply before fleeing outside. Once he reached the towered gateway, he thought to himself, "This Bull King is so fond of his cup. How could I wait for him to leave here? And even when he leaves, he won't lend me the fan. Why don't I steal his golden-eyed beast, change into his appearance, and go deceive that Rākṣasī? I can then wangle her fan and help my master cross the mountain. That's a much better move."

Dear Great Sage! Changing back into his original form all at once, he untied the reins of the golden-eyed beast and mounted the carved saddle. He rode it out of the lagoon's bottom and went up to the surface of the water. He then changed himself into the form of the Bull King; whipping the beast and mounting the clouds, he reached the entrance of the Palm-Leaf Cave on the Jade Cloud Mountain in no time. "Open the door!" he cried, and two maids inside immediately opened the door when they heard his call. When they saw, moreover, that it was the Bull King, they rushed inside to report:

"Madam, our sire has come home." On hearing this, Rākṣasī quickly straightened her hairdo and walked out of her room to receive him. Our Great Sage thus

Dismounted
To lead in the golden-eyed beast;
In boldness
He would deceive the fair lady.

As Rākṣasī had only eyes of flesh, she could not recognize him. They entered the cave hand in hand, and she told the maids to present tea. When the whole family saw that the master had returned, each member treated him with great respect.

In not time at all, the couple were exchanging greetings. "Madam," said the specious Bull King, "it's been a long time!"

"I wish the Great King ten thousand blessings," replied Rākṣasī, and then she said, "the Great King is so partial toward his newlywed that he has forsaken this humble maid. Which gust of wind today has blown you back here?" Smiling at her, our Great Sage said, "I dare not forsake you. Since I was invited to join Princess Jade Countenance, however, I was plagued by all kinds of domestic concerns as well as by the affairs of my friends. That's why I have stayed away for so long, as I had to take care of another household. Anyway, I heard recently that the fellow Wukong, in the company of the Tang Monk, is about to arrive at the Mountain of Flames. I fear that he may want to ask you for the fan. I hate him, and we have yet to avenge our son's wrongs.

When he comes, send someone to report to me at once so that I can seize him and have him chopped to pieces. Only that can bring us satisfaction." On hearing this Rākṣasī fell to weeping and said, "Great King, the proverb says:

A man without wife, his wealth has no boss;
A woman with no husband herself has no boss.

My life was nearly taken by this monkey!" When he heard that, the Great Sage pretended to be outraged. "When did this wretched ape pass through here?" he cried. "He hasn't yet," replied Rākṣasī. "But he came here yesterday to borrow our fan. Because he brought harm to our son, I put on my armor and went outside to hack at him

with my swords. Enduring the pain, he addressed me even as sister-in-law, saying that he was once your bond-brother."

"There were indeed seven of us," said the Great Sage, "who entered into a fraternal alliance some five hundred years ago."

"He didn't dare answer me at first," said Rākṣasī, "even when I scolded him, nor did he dare raise his hands when I hacked him with the swords. Afterwards, I fanned him once and sent him away. But he found some sort of wind-arresting magic somewhere and came to our door again this morning to make noises. I used the fan on him once more, but this time I couldn't budge him at all. When I attacked him then with the swords, he wasn't so kind anymore. I was intimidated by the weight of his rod and ran inside the cave, tightly shutting the door. I didn't know where or how he got through, but he managed to crawl into my stomach and almost took my life. I had to address him several times as brother-in-law and give him the fan."

Again feigning dismay the Great Sage pounded his chest and said, "What a pity! What a pity! You have made a mistake, Madam! How could you give our treasure to that monkey? I'm so upset I could die!" Laughing, Rākṣasī said, "Please don't get mad, Great King, I gave him a fake fan, just to get him away."

"Where did you put the real one?" asked the Great Sage. "Relax! Relax!" replied Rākṣasī. "It's in my possession."

After she ordered the maids to prepare wine to welcome him, she took up the cup herself and presented it, saying, "Great King, you may have your newfound joy, but don't ever forget your proper wedded wife. Please have a cup of home brew."

The Great Sage did not dare refuse it; he had no choice, in fact, but to raise the cup and say to her, full of smiles, "Madam, please drink first. Because I had to look after external property, I was away from you for a long time. You have been good enough to watch over our home day and night. Please accept my thanks." Rākṣasī took the cup and filled it some more before handing it to the Great King again, saying, "As the ancients put it, a wife is one who manages, but the husband is like a father who provides support. What is there to thank me for?"

Thus the two of them conversed with great courtesy before they sat down to drink and eat in earnest. Not daring to break his vegetarian diet, the Great Sage took only a few fruits to keep the conversation going.

After drinking a few rounds, Rākṣasī felt somewhat tipsy and her passion was gradually aroused. She began to move closer to the Great Sage Sun, rubbing against him and leaning on him.

Holding hands with him,
She murmured affection;
Shoulder to shoulder,
She whispered endearment.

She took a mouthful of wine, and then he took also a mouthful of wine from the same cup. They also traded fruits with their mouths.

The Great Sage, of course, was feigning tenderness in all this, although he had no choice but to laugh and dally with her. Truly

"The muse's hook"—
"The sorrow's broom"—

To banish all cares nothing's better than wine!
The man resolves to act with less restraint;
The girl has slackened and begins to laugh.
Her face reddens like a ripe peach;
Her body sways like young willow.
They mumble and murmur, thus the prattle grows;
They pinch and they fondle with flirtatious glee.
Often she strokes her hair
And wields her dainty hands.
Her tiny feet she'd wiggle frequently
And shake her sleeves a few times purposely.
She'd lower her creamy neck;
She'd twist her slender waist.
Amorous words would never leave her lips;
Gold buttons loosened, her bosom's half-revealed.
Her reason truly totters for she's drunk.
Rubbing her glazed eyes, she's almost disgraced.

When the Great Sage saw that she was acting with such abandon, he took care to bait her with the words, "Madam, where have you put the real fan? You must be careful constantly, for I fear that Pilgrim Sun with his many ways of transformation will sneak in somehow and wangle it."

Giggling, Rākṣasī spat out a tiny fan no bigger than an almond leaf. Handing it over to the Great Sage, she said, "Isn't this the treasure?" When he held it in his hand, the Great Sage could not believe what he saw, and he thought to himself, "This little thing! How could it extinguish the flames? Could this be another false one?" When Rākṣasī saw him staring at the treasure in complete silence, she could not refrain from putting her powdered face up to Pilgrim's and calling out, "Dearest, put away the treasure and drink. What are you thinking of, anyway?" Immediately the Great Sage took this opportunity to follow up with the question, "A tiny thing like this, how could it extinguish eight hundred miles of flames?" Since the wine had virtually overwhelmed her true nature, Rākṣasī felt no constraint whatever and she at once revealed the truth, saying, "Great King, in these two years of separation, you must have given yourself over to pleasures night and day, allowing that Princess Jade Countenance to dissipate even your intelligence! How could you possibly forget how your own treasure works? Use your left thumb to press the seventh red thread attached to the fan's handle and utter the magic words, *Hui-xu-he-xi-xi-chui-hu*, and it will grow to twelve feet long. This treasure can change in boundless ways. You may have eighty thousand miles of flames, but one wave of the fan will extinguish them all."

Tucking these words firmly in his memory, the Great Sage put the fan inside his mouth before giving his own face a wipe to change back to his original form. "Rākṣasī," he shouted, "take a good look at me to see if I'm your dear husband! How you've pestered me with all your shameful doings! Aren't you embarrassed?" So astonished was that woman by the sight of Pilgrim that she fell to the ground, kicking over the tables and chairs. She was smitten with such terrible shame that she could only cry, "I'm so mad I could die! I'm so mad I could die!" Our Great Sage, of course, had no regard for her whether she was dead or alive. Struggling free, he left the Palm-Leaf Cave in big strides; truly

With no desire for such beauty,

He triumphed in gaiety .

Leaping up, he mounted the auspicious cloud to rise to the tall summit, where he spat out the fan at once to test its magic. Using his left thumb to press on the seventh red thread attached to the fan's handle, he recited:

"*Hui-xu-he-xi-xi-chui-hu*." Immediately it grew to twelve feet long. When he examined it carefully in his hand, he found that it was indeed quite different from the one before. The whole fan was shrouded by auspicious light and hallowed airs, and it was covered by thirty-six strands of red threads, plaited warp and weft.

Pilgrim, however, had only acquired the magic of enlarging it, and he had not throught of asking Rākṣasī for the oral formula to make it small again. After fussing with the fan for some time without being able to alter its size at all, he had no choice but to carry it on his shoulder and find his way back. We shall leave him for the moment.

We tell you instead about that Bull Demon King, who finally ended the banquet with those various spirits at the bottom of the Green Wave Lagoon. When he walked out of the door, he discovered that the water-repellent golden-eyed beast had disappeared. Calling the spirits together, the old dragon king asked, "Who stole the golden-eyed beast of Sire Bull?"

The spirits all knelt down and said, "No one would dare steal the beast. After all, all of us were presenting wines and serving the trays before the banquet, while others sang and made music. There was no one out in front."

"No member of this family," said the old dragon, "would ever dare do such a thing, I know. But did any stranger come in?"

"Shortly after we took our seats," said one of the dragon sons, "there was a crab spirit who got in here. He was a stranger, all right." On hearing this, the Bull King at once realized what had happened. "No need to talk anymore," he said. "At the time when the invitation of my worthy friend arrived, I was just doing battle with one Sun Wukong, who was accompanying the Tang Monk to seek scriptures. When they could not pass the Mountain of Flames, Sun came to ask me for the palm-leaf fan. I refused and we fought to a draw. Then I left him to attend your great banquet, but that ape has extraordinary intelligence and vast abilities. He must have taken the form of the crab spirit to spy on us, steal the beast, and then go off to my wife's place to try to wangle that palm-leaf fan." When they heard this, all those spirits shook with fear. "Is this the Sun Wukong who caused great disturbance in the celestial palace?" they asked.

The Bull King said, "The very same. All of you should take care to avoid offending him on the road to the West."

"In that case," said the old dragon, "what will you do about your beast of burden, Great King?"

"Don't worry," said the Bull King, laughing. "Please go away now. Let me chase him down."

He opened up a path in the water and leaped out of the lagoon. Mounting a yellow cloud, he soon arrived at the Palm-Leaf Cave in the Jade Cloud Mountain, where he heard Rākṣasī wailing loudly, beating her chest and stamping her feet. He pushed open the door and saw the water-repellent golden-eyed beast tied up inside. "Madam," shouted the Bull King, "where has Sun Wukong gone to?" When the maids saw the Bull Demon, they all went to their knees to say, "Sire, have you returned?"

Catching hold of the Bull King, Rākṣasī began to ram him with her head as she screamed:

"You wretched reprobate! How could you be so careless and allow that ape to steal your golden-eyed beast, change into your appeareance, and deceive me here?"

Gritting his teeth, the Bull King said, "Where did that ape go?" Rākṣasī pounded her own chest some more and screamed again. "After he wangled our treasure, that miserable ape changed back into his original form and left. Oh, I'm so mad I could die!"

"Madam," said the Bull King, "please take care of yourself, and don't be distressed. Let me catch up with the ape and get back our treasure. I'll skin him, I'll break his bones, and I'll gouge out his heart—just to give you satisfaction!"

Then he bellowed, "Bring me my weapon!" One of the maids said, "But your weapon isn't here."

"Then bring me the weapons of your mistress," said the Bull King.

The maids at once took out the two blue-bladed treasure swords. Taking off his duck-green silk jacket that he wore to the banquet, the Bull King tightened the belt around his undershirt before he took up the swords with both hands and walked out of the Palm-Leaf Cave to give chase toward the Mountain of Flames. So it was that

The ungrateful man
Had the silly wife deceived;
The fiery demon
Now approached the disciple.

We do not know whether good or ill will befall him after he leaves; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-ONE

Zhu Eight Rules assists in defeating the demon king
Pilgrim Sun baits for the third time the palm-leaf fan

We tell you now about that Bull Demon King, who caught up with the Great Sage Sun. When he saw that the Great Sage was carrying the palm-leaf fan on his shoulder and walking merrily along, he was greatly shaken. "So this monkey," said the Demon King to himself, "has succeeded in swindling even the method of operating the fan! If I ask him for it face to face, he will certainly refuse me.

Moreover, if he fans at me once, he will send me one hundred and eight thousand miles away. Wouldn't that be to his liking? I have heard that the Tang Monk on his journey is also accompanied by a Hog spirit and a Flowing-Sand spirit, both of whom I met in previous years when they were fiends. Let me change into the appearance of that Hog spirit to deceive the monkey instead. I suppose he's so pleased with his own success that he must have thrown caution to the winds."

Dear Demon King! He, too, was capable of undergoing seventy-two types of transformation, and his martial skill was about the same as that of the Great Sage, albeit his body was huskier, less agile, and not as nimble. Putting away his treasure swords, he recited a spell and, with one shake of his body, changed into the exact appearance of Eight Rules. He sneaked up to the road in front and then walked back facing the Great Sage, calling out:

"Elder Brother, I'm here." Our Great Sage was indeed quite pleased with himself! As the ancients said,

The cat triumphant purrs like a tiger.

He was thinking only of his own prowess and hardly paid attention to the design of this person drawing near. When he saw a figure resembling Eight Rules, he at once spoke up:

"Brother, where are you going?"

"When Master saw that you didn't return after such a long time," replied the Bull Demon King, working his ploy, "he was afraid that the Bull Demon King was too powerful for you to overcome, and that it would be difficult for you to get his treasure. He therefore asked me to come to meet you."

"Don't bother," said Pilgrim, chuckling. "I've made it."

"How did you make it?" asked the Bull King.

Pilgrim said, "That old Bull tangled with me for over a hundred rounds and we fought to a draw. Then he left me to drink with a bunch of female dragons and dragon spirits at the bottom of the Green Wave Lagoon in the Scattered-Rocks Mountain. I followed him secretly by changing into the form of a crab:

I stole the water-repellent golden-eyed beast on which he was riding and then changed into the form of the old Bull to go deceive that Rākṣasī in the Palm-Leaf Cave. That woman and old Monkey became a bogus couple for awhile, during which time I managed to wangle the treasure from her."

"You've been sorely taxed, Elder Brother," said the Bull King, "and you're working too hard. Let me carry the fan for you."

As the Great Sage Sun had no concern to distinguish between the true and the false, he handed over the fan immediately.

That Bull King, of course, knew how to make the fan grow big or small. After he took it in his hands, he recited some kind of a spell and it at once became as tiny as an almond leaf. Changing back into his true form, he shouted, "Wretched ape! Can you recognize me?" On seeing him, Pilgrim sighed, "It's my fault this time!"

Then he stamped his feet and bellowed, "Damn! I've been shooting wild geese for years, but now a tiny goose has pecked me blind!"

He became so enraged that he whipped out his iron rod and slammed it down hard on the Bull King's head. Stepping aside, the Demon King at once used the fan on him. He did not know, however, that when the Great Sage changed previously into a tiny mole cricket to enter the stomach of Rākṣasī, he still had in his mouth that Wind-Arresting Elixir, which he swallowed unwittingly. All his viscera had become firm; his skin and bones were wholly fortified. No matter how hard the Bull King fanned at him, he could not be moved. Horrified, the Bull King tossed the treasure into his own mouth so that he could wield the swords with both of his hands to slash at his opponent. It was some battle that the two of them waged in midair:

The Great Sage Sun, Equal to Heaven—
The world-wrecker, lawless Bull King—
Because of the palm-leaf fan,
They met, each flaunting his might.
The careless Great Sage had people deceived;
The audacious Bull King did swindle the fan.
For this one, the golden-hooped rod uplifted could no mercy show,
For that one, the double blue-blades had both power and skill.
The Great Sage exerting his vigor belched colored fog;
The Bull King letting loose violence spat out white rays.
A test of strength
By two dogged foes;
Gritting their teeth, they loudly huffed and puffed.
Spraying dirt and dust made dim Heav'n and Earth;
Flying rocks and sand awed both ghosts and gods.
This one said, "You dare be so foolish as to trick me back?"
That one said, "Would my wife permit you to checkmate her?"
Their words grew rough;
Their tempers flared.
That one said, "You cheat someone's wife, and you deserve to die!
You'll be found guilty when I file my charge!"
The sly Equal to Heaven Sage—
The ferocious King Powerful—
They wished only to kill
And no discussion allowed.
The rod struck, the swords came, both working hard.
A little slackness will make you see Yama King!

We shall leave this intense conflict between the two of them for the moment and tell you instead about the Tang Monk, who was sitting by the road racked by heat, thirst, and anxiety. He said to the local spirit of the Mountain of Flames, "May I inquire of the honorable deity, how powerful is that Bull Demon King?"

"That Bull King," replied the local spirit, "has vast, boundless magic powers. He is, in fact, the real match of the Great Sage Sun."

"Wukong is usually quite able when it comes to traveling," said Tripitaka. "A couple of thousand miles hardly requires very much time for him to be back. How is it that he's gone for a whole day today? He must be fighting with the Bull King."

Then he called out:

"Wuneng, Wujing, which of you would like to go meet your elder brother? If you happen to see him fighting our adversary, you can lend him assistance, so that all of you can acquire the fan to relieve my distress. Once we get across this mountain, we can be on our way again."

"It's getting late," said Eight Rules. "I'd like to go meet him, but I don't know my way to the Hoard-Thunder Mountain."

"This humble deity knows the way," said the local spirit. "Let's ask the Curtain-Raising Captain to keep your master company. I'll go with you."

Highly pleased, Tripitaka said, "Thank you for taking the trouble. I'll express my gratitude once more when merit is achieved." Rousing himself, Eight Rules tightened his black silk shirt and put the rake on his shoulder before rising with the local spirit on cloud and fog to head for the east. As they proceeded, they suddenly heard terrific shouts and the howling of wind. When he stopped his cloud to look, Eight Rules discovered that Pilgrim Sun was just doing battle with the Bull King. "Go forward, Heavenly Reeds," said the local spirit. "What are you waiting for?"

Firmly gripping his muckrake, our Idiot shouted, "Elder Brother, I'm here!"

"Coolie," said Pilgrim spitefully, "how you've upset my great enterprise!"

"Master told me to come meet you," said Eight Rules, "but since I didn't know the way, I had to discuss the matter before the local spirit agreed to lead me here. I know I'm late, but what do you mean by upsetting your great enterprise?"

"I'm not blaming you for your tardiness," said Pilgrim. "It's this wretched bull who is most audacious! I got hold of the fan from Rākṣasī, but this fellow changed into your appearance, saying that he came here to meet me. I was so pleased at that moment that I handed over the fan to him. He then changed back to his true form and strove with old Monkey at this place. That's what I meant by upsetting my great enterprise." Infuriated by what he heard, our Idiot lifted high his muckrake and screamed, "You bloody plague! How dare you change into the form of your ancestor, deceive my elder brother, and cause enmity to rise among us brothers?" Look at him! He charged into the fray and showered blows madly on the Bull King with his rake. The Bull King, after all, had fought with Pilgrim for nearly one whole day; when he saw how savagely Eight Rules was attacking him with his rake, he could no longer stand his ground and retreated in defeat.

His way was barred, however, by the local spirit leading a host of ghost soldiers. "King Powerful," said the local spirit, "you'd better stop! There is no god who would not protect the Tang Monk on his journey to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven, no

Heaven who would not grant him his blessing. This enterprise is known throughout the Three Regions; it has the support of all ten quarters. Quickly use your fan to extinguish the flames so that he may cross the mountain unharmed and unhindered. Otherwise, Heaven will find you guilty and you will certainly be executed."

"Local spirit," said the Bull King, "you're completely unreasonable! That wretched ape robbed me of my son, insulted my concubine, and deceived my wife. These were his misdeeds time and again. I hate him so much I wish I could swallow him whole and reduce him to dung to feed the dogs! How could I give him my treasure?"

Hardly had he finished speaking when Eight Rules caught up with him, screaming, "You bezoardic bull! Take out the fan quickly, and I'll spare your life!"

The Bull King had no choice but to turn and fight Eight Rules again with the treasure swords, while the Great Sage Sun raised his rod to help his companion. This was again some battle!

A spirit-boar,
A fiend-bull,
And an ape who stole to Heav'n to gain the Way.
As always Chan nature knows smelting and strife,
For earth must be used to fuse the primal cause.
The rake's nine prongs are both pointed and sharp;
The treasure swords' two blades are quick and smooth.
The iron rod in use is determination's staff;
Earth god assists to make elixir-head.
Three parties together thus feud and strive,
Each showing his talents to try to win.
Seize the bull to plow and gold coins will grow;
Recall hog to stove, and wood breath's retrieved.
With absent mind, how could one practice Dao?
To make spirit guard home's to bind the ape.
They brawl and growl
In bitter quest:
Three kinds of weapon thus crackle and clang.
The rake rakes, the swords cut with wicked aim
And with good cause rises the gold-hooped rod.
They fight till stars lose their brightness and the moon its light,
Till the sky's full of cold fog dense and dark.

Plunging into the battle with fresh courage, the Demon King fought as he moved along. They strove for a whole night but no decision could be reached. By morning, they had arrived at the entrance of the Cloud-Touching Cave of the Hoard-Thunder Mountain.

The deafening din created by the three fighters, the local spirit, and the band of ghost soldiers soon alerted the Princess Jade Countenance, who asked the maids to see who was making all the racket. The little fiends came back to report:

"It's the sire of our family fighting with the fellow who came here yesterday, the one who had a thunder-god beak. Joining the battle are also a monk with long snout and huge ears and the local spirit of the Mountain of Flames with his followers." When she heard this, Princess Jade Countenance at once summoned the captains, young and old,

of the external guards and ordered them to give armed assistance to her husband. The various soldiers, tall and short, that they managed to call up numbered over a hundred, all of them eager to show off their vigor. Gripping lances and waving rods, they swarmed out of the door, shouting, "Sire Great King, by the order of Madam, we have come to assist you."

Highly pleased, the Bull King said, "Welcome! Welcome!"

The fiends rushed forward to attack. Taken completely by surprise, Eight Rules could not fend off so many opponents and he fled in defeat, his rake trailing behind him. The Great Sage too mounted his cloud somersault to leap free of the encirclement, and the various ghost soldiers immediately scattered. Having thus achieved his victory, the old Bull gathered back the various fiends to return to the cave and to shut the door tightly, where we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about Pilgrim, who, after getting away, said to Eight Rules and the local spirit, "This fellow's very tough! Since about the hour of *shen* yesterday, he fought with old Monkey until nightfall and we couldn't reach a decision. Then the two of you arrived to relieve me. But after we went through the bitter struggle of half a day and one whole night, he still didn't seem to tire very much. And the band of little fiends who came out just now also appeared to be quite tough. Now that he has shut his door tightly and refused to come out, what shall we do?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you left Master yesterday in the morning. How was it that you didn't start fighting with him until some time in the afternoon? Where were you during those few hours in between?" Pilgrim said, "Since I left you people, I was on this mountain in an instant. I ran into a young woman whom I saluted, and she turned out to be the Princess Jade Countenance, his beloved concubine. I gave her a scare with my iron rod, and she ran into the cave to bring out the Bull King, who harangued old Monkey for some time before we began to fight. After about two hours, someone came to invite him to a banquet. I followed him to the Green Wave Lagoon at the Scattered-Rocks Mountain, where I spied on him and his hosts by changing into a crab. I then succeeded in stealing his water-repellent golden-eyed beast and took on the appearance of the Bull King.

Returning to the Palm-Leaf Cave on the Jade Cloud Mountain, I fooled Rākṣasī and wangled the fan from her. After leaving her door, I tried to work the magic: the fan was enlarged all right, but I forgot to ask her for the formula to make it small again. As I journeyed back carrying the fan on my shoulder, the Bull King met me, having assumed your features, and wangled the fan back. That's what happened during all that time."

Eight Rules said, "It's like what the proverb says,

> *A bean-curd boat capsized in the ocean—*
> *In liquid they come,*
> *In water they go!*

If it's so difficult to get his fan, how can we help Master cross this mountain? Let's go back, find another way, and scat!"

"Please don't be anxious, Great Sage," said the local spirit, "and you shouldn't slacken, Heavenly Reeds. When you mention finding another way, you are bound to fall into heterodoxy, and you are no longer someone concerned with the proper method of cultivation.

As the ancients said, where can one walk but on the main road? How can you possibly think of finding another way? Remember your master, now sitting with bulging eyes by the road and waiting for you to succeed!"

Growing vehement, Pilgrim said, "Exactly! Exactly! Don't talk nonsense, Idiot! What the local spirit said is quite right. With that demon we are just about to

Wage a contest
And try our gifts.
Let me exploit my vast transforming powers.
Since coming West I've ne'er met a true foe,
For Bull King in fact was from Mind Monkey changed.
Now's the best time for us to meet the source.
We must fight to borrow the treasure fan.
With pure and cool
To snuff the flames,
The stubborn void smashed, we'll see Buddha's face.
Merit fulfilled we'll rise to ultimate bliss:
We'll all then attend Buddha's Birthday Feast!"

Greatly inspired by these words he heard, Eight Rules exerted himself even more and replied earnestly:

Yes! Yes! Yes!
Go! Go! Go!
Who cares if the Bull King says yes or no!
Wood's born at Boar, the hog's its proper mate,
Who'll lead back the Bull to return to earth.
Monkey is the metal born under shen*:*
Peaceful and docile, how harmonious!
Use the palm-leaf
As water's sign.
When flames are extinct, Completion's attained.
In hard work we persist both night and day
And rush, merit done, to Ullambana Feast.

Leading the local spirit and the ghost soldiers, the two of them rushed forward and, with their muckrake and iron rod, smashed to pieces the front door of the Cloud-Touching Cave. The captain of the external guards was so terrified that he dashed inside to make his report, trembling all over:

"Great King, Sun Wukong has led a crowd to break down our front door!"

The Bull King was just telling the Princess Jade Countenance all that had taken place and how deeply he hated Pilgrim. When he heard that his front door had been broken down, he became enraged. Putting on his armor hurriedly, he took up the iron rod and came out. "Wretched ape!" he expostulated as he emerged. "How big do you think you are, that you let loose such violence here and break down my door?"

Eight Rules rushed forward and roared, "You old carcass! What sort of a person are you that you dare measure someone else? Don't run away! Watch my rake!"

"An overgorged coolie like you," shouted the Bull King, "isn't that impressive! Tell that monkey to come up here quickly!"

"You stupid grass-eater!" said Pilgrim. "Yesterday, I was still talking to you as a bond-brother, but today you are my enemy. Take care to taste my rod!"

Boldly the Bull King met the two of them, and the conflict this time was even more fierce than the last one. Three valiant persons, all tangled together. What a battle!

Muckrake and rod exert their godly might.
They lead ghost soldiers the old bull to fight,
Who displays alone his violent trait
And his magic powers vast as Heaven.
One uses his rake to rake;
One uses his rod to strike;
The heroic iron's more uncanny still.
Three kinds of weapon make clangorous sounds:
They block, they parry, they will yield to none.
He claims he's the first;
He claims he's on top.
Ghost soldiers, looking on, can't separate
Wood and earth feuding and darting up and down.
These two say, "Why don't you lend us the palm-leaf fan?"
That one says, "How dare you be so bold as to trick my wife?
I have yet to avenge my hunted mistress and my son,
When you alarm us some more by breaking our door."
This one says, "You just watch out for my compliant rod.
One tiny brush and it will tear your skin!"
That one says, "Do try to dodge the rake's sharp teeth!
One wound will make nine bloody holes!"
Undaunted the Bull Demon lets loose his power;
His iron rod held high, he waits for his chance.
They churn up rain and cloud, going back and forth.
They belch out wind and fog and do as they please.
For this bitter struggle they risk their lives.
They, full of hate, with each other strive.
The stylized limbs
Go up and down;
They cover the front, the back without let up.
Two brothers together now strain and toil;
One man with one rod performs all alone.
From dawn till late morning they fight and fight;
At last the Bull Demon will leave with his hands tied.

With no thought for life or death, the three of them again fought for over one hundred rounds, when Eight Rules, his idiotic nature aroused and strengthened by the magic power of Pilgrim, began to attack madly with his rake. No longer able to ward off the blows, the Bull King fled in defeat and headed straight for the cave's entrance. Leading the ghost soldiers to bar the way, the local spirit shouted, "King Powerful, where are you fleeing to? We are here!" Unable to enter the cave, the old Bull turned swiftly and saw Eight Rules and Pilgrim rushing toward him. He became so flustered that he abandoned his armor and his iron rod; with one shake of his body, he changed into a swan and flew into the air.

When Pilgrim saw it, he chuckled and said, “Eight Rules, the old Bull’s gone!”

That Idiot was completely ignorant of the matter, and the local spirit did not perceive either what had happened. All of them were staring this way and that, madly searching before and behind the Hoard-Thunder Mountain. “Isn’t he up there flying in the air?” said Pilgrim as he pointed with his finger. “That’s a swan,” said Eight Rules. “A transformation of the old Bull,” said Pilgrim. “In that case,” said the local spirit, “what shall we do?”

“Fight your way in, the two of you,” said Pilgrim, “and exterminate all those fiends. In short, we’ll break up his lair and cut off his retreat. Let old Monkey go and wage a contest of transformation with him.”

Eight Rules and the local spirit followed his instruction and we shall leave them for the moment.

Putting away his golden-hooped rod, the Great Sage shook his body and changed into a Manchurian vulture, which spread its wings and darted up to a hole in the clouds. It then hurtled down and dropped onto the swan, seeking to seize its neck and peck at the eyes.

Knowing also that this was a transformation of Pilgrim Sun, the Bull King hurriedly flapped his wings and changed himself into a yellow eagle to attack the vulture. At once Pilgrim changed himself into a black phoenix, the special foe of the yellow eagle.

Recognizing him, the Bull King changed next into a white crane which, after a long cry, flew toward the south.

Pilgrim stood still, and shaking his feathers, changed into a scarlet phoenix that uttered a resounding call. Since the phoenix was the ruler of all the birds and fowl, the white crane dared not touch him. Spreading wide his wings, he dived instead down the cliff and changed with one shake of the body into a musk deer, grazing rather timorously before the slope. Recognizing him, Pilgrim flew down also and changed into a hungry tiger which, with wagging tail and flying paws, went after the deer for food. Greatly flustered, the demon king then changed into a huge spotted leopard to attack the tiger. When Pilgrim saw him, he faced the wind and, with one shake of his head, changed into a golden-eyed Asian lion, with a voice like thunder and a head of bronze, which pounced on the huge leopard. Growing even more anxious, the Bull King changed into a large bear, which extended his paws to try to seize the lion. Rolling on the ground, Pilgrim at once turned himself into a scabby elephant, with a trunk like a python and tusks like bamboo shoots.

Whipping up his trunk, he tried to catch hold of the bear.

With a loud guffaw, the Bull King then revealed his original form of a gigantic white bull, with a head like a rugged mountain and eyes like bolts of lightning. The two horns were like two iron pagodas, and his teeth were like rows of sharp daggers. From head to toe, he measured more than ten thousand feet, while his height from hoof to neck was about eight hundred.

“Wretched ape!” he roared at Pilgrim. “What will you do with me now?” Pilgrim also changed back to his true form; yanking out his golden-hooped rod, he bent his back and then straightened out, crying, “Grow!”

At once he grew to a height of one hundred thousand feet, with a head like Mount Tai, eyes like the sun and the moon, a mouth like a bloody pond, and teeth like doors. Lifting high his iron rod, he brought it down on the bull's head, and it was met by a pair of flinty horns. This battle truly rocked the ridges and the mountains, alarmed both Heaven and Earth. We have a testimonial poem, and it says:

Dao is one foot, though the demon's ten thousand feet,
Which clever Mind Monkey must toil to beat.
If one wants the mountain flameless to be,
The treasure fan must bring cold purity.
Yellow Dame's resolved the elder to uphold;
To clear the fiends Wood Mother makes bold.
Five Phases, peaceful, to right fruit return
And, ascending West, dirt and demons spurn.

Releasing their vast magic powers, the two of them battled in midmountain, and it soon alerted all those deities inhabiting the empty void: the Golden-Headed Guardian, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, and the Eighteen Guardians of Monasteries all came to surround the Demon King, who was not the least daunted. Look at him!

He headed east,
He headed west,
With two erect and gleaming iron horns
Charging back and forth;
He bunted north,
He bunted south,
His dark, hairy hard tendonous tail
Whipping left and right.

The Great Sage Sun met him head-on, while the various deities attacked him from all sides. Exasperated, the Bull King rolled on the ground and changed back into his original form to flee to the Palm-Leaf Cave. Changing back to his normal size, Pilgrim also gave chase from behind with the deities. Dashing inside the cave, the Demon King shut the door and refused to come out, while the gods had the Jade Cloud Mountain tightly surrounded.

As they were about to charge the door, they heard the noisy arrival of Eight Rules, the local spirit, and his band of ghost soldiers.

When Pilgrim saw them, he asked, "What happened at the Cloud-Touching Cave?"

"The mistress of that old Bull," replied Eight Rules, chuckling, "was killed by one blow of my rake. When I stripped her, she turned out to be a white-faced fox. The rest of the fiends were all donkeys, asses, cows, stallions, badgers, foxes, musk deer, goats, tigers, antelopes, and the like—they have all been wiped out. We set fire also to his cave-dwelling. The local spirit then told me that he has another household in this mountain, and that's why we've come back here to make a clean sweep of them."

"You have achieved great merit, Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim. "Congratulations! Old Monkey has waged in vain a contest of transformation with him, for I have not yet achieved a victory. He finally changed into the biggest possible white bull, and I therefore assumed the appearance that imitated Heaven and Earth. As I

clashed with him, the various deities were kind enough to descend on us and have him completely surrounded. He then changed back into his original form and fled inside the cave."

"Is this that Palm-Leaf Cave?" asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim said, "Indeed it is. This is where Rākṣasī lives."

"In that case," said Eight Rules, growing more vehement, "why don't we fight our way in, attack him, and demand from him the fan? Why should we let him wait and get wiser, or let him enjoy the company of his wife?"

Dear Idiot! Rousing his strength, he lifted high his rake and brought it down on the door; with a loud crash, both the door and one side of the ledge collapsed. One of the maids fled into the cave to report, "Sire! Someone has wrecked our front door!"

The Bull King had just dashed inside; still panting, he was telling Rākṣasī about how he took the fan from Pilgrim and then waged the contest with him. When he heard the report, he became enraged. Spitting out the fan, he handed it over to Rākṣasī, who, when she received it, began to weep. "Great King," she said, "let's give that monkey the fan so that he'll withdraw his troops."

"Oh Madam," said the Bull King, "the fan's a small thing, but my hatred is deep. You sit here, while I go to contend with them once more." Putting on his armor again, the demon took up the two treasure swords and walked out. Eight Rules was still using his rake on the door; when the old Bull saw him, he hacked away with his swords without another word. Eight Rules retreated a few steps, protecting himself with the upraised rake. After they left the doorway, the Great Sage immediately joined them with his iron rod. Mounting a violent gust of wind, the Bull Demon leaped clear of the cave-dwelling, and they began a fresh skirmish above the Jade Cloud Mountain, encircled by the many gods, the local spirit, and the band of ghost soldiers. This was again some battle!

Clouds conceal the world;
Mist shrouds the cosmos;
Dark wind blows soughing, sand and rocks roll;
Angry breaths rise up and ocean waves churn.
Two swords are sharpened again;
The whole body's armed once more.
There's hatred deep as the sea,
As anger grows from enmity.
Watch the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven who, for merit's sake,
Rejects now a friend he has known for years.
Eight Rules uses his power to seek the fan;
The gods hunt the Bull King to protect the Law.
The Bull King's two hands will not stop or pause:
With vigor they parry both left and right.
They fight till the birds fold their wings and cease to fly,
Till fishes stop leaping and submerge their scales,
Till ghosts and gods wail as Heav'n and Earth grow faint,
Till tigers and dragons cower as sunlight fades.

Abandoning any regard for his life or limb, the Bull King fought them for over fifty rounds before he weakened and was forced to retreat in defeat. As he fled toward the north, he was met at once by the Diamond Guardian Dharma Diffusion of vast

magic powers and of the Cliff of Mysterious Demons in the Mountain of Five Platforms, who shouted at him, “Bull Demon, where are you going? I have been sent by the Buddhist Patriarch Śākyamuni to set up cosmic nets here to capture you.”

Hardly had he finished speaking when the Great Sage, Eight Rules, and the other deities came rushing toward them, so frightening the demon king that he turned and fled toward the south. He ran right into the Diamond Guardian Victorious Ultimate of immeasurable dharma-power and of the Pure-Cool Cave in the Emei Mountain, who shouted at him, “I received the Buddha’s decree to capture you.”

His legs turning weak and his heart growing faint, the Bull King hurriedly tried to head toward the east, when he was met by the Diamond Guardian Great Strength, a Vaiśramaṇa ascetic from the Ear-Touching Ridge of the Sumeru Mountain, who shouted at him:

“Where are you going, old Bull? By the secret command of Tathāgata, I am here to arrest you.”

Backing off in fear, the Bull King fled toward the west, but he was greeted by the Diamond Guardian Ever Abiding, the indestructible honored rāja of the Golden Beam Summit at the Kunlun Mountain, who shouted at him, “Where is this fellow going? I am stationed here by the personal order of the aged Buddha in the Great Thunderclap Monastery of the Western Heaven. Who’ll let you get away?” In fear and trembling, the Bull King did not have time even for regret when he saw Buddhist warriors and celestial generals approaching from all sides with cosmic nets spread so wide that there was virtually no way to escape. In that abject moment, he heard Pilgrim and other pursuers closing in, and he had to mount the clouds to try to flee toward the sky.

Just then, Devarāja Li, the Pagoda-Bearer, and Prince Naṭa led Fish-Bellied Vajrayakṣa and Celestial General Mighty-Spirit to block his path in midair. “Slow down! Slow down!” they cried. “By the decree of the Jade Emperor, we are here to arrest you.” In desperation, the Bull King shook his body as before and changed into a huge white bull, wielding his two iron-like horns to try to gore the devarāja, who met him with his scimitar.

Meanwhile, Pilgrim Sun arrived at the scene. “Great Sage,” shouted Prince Naṭa, “we have our armor on, and we can’t salute you properly. Yesterday we father and son saw Tathāgata, who asked us to present a memorial to the Jade Emperor and inform him that the journey of the Tang Monk has been blocked at the Mountain of Flames, and that it was difficult for the Great Sage Sun to bring the Bull Demon King to submission. The Jade Emperor therefore issued a decree for my father king to lead the troops here to lend you assistance.”

“But this fellow has considerable magic powers,” said Pilgrim. “Now he has changed into such a body. What shall we do?”

“Great Sage, don’t worry!” said the prince with a laugh. “Watch me capture him!” Shouting “Change!”, the prince immediately changed into a figure having three heads and six arms. He leaped onto the bull’s back and brought his monster-cleaving sword down on the bull’s neck: the bull was beheaded at once. Putting away his scimitar, the devarāja was about to greet Pilgrim when another head emerged from the torso of the bull, his mouth belching black air and his eyes beaming golden rays. Naṭa lifted his sword once more and cut off the bull’s head; as soon as it dropped to the ground, another head came out. It went on like this more than ten times. At last, Naṭa

took out his fiery wheel and hung it on the Bull's horn. The wheel at once started a great blaze of true immortal fire, which burned so fiercely that the bull began to growl and roar madly, shaking his head and wagging his tail. He would have liked to use transformation to escape, but the Devarāja Pagoda-Bearer trained his imp-reflecting mirror steadfastly on him so that he could not change out of his original form. As he had no way to flee, he could only cry, "Don't take my life! I'm willing to make submission to Buddhism."

"If you do pity your own life," said Naṭa, "bring out the fan quickly."

The Bull King said, "The fan is being kept by my wife." On hearing this, Naṭa took out his monster-tying rope and draped it around the bull's neck. Then he threaded the rope through his nostrils so that the bull could be pulled with the hand. Pilgrim then collected together the Four Great Diamond Guardians, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, the Guardians of Monasteries, the Devarāja Pagoda-Bearer, the Celestial General Mighty- Spirit, Eight Rules, the local spirit, and the ghost soldiers. Surging around the white bull, they all went back to the entrance of the Palm-Leaf Cave. "Madam," called the old bull, "please bring out the fan to save my life." When Rākṣasī heard the call, she took off her jewels and her colored clothing. Tying up her hair like a Daoist priestess and putting on a plain colored robe like a Buddhist nun, she took up with both hands the twelve-foot long palm-leaf fan to walk out of the door.

When she caught sight of the Diamond Guardians, the devarāja and his son, and the other sages, she hurriedly went to her knees to kowtow and say, "I beg the Bodhisattvas to spare our lives. We are willing to give this fan to Brother-in-law Sun so that he may achieve his merit." Pilgrim drew near and took up the fan; then all of them mounted the auspicious clouds to return toward the east.

We tell you now about Tripitaka and Sha Monk, who were alternately sitting and standing by the main road as they waited for Pilgrim. They were indeed full of anxiety because he did not return for such a long time. Then, all of a sudden, auspicious clouds filled the sky and hallowed lights flooded the earth, as the various divine officers drifted near. Turning quite apprehensive, the elder said, "Wujing, who are those divine warriors approaching us?" Recognizing the figures he saw, Sha Monk replied, "Master, those are the Four Great Diamond Guardians, the Golden-Headed Guardian, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, the Guardians of Monasteries, and other deities of the air. The one leading the bull is Third Prince Naṭa, and the one holding the mirror is Devarāja Li, the Pagoda-Bearer. Big Brother is carrying the palm-leaf fan, followed by Second Elder Brother and the local spirit. All the rest happen to be celestial guards." On hearing this, Tripitaka put on his Vairocana hat and changed into his cassock before he led Wujing to bow to the sages, saying, "What virtue does this disciple possess that he should cause all you honored sages to descend to the mortal world?"

"You should be congratulated, sage monk," said one of the Four Great Diamond Guardians, "for your perfect merit is nearly achieved.

We have come to assist you by the decree of Buddha. You must persist in your cultivation with all diligence, and you must not slacken at all."

Tripitaka kowtowed repeatedly to receive this instruction.

Holding the fan, the Great Sage Sun walked near the mountain and waved the fan once with all his might. Immediately the flames on the mountain subsided and there was only the faintest glow left. He fanned at it a second time and a cool, gentle breeze rustled through the region. He fanned at the mountain a third time, and as

Hazy clouds filled the sky,
A fine rain drizzled down.

We have a testimonial poem, and it says:

Eight hundred miles long, this Mountain of Flames,
The light of its fire has worldwide fame.
Elixir can't ripen with five senses scorched;
When Three Passes are burned, the Dao's impure.
At times the palm-leaf may bring dew and rain;
By luck Heaven's hosts lend their godly pow'r.
Lead the bull to Buddha, let it sin no more:
Nature is calm when water's joined with fire.

At this time Tripitaka was liberated from heat and delivered from distress; his mind was purified and his will made quiescent. The four pilgrims renewed their submission and thanked the Diamond Guardians, who returned to their treasure mountains. The Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light then rose into the air to provide continual protection, while the other deities all scattered. The deva-rāja and the prince led the bull to return to see Buddha. Only the local spirit remained to watch Rākṣasī, who was still standing at attention on one side.

"Rākṣasī," said Pilgrim, "how is it that you are not on your way? Why are you still standing here?"

Going to her knees, Rākṣasī said, "I beg the Great Sage to be merciful and give me back my fan."

"You bitch!" shouted Eight Rules. "You don't know when to stop! Isn't it enough that we spare your life? You still want your fan? After we have taken it across the mountain, you think we won't trade it for a snack? We are not going to give it back to you after we have expended all this energy! Look how the rain drizzles! Why don't you go back!"

"The Great Sage," said Rākṣasī, bowing again, "said originally that he would return the fan to me once the fire was extinguished. I didn't listen to you at first, and now it's too late for regret after such a battle. Because of our recalcitrance, an army had to be sent here to toil and fight. I would, however, like to tell you that we have actually attained the way of humanity, though we have not returned to the right fruit. Now that I have witnessed the epiphany of the true body returning to the West, I shall never dare misbehave again. I beg you to give me back my fan, so that I may start a new life in self-cultivation."

"Great Sage," said the local spirit, "since this woman knows the means by which the flames can forever be extinguished, you should ask her for it before you return the fan to her. This humble deity will remain in this region to care for its populace and beg from them some offering for my livelihood. You will have done us all an act of grace."

"When I spoke to the local people," said Pilgrim, "they told me that when the fan extinguished the fire on this mountain, they could only harvest the five grains for one year. Then the fire would start again. How could it be extinguished forever?"

"If you want it extinguished forever," replied Rākṣasī, "you must fan at the mountain forty-nine times. It will never start again." When he heard this, Pilgrim indeed took the fan and fanned with all his strength at the summit forty-nine times: a great torrential rain descended on the mountain. It was truly a treasure, for the rain came

down on only the area where there was fire before; where there was no fire, the sky remained clear. Master and disciples thus stood on the spot where there was no fire and they did not get wet at all. After staying there for the night, they put in order the luggage and the horse the next morning and gave the fan back to Rākṣasī.

Pilgrim said to her, "If old Monkey didn't do this, I fear that people might say that my words are not trustworthy. You go back to a mountain with your fan now and don't start any trouble. I spare you because you have already attained a human body."

After she received the fan, Rākṣasī recited a spell, and it changed again back into an almond leaf, which she placed in her mouth. She bowed to thank the pilgrims and went off somewhere to practice self-cultivation as a recluse. In the end she, too, attained the right fruit and a lasting reputation in the sūtras.

As Rākṣasī and the local spirit thanked them and walked to send them off, Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk were again accompanying Tripitaka to move forward, truly with their bodies pure and cool and with moisture beneath their feet. This is what we mean by

> Kan *and* Li *completed, true origin's fused;*
> *Water and fire balanced, the great Dao is born.*

We don't know in what year they will return to the Land of the East; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-TWO

To wash off filth, to bathe the mind, just sweep a pagoda
To bind demons and return to the lord is self-cultivation

In all twelve hours you must never forget
To reap the fruit of night and day.
For five years—one hundred and eight thousand rounds—
Let not spirit water run dry,
Nor let fire-light cause you distress.
There's no harm where fire and water blend well;
Five Phases would join as if enchained.
Yin and yang at peace raise you up cloudy tower:
Ride the phoenix to reach Heaven;
Mount the crane to head for Yingzhou.

The tune of this lyric is "Immortal by the River," which we use solely to depict Tripitaka and his three disciples. Since they attained the condition wherein water and fire were in perfect equilibrium, their own natures became pure and cool. Successful in their endeavor to borrow the treasure fan of pure yin, they managed to extinguish the large mountain of torrid flames; and in less than a day, they traversed the distance of eight hundred. Leisurely and carefree, master and disciples proceeded toward the West. As it was the time of late autumn and early winter, this was what they saw:

Wild chrysanthemum drop their blooms;
Tender buds emerge from new plums.
At each village they harvest grains;
Every where they eat fragrant fare.
The woods shed their leaves and distant hills are seen;
By brookside frost thickens, cleansing the ravine.
Moved by the wintry breeze,
The insects stop their work.
Pure yin now becomes yang,
The month's ruled by Yuanming.
Water virtue's strong,
For peace reigns in bright, clear days.
Earth's aura descends;
Heaven's aura rises;
The rainbow leaves without a trace;
Ice slowly forms in pools and ponds.
Dangling by the ridges, wisteria flowers fade;
Absorbing cold, pines and bamboos grow more green.

After they traveled for quite awhile, the four of them again found themselves approaching a moated city. Reining in his horse, the Tang Monk called out to his disciple:

"Wukong, look at those tall, towering buildings over there. What kind of a place do you think it is?" Pilgrim raised his head to look and saw that it was indeed a moated city. Truly it has

The shape of a coiled dragon,
This crouched-tigerlike strong city.
On all sides bright canopies overhang it;
With many turns royal plains level out.
Beasts of jade and stone form the bridges' railings;
Statues of worthies stand on golden mounts.
Truly it seems like a capital of China,
A metropolis of Heaven;
A secure domain of ten thousand miles,
A prosperous empire of a thousand years.
Barbarians yield to the ruler's far-reaching grace;
Mountains and seas pay tribute to the sages' court.
The royal steps are clean;
The royal path's serene;
The taverns bustle with songs;
Flowered towers are full of joy.
Evergreens outside the Weiyang Palace
Should let the phoenix sing to greet the dawn.

"Master," said Pilgrim, "that moated city has to be the domain of a ruler or king."

"In this world," said Eight Rules with a laugh, "there are cities that belong to a prefecture, and there are cities that belong to a district. How do you know that this is the domain of a ruler or a king?"

"Don't you know," said Pilgrim, "that the domain of a king or a ruler is quite different from a prefecture or a district? Just look at those gates on all four sides of the city: there must be over ten of them. The circumference around it has to be over a hundred miles.

The buildings are so tall that there are clouds and fog hovering over them. If this is not a royal capital of some sort, how could it have so grand and noble an appearance?"

"You have good eyes, Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "and you may recognize that it's a royal city. Do you know it's name?" Pilgrim replied, "There are neither banners nor plaques. How could I know its name? We have to make inquiries inside the city, and then we'll know." Urging his horse on, the elder soon arrived at the gate, where he dismounted to walk across the moat-bridge. As he looked around after he entered the gate, he discovered flourishing trades in all three markets and the six boulevards; and he saw, moreover, that in their elegant attire, the people looked most distinguished. As they walked along, they suddenly caught sight of a score of monks begging from door to door, everyone carrying the cangue and wearing a lock. They looked most destitute indeed! "When the hare dies," sighed Tripitaka, "the fox will grieve, for a creature will mourn its kind."

Then he called out:

"Wukong, go up there and question them. Why are they so condemned?" Obeying his master's words, Pilgrim said, "Hey, monks! Which monastery do you belong to? Why are you carrying the cangue and wearing the lock?"

Going to their knees, the monks said, "Father, we are monks of the Golden Light Monastery who have been grievously wronged."

"Where is this Golden Light Monastery?" asked Pilgrim. "Just around the corner there," said one of the monks.

Pilgrim brought them before the Tang Monk before he asked them again, "What do you mean by grievously wronged? Tell me."

"Father," said the monks, "we don't know where you came from, though you seem quite familiar to us. We dare not tell you here.

Please come to our humble residence, and we will disclose our woes."

"That *is* more appropriate," said the elder. "Let's go to their monastery, and we can then question them carefully."

They went together up to the monastery gate, where they found in gold letters this horizontal inscription:

Golden Light Monastery Built by Imperial Command. As master and disciples entered the gate, they saw

Cold scented lamps in aged halls;
Windswept leaves in vacant corridors.
Atop the clouds, a thousand-foot pagoda;
To nourish one's nature, a few pine trees.
The ground's flower-strewn, but no guests pass by;
The eaves are amply screened by spider webs.
Drums mounted in vain;
Bells hung up unused;
The walls are dust-covered, the murals blurred.
The lectern's so quiet for no monk is seen;
The Chan Hall's silent, only birds you'll meet.
Such lamentable plight!
Such endless, lonely pain!
Though incense urns are before the Buddhas placed,
The ashes cool, the petals wilt, and all are vain.

Grief-stricken, Tripitaka could not restrain the tears welling up in his eyes. Wearing the cangues and locks, the monks pushed open the door to the main hall and invited our elder to worship the Buddha. After he entered the hall, the elder could only offer the incense of his heart, though he touched his face to the ground three times. Then they went to the back, where they found another six or seven young priests chained to the pillar before the abbot's hall, an intolerable sight for Tripitaka. When they reached the abbot's hall, the monks leading the way all came to kowtow, and one of them asked, "The features of our Venerable Fathers are not all the same. Do you happen to be those who have come from the Great Tang in the Land of the East?"

"You monks must know the magic of foreknowledge without divination," said Pilgrim, laughing. "We're indeed such persons. But how did you recognize us?"

"Father," said the monk, "what sort of foreknowledge without divination do you think we really possess? It's just that we've been grievously wronged, and there's nowhere for us to turn for justice except to call on Heaven and Earth day in and day out. We must have disturbed the gods, I suppose, for each of us had a dream last night, where we were told that a holy monk arriving from the Great Tang in the Land of the East would be able to save our lives. Our grievances, too, would be rectified. When we came upon the strange appearances of you Venerable Fathers today, we were thus able to recognize you."

Highly pleased by these words, Tripitaka said, "What is the name of your region here? What sort of grievances do you have?"

The monks all knelt down again, and one of them said, "Holy Father, this city is called the Sacrifice Kingdom, and it is a major city in the Western Territories. In years past, barbaric tribes of all four quarters came to pay us tribute: to the south, the Yuetuo Kingdom, to the north, the Qoco Kingdom; to the east, the State of Western Liang; and to the west, the Benbo Kingdom. They brought annually fine jade and lustrous pearls, beautiful girls, and spirited horses. Without our use of arms or expeditionary forces, all of them would of their own accord venerate us as the superior state."

"If they do that," said Tripitaka, "it must be because you have an upright king, worthy civil officers, and noble military officers."

"Holy Father," said the monk, "neither our civil officers are worthy, nor our military officers noble. And the king is not upright either. It has to do with this Golden Light Monastery of ours, which from the beginning had auspicious clouds covering our treasure pagoda and hallowed mists rising from our whole edifice. At night beams of light flashed from the building and people as far away as ten thousand miles had seen them; by day, colored airs sprouted and all four of our surrounding nations had witnessed them. This is why we have been regarded as the divine capital of a Heavenly prefecture, and why we have enjoyed the tributes of the four barbaric tribes. But three years ago, during the first day of the first month of winter, a rainstorm of blood descended upon us at the hour of midnight. By morning every household was fearful; every home was grief-stricken. The various ministers made haste to memorialize to the king, with all sorts of speculation on why such chastisement was sent by the Heavenly Lord. At the time, Daoists were summoned to say their mass and Buddhists their scriptures in order to pacify Heaven and Earth. Who would have suspected, however, that, since our treasure pagoda of gold had been defiled by that rainstorm, the foreign nations would stop coming to pay tribute these last two years? Our king wanted to send out expeditionary forces, but he was restrained by the ministers, who accused the monks of this monastery of stealing the treasure in the pagoda. That was the reason they gave for the disappearance of the auspicious clouds and hallowed mists and for the cessation of tribute on the part of the foreign nations. The dim-witted ruler never gave the matter another thought; at once those venal officials had us monks arrested and inflicted on us endless tortures and interrogations. There were altogether three generations of monks in this monastery; two of them, unable to withstand such terrible treatments, died. The rest of us are now locked up in cangues and locks, still accused of this crime. Think of it, Venerable Father—how could we dare be so bold as to steal the treasure in the pagoda? We beg you in your great compassion to have regard for the special affinity of our kind. Vouchsafe your great mercy and exercise your mighty dharma power to save our lives."
When Tripitaka heard this, he nodded his head and sighed, saying, "There are certainly hidden aspects to this matter that have not yet come to light. For one thing, the court has been remiss in its rule, and for another, all of you may be faced with a fated calamity.

But if it was the shower of blood sent by Heaven that had defiled the treasure pagoda, why didn't you people at the time prepare a memorial to present to your ruler, so that you would be spared such affliction?"

"Holy Father," said the monk, "we are only common folks. How could we know the will of Heaven? Moreover, if our senior colleagues could not determine what to do, how would we be able to settle the matter?"

"Wukong," said Tripitaka, "what time is it now?"

"About the hour of *shen*," replied Pilgrim. "I would like to have an audience with the ruler," said Tripitaka, "so that our travel rescript may be certified. But we have not yet fully understood what has happened to the monks here, and it's hard for me to speak to the ruler about this matter. After I left Chang'an, I made a vow in the Temple of the Law Gate that on my journey to the West, I would burn incense in every temple, I would bow to Buddha in every monastery, and I would sweep a pagoda whenever I came across a pagoda.

Today we have met you monks who have been grievously wronged because of a treasure pagoda. Why don't you people fetch me a new broom? Let me bathe first, and then I'll go up there to sweep it clean. Let me see if I can discover exactly what has caused the defilement and the loss of the pagoda's brilliance. Once we determine that, we can memorialize to their ruler and deliver them from this affliction." When they heard this, some of those monks carrying the cangues and locks dashed into the kitchen and picked up a kitchen knife to hand over to Eight Rules, saying, "Father, please take the knife and see if you can sever the chains on the pillar over there, so that those young priests can be freed. They can then go to prepare a meal and a scented bath for the holy fathers here. We'll go to the streets to beg a new broom for him to use to sweep the pagoda."

"It's so easy to open locks!" said Eight Rules, chuckling. "There's no need for a knife or an ax. Ask that hairy-faced father. He's a seasoned lock-picker." Pilgrim indeed went forward and, using the lock-opening magic, gave the shackles a wipe with his hand. Immediately, all the chains and locks fell to the ground. Those young priests ran into the kitchen to scrub the pots and pans and prepare a meal. After Tripitaka and his disciples ate, it was gradually turning dark when some of these monks still cangued and locked came in with two brooms. Tripitaka was very pleased.

As he spoke with them, another young priest came in with a lamp to invite him to go take his bath. By then, the moon and the stars were shining brilliantly outside as the sound of bamboo drums started from the watchtowers. Truly

At four walls the cold wind arose;
In every house the lamps burned bright.
Shutters in all six lanes went up;
Doors of three markets were shut tight.
Fishing boats retired to the woods;
Ploughmen their short ropes forsook.
The woodcutter's ax now rested;
A student recited his book.

After he finished bathing, Tripitaka put on a short-sleeve undershirt, which he tied with a sash. He changed into a pair of soft-soled shoes and picked up a new broom. "You should all go to sleep," he said to the monks, "and let me go sweep the pagoda."

"If the pagoda had been defiled by a bloody rainstorm," said Pilgrim, "and if it had grown dark for such a long time already, some vicious things might have been bred up there. If you go up all by yourself in this cold, windy night, you may run into something unexpected.

How about letting old Monkey be your companion?"

"Very good! Very good!" replied Tripitaka.

Each of them thus took up a broom. They went first to the main hall and lit the glass chalice and burned fresh incense. Tripitaka went to his knees before the Buddha image and prayed, saying, "Your disciple, Chen Xuanzang, by the decree of the Great Tang in the Land of the East, was sent to worship our Buddha Tathāgata in the Spirit Mountain and to ask for scriptures. Arriving here at the Golden Light Monastery of the Sacrifice Kingdom, I was told by the monks of this monastery that the treasure pagoda had been defiled. The king suspected that the monks had stolen the treasure, and they were wrongly charged with a crime, the cause of which no one, in fact, had knowledge. In all earnestness, therefore, your disciple has decided to sweep this pagoda. I beg our Buddha to reveal quickly by his mighty spirit the true source of the pagoda's defilement, so that the innocence of these mortal men can be established."

After his prayer, he and Pilgrim opened the door of the pagoda and began to sweep it, beginning with the lowest tier. Truly this pagoda

Leans ruggedly toward the sky
And rises, towering, in the air.
It's justly called a pagoda of five-colored glass,
A śārī-peak of a thousand gold;
Its stairs winding like a tunnel;
An open cage when its doors unfold.
Its treasure vase reflects the moon in the sky;
Its golden bells ring with the wind of the sea.
You can see the empty eave saluting the stars
And the lofty top detaining the clouds.
The empty eave saluting the stars
Creates a phoenix piercing strange rocks and flowers;
The lofty top detaining the clouds
Brings forth a pagoda-dragon fog-entwined.
Your gaze on top will reach a thousand miles;
Up there it'll feel like the Ninefold Heaven.
In glass lamp at the door of each tier,
There's dust but no fire;
On white-jade railings before every eave
Gather dirt and flying insects.
Inside the pagoda,
Above the votive tables,
Smoke and incense all extinguished;
Outside the windows,
Or before the images,
Cobwebs opaque and widespread.
There's more rat dung in the urns
Than there's oil in the chalice.

Because a treasure was in secret lost,
Priests have been killed, their lot made bitter and vain.
Since Tripitaka wills to sweep it clean,
The pagoda's old form will, of course, be seen.

The Tang Monk used his broom to sweep clean one tier before going up to another tier. By the time he reached the seventh tier, it was already the hour of the second watch, and the elder began to tire. "You're getting tired," said Pilgrim. "Sit down, and let old Monkey do the sweeping for you."

"How many tiers are there on this pagoda?" asked Tripitaka. Pilgrim replied, "I'm afraid there are at least thirteen tiers."

Attempting to endure his fatigue, the elder said, "I must finish sweeping it to fulfill my vow."

He swept three more tiers, and his torso and legs ached so badly that he had to sit down on the tenth tier. "Wukong," he said, "you sweep clean the rest of the three tiers for me and then come back down." Rousing his energy, Pilgrim went up to the eleventh tier, and in a moment, he ascended to the twelfth tier. As he swept the floor, he heard someone speaking on the top of the pagoda. "That's strange! That's strange!" said Pilgrim. "It has to be about the hour of the third watch now. How could there be anyone speaking on the pagoda top? This has to be some sort of deviant creature. Let me go and have a look."

Dear Monkey King! Stealthily he picked up the broom and put it under his arm; hitching up his clothes, he crawled out of the door and rose into the clouds to look around. There in the middle of the thirteenth tier of the pagoda were seated two monster-spirits, and before them were placed a basin of coarse rice, a bowl, and a wine pot. They were drinking and playing the finger-guessing game.

Using his magic, Pilgrim abandoned the broom and whipped out the golden-hooped rod. He stood at the doorway and shouted, "Dear fiends! So *you* stole the treasure on the pagoda!"

Terrified, the two fiendish creatures quickly got up and pelted Pilgrim with the pot and the bowl, but he blocked the blows with his iron rod and said, "If I slay you, there'll be no one to make the confession." With the rod, he backed them against the wall until they could not move at all, and all they could say was, "Spare us! Spare us! It has nothing to do with us. Someone else took the treasure." Using the magic of seizure, Pilgrim grabbed them with one hand and went back to the tenth tier. "Master," he announced, "I have caught the thieves who stole the treasure."

Tripitaka was just dozing: when he heard this, he was both startled and pleased. "Where did you catch them?" he asked. Pilgrim pulled the two fiends forward and made them kneel down. "They were having fun on top of the pagoda," he said, "drinking and playing the finger-guessing game. When old Monkey heard all that noise, I mounted the cloud to leap up there and block their escape with no effort at all. But I feared that if I killed them with one blow of the rod, no one would make the confession. That's why I brought them here. Master, you can take their testimony and see where they came from and where they have stashed the treasure."

Trembling all over, the two fiends could only utter, "Spare us!"

Then one of them made this honest confession:

"We have been sent here to patrol the pagoda by the All Saints Dragon King of the Green Wave Lagoon in the Scattered-Rock Mountain. He is called Busy Bubble, and I am called Bubble Busy. He's a sheatfish spirit, and I'm a black fish spirit. This all came about because our All Saints Old Dragon once gave birth to a daughter by the name of Princess All Saints, who was blessed with the loveliest features and the most extraordinary talents. She took in a husband by the name of Nine-Heads, who also had vast magic powers. Year before last, he came here with the Dragon King and, exerting great divine strength, sent down a rainstorm of blood to have the treasure pagoda defiled.

Then he stole the śarīra Buddhist treasure from the building. Thereafter the princess also went up to the great Heaven where she stole the nine-leaved agaric, which the Lady Queen Mother planted before the Hall of Divine Mists. The plant and the Buddhist treasure are both kept now at the bottom of the lagoon, lighting up the place with their golden beams and colored hues night and day. Recently we received the news that there was one Sun Wukong on his way to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures. We are told not only that he has vast magic powers, but also that he loves to meddle with the faults of others. That's why we've been sent here frequently to patrol the area, so that we'll be prepared when that Sun Wukong arrives." Laughing scornfully at what he heard, Pilgrim said, "How audacious are these cursed beasts! No wonder he sent for the Bull Demon King the other day to attend their banquet! So, he was in league with this bunch of brazen demons who specialize in evil deeds!"

Hardly had he finished speaking when Eight Rules and a few young priests holding two lanterns walked up from below. "Master," he said, "why haven't you gone to bed after you finished sweeping the pagoda? Why are you still sitting here and talking?"

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "it's a good thing you've come, The treasure on the pagoda was stolen by the All Saints Old Dragon. He was the one who sent two little fiends to patrol the pagoda here and to spy on our movements, but they were caught by me just now."

"What are their names," asked Eight Rules, "and what sort of monster-spirits are they?"

"They just gave us a confession," said Pilgrim. "One of them is called Busy Bubble, and the other is called Bubble Busy. One is a sheat fish spirit, and the other is a black fish spirit." Whipping out his rake, Eight Rules wanted to strike at them, saying, "If they are monster-spirits who have made their confession, why not beat them to death? What are we waiting for?" Pilgrim said, "You haven't thought about this. If we keep them alive, it'll be easier for us to go speak to the king about this matter, and they can be used as informants too, for catching the thieves and recovering the treasure."

Dear Idiot! He indeed put away the rake; he and Pilgrim then each picked up a fiend and pulled him down the pagoda. All the fiends could say was "Spare us!"

Eight Rules said to them, "We were just looking for some sheat fish and black fish like you, so that we could make some soup for those wronged priests."

The several young priests, in great delight, held their lanterns high to lead the elder down the pagoda. One of them ran ahead to report to the other monks, crying, "It's great! It's great! We've finally seen the day! The fiends who stole our treasure have been caught by the fathers." Pilgrim gave this order:

"Bring us some iron chains, pierce their lute bones, and lock them up here. You people stand guard over them and we'll go to sleep. We'll dispose of them tomorrow."

Those monks indeed watched over the fiends with great care while Tripitaka and his disciples rested.

Soon it was dawn, and the elder said, "I'll go into the court with Wukong to have our travel rescript certified." Whereupon he changed into his brocaded cassock and put on his Vairocana hat. In full clerical attire, he strode forward, accompanied by Pilgrim, who also tightened his tiger-skin kilt and straightened out his silk shirt after he took out the travel rescript. "Why aren't you bringing along the two fiendish thieves?" asked Eight Rules. "Let us inform the king first," said Pilgrim, "and there will be royal summoners sent here to fetch them."

They walked before the gate of the court, and there were endless scenes of scarlet birds and yellow dragons, of divine capitals and celestial arches. Approaching the East Flower Gate, Tripitaka saluted the grand official of the gate and said, "I beg Your Honor to make this announcement for us: this humble cleric has been sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. We seek an audience with your ruler in order to have our travel rescript certified." Willing, indeed, to grant this request, the Custodian of the Yellow Gate went before the steps to memorialize:

"There are two monks of strange features and attire outside who claim to have been sent by the Tang court in the Land of the East of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent to go seek scriptures from Buddha in the West. They wish to have an audience with our king in order to have their travel rescript certified." On hearing this, the king gave the order to have the visitors summoned, and the elder thus led Pilgrim to walk into court. When the civil and military officials caught sight of Pilgrim, they all became frightened, some saying that this was a monkey priest while others observing that he was a monk with a thunder-god beak. All of them were so alarmed that they dared not stare at him for long. While the elder went through elaborate ritual before the steps to salute the throne, Pilgrim stood with hands folded before him and remained unmoved. Then the elder spoke:

"Your priestly subject has been sent as a scripture pilgrim by the Great Tang nation in the Land of the East of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent to worship Buddha at the Great Thunderclap Monastery in the India of the West. Our journey takes us to your noble region, and we dare not pass through without permission. We have with us a travel rescript, which we beg you to certify before we leave."

Greatly pleased by what he heard, the king gave the order for the sage monk of the Tang court to ascend the Hall of Golden Chimes.

A cushion of embroidered silk was granted him as his seat. Going up the hall by himself, the elder first presented the rescript before he took the seat. After the king had read carefully the rescript from beginning to end, he was delighted. He said to Tripitaka, "Though the Great Tang Emperor was indisposed, he was fortunate to have been able to select a noble priest who was willing to seek scriptures from Buddha without any fear of the lengthy distance. But the priests of our region are good only for stealing, for bringing ruin upon our nation and ruler." When he heard this, Tripitaka folded his hands before his chest and said, "In what way do they bring ruin upon your nation and ruler?"

"This kingdom of ours," said the king, "is a superior state of the Western Territories. In the past, the four barbaric tribes frequently came to us to pay tribute, all

on account of the Golden Light Monastery within our kingdom. In that monastery was a treasure pagoda of yellow gold, the luster and brilliance of which filled the sky. Recently, however, the larcenous monks of the monastery secretly have stolen the treasure, and for the last three years, there was no brilliance at all. The foreign nations during this time also stopped their tributes, and this matter has aroused our deepest hatred."

"Your Majesty," said Tripitaka with a smile, his hands still folded,

"To err by a hair's breadth
Is to miss by a thousand miles!

When this humble priest arrived at your Heavenly domain last evening, I caught sight of some ten priests, all carrying cangues and wearing locks, the moment I entered the city gate. I questioned them on their crime, and they told me that they were innocent victims from the Golden Light Monastery. An even more thorough investigation I made after my arrival at their monastery disclosed that the priests there had nothing to do with this, for when I swept the pagoda at night, I caught the fiendish thieves who stole the treasure."

"Where are these fiendish thieves?" asked the king, highly pleased. Tripitaka said, "They have been locked up by my humble disciple in the Golden Light Monastery."

Hurriedly issuing a golden tablet, the king gave this decree:

"Let the Embroidered-Uniform Guard bring back the fiendish thieves from the Golden Light Monastery. We ourselves will then interrogate them."

"Your Majesty," said Tripitaka, "though you may want to send the Imperial Guard, it is better that my humble disciple accompany him."

"Where is your noble disciple?" asked the king.

Pointing with his finger, Tripitaka said, "He's the one standing by the jade steps." When the king saw Pilgrim, he was astounded, saying, "The sage monk has such elegant features! How is it that your noble disciple has that sort of appearance?" When the Great Sage Sun heard this, he spoke up in a loud voice, "Your Majesty,

Do not judge a man by his face,
Nor measure the sea by a vase.

If you only cared for men of good appearance, how could you seize the fiendish thieves?"

These words of Pilgrim turned the king's astonishment to delight, and he said, "What the sage monk says is true indeed. We shall not select talents according to their appearances. All we want is to catch the thieves and return the treasure back to the pagoda."

He then gave the order for the court attendant to prepare a canopied carriage, and for the Imperial Guard to wait on the sage monk in all diligence when he went to fetch the fiendish thieves.

The court attendant at once sent for a huge carriage and a yellow umbrella. The Embroidered-Uniform Guard also summoned the guardsmen; Pilgrim was placed in the carriage that was borne by four people in front and four behind, while four outriders shouted to clear the way as they headed toward the Golden Light Monastery. This

entourage soon disturbed the populace of the whole city, and not one failed to show up to try to see the sage monk and the fiendish thieves.

When Eight Rules and Sha Monk heard the shouts for clearing the way, they thought that some official sent by the king had arrived, and they hurried out of the monastery to receive him. Pilgrim, they discovered, was the one sitting in the carriage. Facing him, our Idiot said, giggling, "Elder Brother, you've acquired your true form!" Pilgrim descended from the carriage and took hold of Eight Rules, asking, "What do you mean?"

Eight Rules replied, "You have a yellow umbrella above you, and your carriage is borne by eight carriers. Don't these betoken the office of Monkey King? That's why I said you've acquired your true form."

"Don't make fun of me!" said Pilgrim. He untied the two fiendish creatures so that they could be taken to see the king. "Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "please take us along."

"But you should stay here to guard the luggage and the horse," said Pilgrim. One of the priests who were still cangued and locked said, "Let the fathers go to enjoy imperial favor. We will remain here to watch your things."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "let us go report to the king first. Then we'll come to free you."

Eight Rules grabbed one of the fiendish thieves, while Sha Monk took hold of the other; the Great Sage Sun climbed into the carriage as before. The entire entourage returned to court with the fiendish thieves in custody.

In a moment, they arrived before the white jade steps to address the king:

"We've brought the fiendish thieves here."

Coming down from his dragon couch, the king led the Tang Monk and the various officials, both civil and military, to look at the fiends: one had pouchy jowls and black scales, a pointed mouth and sharp teeth, while the other had smooth skin and a huge belly, a large mouth and long whiskers. Though they had legs that could walk, they barely looked human. "Where are you from, monster-spirits," asked the king, "and in what year did you invade our domain to steal our treasure? How many thieves are there altogether, and what are their names? Make your confession, in truth and in detail."

The two fiends went to their knees before him (though their necks were dripping with blood, they did not seem to mind the pain), and made this confession:

Three years ago,
On the first of the seventh month,
There was one All Saints Dragon King,
Who led many of his kindred
To settle southeast of this state
From here miles some one hundred.
His lagoon's called Green Wave;
His mountain, Scattered- Rock.
To him was born a daughter
Most pretty and seductive,
Who took a husband named Nine- Heads

Of magic powers matchless.
Learning of your pagoda's treasure,
He joined the Dragon King as bandits.
First they sent down a bloody rainstorm;
Then the pagoda's śāri they lifted.
Now it lights up the dragon palace,
Making bright days out of darkness.
As well the princess plotted
In deep and silent secret;
She stole the Queen Mother's agaric,
With which the lagoon's treasure she nourished.
We two are no bandit leaders:
The Dragon King sent only privates.
Tonight we've been captured;
Our confession's most honest.

"If you have made your confession," said the king, "why don't you reveal your names?" One of the fiends said, "I'm called Busy Bubble, and he's called Bubble Busy. I'm a sheat fish spirit, and he's a black fish spirit."

The king instructed the Embroidered-Uniform Guard to jail them, after which he issued this decree:

"The monks of the Golden Light Monastery will be freed at once from their cangues and locks. Let the Court of Imperial Entertainments prepare a banquet quickly, and we will thank the sage monks in the Unicorn Hall for capturing these thieves. We will also discuss the matter of asking the sage monks to arrest the bandit chief."

The Court of Imperial Entertainments at once prepared a banquet composed of both vegetarian and meat dishes. After the king invited the Tang Monk and his three disciples to take their seats in the Unicorn Hall, he asked, "Sage Monk, what is your honored style?"

"The secular family of this humble cleric," replied the Tang Monk with folded hands, "goes by the name of Chen, and my religious name is Xuanzang. I also had bestowed on me the surname of Tang by my emperor, and my humble style is Tripitaka."

"And what are the honored styles of your noble disciples?" asked the king.

"My disciples are without styles," said Tripitaka. "The first one is called Sun Wukong; the second, Zhu Wuneng; and the third, Sha Wujing. These names were given by the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin of the South Sea. Since they made submission to this humble cleric and addressed me as master, I have also named Wukong Pilgrim. Wuneng I have named Eight Rules, and Wujing is now called Monk." When he finished speaking, the king asked Tripitaka to take the head table, Pilgrim Sun to take the side table to his left, and Zhu Eight Rules with Sha Monk to take the side table to his right. Spread upon the tables were all vegetarian foods, fruits, teas, and rice. Facing them, the king took the table that had on it meat dishes, while the rest of the civil and military officials occupied over a hundred tables down below, all with meat dishes. After the officials thanked the king and the disciples excused themselves to their master, they were all seated. The king lifted his cup, but Tripitaka dared not drink; only the three disciples accepted the seat-taking toast. From down below came the harmonious strains of pipes and strings provided by the Office of Music. Look at the appetite of Eight

Rules! It did not matter whether fruits or vegetables were set on the table; he wolfed them down and finished them all. A little while later, additional soup and rice were brought to him, and these he also cleaned up completely. When the wine stewards came by, he never once refused the cup. And so, this banquet lasted well past the hour of noon before it ended.

As Tripitaka gave thanks for this lavish banquet, the king tugged at him to say, "This is merely to thank you for capturing the fiends.

Let's change the banquet quickly to Jianzhang Palace, where we shall ask the sage monk for the plan to arrest the bandit chief and return the treasure to the pagoda."

"If you want us to do that," said Tripitaka, "there is no need for another banquet. All of us humble clerics will take leave of you, Your Majesty, and we shall go to capture the fiends."

The king, however, would have none of it, and he insisted that they proceed to the Jianzhang Palace, where they were fêted once more. Raising a cup of wine, the king said, "Which one of you sage monks will lead the troops to go arrest the fiends?"

"We'll send Sun Wukong our eldest disciple," said Tripitaka, and the Great Sage saluted him with folded hands to signify his obedience. "If Elder Sun is willing to go," said the king, "how many men and horses do you need? When do you want to leave the city?" No longer able to restrain himself, Eight Rules said in a loud voice, "Who needs men and horses! Who cares what time it is! While we are still full of wine and rice, let me go with Elder Brother. We'll just stretch our hands and bring them back at once."

Highly pleased, Tripitaka said, "You're quite diligent nowadays, Eight Rules!"

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "let Brother Sha Monk protect Master. We two will go."

"If the two elders do not need men or horses," said the king, "do you want any weapons?"

"The weapons that you have," said Eight Rules, chuckling, "are of no use to us. We brothers have our own weapons that accompany us wherever we go." On hearing this, the king asked for a large goblet of wine with which he wanted to send them off. "We won't drink wine now," said the Great Sage Sun, "but ask the Embroidered-Uniform Guard to bring out the two little fiends. We'll take them along as informants."

The king ordered them brought out at once; taking hold of the two fiends and mounting the wind, the two disciples employed the magic of traction to head for the southeast. Lo!

When Ruler and subjects saw them mounting wind and fog,
They knew master and disciples to be sage monks.

We do not know how they will capture the other monsters; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-THREE

Two monks, quelling fiends, disturb the dragon palace
The sages, destroying deviates, acquire the treasures

We were telling you about the king of the Sacrifice Kingdom and the various officials, both great and small. When they saw how the Great Sage Sun and Eight Rules mounted the wind and fog and glided away, each holding one of the little fiends, all those dukes and marquises bowed toward the sky, saying, "It's indeed the truth! Not until today did we realize that there *are* such immortals, such living Buddhas!" When the two disciples vanished from sight, the king then turned to thank Tripitaka and Sha Monk, saying, "This Solitary One is of fleshly eyes and mortal stock. We only thought that your worthy disciples had sufficient power to capture the fiendish thieves. Little did we realize that they are actually superior immortals who can ride the fog and mount the clouds!"

"This humble cleric," said Tripitaka, "has hardly any magic power, and he's dependent on these three lowly disciples throughout the journey." Sha Monk said, "To tell you the truth, Your Majesty, my Big Brother happens to be the converted Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. Once he caused great havoc in Heaven, using a golden-hooped rod, and among one hundred celestial warriors there was none who could withstand him. Even the Jade Emperor and Laozi were intimidated by him. My Second Elder Brother is none other than the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds who has embraced the right fruit. He used to command a mighty force of eighty thousand marines of the Celestial River. Compared with them, this disciple has very little magic power, but I, too, happen to be the Curtain-Raising Captain who has received the commandments. We brothers may not be very good at doing other things, but if you want something like catching fiends and binding monsters, seizing thieves and arresting fugitives, taming tigers and subduing dragons, kicking down Heaven and pulling up wells—including even stirring up seas and overturning rivers—we know a little of these. As for activities such as mounting the cloud and riding the fog, calling up rain and summoning wind, moving the stars and changing the dipper, poling the mountains to chase after the moon, they are simple matters, hardly worth mentioning." When the king heard this, he became even more respectful toward them; asking the Tang Monk to take the honored seat, he addressed him as "Venerable Buddha," while Sha Monk and his companions were given the title, "Bodhisattva."

The civil and military officials of the entire court were all delighted, while the people of the whole kingdom paid them homage, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We now tell you about the Great Sage Sun and Eight Rules who, astride the violent wind, brought the two young fiends to the Green Wave Lagoon at the Scattered-Rock Mountain. After they stopped their clouds, the Great Sage blew a mouthful of divine breath onto his golden-hooped rod, crying, "Change!" It changed at once into a ritual razor, with which he cut off the ears of the black fish spirit and the lower lip of the sheat fish spirit. After casting the fiends into the water, Pilgrim shouted to them, "Go quickly and make a report to that All Saints Dragon King. Tell him that his Venerable Father Sun the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, has arrived. Tell him to bring out immediately the original treasure taken from the top of the Golden Light Monastery in

the Sacrifice Kingdom, and the lives of his whole family will be spared. If he but utters half a no, I'll clean out this lagoon, and everyone in his household, both old and young, will be executed!"

Those two little fiends were only too glad to have their lives back. Enduring their pain and dragging along their iron chains, they fled by darting into the water. The spirits of fishes, shrimps, crabs, sea turtles, iguanas, and huge tortoises were so startled that they swarmed around them and asked, "Why are you two draped with ropes and chains?" One of the two, hands still hugging the sides of his head, kept wagging his tail and shaking his head; the other one, holding his mouth, stamped his feet and beat his breast. In a noisy throng, they went up to the palace of the Dragon King and the two made this report:

"Great King, disaster!"

The All Saints Dragon King was just drinking wine with Nine-Heads, his son-in-law. When he saw them dashing in, he put down his glass and inquired about the disaster. "We were on patrol last night," said one of the two fiends, "when we were caught by the Tang Monk and Pilgrim Sun, who happened to be sweeping the pagoda. We were, in fact, bound by iron chains. This morning we were taken to see the king, after which that Pilgrim and Zhu Eight Rules hauled the two of us back here; one of us had his ears cut off and the other, his lower lip. They then threw us into the water and told us to make this report. They are demanding from us the treasure taken from the pagoda top." When they gave a thorough account of what had happened, and when the old dragon heard the name Pilgrim Sun, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, he was so terrified that his spirit fled his body and his soul floated up to the Ninefold Heaven.

Shaking all over, he said to Nine-Heads, "Oh, worthy son-in-law! It may be all right if another person shows up, but if it's he, then we're in a bad situation!"

"Relax, great father-in-law!" said the son-in-law with a laugh. "Since his youth your foolish son-in-law has mastered the rudiments of the martial arts. Within the four seas he has, moreover, met quite a few stalwart warriors. Why fear *him*? Let me go out now and fight three rounds with him. I promise you that that fellow will bow his head in submission, not daring even to look up!"

Dear fiend! He leaped up at once and put on his armor, picking up a weapon which had the name of crescent-tooth spade.

Striding out of the palace, he opened a path in the water and rose to the surface, crying, "What sort of Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, is here? Come over quickly and yield your life!" Standing on the shore, Pilgrim and Eight Rules stared at the monster-spirit to see how he was attired.

He wore a bright silver helmet,
Its luster whiter than snow;
He had on a cuirass of steel
Luminous as autumn's frost,
Which topped a damask martial robe
Patterned like colored clouds enfolding jade.
His waist had a belt of rhinoceros grain,
Which seemed like a python spotted with gold.
His hands held the crescent-tooth spade
Flashing with beams of light;

His feet wore two pigskin boots
Which parted water and waves.
Seen from afar he had one head and one face;
Drawing near, he seemed human all around.
Eyes in front,
Eyes behind,
He could see all eight quarters.
A mouth on the left,
A mouth on the right,
Nine mouths talking at once!
One shout he gave and it shook the distant void,
As if a crane's cry had punctured the stars.

When the monster-spirit found no reply, he shouted once more:

"Who is the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven?"

Giving his golden fillet a pinch and his iron rod a bounce, Pilgrim replied, "Old Monkey's the person."

The fiend asked, "Where do you live? Where did you come from originally? How did you get to the Sacrifice Kingdom to become the guard of the pagoda for that king? How dare you capture my captains and work further violence by provoking battle on my treasure mountain?"

"You thievish fiend!" scolded Pilgrim. "So, you don't recognize your Grandfather Sun! Come up here and listen to my recital.

Mount Flower- Fruit's where old Monkey once had lived,
At the great ocean's Water-Curtain Cave.
I've wrought a perfect body since my youth;
Emperor Jade made me Sage Equal-to- Heav'n.
When I caused great havoc in the Dipper Hall,
The gods in Heaven found me hard to beat.
The Buddha, asked to lend his wondrous might,
Used his boundless wisdom transcendently.
In a somersault wager—a test of might—
His hand formed a mountain to have me pressed
Beneath it till now, a full five hundred years.
My life was spared when Guanyin intervened:
Great Tang's Tripitaka would go to the West
To seek on Spirit Mountain the Buddhist verse.
To give him protection I found release
And cultivation, purging imps and fiends.
At Sacrifice Kingdom of the West we met
Priests wrongly blamed, three generations all.
In mercy we inquired about the cause
And learned the pagoda had lost its light.
My master swept it to get to the truth:
The night reached third watch when all sounds had ceased,
We caught two monsters who at once confessed.
You all, they claimed, had the treasure stolen;

The gang of thieves e'en had a dragon king,
To which a princess added her name, All Saints.
By raining blood on the pagoda's beams,
She took someone's treasure for her own use.
That true statement before the court obtained,
We sped to this place by the king's command
That we might find you and provoke a fight.
There's no need to ask for Father Sun's name.
Return the treasure quickly to the king
And we'll spare your kin's lives, both old and young.
If you're so foolish as to want to strive,
I'll drain your water, topple your mountain, and stamp you out!"

When the son-in-law heard these words, he smiled scornfully and said, "So, you're a monk on your way to fetch scriptures. Don't you have anything more important to do than to meddle in someone's affairs? You're to seek your scriptures from Buddha, and I am the one who steals treasures. What has that to do with you? Why must you come here to fight with me?"

"This thievish fiend," said Pilgrim, "has very little understanding! Of course, I'm not a recipient of the king's favor, nor do I feed on his water or rice, and thus I'm not obliged to serve him. But you stole not only his treasure and defiled his pagoda, you also brought suffering to the priests of the Golden Light Monastery. They belong, after all, to the same community as we. How could I not exert my strength on their behalf and bring their injustice to light?"

"In that case," said the son-in-law, "you must want to do battle. As the proverb says, 'War is an unkindly act.' When I raise my hands, I fear I'll not spare you. I may take your life all of a sudden, and that may upset your scripture enterprise!"

Enraged, Pilgrim shouted, "You brazen thievish fiend! What power do you have that you dare mouth such big words? Come up here and have a taste of your father's rod!" Not in the least intimidated, the son-in-law parried the blow with his crescent-tooth spade; a marvelous battle thus broke out on top of that Scattered-Rock Mountain.

Monsters stole treasures and the stupa grew dark.
Pilgrim caught fiends and informed the king.
Into the water two little fiends fled;
The old dragon took counsel, all in dread.
His son-in-law, Nine- Heads, would flaunt his might;
He armed himself to go to show his power
And roused the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven's ire,
Whose iron rod, upraised, was hard and strong.
That fiend
Had on nine heads eighteen eyes
All ablaze both back and front;
This Pilgrim,
Whose steely arms could raise a thousand pounds,
Did spread auspicious rays around.
The spade looked like the moon at the first stroke of yang;
The rod seemed like frost flying o'er ten thousand miles.
The rod met the spade as both strove to win,

But none had yet won on this battlefield.

Charging back and forth, the two of them fought for more than thirty rounds but no decision could be reached.

Zhu Eight Rules was standing all this time before the mountain slope; he waited until the battle had reached its sweetest moment before he lifted high his muckrake and brought it down hard on the back of the monster-spirit. The fiend, you see, possessed nine heads, and on each one of them he had eyes that could see clearly. When he saw Eight Rules coming at him at the back, he immediately used the lower part of the spade to block the rake while the upper part parried the iron rod. They fought thus for another six or seven rounds when the monster could no longer withstand the double offensive, front and back. He somersaulted at once into the air and changed into his original form: it was a nine-headed insect, exceedingly ugly and ferocious. Look at his appearance! You'd be scared to death! He had

Feathers like brocade spread out,
A stoutish body with curly fleece.
His size, at least twelve feet in length—
A shape like the turtle's or iguana's.
His two feet were pointed and sharp like hooks;
Nine heads joined together to form a ring.
He could fly so well when he spread his wings
That e'en the roc was no match for his strength.
Crying out he could shake the Heaven's edge,
Able to call louder than a mythic crane.
With eyes flashing beams of golden light,
Not like the common bird's his was a proud sight.

Horrified by what he saw, Eight Rules cried, "Elder Brother! I've never seen such a vicious thing in all my life! Which creature of blood and breath would bring forth a beast like this?"

"It's rare! It's rare, all right!" replied Pilgrim. "Let me get up there to strike him."

Dear Great Sage! Quickly mounting the auspicious cloud, he leaped into the air and aimed a blow of his iron rod at the creature's heads. To display his abilities, that fiendish creature spread his wings and flew to one side. Rolling over, he suddenly darted down the side of the mountain as another head popped out from the middle of his torso. A huge, gaping mouth like a butcher bowl caught hold of Eight Rules's bristles with one bite. Tugging and pulling his victim, he hauled him into the water of the Green Wave Lagoon. When he reached the dragon palace, he changed back into his previous form and threw Eight Rules on the ground. "Little ones, where are you?" he cried. Those spirits of mackerels, culters, carps, and perches along with the turtle, iguana, and sea turtle fiends all surged forward, shouting, "We're here!"

"Take this priest," said the son-in-law, "and tie him up over there. I want to avenge our soldiers who were sent on patrol."

The raucous mob of spirits carried Eight Rules inside as a delighted old dragon king came out saying, "Worthy son-in-law, you've made great merit! How did you manage to capture him?"

After the son-in-law gave a thorough account of what took place, the old dragon immediately ordered a banquet to celebrate this victory, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about Pilgrim Sun, who was quite dismayed when he saw how Eight Rules had been captured by the monster-spirit.

"This is a formidable fellow!" he thought to himself. "I would like to go back to see Master in the court, but I'm afraid the king would laugh at me. If I make noises to provoke battle again, I'll have to face them single-handedly. Moreover, I'm not used to doing business in water. I'd better transform myself to go inside and see what that fiend is going to do to Idiot. If there's a chance, I'll smuggle him out again so that we may proceed with our business."

Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he shook his body, changed into a crab to splash into the water, and went before the towered gateway. This was a familiar way to him, you see, for he had traveled it before when he spied on the Bull Demon King and stole his golden-eye beast. After he crawled sideways through the arch, Pilgrim saw inside the old Dragon King drinking merrily with the nine-headed insect and other members of their family. Not daring to go near them, Pilgrim crawled over to the east corridor where there were several shrimp and crab spirits frolicking. After he had listened to their chatter for awhile, Pilgrim imitated their manner of speech and asked, "That priest with a long snout caught by our venerable son-in-law, has he died?"

"Not yet," the spirits replied. "The one tied up in the west corridor and moaning, isn't he the one?" On hearing this, Pilgrim crawled silently over to the west corridor, and indeed he discovered our Idiot bound to a pillar and moaning.

"Eight Rules," whispered Pilgrim as he approached him, "you recognize me?" When Eight Rules heard the voice, he knew it was Pilgrim and said, "Elder Brother, what shall we do? I've been caught by this fellow instead!" When Pilgrim glanced around and saw no one, he snapped the ropes with his claws and told Eight Rules to leave. After he was freed, Idiot said, "Elder Brother, my weapon was taken by him. What are we to do?"

"Do you know where he has put it?" asked Pilgrim, and Eight Rules replied, "It must have been taken up to the main hall by that fiend." Pilgrim said to him, "Go beneath the towered gateway and wait for me."

Fleeing for his life, Eight Rules slipped out quietly, while Pilgrim turned and crawled up to the main hall once more. A luminous object he saw on the left side was actually the rake of Eight Rules. Using the magic of Body Concealment, he stole it and went to the towered gateway. "Eight Rules, take your weapon," he said.

After Idiot took the rake, he said, "Elder Brother, you leave first and let old Hog fight his way into the palace. If I win, I'll seize their entire family. If I'm defeated, I'll flee outside and you can come to my assistance by the edge of the lagoon."

Highly pleased, Pilgrim told him to be careful. "No fear," said Eight Rules, "for I do have some abilities in water." Pilgrim left him and swam back to the surface of the water.

Straightening out his black cotton shirt and gripping his rake with both hands, our Eight Rules gave a shout and fought his way into the palace. Those aquatic relatives, both young and old, were so startled that they dashed up to the main hall,

screaming, “It’s terrible! That long-snout priest has broken out of the ropes and he’s attacking us!”

The old dragon, the nine-headed insect, and their family members were hardly prepared for this; jumping up, they scattered in every direction and tried to hide themselves. Our Idiot, however, had no regard for life or death; crashing into the main hall, he wielded his rake to fracture doors, demolish tables and chairs, and shatter all those drinking utensils. We have for him a testimonial poem, and the poem says:

Wood Mother was caught by a water fiend;
Mind Monkey, unyielding, searched hard for him
And used a clever trick to pick the lock.
They then displayed their power and deepest ire.
The son-in-law with his princess quickly hid;
The Dragon King fell silent in fear and dread.
As palatial arches and windows broke up,
Dragon sons and grandsons all lost their wits.

This time the tortoise-shelled screens were pulverized by Eight Rules and the coral plants were smashed to pieces. After he had safely hidden the princess inside, the nine-headed insect grabbed his crescent-tooth spade to rush back to the front palace, shouting, “Lawless swine! How dare you be so insolent as to frighten my kin?”

“You thievish fiend!” scolded Eight Rules. “How dare you capture me? It’s not my fault now! It’s *you* who have invited me to bust up your household. Return the treasures quickly so that I can go back to see the king. That’ll be the end of it. Otherwise, I’ll definitely not spare the lives of your entire family!”

The fiend, of course, was not about to yield. Clenching his teeth, he plunged into battle with Eight Rules. Only then did the old dragon manage to collect himself sufficiently to lead his son and grandson, armed with scimitars and spears, to mount an attack also. When Eight Rules saw that the tide was turning against him, he dealt a weak blow with his rake before turning to flee, followed by the old dragon and his companions. In a moment, they all darted out of the water, bobbing up and down on the surface of the lagoon.

We tell you now about Pilgrim Sun, who stood waiting on the shore. When all at once he saw Eight Rules leaving the water, chased by his opponents, he quickly rose on cloud and fog and wielded his iron rod, crying, “Don’t run away!” One blow and the old dragon’s head was all smashed up. Alas!

As blood spilled in the lagoon, red water swelled.
The corpse floated on the waves with dying scales.

The dragon son and grandson were so terrified that they all fled for their lives. Only the son-in-law, Nine-Heads, retrieved the corpse and retreated to the palace.

Pilgrim and Eight Rules, however, did not give chase immediately; they went back to the shore instead to talk about what had happened. “This fellow’s will to fight has been blunted now,” said Eight Rules. “With my rake, I fought my way in and caused tremendous wreckage. They were frightened out of their wits. I was just fighting with that son-in-law when the old dragon chased me out. It was a good thing that you beat him to death. When they get back inside, they will undoubtedly prepare for mourning and the funeral, and they certainly will not come out again. It’s getting late also. What shall we do?”

"Why worry about the time?" said Pilgrim. "You should make use of this opportunity and go down to attack them once more. We must recover the treasure before we can return to the court." Our Idiot, however, had turned slothful and indolent, refusing to go with all sorts of excuses. "Brother," urged Pilgrim, "there's no need for all your deliberations. Just entice them to come as before and I'll attack them."

As the two were conversing like that, they suddenly saw a vast expanse of dark fog moved by a churning, violent gale from the east toward the south. When Pilgrim took a more careful look, he found that it was Erlang of Illustrious Sagacity traveling with the Six Brothers of Plum Mountain.

Leading hawks and hounds, they were also poling foxes, hares, deer, and antelopes. Each of them had a curved bow dangling from his waist and a sharp blade in his hand as they sped forward astride the wind and fog. "Eight Rules," said Pilgrim, "those seven sages happen to be my bond-brothers. We should detain them and ask them to help us do battle. If we succeed, it'll be a wonderful opportunity for us."

"If they're your brothers," replied Eight Rules, "we should indeed ask them to stay."

"But they have in their midst Big Brother Illustrious Sagacity," said Pilgrim, "who once defeated me. I'm a little embarrassed about showing myself abruptly to him. Why don't you block the path of their clouds and say, 'Lord Immortal, please stop for a moment. The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, is here to pay you respect.' When he hears that I'm here, he will certainly stop. When he settles down, it'll be easier for me to see him." Our Idiot indeed mounted the clouds and rose quickly to the peak of the mountain. "Lord Immortal," he cried with a loud voice, "please slow your horses and chariots. The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, wishes to see you." On hearing this, that holy father gave the order for the six brothers to stop. After they met Eight Rules, he asked, "Where is the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven?"

Eight Rules said, "He awaits your summons below there in the mountain."

"Brothers," said Erlang, "please invite him to come here."

The six brothers, being Kang, Zhang, Rao, Li, Guo, and Zhi, all ran out of the camp and cried, "Elder Brother Sun Wukong, Big Brother requests your presence." Pilgrim went forward and, after he greeted each of them, they went up the mountain together. He was met by the Holy Father Erlang, who extended his hands to him and said, "Great Sage, you were delivered from the great ordeal and received the commandments in the Gate of Sand. The days may be counted when your merit will be achieved and you will ascend your lotus throne. You are to be congratulated!"

"Hardly," said Pilgrim. "I received great kindness from you in the past, and I have yet to repay you. Though I have been delivered from my ordeal and am now journeying toward the West, I have no idea what sort of merit I shall accomplish. We are passing through at this moment the Sacrifice Kingdom, and in order to rescue some priests from their calamity, we have come here to capture fiends and demand the return of a treasure. By accident we saw the noble entourage of Elder Brother, and we make bold to request your assistance. We have no knowledge as to where you have come from or whether you will be pleased to grant us our wish."

"Because I had nothing to do," said Erlang with a smile, "I went hunting with the brothers, from which we were just returning. The Great Sage is most kind in asking us to stop, which is ample proof of how greatly he cherishes an old friend. If you want

me to help you defeat some fiends, dare I not obey you? But what fiendish thieves are occupying this region?"

"You must have quite forgotten, Big Brother," said one of the six sages. "This is the Scattered-Rock Mountain, and below it is the Green Wave Lagoon, the dragon palace of All Saints." Somewhat startled, Erlang said, "But the old dragon All Saints doesn't cause any trouble. How would he dare steal a pagoda treasure?"

"He recently took in a son-in-law," said Pilgrim, "a nine-headed insect who had become a spirit. The two of them conspired together as thieves and brought down a rain shower of blood on the Sacrifice Kingdom, after which they took away the śarīra Buddhist treasure on top of the Golden Light Monastery. Not perceiving the truth of the matter, the king bitterly persecuted and tortured the priests of that monastery instead. My master in mercy was moved to sweep the pagoda during the night, during which I caught two small fiends on the top. They were sent there on patrol, and when we took them into court this morning, they made an honest confession. The king therefore asked our master to subdue the fiends, and that was how we were sent here. During our first encounter, Eight Rules was hauled away by that nine-headed insect when an additional head popped out of his torso. I went into the water by means of transformation and managed to rescue Eight Rules. We had another fierce battle when I slew the old dragon, whose corpse was taken away by that fellow and his cohorts. We were just in the midst of discussing how to provoke battle again when you and your noble companions arrived. Hence our imposition on you."

"If you did smite the old dragon," said Erlang, "this is the best time to attack them. They'll not be prepared, and we can exterminate the whole nest of them."

"That may be so," said Eight Rules, "but after all, it's getting late now."

Erlang replied, "As the military theorist says, 'An army does not wait for the times.' Why worry about how late it is?" Kang, one of the brothers, spoke up:

"There's no hurry, Big Brother. Since his family members live here, that fellow is not about to run away. Now, since Second Elder Brother Sun is our honored guest, and since Stiff Bristles Hog also has returned to the right fruit, we should have a party right now, especially when we have brought wine and food along to our camp. The little ones can start a fire and we can set it up right at this place. We may toast the two of them and enjoy a nice visit together this evening. By morning, we can then provoke battle, and there'll be still plenty of time."

Exceedingly pleased, Erlang said, "Our worthy brother has spoken well!" and he gave the order at once for the little ones to prepare the banquet. "We dare not decline the noble sentiments of all of you," said Pilgrim, "but since becoming priests, we have been observing the dietary laws. I hope we'll not cause any inconvenience."

"But we do have fruits and the like," replied Erlang, "and even our wines are dietary."

And so, by the light of the moon and the stars, the brothers lifted their cups in friendship, using Heaven as their tent and Earth as their mat.

Truly the lonely watches are long, but a happy night is all too short. Soon, the east turned pale with light. A few goblets of wine had given Eight Rules enormous inspiration, and rousing himself, he said, "It's about dawn. Let old Hog go into the water to provoke battle."

"Do be careful, Marshal," said Erlang. "Just trick him into coming out and we brothers will do our part."

"I know! I know!" said Eight Rules, laughing. Look at him! Tightening his clothes and gripping the rake, he used the water-division magic and leaped down there. The moment he arrived before the towered gateway, he gave a shout and fought into the palace hall.

At the time, the dragon son, having draped himself with a mourning gown of hemp, was standing guard over his father's corpse and weeping. The dragon grandson and that son-in-law were busily preparing a coffin in the back. Shouting abuses, our Eight Rules rushed forward and his upraised hands delivered a heavy blow with his rake. Nine gaping holes at once appeared on the head of that dragon son. The dragon dame was so aghast that she ran madly inside, wailing, "That long-snout monk has killed my son also!" When he heard this, the son-in-law immediately took up his crescent-tooth spade and led the dragon grandson out to do battle. Lifting his rake to oppose them, our Eight Rules fought as he retreated, and soon they arrived on the surface of the water. All at once, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven and the seven brothers swarmed all over them, and in no time at all, the showering blows of swords and spears reduced the dragon grandson to a few meat patties.

When that son-in-law saw that things were going badly, he rolled on the ground immediately and changed back into his original form. Spreading his wings, he soared into the air. Erlang took out his golden bow, affixed a silver pellet, and sent it hurtling toward the insect. The fiend quickly flapped his wings and darted down, wanting to bite Erlang. Just when another head popped out from the middle of his torso, however, the small hound of Erlang leaped into the air with a terrific bark and bit it clean off. In great pain, the fiend fled toward the north sea. Eight Rules was about to give chase, but he was stopped by Pilgrim, who said, "Let's not follow him.

As the proverb has it, 'The desperate fugitive should not be chased.' One of his heads has been bitten off by the small hound, and it's unlikely that he'll survive. Let me change into his appearance instead, and you open up a path in the water. Chase me into his palace.

After we find the princess, we can wangle back the treasure."

Erlang said, "I suppose it's all right that we don't track him down. But if this kind of creature remains in the world, it will undoubtedly bring great harm to people in posterity."

Thus we have even today the blood-dripping nine-headed insect, which is, in fact, the descendant of that creature.

Eight Rules, meanwhile, agreed to what Pilgrim told him and opened up a path in the water. Pilgrim, having changed into the appearance of the fiend, ran ahead while Eight Rules followed behind, shouting and hollering. As they drew near the dragon palace, they were met by the princess All Saints, who asked, "Son-in-law, why are you in such a panic?"

"That Eight Rules has defeated me," replied Pilgrim, "and is chasing me here. I don't think I can resist him anymore. You'd better hide the treasures quickly." In such a hurry the princess, of course, could not distinguish truth from falsehood. She immediately took out from the rear hall a golden box to hand over to Pilgrim, saying, "This is the Buddhist treasure."

After that, she took out also a white jade box and gave it to Pilgrim, saying, "This is the nine-leaf divine agaric. You take these treasures and hide them. Let me battle Zhu Eight Rules for a few rounds just to slow him down. After you have put away the treasures, you can come out and fight with him again."

Having taken over the boxes, Pilgrim gave his face a wipe and changed back into his original form, saying, "Princess, take a good look and see if I'm the son-in-law!"

Thoroughly shaken, the princess tried to make a grab for the boxes, but Eight Rules rushed in and one blow of the rake on her shoulder sent her to the ground.

There was only an old dragon dame left; she turned and tried to flee, only to be caught hold of by Eight Rules. He was about to hit her with the rake, too, but was stopped by Pilgrim, who said, "Wait a moment. Let's not kill her. We should take a live one back to the capital so that we may announce our merit."

Eight Rules, therefore, dragged her up to the surface of the water, followed by Pilgrim holding the two boxes. He said to Erlang, "We're indebted to the authority and power of Elder Brother. We have recovered the treasures and wiped out the fiendish thieves."

Erlang said, "We owe this rather to the excellent luck of the king in the first place, and to the boundless magic power of you two worthy brothers in the second. What have I done?"

His brothers also said, "Since Second Elder Brother Sun has accomplished his merit, we should leave at once." Pilgrim could not stop thanking them; he would have liked to get them to go see the king, but they steadfastly refused. The sages thus left and returned to the River of Libation.

Pilgrim took up the boxes while Eight Rules dragged along the dragon dame; moving midway between cloud and fog, they reached the kingdom in an instant. Those priests who had been freed in the Golden Light Monastery, you see, were waiting outside the city.

When they saw the two of them stopping their cloud and fog, they went forward, bowing, to receive them into the city. At that time, the king and the Tang Monk were conversing. Forcing himself to be bold, one of the monks ran ahead and went into the gate of the court to memorialize:

"Your Majesty, the two venerable fathers, Sun and Zhu, have returned, bringing with them the treasures and the thief." On hearing this, the king left the hall quickly with the Tang Monk and Sha Monk. As he met the two disciples and praised them repeatedly for their divine merit, he also gave the command that a thanksgiving banquet be prepared. "There's no need for you to bestow on us food and drink as yet," said Tripitaka. "Let my humble disciples restore the treasure to the pagoda first. Then we may drink and feast."

He then turned to Pilgrim to ask, "You two left the kingdom yesterday. How was it that you did not return until today?" Whereupon Pilgrim gave a detailed account of how they fought with the son-in-law and the Dragon King, how they met the lord immortal, how they defeated the monster-spirits, and how they finally wangled the treasures. Tripitaka, the king, and all his civil and military officials could not have been more pleased.

"Does the dragon dame know human speech?" asked the king. Eight Rules said, "She is the wife of the Dragon King who has given birth to many sons and grandsons. How could she not know human speech?"

"If she does," said the king, "let her give us a complete account of the robbery."

The dragon dame said, "I know nothing of stealing the Buddhist treasure. It was entirely the work of my deceased husband and our son-in-law, Nine-Heads. When they discovered that the radiance on top of your pagoda was emitted by a Buddhist relic, they brought down a rain shower of blood three years ago and therewith stole the treasure."

"How did you steal the divine agaric plant?" asked the king. The dragon dame said, "That was the work of my daughter, Princess All Saints, who sneaked into Heaven and stole from before the Hall of Divine Mists the nine-leaf divine agaric planted by the Lady Queen Mother of the West. Nourished by the divine breath of this plant, the śarīra would remain indestructible for a thousand years and luminous in all ages. Even if you just wave it slightly on the ground or in the fields, it will emit myriad shafts of colored rays and a thousand strands of auspicious beams. Now you have seized these things, and moreover, you have slaughtered my husband and my sons, you have done away with my son-in-law and my daughter. I beg you to spare my life."

"We're not about to spare *you*, of all persons!" said Eight Rules. Pilgrim said, "Guilt cannot be borne by an entire family. We'll spare you. But you are required to be the perpetual guardian of the pagoda for us."

"Even a good death is not as good as a wretched existence!" replied the dragon dame. "If you spare my life, you can do whatever you please with me." Pilgrim at once asked for an iron chain. After the attendant before the throne brought it out, Pilgrim pierced the lute bone of the dragon dame with the chain before saying to Sha Monk, "Invite the king to witness how we secure the pagoda."

Hurriedly asking for his carriage, the king left the court hand in hand with Tripitaka. Accompanied by many civil and military officials, they went to the Golden Light Monastery and ascended the pagoda. The śarīra was placed carefully inside a treasure vase on the thirteenth floor of the pagoda, while the dragon dame was chained to a pillar in the center. Pilgrim recited the magic words to summon together the local spirit of the capital, the city deity, and the guardian spirits of that monastery. Food and drink were to be brought to the dragon dame once every three days, they were told, but if she ever dared misbehave, she would be executed at once. The various gods obeyed in silence. The Pilgrim used the agaric plant as a broom and swept each of the thirteen layers of the pagoda clean before returning it to the vase to nourish the śarīra. Thus it was the old had become the new once more, with myriad shafts of colored beams and a thousand strands of auspicious air. Once more the eight quarters could witness the radiance, and the four surrounding nations could wonder at the treasure. After they walked out of the pagoda's door, the king said, "If the old Buddha and the three Bodhisattvas had not come this way, how could we ever get to the bottom of this affair?"

"Your Majesty," said Pilgrim, "the two words, Golden Light, are not the best, for neither of these is a thing of permanence. Gold, after all, is an unstable substance, and light is air that flickers. Since this humble priest has already exerted such efforts for you, he would suggest that you change the monastery's name to Dragon-Subduing Monastery. It will last forever, I assure you."

At once the king ordered the name be changed, and a new plaque, bearing the words Dragon-Subduing Monastery Built by Imperial Command, was hung across the main gate in front. He asked for an imperial banquet also and for the painter to make portraits of the four pilgrims.

Their names, too, were recorded in the Five-Phoenix Tower. Thereafter, the king took the pilgrims personally in his own carriage out of the city to see them off. When they were offered gold and jade as a reward, master and disciples refused to take even a penny. Truly it was that

Fiends extirpated, all realms are cleansed;
The pagoda light's restored, the great earth is bright.

Then they departed. We do not know what their journey ahead will be like; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-FOUR

At Bramble Ridge Wuneng exerted great effort
At Shrine of Sylvan Immortals Tripitaka discusses poetry

We were telling you about the king of the Sacrifice Kingdom, who expressed his thanks to Tripitaka Tang and his disciples for recovering the treasure and capturing the fiends by offerings of jade and gold to them, which they refused to accept. The king therefore ordered the attendant before the throne to have two suits of clothing made for each of the pilgrims, according to the style that they had been wearing. Two pairs of shoes and socks and two silk sashes were also made for each person. In addition to these, dried goods— both baked and roasted foods—were also prepared. After their travel rescript had been certified, the king called for the imperial cortege; many civil and military officials, the people of the entire capital, and the monks of the Dragon-Subduing Monastery followed him to send the four out of the city, accompanied by the sonorous sounds of pipes and drums. When they had gone for some twenty miles, they took leave of the king first, while the rest of the officials and people retired after another twenty miles. Those priests from the Dragon-Subduing Monastery, however, refused to turn back even after walking with the pilgrims for some fifty or sixty miles, a few insisting that they would travel with the pilgrims to the Western Heaven, and a few others saying that they would practice austerities while serving the pilgrims on their way. When Pilgrim saw that none of them was willing to turn back, he had to use his magic. Pulling off some thirty strands of his hair, he blew a mouthful of divine breath on them, crying, "Change!"

They changed at once into a herd of ferocious striped tigers, prowling and growling, which had the main road completely blocked. Only then did these monks become frightened and dared not proceed, so that the Great Sage could tell his master to urge his horse forward. In a little while, they faded in the distance, and the monks burst into loud wailing, all crying, "Most gracious and kind fathers! You're unwilling to save us because we have no affinity!" Leaving those monks behind, we tell you instead about the master and his three disciples who headed toward the West. Only after they had gone for quite a distance did Pilgrim retrieve his hairs. Truly the seasons were quick to change, and soon it was the end of winter and the beginning of spring. Neither too hot nor too cold, it was a pleasant time to travel. As they walked along, they came upon a long ridge over which the main road had to pass. When Tripitaka reined in his horse to look at the place, he saw that the ridge was covered with brambles and clogged with creepers and vines. Though there was a faint trace of the road, it was flanked by the prickly thorns of brambles crowding in from left and right. "Disciples," the Tang Monk called out, "how could we walk through this road?"

"Why not?" asked Pilgrim.

"Oh, disciples!" said the Tang Monk. "Below's the faded path; above are the brambles. Only reptiles or insects creeping on the ground can get through. Even for you, it means walking while bending double. How could I possibly stay on horseback?"

"Don't worry," said Eight Rules. "Let me show you my ability to rake firewood and spread open the brambles for you. Don't speak of riding a horse. Even if you were to ride a carriage, you would be able to get through."

"Though you may have the strength," said Tripitaka, "you can't last over a long distance. I wonder how wide this ridge is. Where can we find the energy?" Pilgrim replied, "No need to discuss this anymore. Let me go and have a look."

He leaped into the air and what he saw was an endless stretch. Truly

They cloak the earth and fade into the sky,
They gather mist and hold up rain—
These soft, disheveled mats flanking the road,
These jade-green tops shading the mount.
Dense and luxuriant the newly sprouted leaves;
Rank and prolific they thrive and bloom.
They seem from a distance to have no end;
Close up they look like a vast green cloud.
Furry and lush,
In fresh dark green,
They rustle loudly in the wind
As the bright sun makes them glow.
In their midst are pines, cedars, and bamboos;
Many plums, willows, and mulberries even more.
Creepers wind around old trees
And wisteria, the drooping willows.
Laced together like a prop,
They seem like a matted cot.
There are flowers blooming like brocade,
And wild buds send fragrance far away.
Which man has not met some brambles during his life?
Who has e'er seen such vast thickets of the West?

After he had stared at the region for a long time, Pilgrim lowered his cloud and said, "Master, this ridge is enormous!"

"How enormous is it?" asked Tripitaka. "I can't see the end of it," replied Pilgrim. "It seems to be at least a thousand miles long."

Horrified, Tripitaka said, "What shall we do?"

"Please don't worry, Master," said Sha Monk with a laugh. "Let's follow the example of those who burn off the land and set fire to the brambles so that you may pass through."

"Stop babbling!" said Eight Rules. "To burn off the land, you must do it around the time of the tenth month when the vegetation has dried up and is readily ignitable. Right now it is growing luxuriantly. How could it be burned?"

"Even if you could," added Pilgrim, "the flame would be quite terrifying."

"How are we to get across then?" asked Tripitaka.

"If you want to get across," said Eight Rules with a laugh, "you'll have to do as I say!"

Dear Idiot! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and gave his torso a stretch, crying, "Grow!"

At once he reached the height of some two hundred feet. Shaking his muckrake, he cried, “Change!” and the handle of the rake attained the length of some three hundred feet. In big strides, he walked forward and, his two hands wielding the rake, pushed away the brambles left and right. “Let Master follow me!” he said, and a highly pleased Tripitaka quickly urged his horse forward, followed by Sha Monk poling the luggage and Pilgrim, also using his iron rod to clear up the path.

That whole day they did not rest at all and journeyed for some one hundred miles. By evening they arrived at a small clearing, where they came upon a stone monument. On top were inscribed in large letters the words, Bramble Ridge. Down below there were two rows of smaller characters, which read:

Eight hundred miles of brambles intertwined,
A road that few since days of old have trod.

When Eight Rules saw the monument, he said, laughing, “Let old Hog add two more lines to the inscription:

But now Eight Rules’s able to clear a path
Straight to the West, which is level and broad.”

Delighted, Tripitaka dismounted and said, “Oh, disciple! We’ve tired you out! Let’s spend the night here, and we’ll journey again when it’s light tomorrow.”

“Don’t stop now, Master,” said Eight Rules. “While the sky is still fair and we’re inspired, we should clear the path right through the night and get on with it!”

The elder had to comply.

Eight Rules went forward and again made a great effort; with the rider not resting his hands and the horse not stopping its trotting, master and disciples journeyed for one whole night and another day. Once more it was getting late, but what lay before them was a bosky sight. They also heard the song of wind-whipped bamboos and the sound of rustling pines as they came upon another stretch of clearing, in the center of which was an old shrine. There, outside the door, were pines and cedars arrested in green, peaches and plums vying to display their beauty.

After he dismounted, Tripitaka and his three disciples looked around. What they saw was

An old shrine atop a cool stream before the cliff,
And desolate grounds, mist-wrapped, met one’s eye.
For clumps of sāla trees long years had passed;
A mossed-terrace stood there as seasons went by.
Like swaying jade the bamboos seemed to speak,
And grief was told by a bird’s fading cry.
Scant traces of man, or of beast and fowl;
Just wild blooms and creepers on walls most high.

After he had surveyed the region, Pilgrim said, “This place portends more evil than good. We shouldn’t stay here long.”

“Elder Brother, aren’t you overly suspicious?” asked Sha Monk. “There’s not even a trace of humans here, let alone of a weird beast or a fiendish bird. What’s there to be afraid of?”

He had hardly finished speaking when a gust of cold wind brought out from behind the shrine door an old man. He had on his head a square turban, a simple robe on

his body, a cane in his hand, and a pair of straw sandals on his feet. He was followed by a demon attendant who had a red beard and a scarlet body, a green face with jutting tusks, and who had on his head a platter of wheat cakes. Going to his knees, the old man said, "Great Sage, this humble deity is the local spirit of the Bramble Ridge. Having learned of your arrival, I have little to offer you except this platter of specially prepared steamed cakes. I present this to all of you venerable masters and ask you to have a meal. Throughout this region of eight hundred miles, there is no human household. So, please take some cakes for the relief of your hunger."

Delighted, Eight Rules walked forward with outstretched hands and was about to take one of the cakes. Pilgrim, however, who had had the old man under scrutiny for some time, shouted immediately, "Stop! This isn't a good fellow! Don't you dare be impudent! What sort of a local spirit are you that you dare come to deceive old Monkey? Watch my rod!" When the old man saw him attacking, he spun around and at once changed into a gust of cold wind. With a loud whoosh, it swept the elder high into the air. Tumbling over and over, he soon vanished from sight. The Great Sage was so taken aback that he did not know how to begin to search for his master, while Eight Rules and Sha Monk stared at each other, paling with consternation. Even the white horse neighed in fear. The four of them, three brothers and the horse, seemed to be in a trance; they looked far and near but there was not a trace of their master. We shall leave them there, busily searching.

We tell you now instead about that old man and his demon attendant, who hauled the elder before a mist-shrouded stone house and then lowered him gently. Taking the hand of the elder, the old man said, "Holy monk, please don't be afraid. We are not bad people.

I'm actually the Squire Eight-and-Ten of Bramble Ridge. Since ours happens to be a night of clear breeze and bright moonlight, I have brought you here especially to meet a few friends and to talk about poetry, just to spend a pleasant moment of leisure." Only then did the elder manage to collect himself. As he glanced about carefully, this was truly what he found:

A haunt of misty clouds obscure,
A house in scenes divinely pure,
Good for keeping the self pure in training,
For flower and bamboo planting.
Cranes on verdant cliffs will be seen;
Frogs croak from ponds lovely and green.
Tiantai's magic hearth it surpasses,
Brighter than Mount Hua's air masses.
Fishing and plowing need we mention?
Worthy is this place of reclusion.
Sit still and your thoughts turn serene
As faint moonlight ascends the screen.

As Tripitaka enjoyed the scenery, he felt that the moon and the stars grew even brighter. Then he heard voices, all saying, "Squire Eight-and-Ten has succeeded in inviting the holy monk here." When the elder raised his head, he saw three old men: the first bore frostlike features, the second had flowing green hair and beard, and the third was meek-mannered and dark colored. They each had different looks and different garments, and they all came to salute Tripitaka. Returning their bows, the elder said,

"What merit or virtue does this disciple possess that he should win such kind attention from these aged immortals?"

"We have always heard," replied Squire Eight-and-Ten with a smile, "that the holy monk is possessed of the Way. Having waited for you for a long time, we are fortunate indeed to be able to meet you now. If you are willing to share with us the pearl and jade of your wisdom, we beg you to sit and chat with us, as we long to know the true teachings, the mysteries of Chan."

Again bending low, Tripitaka said, "May I ask the honorable styles of the aged immortals?"

"The one with the frostlike features," replied Squire Eight-and-Ten, "is called Squire Lonesome Rectitude. The green-haired one has the name of Master Void-Surmounting, and the humble one goes by the title of Cloud-Brushing Dean. This old moron bears the name of Knotty Virtue."

"And what is the honorable age of the immortals?" asked Tripitaka.

Squire Lonesome Rectitude said,

My age has a thousand years attained:
Dense leaves, ever young, reach toward the sky.
Thick, fragrant boughs shaped like dragons and snakes;
A frame of luscious shade frost and snow did try.
Hardy since childhood and not worn by time,
E'er upright, I on magic arts rely.
The phoenix, no common bird, finds shelter here—
Lush and lofty, from this world's dust raised high.

Smiling, Master of Void-Surmounting said,

A thousand years old, I've braved wind and frost
With tall, spiritual stems by nature strong.
My sounds hum like rain in a quiet night;
My shade spreads cloudlike all autumn day long.
My roots are coiled for endless life I've known;
I've been taught of eternal youth the song.
My guests are cranes and dragons, no worldly life.
Vibrantly green, with gods I dwell along.

Smiling, Cloud-Brushing Dean said,

A thousand cold winters I, too, have passed:
Old but cheerful, my form's both pure and quaint.
Aloof, I shun mixing with worldly dust and noise,
Still romantic though by frost and snow untaint.
Seven Worthies are my friends of the Way;
Six Hermits would join me in verse to paint.
Not ditties or jingles, we make noble rhymes.
I am by nature friend of long-life saints.

Smiling, Knotty Virtue, Squire Eight-and-Ten, said,

I, too, am over a thousand years old.
Still fair and true, I am naturally green.
My strength is lovely, born of dew and rain;

The world's creative mystery I did glean.
Only I thrive in all gorges' mist and wind;
In all four climes none's more than I serene.
I spread a hood of jade to shade my guests,
Discussing Dao or with lute and chess are seen.

Thanking them, Tripitaka said, "All four of you immortals are enjoying long life. Why, Master Knotty Virtue is more than a thousand years old! Having attained the Way at such an advanced age, and blessed with such extraordinary and refined features, could you be the Four White-Haired Ones of the Han?"

"You praise us far too much!" replied the four old men together. "We are not the Four White-Haired Ones, but only the Four Disciplined Ones deep in the mountain. May we ask in turn the holy monk for his age?" With hands folded before his chest and bowing, Tripitaka replied:

I left mother's womb forty years ago:
Even before my fate on earth was woe!
Fleeing for life, I tossed on waves manifold;
I cast my shell, meeting by luck Mount Gold.
Myself I trained and sūtras read with zeal;
Buddha's true worship was my sole ideal.
Now my King sends me to go to the West.
Your divine presence thus favors my quest.

The four old men all joined in praising him, and one of them said, "From the moment he left his mother's womb, the holy monk has followed the teachings of Buddha. He has indeed practiced austerities from childhood, and thus he is in truth a superior monk who possesses the Way. Now that we have this good fortune of receiving your honorable presence, we make bold to seek from you your great doctrine. We beg you to instruct us on the rudiments of the law of Chan, and that would gratify our lifelong desire." When he heard these words, the elder was not in the least daunted. He began to speak to the four of them, saying, "Chan is quiescence, and the Law is salvation. But the salvation of quiescence will not be accomplished without enlightenment. The cleansing of the mind and the purgation of desires, the abandonment of the worldly and departure from the dust—that is enlightenment. Now, it's a rare opportunity to attain a human body, to be born in Middle Land, and to encounter the correct doctrine of Buddha. There is no greater blessing than the possession of these three things. The wondrous ways of ultimate virtue, vast and boundless, can neither be seen nor heard. It can, however, extinguish the six organs of sense and the six kinds of perception. Thus, perfect wisdom has neither birth nor death, neither want nor excess; it encompasses both form and emptiness, and it reveals the nonreality of both saints and commoners. To contact the truth, you must know the mallet and tong of Primal Origin; to intuit the Real, you must realize the technique of Śākyamuni. Excercise the power of mindlessness; tread and shatter Nirvāṇa. By means of the awakening of awakening, you must comprehend the enlightenment of enlightenment.

One spark of spirit light would protect all.
Let the fierce flame shine like a dancer's robe,
Sweeping the dharma realm as one thing seen.
Pierce the dark and tenuous;
Fortify also the strong.
This mysterious pass, thus mentioned, who can go through?

Mine's the originally practiced Chan of great awakening,
Retained and known just by those of affinity and will."

The four elders showed boundless delight when they received this instruction. With hands folded and bowing in submission, all of them said, "The holy monk is indeed the very source of enlightenment in the principle of Chan!"

Then Cloud-Brushing Dean said, "Though Chan is quiescence and the Law, salvation, it is still required of us to be firm in our nature and sincere in our mind. Even if we became the true immortal of great awakening, it is, in the end, the way of no birth.

The mystery we live by, you see, is greatly different from yours."

"The Way is indeed extraordinary," said Tripitaka, "but while substance and function are one, how could there be any difference?" Smiling, Cloud-Brushing Dean said, "Since we were born hardy and strong, our substance and function differ from yours. Indebted to Heaven and Earth for giving us a body, we're beholden to rain and dew for our colors' nourishment. Smiling, we disdain the wind and frost and pass the days and months. Not one leaf of ours would wither; all our branches hold firm to virtue. Our words are unlike yours which, instead of consulting the *Liezi,* cling to those of Sanskrit. Now, the Dao was originally established in China. Instead, you seek its illumination in the West. You're squandering your straw sandals! I wonder what it is that you are after? A stone lion must have gouged out your heart! Your bones must have been pumped full of wild foxes' saliva! You forget your origin to practice Chan, vainly seeking the Buddha's fruit. Yours are like the prickly riddles of my Bramble Ridge, like its tangled enigmas. This sort of superior man, how could he teach and lead? With this kind of model, how could he transmit truth's imprint?

You must examine the appearances before you,
For there's life by itself in quiescence.
The bottomless bamboo basket will draw water;
The rootless iron tree will bring forth flowers.
Plant your feet firmly on the Lingbao summit;
Maitreya's fine congress you'll attend back home."

When Tripitaka heard these words, he kowtowed to thank the speaker, but he was raised by Squire Eight-and-Ten. As Squire Lonesome Rectitude also came forward to pull him up, Master Void-Surmounting let out a loud guffaw and said, "The words of Cloud- Brushing are obviously shot full of holes. Please rise, holy monk, and don't believe all he says. In this moonlight we never intended at all to discuss the theories of self-cultivation. Let's indulge rather in the composing and chanting of poetry."

"If you want to do that," said Cloud-Brushing with a smile, "Let's go inside our little shrine for a cup of tea. How about it?"

The elder leaned forward to stare at the stone house, which had on top of its entrance an inscription of four words written in large characters:

Shrine of Sylvan Immortals. They walked together inside and took their proper seats. Then the scarlet-bodied demon attendant came to serve them with a platter of China Root pudding and five goblets of fragrant liquid. The four old men invited the Tang Monk to eat first, but he was so suspicious that he dared not take it right away. Only after the four old men partook of the food did Tripitaka also eat two pieces of the pudding. Each of them then drained the fragrant liquid and the goblets were taken away.

As he glanced cautiously around, Tripitaka saw that it was so bright and luminous inside the shrine that they seemed to be sitting directly beneath the moon.

From rock edges water flowed out
And from flowers came forth fragrance.
Unsoiled by half a speck of dust,
This place of grace and elegance.

Gladdened and comforted by such heavenly scenery, the elder could not refrain from chanting the following line:

The mind of Chan seems like the dustless moon.

With a broad grin, the elder Knotty Virtue immediately followed the lead and chanted:

On us our muse shines as the cloudless noon.

Squire Lonesome Rectitude said,

Fine phrases are cut like rolled-out brocade;

Master Void-Surmounting said,

Like rare gems good lines are fashioned and made.

Cloud-Brushing Dean said,

Six Periods are purged of their vain conceits;
The Book of Odes a new compiler meets.

"This disciple," said Tripitaka, "has in an unguarded moment blurted out a few words. It's like wielding the axe before the Carpenter God! When I heard just now the fresh and elegant lines of you immortals, I knew I had met poetic masters."

The elder Knotty Virtue said, "No need for idle chatter, holy monk. Those who have left the family must finish the work they started. If you begin a poem, you can't avoid finishing it, can you? We hope you will complete it."

"This disciple can hardly do that," replied Tripitaka. "May I trouble Squire Eight-and-Ten to find the concluding lines and render the poem whole? That'll be wonderful!"

"How cruel you are!" said Knotty Virtue. "You had the first line, after all. How could you refuse the last two? To withhold your talents is hardly reasonable."

Tripitaka had no choice but to finish the last two lines by reciting:

Ere the tea darkens as pine breezes sing,
This gay mood of songs fills my heart with spring.

"Bravo!" said Squire Eight-and-Ten. "What a magnificent line—'*This gay mood of songs fills my heart with spring*'!"

"Knotty Virtue," said Squire Lonesome Rectitude, "since you are verily addicted to poetry, you love to mull over every line. Why not start another poem?"

Without hesitation, Squire Eight-and-Ten said, "I'll begin in the manner of 'Pushing the Needle':

Spring quickens me not, nor does winter dry;
For me they are nothing, though clouds float by."

Master Void-Surmounting said, "I'll follow you in that manner also.

By me, though windless, is formed a dancing shade.
One loves such blessing and long life displayed."

Then Cloud-Brushing Dean said,

Displayed like West Mountain's noble sire,
I'm pure as southland's empty-hearted squire.

Finally, Squire Lonesome Rectitude said,

Squired by slanting growth of highest grade,
I yield the crossbeams of the king's estrade.

On hearing this, the elder was full of praise for them, saying, "This is truly the most sublime poetry, its nobility reaches up to Heaven! Though this disciple is without talents, he would make bold to begin another two lines."

"Holy monk," said Squire Lonesome Rectitude, "you are someone accomplished in the Way, someone who has received profound nurture. There's no need for you to do another linking verse. Please grant us an entire poem by yourself, and we shall make the utmost effort to reply in kind." Tripitaka had no alternative but to compose, smiling, a poem in the style of the regulated verse:

A priest goes West to seek the dharma king:
To farthest shores some wondrous scripts he'd bring.
"Thrice-blooming plants the poet's luck augment;
Jewel-tree blossoms waft the Buddha scent."
To reach beyond the highest heights he'll strive
And try in all the worlds his office to live.
When he the noble jade form captivates,
The field of rites lies before Nirvāṇa's gates.

When the four old men heard this, they paid him the highest compliments.

Then Squire Eight-and-Ten said, "This old moron has no other abilities except audacity. I shall force myself to answer your poem with this one of mine:

Aloof's Knotty Virtue, I scorn the sylvan king.
My fame spreads wider than this long-lived thing!
Tall, serpentine shade o'er the mount is bent;
The stream drinks my millennial, amber scent.
I reach out to enhance the universe,
Though wind and rain will my act and aim reverse.
Declining I lack those immortal bones,
With naught but fungi as my own gravestones."

"This poem," said Squire Lonesome Rectitude, "begins with a heroic line, and the middle parallel couplets, too, show tremendous strength. But the concluding lines are far too modest. How admirable! How admirable! This old moron will also reply with this poem:

My frosty face oft pleases the avian kings.
My talents thrive by the Hall of Four Great Things.
Pearl drops of dew adorn my jade-green tent;
A gentle breeze will spread my chilly scent.
My murmurs at night the long porches attend;
An old shrine in autumn my shadows befriend.

To spring I give birthday gifts on new year's day;
I'm the old master of the mountain way."

"Marvelous poem! Marvelous poem!" said Master Void-Surmounting, laughing. "Truly it's as if the moon is putting the center of Heaven under duress. How could this old moron reply in kind? But I shouldn't allow this opportunity to pass by, I suppose, and so, I'll have to throw together a few lines:

Of towering talents close to lords and king,
My fame by Grand Pure Palace once did spring.
On kiosks are seen green ether's descent;
By darkened walls passes my faint, crisp scent.
Upright forever I retain my mirth,
For these roots are formed deep within the earth.
Above the clouds my dancing shadow soars,
Beyond those vainglorious, floral corps."

"The poems of the three squires," said Cloud-Brushing Dean, "are most noble and elegant; they show the finest purity and simplicity.

Truly they can be said to have come from a brocaded pouch. My body has little strength and my bowels have little talents, but the instruction I received from the three squires has opened up my mind. So, I, too, will offer this doggerel. Please don't laugh at me!

In Qi- Yu gardens I delight a sage king.
Through fields of Wei

I'm free to sway and swing.
No Naiad's tears my jadelike skin had stained,
But mottled sheaths had Han histories contained.
By frost my leaves their true beauty reveal.
Could mist henceforth my stems' luster conceal?
With Ziyou's passing my true friends are few,
Though scholars' praise my fame ever renews."

"The poems of the various immortal elders," said Tripitaka, "truly resemble pearls emitted by phoenixes. Not even Ziyou and Zixia, those two disciples of Confucius, could surpass you. Moreover, I'm extremely grateful for your kindness and hospitality. It is, however, deep in the night, and I fear that my three humble disciples are waiting for me somewhere. Your student, therefore, cannot remain here long. By your boundless love, let me leave now and go find them. I beg you to point out to me the way back."

"Please don't worry, holy monk," said the four old men, laughing. "Ours is an opportunity that comes but once in a thousand years. Though the night is deep, the sky is fair and the moon is very bright. Please sit here for awhile longer. By morning we shall escort you across the ridge, and you'll without fail meet up with your disciples."

As they were thus speaking, there walked in from outside the stone house two blue-robed maidens, holding a pair of red-gauze lanterns and followed by an immortal girl. She was twirling in her hand a sprig of apricot blossoms, and smiling broadly, she walked in to greet them. How did she look, you ask. She had

A young face kingfisher adorned,

And colors better than rouge;
Luminous starlike eyes;
Moth brows neat and refined.
Down below: a light pink skirt patterned with five-colored plums;
Up above; a maroon blouse without collar or sleeves.
Small slippers pointed like phoenix beaks,
And slender stockings of silk brocade.
Seductive and coy like a Tiantai goddess,
She seems to be the fair Daji of old.

"To what do we owe this visit, Apricot Immortal?" asked the four old men as they rose to greet her. After the girl had bowed to all of them, she said, "I learned that a charming guest is being entertained here and I've come especially to make his acquaintance. May I meet him?"

"The charming guest is right here," said Squire Eight-and-Ten, pointing at the Tang Monk. "There's no need for you to *ask* to see him."

Bending low, Tripitaka dared not utter a word. "Bring us some tea, quickly!" cried the girl, and two more yellow-robed maidens walked in with a red-lacquered tray, on which there were six small porcelain tea cups, several kinds of exotic fruits, and a spoon for stirring placed in the middle. One of the maidens also carried a tea pot of white iron set in yellow copper, from which arose the overpowering aroma of fine tea. After tea had been poured, the girl revealed ever so slightly her slender fingers and presented a cup of it to Tripitaka first. Then she gave the drink to the four old men before taking one herself.

"Why doesn't the Apricot Immortal take a seat?" asked Master Void-Surmounting, and only then did she take a seat. When they finished their tea, the girl bowed again and said, "You immortals are reveling in great pleasures this evening. May I be instructed a little by your excellent verses?"

"Ours are all crude and vulgar utterances," said Cloud-Brushing Dean, "but the compositions of the Holy Monk can truly be considered a product of the high Tang. They're most admirable."

"If it's not too great an imposition," said the girl, "I would like to hear them." Whereupon the four old men gave a thorough rehearsal of the elder's poems and his discourse on Chan.

Smiling broadly, the girl said to them, "I'm so untalented, and I really shouldn't air my incompetence. But since I've had the privilege of hearing such magnificent poetry, I shouldn't allow myself to go uninspired. I shall exert myself to the utmost to respond in kind to the second poem of the holy monk with a regulated verse of my own. How about that?" She thus chanted loudly:

My fame was made lasting by Hanwu King;
To me his pupils did Confucius bring.
Dong Xian's affection would my growth foment;
Sun Chu once loved my Feast-of- Cold- Food scent.
How tender and coy is this rain-moistened bloom!
What fresh verdant hues half veiled in misty gloom!
Ripeness makes me a little tart, I know.
Banished each year to wheat fields, that's my woe.

When those four men heard this poem, they all congratulated her, saying, “It’s most elegant and sublime! And the lines are so full of vernal longings. Such a marvelous line—‘*How tender and coy is this rain-moistened bloom*!’” Smiling in a coquettish manner, the girl said, “I’m in fear and trepidation! The composition of the holy monk just now was something that could be said to have come from a mind of silk and a mouth of brocade. Let me say to him: if you can be persuaded to show us your talent, how about granting me another of your poems?”

The Tang Monk, however, dared not reply. As the girl gradually became amorous, she began to sidle closer to where he was seated. “What’s the matter with you, charming guest?” she asked softly. “If you don’t have some fun on such a beautiful night, what else are you waiting for? The span of a life time, how long could that be?”

“If the Apricot Immortal,” said Squire Eight-and-Ten, “entertained such genial feelings, how could the holy monk not reciprocate by giving his consent? If he withholds his favors, then he doesn’t know how lucky he is.”

“But the holy monk,” said Squire Lonesome Rectitude, “is a gentleman of fame and accomplishment in the Way, who certainly will not indulge in anything improper. If we insist on such activities, it is we who are guilty of impropriety: we would be soiling a man’s fame and spoiling his virtue. That’s hardly the proper thing to do! If Apricot Immortal is indeed so inclined, let Cloud-Brushing Dean and Squire Eight-and-Ten serve as gobetweens.

Master Void-Surmounting and I can be the witnesses. They can then seal this marital contract. Wouldn’t that be nice?” On hearing this, Tripitaka turned red in anger. Leaping up all at once, he shouted, “You are all fiendish creatures! How you’ve tried to tempt me! At first, I allowed your platitudes to goad me into discussing the mysteries of Dao, and that was still all right. But how could you use this ‘beauty trap’ now to try to seduce me? What have you to say to this?” When the four elders saw how enraged Tripitaka had become, they became so startled that every one of them bit his fingers and fell completely silent. The scarlet-bodied demon attendant, however, grew very angry and bellowed, “Monk, you can’t even tell when someone’s trying to do you a favor! Is there anything bad about this dear sis of mine? Look at her refinement and talents, her lovely jadelike features. Let’s not talk about her skills in the feminine arts. Just a single poem of hers has already demonstrated that she is a worthy match for you. Why do you so brusquely refuse her? You’d better not let this opportunity slip by. What Squire Lonesome Rectitude says is most appropriate. If you refuse to do anything improper, let me serve as your marriage official.”

Tripitaka turned pale with fright, but he refused to give his assent no matter how urgently they pleaded with him. “You foolish priest!” said the demon attendant again. “We speak to you in a kindly manner, and you refuse us. If you arouse our wild and unruly passions and make us abduct you to another region, where you neither can pursue your priestly life nor take a wife, won’t you have lived in vain?” With a mind like metal or stone, that elder adamantly refused to comply. He thought to himself, “I wonder where my disciples are looking for me . . .” So speaking to himself, he could not restrain the tears from rolling down his cheeks. Trying to placate him with a smile, the girl sat down close to him and took out from her sleeve a honey-scented handkerchief to wipe away his tears.

“Charming guest,” she said, “don’t be so upset! Let’s you and I nestle in jade and perfume and have some fun!” Uttering a loud cry, the elder bounded up and tried to

dash out of the door, only to be grabbed by all those people. They brawled and struggled like that until dawn.

Suddenly another cry could be heard:

"Master, Master, where are you speaking?"

The Great Pilgrim Sun, you see, together with Eight Rules and Sha Monk, had been leading the horse and poling the luggage for a whole night without stopping. Going through brambles and thorns, searching this way and that, they managed to cover the entire eight hundred miles of the Bramble Ridge halfway between cloud and fog. By morning they reached the western edge of the ridge, and that was when they came upon the noises made by the Tang Monk. They responded with the cry, and the elder somehow managed to struggle out of the door, yelling, "Wukong, I'm here! Come and save me, quick!" In a flash, those four old men, the demon attendant, the girl, and her maidens all disappeared.

Soon Eight Rules and Sha Monk arrived, saying, "Master, how did you get here?"

Tugging at Pilgrim, Tripitaka said, "Oh, disciples! I've been a great burden on you. That old man we saw last night, who claimed to be the local spirit coming to offer us food, was the person who hauled me to this place when with a shout you were about to hit him. He led me inside the door by the hand and introduced me to three other old men, all addressing me as the holy monk. Every one of them was quite refined in speech and manner, and they were all able poets. We spent our time in the exchange of verses until about midnight, when a beautiful girl accompanied by lanterns also arrived to meet me. She, too, composed a poem and addressed me as the charming guest. Then because of my looks she wanted to marry me. I woke up to their scheme all at once and refused. They began to put pressure on me, one wanting to be the go-between, another the marriage official, and still another the witness. I swore I would not comply, arguing with them and desperately trying to struggle free. Out of the blue you people arrived. I suppose partly because it was getting light already, and partly because they seemed to be afraid of you, they all vanished suddenly, though they were still pulling and tugging at me just a moment ago."

"If you talked and discussed poetry with them," said Pilgrim, "did you not ask them for their names?"

"I did ask them for their styles," replied Tripitaka. "The first old man called himself Squire Eight-and-Ten, and his style was Knotty Virtue. The second was styled Squire Lonesome Rectitude; the third, Master Void-Surmounting; and the fourth, Cloud-Brushing Dean. They addressed the girl as Apricot Immortal."

"Where are these creatures located?" asked Eight Rules. "Where did they go?"

Tripitaka said, "I don't know where they went, but the place where we discussed poetry was not far from here."

As the three disciples looked around with their master, they discovered a cliff nearby, and on the cliff was a plaque bearing the words, Shrine of Sylvan Immortals. "It was right here," said Tripitaka. When Pilgrim examined the place more carefully, he saw nearby a huge juniper tree, an old cypress tree, an old pine tree, and an old bamboo. Behind the bamboo was a scarlet maple tree. As he looked toward the far side of the cliff, he saw also an old apricot tree, flanked by two stalks of winter plum and two cassia plants.

“Have you people found the fiends?” said Pilgrim with a laugh. “Not yet,” replied Eight Rules. “Don’t you know,” said Pilgrim, “it is these several trees right here that have become spirits?”

“Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules, “how do you know that?”

“Squire Eight-and-Ten,” replied Pilgrim, “is the pine; Squire Lonesome Rectitude is the cypress; Master Void-Surmounting is the juniper; Cloud-Brushing Dean is the bamboo; the scarlet-bodied demon is the maple; Apricot Immortal is, of course, the apricot tree, while the maids are the cassia and the winter plum.” When Eight Rules heard this, he rushed forward without further ado: using his rake along with several shoves of his snout, he brought to the ground those winter plum, cassia, old apricot, and maple. From beneath the roots of these trees, fresh blood indeed spurted out. Tripitaka walked forward to pull at him, saying, “Wuneng, don’t hurt them.

Though they have reached the stage of becoming spirits, they have done me no harm. Let us find our way and leave.”

“Master, you shouldn’t pity them,” said Pilgrim. “For I fear that they may become great fiends later, and then they will bring much harm to humans.” Our Idiot thus decided to work his rake some more and toppled the pine, cypress, juniper, and bamboo as well. Only after that did they help their master to mount up and all proceeded along the main road to the West once more. We do not know what the future holds for them, and you must listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-FIVE

Fiends set up falsely the Small Thunderclap
The four pilgrims all meet a great ordeal

This chapter's karmic import
Is to persuade man to do good
And to shun all evil works.
Even a single thought
Is known to all the gods,
Do whatever you will.
Folly or cleverness, how would you learn?
No-mind is still the cure for both of these.
While yet alive, the Way you should cultivate;
Don't drift or roam.
Recognize your source
And cast your shell.
To seek long life,
You must catch it.
Be ever enlightened;
Let ghee annoint you.
Pump through Three Passes to fill the dark sea
Will make the virtuous ride the phoenix and crane.
Then compassion will with mercy unite
As you reach ecstasy.

We were telling you about Tripitaka, who was most single-minded in his piety and sincerity. We need not mention how he was protected by the gods above; even such spirits as those of grass and wood also came to keep him company. After one night of elegant conversation on the arts, he was delivered from the thorns and thistles, no longer encumbered by vines or creepers. As he and his three disciples journeyed westward, they traveled for a long time, and it was again the end of winter. This was, in truth, a day of spring:

All things thrive and flourish
For the Dipper's handle returns to yin.
Young grasses cover the earth with green,
And verdant willows line the banks.
A ridge of peach blossoms red like brocade;
Half a stream of silky water like green jade.
How rain and wind persist
To one's endless feelings!
The sun enhances the flowers' grace;
The swallows fetch light mossy buds.
Like Wang Wei painting's the mountain's dark and light;
Birds chatter with the sharp tongue of Jizi.
No one's here to joy in such fancy fineries
Save dancing butterflies and singing bees.

Master and his disciples proceeded with the slow trotting of the horse, enjoying themselves all the while by searching out the fragrant flowers and treading on the green meadows. As they walked along, they came upon a tall mountain which, from a distance, seemed to touch the sky. "Wukong," said Tripitaka, pointing with his whip, "I wonder how tall that mountain is. It seems that it is actually touching the blue sky, or it may have even punctured the azure heavens!" Pilgrim said, "I remember two lines of an ancient poem that say:

Only the sky remains high above;
No mountain can equal its height.

These two lines are trying to describe the extreme height of one particular mountain, such that no other mountain could be compared with it. But how could a mountain actually touch the sky?"

"If it did not," said Eight Rules, "then why did people call Mount Kunlun 'the pillar of Heaven'?" Pilgrim replied, "Don't you know the old adage,

Heaven was not filled in the northwest.

Now, Mount Kunlun is located in the northwest, at the position of *qian*, and that's why it is commonly thought to be a mountain that can hold up the sky by filling the void. Hence the name, Pillar of Heaven."

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, laughing, "don't give him all these nice explanations! When he hears them, he will try to outsmart someone else. Let's get moving. When we've climbed the mountain, then we'll know how tall it is." Our Idiot tried to lunge at Sha Monk to smack him, and as the two of them tangled while proceeding, the old master urged the horse into a gallop. In a moment, they drew near to the mountain cliff. As they ascended the mountain step by step, what they saw was

A forest where the wind was howling,
A brook where the water was gurgling.
No crow or bird flew over this mountain;
Even immortals might say, "It's hard!"
Ten thousand cliffs and ravines,
A million twists and turns.
No man reaching this place of churning dust;
No end the sight of strange, ghostly rocks.
Clouds at some spots seemed like shimmering pools;
Trees every where filled with birds' raucous calls.
Deer left, holding agaric;
Apes returned, bearing peaches.
Foxes and badgers jumped about the ledge;
Antelopes played on the mountain peak.
A sudden roar of the tiger made one cringe
As striped leopards and grey wolves barred the road.

The moment that Tripitaka caught sight of this, he was terrified, but Pilgrim Sun displayed his vast magic powers. Look at him with his golden-hooped rod! He gave one shout and all those wolves, tigers, and leopards scattered. Opening up a path, he led his master straight up the tall mountain. After they passed the summit, they descended westward until they reached a plateau, where they suddenly came upon rays of divine light and strands of colored mists. There was in the distance a magnificent building,

from which the faint, harmonious sounds of bells and sonorous stones could be heard. "Disciples," said Tripitaka, "take a look and see what kind of place that is." Shading his eyes with his hand, Pilgrim lifted his head to stare at the building. It was a good place indeed! Truly

A bejewelled edifice,
A noble monastery.
An empty valley that augments the music of earth;
A quiet place that diffuses nature's fragrance,
Verdant pines, rain-soaked, shroud the tall towers;
Green bamboos, cloud-wrapped, guard the lecture hall.
Lights radiate from this distinctive dragon palace;
Colors flutter around this Buddhist domain.
Scarlet rails and jade portals;
Painted pillars and carved beams.
Sūtras explained, incense fills the seats.
Mysteries exposed, the moon lights up the screens.
Birds sing within the scarlet trees;
Cranes drink at the pebbled brook.
Flowers bloom every where in this Jetavana park;
On three sides Śrāvastī light spills through open doors.
Doors of rugged buildings face the mountain range.
Hollow bells and stones strike languidly and long.
The opened windows in a gentle breeze,
The rolled up screen in curls of smoke.
With monks here the life's ascetic,
A peace not marred by things profane.
Truly a place divine which the world can't touch:
A quiet monastery, a good field of rites.

After Pilgrim had looked over the place, he turned to Tripitaka, saying, "Master, that is a monastery over there. I don't know why, however, within the aura of Chan and the auspicious lights there seems to be an air of violence as well. When I look at this scenery, it reminds me greatly of Thunderclap, but the road just does not seem right. When we reach the building, don't walk in immediately, for I fear that some sinister hand may bring us harm."

"If this place reminds you of Thunderclap," said the Tang Monk, "could it be verily the Spirit Mountain? You'd better not slight my sincerity and delay the very purpose of my journey."

"No! No!" said Pilgrim. "I have traveled on the way to the Spirit Mountain several times before. How could it be this one?"

"Even if it is not," said Eight Rules, "there must be a good person staying here." Sha Monk said, "We don't have to be so suspicious. This road has to take us right past that door. Whether it *is* Thunderclap or not, one look will tell us."

"What Wujing says," said Pilgrim, "is quite reasonable." Urging his horse with the whip, the elder soon arrived before the monastery gate, on top of which he saw the three words, The Thunderclap Monastery. He was so astonished that he rolled off the horse and fell to the ground. "You wretched ape!" he scolded.

"You've just about killed me! It *is* The Thunderclap Monastery, and you still want to deceive me!"

Attempting to placate him with a smile, Pilgrim said, "Don't get upset, Master. Take another look. There are four words on the gate of the monastery, and you have only seen three of them. And you still blame me?"

Trembling all over, the elder scrambled up and took another look. There were indeed these four words:

The Small Thunderclap Monastery.

"If it's only The Small Thunderclap Monastery," said Tripitaka, "there must be a Buddhist patriarch inside. The sūtras mentioned some three thousand Buddhas, but I suppose they can't be all in one place. Guanyin, after all, is in South Sea, Viśvabhadra is located at Mount Emei, and Mañjuśrī lives on the Mountain of Five Platforms. I wonder which Buddhist patriarch presides over this field of rites.

The ancients said,

With Buddhas there are scriptures;
Without temples there are no treasures.

We should go inside."

"You shouldn't," said Pilgrim. "This place portends more evil than good. If you run into calamity, don't blame me."

"Even if there's no Buddha," said Tripitaka, "there must be his image. This disciple has made avow that I shall bow to Buddha whenever I encounter him. How could I blame you?" Whereupon he ordered Eight Rules to take out his cassock. After he changed into his clerical cap and tidied his clothing, Tripitaka strode forward.

As they walked inside the monastery gate, they heard a loud voice saying, "Tang Monk, you came all the way from the Land of the East to seek an audience with our Buddha. How dare you be so insolent now?" On hearing this, Tripitaka at once prostrated himself; Eight Rules, too, kowtowed as Sha Monk went to his knees. Only the Great Sage, however, led the horse and remained behind, picking up the luggage. When they went inside the second door, they came upon the great hall of Tathāgata. Outside the great hall door and beneath the treasure throne stood in rows the five hundred arhats, the three thousand guardians of the faith, the Four Great Diamond Kings, the mendicant nuns, and the upāsakas, along with countless sage monks and workers. Truly, there were also glamorous fragrant flowers and auspicious rays in abundance. The elder, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk were so overcome that they touched their heads to the ground with each step they took, inching their way toward the spirit platform. Only Pilgrim remained boldly erect.

Then they heard another loud voice coming from the top of the lotus throne, saying, "You, Sun Wukong! How dare you not bow down before Tathāgata?" Little did anyone expect that Pilgrim would look up and carefully scrutinize the one who spoke. When he recognized that it was a specious Buddha, he at once abandoned the horse and the luggage. Gripping the rod in his hands, he shouted, "You bunch of accursed beasts! You are audacious! How dare you take in vain the Buddha's name and soil the pure virtue of Tathāgata! Don't run away!" Wielding the rod with both his hands, he attacked at once.

With a loud clang a pair of golden cymbals dropped from midair; falling on Pilgrim, they had him enclosed completely from head to foot. Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk were so aghast that they reached for their rake and staff, but they were overwhelmed at once by those arhats, guardians, sage monks, and workers who surged forward to surround the three pilgrims. Tripitaka, too, was thus caught, and all three of them were then firmly bound by ropes.

The one who appeared as the Buddhist patriarch sitting on the lotus throne, you see, was actually a monster-king, and those arhats were all little fiends. After they put away their Buddha appearances, they revealed again their fiendish forms and hauled the elder and his two disciples to the rear so that they could be locked up. Pilgrim was to remain sealed in the golden cymbals and never to be released. With the cymbals placed on the jewelled platform, he was expected to be reduced to pus and blood in the period of three days and nights. Thereafter the other pilgrims were to be steamed in an iron cage and eaten. Truly

Green-eyed Monkey knew the false from the real.
Chan Mind bowed low on gold form's appeal.
Yellow Dame paid homage like a blind mule,
And Wood Mother conversed, too, like a fool.
A fiend, growing strong, oppressed one's true self—
The natural man duped by a wicked elf.
Dao had little but the demon, big gain.
A wrong turn to Side Door, their work was vain!

At the time, the various fiends shut up the Tang Monk and his two disciples in the rear, and there they tied the horse also. After they placed his cassock and his clerical cap inside the luggage wrap, they hid these also in a guarded place. We shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about that Pilgrim, who had been enclosed within the golden cymbals. It was pitch black inside, and he became so exasperated that he perspired all over. He tried pushing left and shoving right, but he could not get out. Then he struck madly at the cymbals with his iron rod, but he could not dent them even one whit. With no further alternative, he wanted to break the cymbals by sheer brute force. Making a magic sign with his fingers, he at once grew to thousands of feet tall, but the cymbals also grew with him.

There was not even the slightest crack to let in a ray of light. He made the magic sign again and at once his body diminished in size until he became as small as a mustard seed. The cymbals grew smaller, too, with his body, so that there was not the tiniest hole.

Gripping the iron rod, Pilgrim blew on it a divine breath, crying, "Change!" It changed into a flagpole, which he used to hold up the cymbals. Then he selected two of his longer hairs behind his head and pulled them off, crying, "Change!"

They changed immediately into a plum-flower-like, five-pointed drill; along the base of the rod, he drilled away for over a thousand times. There were loud scraping noises from the drill, but he could not puncture the cymbals at all.

In sheer desperation, Pilgrim made the magic sign again and recited the spell:

Let Oṁ and Ram purify the dharma realm.
Key: Primary Reception Beneficial for Determination.

With this he summoned the Guardian of Five Quarters, the Six Gods of Light and the Six Gods of Darkness, and the Eighteen Guardians of Monasteries, who gathered outside the golden cymbals, saying, "Great Sage, we were all giving protection to your master so that the demons could not harm him. Why did you summon us?"

"That master of mine," said Pilgrim, "refused to listen to me! It's no big loss even if he were put to death! But what I want you to do is think of some way quickly to pry open these cymbals and let me out. Then we can take care of other matters. Right now, there's not a bit of light inside, and I'm so hot that I'm about to suffocate."

The various deities indeed tried to pry open the cymbals, but they were so tightly closed up that they seemed to have grown together. The gods could not even budge them. "Great Sage," said the Golden- Headed Guardian, "we don't know what sort of treasure this pair of cymbals is, but from top to bottom, they have become one whole piece now. Your humble deities are too weak to pry them loose."

"I don't know how much magic power I've used inside," said Pilgrim, "but I can't budge them either." On hearing this, the Guardian told the Six Gods of Light to protect the Tang Monk and the Six Gods of Darkness to watch over the golden cymbals. As the various other Guardians of Monasteries took up positions of patrol front and back, he mounted the auspicious luminosity and, in a moment, went straight through the South Heaven Gate. Without waiting for further summons, he went up to the Hall of Divine Mists and prostrated himself before the Jade Emperor. "My lord," he said, "your subject is the Guardian of Five Quarters. I commend to you the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who is accompanying the Tang Monk to acquire scriptures. Passing through a mountain, they came upon The Small Thunderclap Monastery. By mistake the Tang Monk thought it was the Spirit Mountain and he entered the monastery to worship. It was actually an edifice set up by a fiendish monster to ensnare the master and his disciples.

At this moment, the Great Sage is imprisoned within a pair of golden cymbals, from which he cannot be extracted at all. He is about to die, and that's why I've come here especially to memorialize to you."

The Jade Emperor at once gave this decree:

"Let the Twenty- Eight Constellations go quickly to subdue the fiends and bring deliverance to the pilgrims." Not daring to linger, the Constellations followed the Guardian to leave the Heaven gate and arrived inside the monastery. It was about the time of the second watch at night; those monster-spirits, both great and small, having been rewarded by the old fiend for capturing the Tang Monk, had all gone to sleep. Without disturbing them, the Constellations gathered outside the cymbals and reported:

"Great Sage, we are the Twenty-Eight Constellations sent here by the Jade Emperor to rescue you."

Exceedingly pleased by what he heard, Pilgrim said immediately, "Use your weapons and break the thing. Old Monkey will be out at once."

"We dare not do so," replied the stars. "This thing is of metallic substance. If we strike at it, there'll be noises and the demon will be awakened. Then it'll be hard for us to rescue you. Let us use our weapons instead and see if we can puncture it. Wherever you detect even the faintest speck of light, you'll be able to escape."

"Exactly," said Pilgrim.

Look at them! Wielding spears, swords, scimitars, and axes, they began to pry at the pair of cymbals and stab at them, hauling them back and forth. They did this until about the time of the third watch, but the cymbals could not be loosened at all. The pair seemed to be like a wonton that had been forged together. Pilgrim inside was looking this way and that; he crawled over here and rolled to the other side, but he could not detect even the faintest speck of light.

"Oh, Great Sage," said Gullet the Gold Dragon,

"please be more patient. As I see it, this treasure must be a compliant thing which knows transformation also. Try to feel with your hands inside along the edges where the cymbals come together. I'm going to use the tip of my horn and see if I can wedge it inside. Then you can use some kind of transformation and escape through the spot where it comes apart." Pilgrim agreed and started to use his hands to feel along the edges. Meanwhile, this Constellation made his body smaller until his horn became like a pointed needle. At the top of the cymbals where they were joined, he tried to stick the horn through. Alas, he had to use every ounce of his strength before he managed to reach inside. Then he caused his body and his horn to take on the dharma form, crying, "Grow! Grow! Grow!"

The horn grew to the thickness of a rice bowl. The edge of the cymbals, however, did not behave like any metallic object at all; instead, they seemed to have been made of skin and flesh, which had the horn of Gullet the Gold Dragon in a viselike grip. There was not the slightest crack anywhere around the horn. When Pilgrim felt the horn with his hands, he said, "It's no use! There's no crack above or below! I have no choice. You must bear a little pain and take me out." Marvelous Great Sage! He changed the golden-hooped rod into a steel drill and drilled a hole on the tip of the horn. Transforming his body into the size of a mustard seed, he stuck himself inside the hole and yelled, "Pull the horn out! Pull the horn out!"

Again, the Constellation exerted who knows how much strength before he yanked it out and fell exhausted to the ground.

As soon as Pilgrim crawled out from the hole he drilled in the tip of the Constellation's horn and changed back into his true form, he whipped out the iron rod and slammed it down with a crash on the cymbals. It was as if a copper mountain had been toppled, a gold mine blown open. What a pity! An instrument belonging to the Buddha was instantly reduced to a thousand fragments of gold! The Twenty-Eight Constellations were terrified and the Guardian of Five Quarters' hair stood on end. All those various fiends, old and young, were roused from their dreams, and even the old monster-king was startled in his sleep. He scrambled up, and as he put on his clothes, he ordered a roll of drums to assemble the rest of the fiends and arm them. It was about dawn at this time when they rushed beneath the treasure throne. There they saw Pilgrim Sun and the various Constellations hovering over the pieces of the golden cymbals.

Paling with fright, the monster-king gave this order:

"Little ones! Shut the front door quickly and don't let anyone out." On hearing this, Pilgrim led the star spirits to mount the clouds and rose into the air. After the monster-king had put away the gold fragments, he ordered his troops to line up in formation outside the monastery gate. Nursing his anger, the monster-king hurriedly put on his armor and picked up a short, pliant wolf-teeth club to walk out of his camp, crying, "Pilgrim Sun, a brave man shouldn't run away! Step forward quickly and fight

three rounds with me!" Unable to contain himself, Pilgrim led the star spirits to lower their clouds and to take a good look at that monster-spirit. They saw he had

Disheveled hair,
Strapped down by a thin and flat gold band;
Glowering eyes,
Topped by thick, bushy yellow brows;
A gall-like nose
With nostrils flaring;
A four-square mouth
With sharp, pointed teeth.
He wore a cuirass of chain mail.
Tied with a sash spun with raw silk.
His feet were shod in calfskin boots;
His hands held up a wolf-teeth club.
His form was beastlike, though he was no beast;
With looks nonhuman, still he seemed like man.

Sticking out his iron rod, Pilgrim shouted, "What kind of fiendish creature are you, that you dare play the Buddhist patriarch, occupy this mountain, and falsely set up the Small Thunderclap Monastery?"

"So, the little monkey doesn't know my name!" replied the monster-king, "and that's why you've transgressed the territory of this divine mountain! This place is called the Little Western Heaven. By my self-cultivation I have attained the right fruit, and thus Heaven bestowed on me these treasure bowers and precious towers. My name is the Old Buddha of Yellow Brows, but the people of this region, ignorant of that, address me as the Great King Yellow Brows or Holy Father Yellow Brows. I have known all the while that you are on your way to the West, and that you have some abilities. That's why I displayed my powers and set up the image to lure your master to enter. I want to make a wager with you. If you can withstand me, I'll spare you all, master and disciples, so that you, too, can perfect the right fruit. If you can't, I'll slay all of you, and I'll go myself to see Tathāgata for the scriptures, so that *I* can attain the right fruit for China."

"Monster-spirit," said Pilgrim with a laugh, "no need to brag! If you want this wager, come up quickly and receive the rod!" Very amiably the monster-king met him with the wolf-teeth club, and this was some battle!

The club and rod
Are not the same.
To speak of them, they have their own form and shape!
One is a short and pliant Buddhist arm;
One is a deep-sea treasure stiff and hard.
Both can transform according to one's wish;
They join this time and each strives to be strong.
The short, pliant wolf-teeth's jewel bedecked;
The sturdy golden-hooped is dragonlike.
They can turn thick or thin, how marvelous!
They can grow long or short with perfect ease.
Demon and ape
Together fight
A hot, furious battle—that's not a lie!

The ape tamed by faith Mind Monkey becomes;
The fiend mocks Heaven in his image false.
Raging and fuming, they both turn cruel;
Vicious and violent they both look the same.
This one aims at the head and refuses to quit;
That one stabs at the face with no let up.
Spat-out clouds darken the sun;
Belched-out fog cover the mount.
Rod and club, as they join, swing back and forth;
For Tripitaka they slight life or death.

Look at the two of them! They closed in for more than fifty times, but no decision could be reached. Before the gate of the monastery, those various monster-spirits began to shout their encouragements, beating their drums and gongs at the same time and waving their banners. On this side, the Twenty-Eight Constellations, the Guardian of Five Quarters, and the other sages immediately uttered a cry and, each wielding his weapon, had the demon surrounded. The fiends before the monastery were so terrified that they could no longer beat the drums; trembling all over, they could hardly sound the gongs.

The old fiendish demon, however, was not in the least afraid. With one hand he used his wolf-teeth club to fence off all those weapons; with his other hand he untied from his waist a little wrap made of old white cloth. He flung the wrap skyward and, with a loud whoosh, the Great Sage Sun, the Twenty-Eight Constellations, and the Guardian of Five Quarters were all wrapped up inside it.

Retrieving the wrap, the monster swung it on his shoulder and turned to stride back to his camp, while all those little fiends were elated by this sudden triumph.

Asking his little ones to fetch him several dozen ropes, the old fiend told them to untie the wrap: as each of the prisoners was fished out, he was immediately bound. All of the deities were weak and numb, and even their skin seemed to be wrinkled and their appearance emaciated. After they were bound, they were hauled to the rear of the monastery and thrown to the ground. Then the monster-king ordered a large banquet for himself and his subjects, and they drank until dusk before scattering to retire. We shall thus leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about the Great Sage Sun, who was tied up along with the other deities. By about midnight there suddenly came to them the sound of someone weeping. When the Great Sage listened closely, he discovered that it was the voice of Tripitaka, who wailed, “Oh, Wukong!

I loathe myself for not not giving you heed,
Thus landing us all in such dire need!
Now you are hurt in the cymbals of gold.
I am rope bound, which person had been told?
Most bitter fate caused what we four had met;
Merits, three thousand, have been all upset.
What will grant us from this bondage reprieve
That we may reach smoothly the West and leave?”

On hearing this, Pilgrim was moved to compassion, saying to himself, “Though that master refused to believe my words and landed in this calamity, he nonetheless does think of old Monkey when he is in such straits. Since the night is quiet and the

fiend is sleeping, I may as well make use of this unguarded moment and go free the rest of them."

Dear Great Sage! Using the Magic of Body-Vanishment, he caused his body to shrink and immediately became free of the ropes. He approached the Tang Monk and whispered, "Master!" Recognizing his voice, the elder said, "How did you get here?" Softly Pilgrim gave him a thorough account of what had happened, and the elder was exceedingly pleased. "Disciple," he said, "please rescue me quickly! Whatever happens hereafter I'll listen to you. I won't ever overrule you again."

Then Pilgrim raised his hands and freed his master, after which he untied Eight Rules, Sha Monk, the Twenty-Eight Constellations, and the Guardian of Five Quarters. Dragging the horse over, he told them to hurry out the door. Just as they stepped outside, however, he remembered the luggage and wanted to go back inside to search for it.

"You really value things more than the person!" said Gullet the Gold Dragon. "Isn't it enough that you have saved your master? Why must you look anymore for luggage?"

"The person's important, of course," said Pilgrim, "but the cassock and the bowl are even more important. In our wrap are the imperial travel rescript, the brocaded cassock, and the almsbowl of purple gold, all superior Buddhist treasures. How could we not want them?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you go look for them, and we will wait for you by the road." Look at those star spirits who had the Tang Monk surrounded! Using the Magic of Displacement, they called up a gust of wind and had themselves taken clear out of the high walls. After they reached the main road, they headed straight down the mountain slope until they arrived at a level region. There they waited.

It was about the hour of the third watch that the Great Sage Sun walked slowly and stealthily inside. The doors at every level, you see, were tightly shut. When he climbed to the tallest tower to take a look, he found that even the windows and casements were completely closed. He wanted, of course, to go inside down below, but afraid that windows or the shutters might make a noise, he dared not push at them. Making the magic sign with his fingers, therefore, he shook his body once and changed into a divine mouse, commonly called the bat. How does he look, you ask?

A pointed head like a rat's,
Like it his eyes shine, too.
With wings he comes out at dusk;
Sightless he sleeps in the day.
He hides in hollow tiles
To find mosquitoes for food.
He loves most the bright, fair moon
And knows when to fly and soar.

Through the space that was not sealed up between the rafters and the roof tiles, he crawled inside. Passing through several doors, he reached the very center of the building, where under the third-level casement he came upon something glowing. It was not the light of lamps or fireflies, neither the glow of twilight nor the blaze of lightning. Half leaping and flying, he went near there to have another look and found that it was the wrap of their luggage that was emitting the glow. That monster-spirit, you see, had stripped the Tang Monk of his cassock, and instead of folding it properly, he merely

stuffed it inside the wrap again. The cassock was, after all, a Buddhist treasure which had on it compliant pearls, Mani pearls, red cornelian beads, purple coral, relics, and the night-luminescent pearls. That was why it glowed.

Exceedingly pleased by this discovery, Pilgrim changed back into his own form and picked up the luggage. Without even bothering to check whether the ropes were properly attached to the pole or not, he threw the load on his shoulder and began to walk out. One end of the luggage unexpectedly slipped off the pole and fell with a thud to the floor. Alas! This was what had to happen! The old monsterspirit was sleeping on the floor immediately down below, and he was wakened by that loud thud. Jumping up, he screamed, "Someone's here! Someone's here!"

Those various fiends, old and young, all arose and lit torches and lamps. In a noisy throng, they rushed about to inspect the front and rear. One of them arrived to say, "The Tang Monk has escaped!"

Another came to report:

"Pilgrim and the rest are gone, too!"

The old fiend immediately gave this order:

"Guard all the doors!" When he heard this, Pilgrim feared that he might fall into their net again. Abandoning his load of luggage, he mounted the cloud somersault and leaped clear of the building through a window.

The monster-spirit led a thorough search for the Tang Monk at the front and back of the monastery but they failed to turn up anyone.

When he saw that it was almost light, he took his club and led his troops to give chase. Beneath the mountain slope, still shrouded by cloud and fog, were the Twenty-Eight Constellations, the Guardian of Five Quarters, and the other deities. "Where do you think you're going?" shouted the monster-king. "Here I am!"

"Brothers!" cried Horn the Wood Dragon, "the fiendish creature's here!" Whereupon Gullet the Gold Dragon, Woman the Earth Bat, Chamber the Sun Hare, Heart the Moon Fox, Tail the Fire Tiger, Winnower the Water Leopard, Dipper the Wood Unicorn, Ox the Gold Bull, Base the Earth Badger, Barrens the Sun Rat, Roof the Moon Swallow, House the Fire Hog, Wall the Water Porcupine, Straddler the Wood Wolf, Harvester the Gold Hound, Stomach the Earth Hog, Mane the Sun Rooster, Net the Moon Crow, Beak the Fire Monkey, Triaster the Water Ape, Well the Wood Hound, Ghost the Gold Ram, Willow the Earth Antelope, Star the Sun Horse, Spread the Moon Deer, Wing the Fire Serpent, and Axeltree the Water Earthworm led the Golden-Headed Guardian, the Silver-Headed Guardian, the Six Gods of Light and Darkness, the Guardians of Monasteries, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk to meet their pursuers. Abandoning the Tripitaka Tang and forsaking the white dragon horse, they rushed into battle, each with weapon in hand.

When this monster-king saw them, he laughed scornfully and gave a loud whistle. Immediately some four or five thousand monsterspirits, old and young, surged forward, all strong and sturdy, and they began a terrific battle on the west mountain slope. Marvelous fight!

The vile, vicious demon mocks the true Self.
The true Self's so gentle, what could it do?
A hundred plans used up, they can't escape their pain.

A thousand schemes cannot achieve their peace.
The gods lend their protection;
The sages help with their arms.
Wood Mother may still be kind,
But Yellow Dame has made up its mind.
Their brawl stirs Heaven and shakes the Earth;
Their fight expands like a net spread out.
On this side, banners wave and soldiers shout;
On that side, they roll drums and beat gongs.
A mass of swords and spears coldly gleaming;
Thick rows of halberds veiled in dealthy pall.
The fiendish troops are so fierce and brave,
What could those divine fighters do?
Wretched clouds hide both sun and moon;
Grievous fog shroud mountains and streams.
They strain and struggle in a bitter row,
All for to Buddha Tang Monk's faulty bow.

Growing more fierce all the time, the monster-spirit led his troops to charge again and again. Just at that moment when neither side proved to be the stronger, they heard the roar of Pilgrim:

"Old Monkey's arrived!"

Eight Rules met him and asked, "Where's the luggage?"

"Old Monkey almost lost his life already," answered Pilgrim. "Don't mention any luggage!"

Gripping his precious staff, Sha Monk said, "Stop talking now! We must go fight the monster-spirit!"

The star spirits and those Gods of Darkness and Light by now were encircled completely by the various fiends, and the old fiend wielded his club to attack the three of them. Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk opened up their rod, staff, and rake to meet him head-on. They fought till truly the Heaven grew dim and the Earth darkened, but they could not prevail against the demon. They fought some more until the sun sank down in the west and the moon arose in the east.

When the fiend saw that it was getting late, he signaled his subjects to be on guard by whistling loudly; then he took out his treasure.

When Pilgrim saw clearly that the fiend had untied his wrap and held it in his hand, he cried, "Look out! Let's run!" Without further regard for Eight Rules, Sha Monk, and the other dēvas, he somersaulted all the way up to the Ninefold Heaven. The gods and his companions, however, were not quick enough to understand why he fled, and they were all captured once more inside the wrap after the monster-spirit had thrown it in the air. Only Pilgrim thus managed to escape.

After the monster-king and his troops returned to the monastery, he asked for ropes again and ordered the prisoners to be tied up as before. The Tang Monk, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk were to be hung up high on the rafters, while the white horse was to be tied up in the back. After the deities had been trussed up, they were to be thrown into the cellar and the entrance would be covered and sealed.

The little fiends obeyed each of his instructions, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about Pilgrim, who had leaped up to the Ninefold Heaven and succeeded in preserving his life. When he saw the withdrawal of the fiendish troops with banners lowered, he knew that his companions had been captured. Lowering his auspicious luminosity onto the eastern slope of the mountain,

He hated, teeth grinding, the fiend;
He thought of the monk, shedding tears.
Lifting his face to stare skyward,
He sighed sadly and voiced his fears.

"O, Master!" he cried. "In which previous incarnation did you incur such ordeals of bondage, that you must in this life face monsterspirits every step of the way! It's so hard now to rid you of your sufferings. What shall we do?"

He lamented like that all by himself for a long time, and then he began to calm himself and think, allowing the mind to question the mind. "I wonder what sort of wrap this fiendish demon has," he thought to himself, "that can hold so many things. Now he has even hauled away all those celestial warriors! I would go seek the Jade Emperor for assistance, but I fear he might take offense. I recall, however, that there's a True Warrior of the North, whose style is the Demon-Conquering Celestial Worthy, and who lives in the Wudang Mountain of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent. Let me go fetch him here to rescue Master from this ordeal. Truly it is that,

The immortal way undone, ape and horse disperse;
Five Phases dry up when mind and spirit are lost.

We do not know what is the result of his journey; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-SIX

Many gods meet injury
Maitreya binds a fiend

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who had no alternative but to mount an auspicious cloud by means of his somersault to head directly for the Wudang Mountain on the South Jambūdvīpa Continent, where he hoped to solicit the help of the Demon- Conquering Celestial Worthy to rescue Tripitaka, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk, and the various celestial warriors from their ordeal.

Without a moment's pause in midair, he soon caught sight of the patriarch's immortal realm. Gently lowering his cloud, he stared around. A marvelous place, it was!

Grandly it guards the southeast,
This towering divine mountain.
The soaring Hibiscus Peak:
The rugged Purple- Canopy Summit.
Nine Streams flow from it to distant Jing and Yang.
It joins the Yue mountains reaching the state of Chu.
On top are the treasure cave of Grand- Void,
The numinous estrades of Zhu and Lu.
Golden stones resound in thirty-six halls,
Where to offer incense ten thousand pilgrims come.
King Shun visits it and King Yu prays at this place,
Adorned with jade tablets and letters of gold.
Bluebirds fly about the towers;
Banners flap like scarlet skirts.
A land set on a mountain famed in all the world,
A Heav'n-born region touching the spacious void.
A few sprigs of plum trees just now in bloom;
A mountain of rare grasses spreading their verdure.
Dragons lie beneath the brooks;
Tigers crouch by the cliffs.
The birds sound as if they're talking;
By people tame deer are walking.
White cranes perch with clouds on old junipers;
Facing the sun, blue and red phoenixes sing.
This has the looks of a true, immortal realm,
Where portals of gold and mercy rule the world.

The august patriarch was the off spring of King Pure Joy and Queen Triumphant Virtue, who was conceived with child after she dreamed that she had swallowed the sun. After carrying the child for fourteen months, she gave birth to him in the palace at noon on the first day of the third month, in the *jiachen* year, which was the first year of the Kaihuang reign period. This Holy Father was

Fierce and bold in his youth,
Astute and keen when he grew up.

Declining the throne of kingship,
He sought only austerities.
His parents could not stop him
From leaving the royal palace.
The mysteries and meditation
He embraced on this mountain.
Merit and work accomplished,
He rose in daylight to Heaven.
The Jade Emperor forthwith decreed
That he be titled Zhenwu.
Above, the dark void blessed him;
Below, the snake and turtle joined him.
The entire Heaven and Earth
Addressed him as All Efficacious,
From whom no secret was hidden,
For whom no act e'er met failure.
From start to end of each kalpa,
He routed the demon-spirits.

As he was enjoying the sight of this immortal scenery, the Great Sage Sun soon arrived before the Palace of Grand Harmony, having passed through the first, the second, and the third Heaven gates. There in the midst of hallowed light and auspicious air he found a group of five hundred spirit-ministers, who met him and said, "Who are you?"

"I'm Sun Wukong, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven," replied the Great Sage, "and I'd like to have an audience with the patriarch."

After the spirit-ministers went inside to make the report, the patriarch left the main hall to escort his visitor into the Palace of Grand Harmony. Pilgrim saluted the patriarch and said, "I must trouble you with a matter."

"What is it?" the patriarch asked.

"I was accompanying the Tang Monk on his way to the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures," said Pilgrim, "and our path has landed us in a dangerous ordeal. At the West Aparagodānīya Continent, there is a mountain by the name of the Little Western Heaven, in which a demonic fiend has set up a Little Thunderclap Monastery. When my master entered the monastery gate and laid eyes on rows of arhats, guardians, bikṣus, and sage monks, he thought that he had come upon the real Buddha. Just as he bent low to bow to them, he was seized and bound. I, too, was caught off guard and was clamped within a pair of gold cymbals that the fiend threw up into the air. Those cymbals had me completely sealed inside, and there was not even the slightest crack for me to escape. It was a good thing that the Golden-Headed Guardian went to memorialize to the Jade Emperor, who commanded the Twenty-Eight Constellations to descend to earth that very night. Even they, however, could not pry the cymbals open. Luckily, Gullet the Gold Dragon managed to pierce the cymbals with his horn and took me out with him. I smashed the cymbals afterwards and aroused the fiendish creature. When he gave chase and fought with us, he threw up a white cloth wrap which had all of us, including the Twenty-Eight Constellations, stored away. We were tied up with ropes once more, but that evening I managed to escape and free the Constellations and our Tang Monk. Thereafter, my search for our robe and almsbowl again disturbed the

fiend, who chased us down once more to do battle with the celestial warriors. When that fiend took out his white cloth wrap and fiddled with it, I recognized his tune and fled at once. The rest of my companions were stored up by him as before. I had no other alternative but to come here to beg assistance from the patriarch."

The patriarch said, "In years past, I ruled over the north and that was the reason I had assumed the position of Zhenwu to extirpate the fiends and deviates of the world by the decree of the Jade Emperor. Thereafter, by the command of the Celestial Worthy of Original Commencement I led, with loosened hair and naked feet and with the soaring serpent and divine turtle under my feet, the Five Thunder Deities, the huge-maned lion, and various ferocious beasts and poisonous dragons to subjugate the dark and fiendish miasmas of the northeast. Today I am enjoying the peace of Wudang Mountain and the serenity of the Palace of Grand Harmony, the calm seas and clear universe, only because the fiendish demons and devious spirits have all been exterminated in our South Jambūdvīpa Continent and in our North Uttarakuru Continent. Now that the Great Sage has come to make this request, it is difficult for me not to respond, but without the decree from the Region Above, it is also difficult for me to respond in arms. If I were to send forth the gods with my formal command, I fear that the Jade Emperor would be offended. But if I refuse the Great Sage, I would go utterly against human sentiments. I suppose, however, that those fiends on the road to the West could not be too terribly formidable. I'll ask Turtle and Serpent, the two generals, and the Five Divine Dragons to assist you. I'm certain they will capture the monster-spirit and rescue your master from this ordeal."

After he bowed to thank the patriarch, Pilgrim went back to the region of the West accompanied by Serpent, Turtle, and the dragon deities, all wielding their powerful weapons. In less than a day, they arrived at the Little Thunderclap Monastery, where they dropped from the clouds and began to provoke battle before the monastery gate.

We tell you now about that Great King Yellow Brow, who gathered the various fiends below his treasure tower and said, "These two days Pilgrim Sun has not even shown up. I wonder where he has gone to seek help."

Hardly had he finished speaking when the little fiend guarding the gate came in to report:

"Pilgrim is leading several persons with the looks of dragon, serpent, and turtle to provoke battle outside our gate."

"How did this little monkey," said the demon, "manage to acquire people with looks like that? Where did such people come from?"

He put on his armor immediately and walked out of the monastery gate, crying, "What dragon deities are you that you dare transgress our immortal territory?" With looks most rugged and spirited, the five dragons and the two generals shouted, "You brazen fiend! We are the Five Dragon Deities and Turtle and Serpent, the two generals, before the Demon-Conquering Celestial Worthy, who is the Pontiff of Composite Prime in the Palace of Grand Harmony, located on Wudang Mountain. By the invitation of the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, and the amulet summons of the Celestial Worthy, we came here to arrest you. You, monster-spirit, send out the Tang Monk and the Constellations quickly and we shall spare your life. If not, we will hew to pieces the fiends of this entire mountain, and we will burn to ashes your several buildings!" On hearing this, the fiend grew enraged. "You beasts!" he cried. "What great magic power

do you have that you dare mouth big words like that? Don't run away! Have a taste of my club!" Whereupon these five dragons churned up cloud and rain, and those two generals sprayed dust and dirt, as they rushed forward together to attack with spears, scimitars, swords, and halberds. The Great Sage Sun, too, followed them, wielding his iron rod. This was another terrific battle:

The vicious demon used force—
Pilgrim sought armed assistance—
The vicious demon used force
As he took a precious tower to set up the Buddha's form;
Pilgrim sought armed assistance,
Going far to a treasure region for the dragon gods.
Turtle and Serpent started water and fire;
The fiend raised weapons and arms.
Five dragons were ordered to the Westward way,
Followed by Pilgrim for his master's sake.
Swords and halberds flashed like electric bolts;
Spears and knives glowed like lightning bright.
The wolf-teeth club of this one,
Strong but short and pliant;
The golden-hooped rod of that one,
Both yielding and compliant.
You hear loud bangs and booms like firecrackers,
And clanging chords like gold being struck.
Water and fire came to conquer the fiend;
Arms and weapons encircled a monster-spirit.
Their cries startled tigers and wolves;
Their brawl alarmed spirits and gods.
This raucous battle had just reached a draw,
When the demon seized the treasures once more.

Leading the five dragons and the two generals, Pilgrim battled the demon for half an hour. Then the fiend untied his wrap and held it in his hand. Alarmed by what he saw, Pilgrim shouted, "Be careful, all of you!" Not realizing why they had to be careful, the dragon deities, the turtle, and the serpent all lowered their weapons and stepped forward to look. With a loud whoosh, the monster-spirit threw up the wrap again. Unable to care for the five dragons and the two generals any longer, the Great Sage Sun leaped up to the Ninefold Heaven with his somersault and fled. Those dragon deities along with the turtle and the serpent were stored up also in the wrap and taken captive. After the monster-spirit returned to the monastery in triumph, he had his prisoners bound with ropes and locked in the underground cellar, where we shall leave them for the moment.

Look at the Great Sage, who dropped down from the clouds! Reclining listlessly on the mountain slope, he said spitefully to himself, "This fiendish creature is most formidable!" Unwittingly, his eyes became shut and he looked as if he had fallen asleep. Suddenly, he heard someone crying, "Great Sage, don't sleep! Go get help quickly! Your master's life won't last very long!" Opening wide his eyes and leaping up, Pilgrim saw that it was the Day Sentinel. "You clumsy deity!" shouted Pilgrim. "Where have you been all this time lusting after your bloody offerings? You haven't shown up to answer your roll call, and yet you dare come to disturb me today! Stick out your shanks,

and let old Monkey give you a couple of strokes of my rod—just to relieve my boredom!"

Bowing hurriedly, the sentinel said, "Great Sage, you are the joyous immortal among men. How could *you* be bored? By the decree of the Bodhisattva, all of us are to give secret protection to the Tang Monk. We thus work with the local spirits and the like, not daring to leave him at all. That's why we have not come to see you. How could you blame us instead?"

"If you're giving him protection," said Pilgrim, "tell me where has that monster-spirit imprisoned my master, the Constellations, the guardians, the protectors of monasteries, and the rest of them? What sort of suffering are they enduring now?"

"Your master and your brothers," replied the sentinel, "are all hanging in the corridor by the side of the treasure hall, while the Constellations have heen herded into the underground cellar to suffer there. We haven't had any news from you for these two days.

Only when we saw just now that the monster-spirit had captured some divine dragons, a turtle, and a snake, and sent these, too, into the cellar did we realize that they were warriors fetched here by the Great Sage. Your humble deity came especially to find you. The Great Sage must not grow weary. You must go again quickly to seek help." When he heard these words, Pilgrim began to shed tears as he said to the sentinel, "At this moment,

I'm ashamed to go up to Heaven,
I'm embarrassed to go down to the seas.
I dread the Bodhisattva's queries;
I'm sad to see the Buddha's jade mien.

Those who had been taken captive just now were Turtle, Snake, and the Five Dragon sages of Patriarch Zhenwu. I have no other place to go for help. What am I to do?" Smiling, the sentinel said, "Please do not worry, Great Sage. Your humble deity can think of another powerful army which, if you succeed in bringing it here, will certainly subdue this monster. Just now, the Great Sage went to Wudang of the South Jambūdvīpa Continent. Well, this army is also stationed at the same continent, in the city of Bincheng on the Xuyi Mountain, what is now called Sizhou. Located there is the Preceptor of State-King Bodhisattva, who has vast magic powers. Under his tutelage is a disciple of his by the name of Prince Little Zhang. He has in his service also four great divine warriors, who brought to submission in years past the Lady Water Mother. If you go there now in person and ask for his kind assistance, I am certain that the fiend will be captured and your master rescued."

Delighted, Pilgrim said, "You go back to protect my master and don't let him be harmed. Let old Monkey go for help." Mounting his cloud somersault, Pilgrim left the fiend's place and headed straight for the Xuyi Mountain. He arrived there in less than a day. As he stared at it carefully, it was a marvelous place indeed!

To the south it's near river fords;
To the north, it presses on the River Huai;
To the east it reaches the sea coast;
To the west it connects with Fengfou.
On the peak there are towering edifices;
In its fold there are surging streams.
Strange, craggy boulders;

Handsome, knotty pines;
A hundred kinds of fruits all in season and fresh;
A thousand sprigs of flowers blooming in the sun.
People, teeming like ants, go back and forth;
Like rows of wild geese the boats come and leave.
On top there are the Temple of Auspicious Cliff,
The Palace of Eastern Mountain,
The Shrine of Five Miracles,
And the Monastery of Turtle Mountain,
Where bell-tones and incense rise toward the sky.
There are also the Crystal Stream,
The Five Pagoda Valley,
The Immortals Terrace,
And the Apricot Garden—
All lighting up the city with their pastoral hues.
Languid white clouds stretch o'erhead;
Birds, though tired, serenely sing.
Why mention the charm of Tai, Song, Heng, and Hua?
Here's immortal beauty like Peng and Ying!

The Great Sage could hardly make an end of enjoying this scenery. After he passed the River Huai, he went through the city of Bincheng and went up to the gate of the Great Sage Chan Monastery, where he found magnificent halls and elegant long corridors. There was, moreover, a towering pagoda, truly

A thousand cubits tall, jabbing clouds and sky,
A golden flask piercing the jade-green void.
Up and down its halo holds the universe;
Not one shade darkens its screens both east and west.
Treasure bells, windblown, will make celestial chimes;
Shell-bark pines, sun-drenched, face this Sanskrit hall.
Spirit birds, in flight or rest, speak frequently
When you gaze on the Huai's endless eddy.

Enjoying the scenery as he walked along, Pilgrim went straight up to the second-level door. By then, the Preceptor of State-King Bodhisattva had already learned of his arrival and he went out of the door with Prince Little Zhang to meet his visitor. After they saluted each other, Pilgrim said, "I'm accompanying the Tang Monk to go to the Western Heaven for scriptures. On our way we ran into The Little Thunderclap Monastery, where a Yellow Brow Fiend disguised himself as the Buddhist patriarch. Unable to distinguish the true from the false, my master immediately bowed before him and was caught. The fiend then had me sealed inside a pair of cymbals, but fortunately I was rescued by the Constellations descending from Heaven. I smashed his cymbals and fought with him, but he used a cloth wrap and took captive all of the gods, the guardians, my master, and my brothers. I went just now to the Wudang Mountain to seek the help of the August One of the Mysterious Heaven, who ordered the Five Dragons, Turtle, and Serpent to capture the fiend. But they, too, were caught by his wrap. Your disciple now has neither refuge nor home, and that's why he has come especially to see the Bodhisattva. I beg you to exercise your mighty power—the magic that brought the Water Mother to submission and the wondrous potency that redeemed the multitudes—and go with your disciple to rescue his master from this ordeal. When

we succeed in acquiring the scriptures so that they may be forever implanted in China, we shall proclaim the wisdom of our Buddha and his everlasting perfection."

"Your affair today," said the Preceptor of State-King, "indeed concerns the prosperity of our Buddhist religion, and I should go with you in person. But this is early summer, a time when the River Huai threatens to overflow. It was only recently that I brought to submission the Great Sage Water Ape.

That fellow, however, tends to grow restless whenever he comes into contact with water. I fear that my departure from this place will lure him into mischief, and there's no other god who can bring him under control. Let me ask my young disciple and four other warriors under his command to go with you. They'll assist you in capturing this demon." Pilgrim gave thanks before mounting the clouds with Prince Little Zhang and the four warriors to return to the Little Thunderclap Monastery.

Prince Little Zhang used a mulberry-white lance while the four warriors all wielded red-steel swords. When they went forward with the Great Sage Sun to provoke battle, the little fiends again went inside to report. Leading the rest of the monsters, the fiendish king came roaring out and cried, "Monkey! What other persons have you brought here this time?" Ordering the four warriors forward, Prince Little Zhang shouted, "You lawless monster-spirit! You have no flesh on your face and no pupils in your eyes, and that's why you can't recognize us."

"Where are you from, little warrior," said the fiendish king, "that you dare come here to give him assistance?"

"I'm the disciple of the Preceptor of State-King Bodhisattva," replied the prince, "the Great Sage of Sizhou. These are the four divine warriors under my command, who have been ordered here to arrest you." With a laugh, the fiendish king said, "What sort of martial prowess does a little boy like you possess that you dare to be so insulting?"

"If you want to know about my martial prowess," said the prince, "listen to my recital:

The state, Flowing Sand, was my ancestral home.
My father was Flowing Sand Kingdom's king.
Illness plagued me at the time of youth,
A victim of a baleful natal star.
For long life I sought a teacher far away;
I was lucky to meet him and be giv'n a cure.
Half a pellet and my ailments dispelled,
I left my princeship to follow his way
And acquired the art of ne'er growing old.
My features are those of eternal youth!
I have attended Buddha's Birthday Feast.
I have trod the clouds to reach his great hall.
I've caught a water fiend with the wind and fog;
I've tamed tigers and dragons on the mount.
The grateful race built me a pagoda tall,
And śarī light illumed the deep, calm sea.
My mulberry lance is quick to bind a fiend;
My cleric sleeve can a monster subdue.
In Bincheng now a peaceful life I lead;

The earth resounds with fame of Little Zhang."

When the fiendish king heard what was said, he smiled scornfully, saying, "Prince, what method of longevity did you manage to cultivate, when you left your own country and followed that Preceptor of State-King Bodhisattva? Good enough, I suppose, to capture a water fiend of the River Huai! How could you allow those false and specious words of Pilgrim Sun to goad you across a thousand hills and ten thousand waters and into surrendering your life here? You think you still have long life without growing old when you look me up!"

Enraged by what he heard, Little Zhang picked up the lance and stabbed at his opponent's face, while the four great warriors also joined in the attack at once. The Great Sage Sun, too, struck with his iron rod. Dear monster-spirit! Not the least daunted, he wielded his short, pliant, wolf-teeth club and parried the blows left and right, charging forward and sideways. This was another fierce battle!

The youthful prince,
His mulberry-white lance,
And four even stronger red-steel swords.
Wukong, too, used his golden-hooped rod
To encircle together the fiendish king,
Who, in truth, possessed vast magic powers.
Not daunted at all, he charged left and right.
The wolf-teeth club being a Buddhist prize
Could not be harmed by blows of spear and sword.
You could only hear the howl of violent gale;
You could only see the dark, baleful air.
That one in worldly lust would show his ability;
That one steadfastly sought Buddha for the holy writ.
They dashed about a few times;
They battled now and again.
Belched out cloud and fog
Concealed the Three Lights.
Their anger and wrath would do each other ill.
All for the Three Vehicles' perfect law
A hundred arts engaged in bitter strife.

The multitude fought for a long time but no decision could be reached. Once more the monster-spirit untied his wrap, and again Pilgrim cried out, "Be careful, all of you!"

The prince and the rest of the warriors, however, did not comprehend what Pilgrim meant by "be careful"! With a loud whoosh, the fiend also wrapped up the prince and the four great warriors. Only the prescience of Pilgrim enabled him to escape. Returning in triumph to the monastery, the fiendish king again had his prisoners bound with ropes and sent to be locked up in the underground cellar, where we shall leave them for the moment.

Mounting his cloud somersault, our Pilgrim rose to midair, and he lowered his auspicous luminosity only after he saw the fiend had withdrawn his troops and shut the gates. As he stood on the west mountain slope, he wept dejectedly, saying, "Oh, Master!

Since I entered by faith the grove of Chan,
When from my ordeal Guanyin set me free,

I squired you westward to seek the great Way,
And, by mutual help, hoped Thunderclap to see.
We thought our twisted path would smooth out at last,
Not knowing such fiendish seige there would be.
A thousand plans seem hard to have you saved.
Vain efforts east and west had stalked my plea."

As the Great Sage was thus grieving, he suddenly saw toward the southwest a colored cloud descending to earth as torrential rain fell on the mountain. "Wukong," someone called out, "do you recognize me?" Running forward to have a look, Pilgrim came upon a person with

Huge ears, jutting jaw, and a squarelike face;
Broad shoulders, large belly, and stoutish grace.
His complexion was filled with joys of spring;
Two autumnal pools were his eyes sparkling.
His wide sleeves flapped and fluttered with good luck;
In smart straw sandals he looked full of pluck.
The first among the blissful ones of worth,
All hail to Matireya, the monk of mirth!

On seeing him, Pilgrim quickly kowtowed, saying, "Buddhist Patriarch coming from the East, where are you going? Your disciple has improperly barred your way! I'm guilty of ten thousand crimes!"

"I came," replied the Buddhist patriarch, "especially on account of the fiend in the Little Thunderclap."

"I'm grateful for the profound grace and virtue of the holy father," said Pilgrim. "May I ask from what region did that fiend originate? What sort of treasure is that wrap of his? I beg the holy father to reveal it to me."

The patriarch said, "He happens to be a yellow-browed youth in charge of striking the sonorous stone before me. On the third day of the third month, I went to attend a festival of Original Commencement and left him to guard my palace. He stole several treasures of mine and, disguising himself as Buddha, became a spirit. That wrap is my fertility bag, its common name being 'The Bag of Human Seed.' That wolf-teeth club is the mallet for striking the sonorous stone." On hearing this, Pilgrim raised his voice to a shout:

"Dear laughing monk! You let this boy escape to give himself the false name of Buddhist patriarch and to ensnare old Monkey. Aren't you guilty of negligence in domestic governance?"

"It *is* my negligence in the first place," said Maitreya, "but it is also because you and your master have yet to pass through all your *mara* hindrances. That is why a hundred deities must descend to earth to inflict upon you your fated ordeals. I've come now to bring this fiend to submission for you."

"But the monster-spirit," said Pilgrim, "has vast magic powers. You don't even have a weapon. How could you bring him to submission?" Laughing, Maitreya said, "I'll set up below this mountain slope a grass hut and a huge melon field. You go to provoke battle, but you are not permitted to win when you fight with him. Lure him to my melon field. All my melons, however, will be raw, but you yourself will change into

a large, ripe melon. When he arrives, he will certainly want to eat some melon, and I'll present you for him to eat.

When he swallows you into his stomach, you may do whatever you please with him. By then, I should be able to retrieve that wrap from him and take him back inside it."

"Although this is a marvelous plan," said Pilgrim, "I wonder how you would be able to recognize the ripe melon that will be my transformation. Moreover, how would he be willing to follow me here?" Laughing again, Maitreya replied, "I'm the Worthy who governs the world. How could my percipient eyes of wisdom not recognize you? You may change into whatever you like and I'll recognize you. But fearing that the fiend might not want to pursue you, I'll teach you some magic."

"What he most certainly wants to do," said Pilgrim, "is to catch me with that wrap of his. He *won't* chase me here! What sort of magic do you have that will make him come here?" Smiling, Maitreya said, "Stretch forth your hand." Pilgrim stretched out his left palm; dipping his right index finger into his mouth, Maitreya wrote on his palm the word, restrain, with the divine saliva. Pilgrim was told to hold his left hand in a fist and open it only toward the face of the monster-spirit. Then the monster-spirit would certainly follow him.

Holding fast his fist and obeying amiably these instructions, Pilgrim wielded his iron rod with a single hand and went before the monastery gate. "Fiendish demon," he cried, "your Holy Father Sun's here again! Come out quickly so that we may decide who's the stronger!"

Those little fiends again dashed inside to make the report. "How many warriors has he brought with him this time?" asked the fiendish king. "There are no other warriors," replied one of the little fiends. "He's the only one."

"That little monkey has used up all his plans and exhausted his strength," said the fiendish king, laughing. "He has nowhere to go to ask for help, and he has just come to give up his life for sure."

After he had put on his armor properly, the fiend took his treasure and held up his light and soft wolf-teeth club to walk out of the door. "Sun Wukong," he cried, "you can't struggle anymore this time!"

"Brazen fiend!" scolded Pilgrim. "What do you mean that I can't struggle anymore?"

"I see that you have used up all your plans and exhausted your strength," said the fiendish king. "You have nowhere to go for help, and you've forced yourself here to do battle. There won't be any divine warriors to assist you this time, and that's why I say you can't struggle anymore." Pilgrim said, "This fiend doesn't know what's good for him! Stop bragging! Have a taste of my rod!" When the fiendish king saw that he was wielding the rod with only one hand, he could not refrain from laughing. "This little ape!" he said. "Look how mischievous he is! Why are you fooling around with only one hand?"

"My son," said Pilgrim, "you can't stand up to the attack of both my hands! If you don't use your wrap, even if there are three or five of you, you won't be able to overcome this one hand of old Monkey." On hearing this, the fiendish king said, "All right, all right! I won't use my treasure. I'll fight in earnest with you this time, and we'll see who's the stronger."

Thereupon he raised his wolf-teeth club to rush into battle. Aiming directly at his face, Pilgrim let loose his fist before gripping the iron rod with both his hands. The monster-spirit was immediately bound by the spell; with no thought at all for retreat or for using the wrap, he only had in mind using the club to attack his opponent. After delivering a weak blow with his rod, Pilgrim immediately retreated, and the monster-spirit chased him all the way to the west mountain slope.

When Pilgrim saw the melon field, he rolled right into it and changed at once into a huge melon, both ripe and sweet. The monsterspirit stood still and glanced everywhere, but he did not know where Pilgrim had gone to. When he ran up to the grass hut, he cried, "Who's the planter of these melons?"

Having changed himself into a melon farmer, Maitreya walked out of the hut, saying, "Great King, I'm the one who has planted them."

"You have any ripe ones?" asked the fiendish king. "Yes," replied Maitreya. "Pick a ripe one for me to relieve my thirst," cried the fiendish king.

Maitreya at once presented with both hands the melon into which Pilgrim had changed himself. Without even examining it, the fiendish king took it and began to bite at it. Using this opportunity, Pilgrim somersaulted at once down his throat, and without waiting for another moment, he began to flex his limbs. He grabbed the intestines and bent the stomach; he did handstands, cartwheels, and whatever he felt like doing at the time. The pain was so intense that the monster-spirit clenched his teeth and opened wide his mouth as big drops of tears welled up in his eyes. He rolled so hard on the ground that the patch of melon field was completely flattened like a plot of land for pounding grain. "Finished! Finished!" he could only mutter. "Who will save me?"

Changing into his original form, Maitreya giggled loudly and said, "Cursed beast! You recognize me?" When the fiend raised his head and saw the figure before him, he went hurriedly to his knees. Hugging his stomach with both hands and pounding his head on the ground, he cried, "My lord! Please spare my life! Please spare my life! I'll never dare do this again!" Maitreya strode forward and grabbed the fiend. After he had untied the bag of fertility and taken away the mallet for striking the sonorous stone, he cried, "Sun Wukong, for my sake, please spare him." Pilgrim, however, was so bitter that he started punching and kicking left and right, madly pounding and scratching inside. Unable to bear the terrible pain, the fiend slumped to the ground.

"Wukong," cried Maitreya again, "he has had enough! Spare him!" Only then did Pilgrim cry, "Open wide your mouth, and let old Monkey come out."

Though that fiend had been racked by sharp pains in his stomach, his heart had not yet been hurt. As the proverb says,

Before the heart breaks a person can't die;
Flowers fade and leaves drop when roots are dry.

When he heard that he should open wide his mouth, he did so at once, trying desperately to endure the pain. Pilgrim leaped out, and, as he changed back into his original form, he wanted immediately to strike with his rod. The monster-spirit, however, had already been stuffed into the wrap by the Buddhist patriarch and fastened to his waist. Picking up the sonorous stone mallet, the patriarch said, "Cursed beast! Where are the stolen cymbals?"

Having only concern for his life, the fiend in the bag of fertility moaned, “The gold cymbals were smashed by Sun Wukong.”

“If they have been smashed,” said the Buddhist patriarch, “return my gold.”

The fiend said, “The gold fragments are piled on the lotus throne in the hall.”

Holding the bag and the mallet, the Buddhist patriarch said, giggling, “Wukong, I’ll go look for my gold with you.” When Pilgrim saw this kind of dharma power, he did not dare tarry another moment. He had no other alternative, in fact, than to lead the Buddha up the mountain to return to the monastery, where they found the gates tightly shut. The Buddhist patriarch pointed his mallet at them and at once the gates flew open. When they went inside, all the little fiends were just in the process of packing and fleeing, having learned already that the old fiend had been captured. When Pilgrim ran into them, he struck them down one by one, until some seven hundred of them were slain. As they revealed their original forms, they were all spirits of mountains and trees, the monsters of beasts and fowl.

After the Buddhist patriarch had gathered the gold fragments together, he blew at them a mouthful of divine breath and recited a spell.

Immediately they changed back into their original form of a pair of gold cymbals. He then took leave of Pilgrim and mounted the auspicious clouds to return to the world of ultimate bliss.

Thereafter our Great Sage untied the Tang Monk, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk from the rafters. Having been hung for several days, our Idiot was so hungry that he did not even bother to thank the Great Sage. His torso bent low, he dashed into the kitchen to try to find rice to eat. The fiend, you see, was just preparing lunch, but he was interrupted when Pilgrim came to provoke battle. When Idiot saw the rice, he ate half a pot first before taking two large bowls to his master and brother. Then they thanked Pilgrim and asked about the defeat of the fiend. Pilgrim gave a thorough account of how he went first to solicit the help of the Taoist patriarch and his two warriors, turtle and serpent, how he went next to see the Great Sage and the prince, and finally how Maitreya brought the fiend to submission.

When Tripitaka heard this, he could not make an end of his thanksgiving for all the devas. “Disciple,” he said afterwards, “where are these gods and sages imprisoned?”

“The Day Sentinel told me yesterday that they had all been sent to an underground cellar,” replied Pilgrim. “Eight Rules, you and I must go and free them.”

After he had had some food, our Idiot had grown strong once more. Picking up his muckrake, he went to the rear with the Great Sage and broke open the cellar door to untie all the prisoners. When they came back out to the jewelled tower, Tripitaka put on his cassock to bow to each one of the deities to thank them. Thereafter the Great Sage sent the five dragons and two warriors back to Wudang, Prince Little Zhang and the four warriors back to Bincheng, and finally the Twenty-Eight Constellations back to Heaven. The guardians and the protectors of monasteries, too, were released to return to their stations.

Master and disciples then rested for half a day at the monastery, where they also fed the white horse and tidied up the luggage before starting out again in the morning. As they left, they lit a fire and had all those jeweled towers, treasure thrones, tall turrets, and lecture halls reduced to ashes. So it was that,

Without care or hindrance, they escaped their ordeal;

Their calamity dispelled, they were free to leave.

We do not know how long it was before they reached the Great Thunderclap; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-SEVEN

Having rescued Tuoluo, Chan Nature is secure
Escaping filthiness, the Mind of Dao is pure

We were telling you about Tripitaka and his three disciples, who set out on the road once more, glad to have left the Little Western Heaven. They spent about a month traveling, and now it was the time of late spring when flowers blossomed. They saw the green fading at various gardens and groves, and a sudden squall of wind and rain brought the evening near. Reining in his horse, Tripitaka said, "O disciples, it's getting late! Which road shall we take to find lodging?"

"Master, relax!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "Even if there's no place for us to ask for lodging, the three of us at least have some abilities.

You may ask Eight Rules to chop some grass and Sha Monk to cut down a few pine trees. Old Monkey knows how to play carpenter. I can build for you right by the road a little thatched hut in which you can live for at least a year. Why are you so anxious?"

"Oh, Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "a place like this is not fit to be lived in! The whole mountain is full of tigers and wolves, and there are spirits and goblins everywhere. Even in daylight it's difficult enough to get through. How dare you rest here at night?"

"Idiot," said Pilgrim, "you're regressing more and more! Old Monkey isn't bragging, but this rod I hold in my hands can even hold up the sky—if it collapses!"

As master and disciples were conversing like that, they suddenly caught sight of a mountain village not far away. "Marvelous!" said Pilgrim. "We've a place for the night."

"Where?" asked the elder. Pointing with his finger, Pilgrim replied, "Isn't that a household over there beneath the trees? We can go over there to ask for one night's lodging. Tomorrow we'll leave."

Delighted, the elder urged on his horse and went up to the entrance of the village before he dismounted. As the wooden gates were tightly shut, the elder knocked on them, saying, "Open the door! Open the door!"

From within a house an old man emerged: he had a staff in his hands, rush sandals on his feet, a black cloth wrap on his head, and a plain white robe on his body. As he opened the door, he asked immediately, "Who's making all these noises here?"

Folding his hands before his chest, Tripitaka bowed deeply and said, "Old patron, this humble priest is one sent from the Land of the East to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. It was getting late when we arrived at your honored region. We have come, therefore, especially to ask you for one night's lodging. I beg you to grant us this boon."

"Monk," said the old man, "you may want to go to the West, but you can't get there. This is only the Little Western Heaven. If you want to go to the Great Western Heaven, the distance is exceedingly great, not to mention all the difficulties ahead of you. Even this region here will be hard for you to pass through."

"What do you mean by hard to pass through?" asked Tripitaka. Pointing with his hand, the old man said, "Approximately thirty miles west of our village there is a Pulpy Persimmon Alley, located in a mountain by the name of Seven Extremes."

"Why do you call it Seven Extremes?" asked Tripitaka again.

The old man said, "The mountain is about eight hundred miles across, and the whole mountain is full of persimmon fruit. According to the ancients, 'There are seven types of extreme characteristics of the persimmon tree. They are: long-lasting, shady, without birds' nests, wormless, lovely leaves when frosted, hardy fruits, and large, luxuriant branches.'

Hence it is called the Mountain of Seven Extremes. Our humble region here, however, is large but sparsely inhabited, and since the time of antiquity, hardly anyone has ever journeyed deep into the mountain. Every year the persimmons, ripened and rotted, would fall on the ground and completely fill up the mountain path, which is shaped like an alley flanked by boulders on both sides. After the frost and snow of the winter and the heat of the summer, the road would become one of such horrid filth that the families of this region nicknamed it Slimy Shit Alley. Whenever the west wind rises, a terrible stench would drift here, fouler than any privy you may want to clean. Right now it happens to be late spring and we have this brisk southeast wind. That's why you can't smell it yet." On hearing this, Tripitaka fell silent, utterly dejected.

Unable to contain himself, Pilgrim shouted, "Oldie, you're rather block-headed! We've come from great distance to ask you for lodging, and you have to tell us all these things to frighten us! If your house is so crowded that there's no room for us to sleep in, we can just squat here beneath the trees to spend the night. Why must you be so windy?"

Greatly startled by the hideous figure before him, the old man stopped talking for a moment. Then he gathered up enough courage to point his staff at Pilgrim and say in a loud voice, "You! Look at your skeleton face, flattened brow, collapsed nose, jutting jowl, and hairy eyes. A consumptive ghost, no doubt, and yet, without any manners at all, you dare use your pointed mouth to offend an elderly person like me!"

Trying to placate him with a smile, Pilgrim said, "Venerable Sir, so you have eyes but no pupils, and thus you can't recognize the worth of this consumptive ghost! As the books on physiognomy would say, 'The features may be strange and bizarre, but it is a piece of fine jade hidden in the stone.' If you judge people only by their looks, you're completely wrong. I may be ugly, but I have some abilities!"

"Where are you from?" asked the old man. "What are your name and surname? What sort of abilities do you have?" With a smile, Pilgrim said

Pūrvavideha was my ancestral home,
I did cultivation on Mount Flower- Fruit.
I bowed to the Patriarch of Heart and Mind
And perfected with him the martial arts.
I can tame dragons, stirring up the seas;
I can tote mountains to chase down the sun.
In binding fiends and demons I'm the best;
Moving stars and planets, I scare ghosts and gods.
Stealing from Heav'n and Earth gives me great fame,
Of boundless change, Handsome Stone Monkey's my name.

On hearing these words, the old man's displeasure turned to delight. He bowed, saying, "Please, please come inside to rest in our humble dwelling."

The four pilgrims thus led the horse and toted their luggage inside, where they saw thorny bushes on both sides of the yard. The second-level door was flanked by stone walls, which were covered also by briars and thistles. Finally, they reached three tiled houses in the center. The old man at once pulled some chairs over for them to be seated and asked for tea to be served. He also gave an order for rice to be prepared. In a little while, some tables were brought out on which were placed dishes of fried wheat gluten, bean curds, taro sprouts, white radishes, mustard greens, green turnips, fragrant rice, and mallow soup made with vinegar. Master and disciples thus enjoyed a full meal.

After they finished eating, Eight Rules tugged at Pilgrim and whispered to him, "Elder Brother, this oldie at first didn't want to give us lodging. Now he gives a sumptuous feast. Why?"

"How much could a meal like this be worth?" replied Pilgrim. "Just wait till tomorrow. He's going to send us off with ten kinds of fruit and ten different dishes!"

"Don't you have any shame?" said Eight Rules. "So, you managed to wangle a meal from him with those few big words of yours.

Tomorrow you'll be leaving. Why should he entertain you some more?"

"Don't worry," replied Pilgrim, "I'll take care of this." In a little while, it was almost completely dark, and the old man asked for lamps to be brought out. "*Gonggong*," said Pilgrim, bowing, "what is your noble surname?"

"It is Li," replied the old man. "I suppose this must be Li Village then," said Pilgrim.

"No," replied the old man, "for this is called the Tuoluo Village. There are over five hundred families living here, with many other surnames. Only I go by the name of Li."

"Patron Li," said Pilgrim, "what particular good intention has moved you and your family to bestow on us this rich vegetarian feast?" Rising from his seat, the old man said, "I heard you say just now that you are an expert in catching fiends. We have one here, and I'd like to ask you to catch him for us. You shall have a handsome reward."

Bowing immediately to him, Pilgrim said, "Thanks for giving me some business!"

"Look how he causes trouble!" exclaimed Eight Rules. "When someone asks him to catch fiends, that person is dearer to him than his maternal grandpa! Without further ado, he bows already."

"Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "you don't know about this. My bow is actually like a down payment. He isn't going to ask anyone else." On hearing this, Tripitaka said, "This little monkey is so egocentric in everything. Suppose that monster-spirit has such vast magic powers that you can't succeed in catching him. Wouldn't that make you, someone who has left the family, guilty of falsehood?"

"Master, don't be offended," said Pilgrim, laughing. "Let me question him further."

"On what?" asked the old man. Pilgrim said, "Your noble region here seems to be a clean and peaceful piece of land. There are, moreover, many families living together, hardly a remote area. What sort of monster-spirit is there who dares approach your high and noble gates?"

"To tell you the truth," said the old man, "our region has enjoyed peace and prosperity for a long time. But three years ago, a violent gust of wind arose during the time of the sixth month. At the time, all the people of our village were out in the fields busily planting rice or beating grain. Quite alarmed by the wind, they thought that the weather had changed. Little did they expect that after the wind a monster-spirit would descend on us and devour all the cattle and livestock left grazing outside. He ate chickens and geese whole, and he swallowed men and women alive. Since that time, he has returned frequently during these past three years to harass us. O elder! If you indeed have the abilities to catch this fiend and cleanse our land, all of us will most surely give you a big reward. We won't treat you lightly!"

"This kind of monster," Pilgrim said, "is quite difficult to catch."

"Difficult indeed!" exclaimed Eight Rules. "We're only mendicants—we want a night's lodging from you, and tomorrow we'll leave. Why should we catch any monster-spirit?"

"So, you're actually priests out to swindle a meal!" said the old man. "When we first met, you were boasting of how you could move planets and stars, how you could bind fiends and monsters. But when I tell you now about the matter, you pass it off as something very difficult."

"Oldie," said Pilgrim, "the monster-spirit is not hard to catch. It is hard *only* because the families in this region are not of one mind in their efforts."

"In what way are they not of one mind?" asked the old man.

"For three years," Pilgrim replied, "this monster-spirit has been a menace, taking the lives of countless creatures. If each family here were to donate an ounce of silver, I should think that five hundred families would yield at least five hundred ounces. With that amount of money, you could hire an exorcist anywhere who would be able to catch the fiend for you. Why did you permit him to torture you for these three years?"

"If you bring up the subject of spending money," said the old man, "I'm embarrassed to death! Which one of our families did not indeed disburse three or four ounces of silver? The year before last we found a monk from the south side of this mountain and invited him to come. But he didn't succeed."

"How did that monk go about catching the fiend?" asked Pilgrim. The old man said,

That man of the Saṅgha,
He had on a kasāya.
He first quoted the Peacock;
He then chanted the Lotus;
Burned incense in his urn;
Grasped with his hand a bell.
As he thus sang and chanted,
He aroused the very fiend.
Astride the clouds and wind,
He came to this village.

The monk fought with the fiend,
In truth some tall tale to tell!
One stroke delivered a punch,
One stroke delivered a scratch.
The monk tried to respond:
In response his hair was gone!
In a while the fiend triumphed
And went back to mist and smoke.
(
Mere dried scabs being sunned!)
We draw near to take a look:
The bald head was beaten like a rotten watermelon!

"When you put it like that," said Pilgrim, laughing, "he really lost out!"

The old man said, "He only paid with his life; we were the true victims. We had to buy the coffin for his funeral, and we had to give some money to his disciple. That disciple, however, has yet to be satisfied, and wants to bring litigation against us even now. What a mess!"

"Did you try to find someone else to catch the monster?" asked Pilgrim again. The old man replied, "We found a Daoist last year."

"How did that Daoist go about catching him?" asked Pilgrim. "That Daoist," said the old man,

Wore on his head a gold cap,
And on himself, a ritual robe.
He banged aloud his placard;
He waved his charms and water.
He sent for gods and spirits
But summoned only the ogre.
A violent gale blew and churned,
And black fog dimmed every where.
The monster and the Daoist,
The two went forth to battle.
They fought till dusk had set in
When the fiend left with the clouds.
The cosmos was bright and fair,
And we were all assembled.
Going to search for the Daoist,
We found him drowned in a brook.
We fished him out for a better look:
He seemed like a chicken poached in soup!

"The way you put it," said Pilgrim, laughing, "he, too, lost out!"

"He, too, only paid with his life," said the old man, "but we again had to spend all sorts of unnecessary money."

"Don't worry! Don't worry!" said Pilgrim. "Let me catch him for you."

"If you really have the ability to seize him," said the old man, "I will ask several elders of our village to sign a contract with you. If you win, you may ask whatever

amount of money you wish, and we won't withhold from you even half a penny. But if you get hurt, don't accuse us of anything. Let all of us obey the will of Heaven."

"This oldie is weary of being wrongly accused!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "I'm not that kind of person. Go and fetch the elders quickly."

Filled with delight, the old man immediately asked a few houseboys to go and invite eight or nine elders to his house—all neighbors, cousins, and in-laws of his. After they met the Tang Monk and had been told of the matter of catching the fiend, they were all very pleased. "Which noble disciple will go forth to catch him?" one elder asked.

With his hands folded before his chest to salute them, Pilgrim said, "This little priest will."

Astonished, the elder said, "That won't do! That won't do! The monster-spirit has vast magic powers and a hulking body. A lean and tiny priest like you probably won't even fill the cracks of his teeth!"

"Venerable Sir," said Pilgrim, laughing, "you haven't guessed correctly about me! I may be tiny, but I'm quite hardy. 'Having drunk a few drops off the whetstone, I've been sharpened up!'" On hearing this, those elders had no alternative but to give their consent.

"Elder," they said, "how much reward do you want after you've caught the monster-spirit?"

"Why mention reward?" replied Pilgrim. "As the saying goes,

Gold dazzles your eyes;
Silver is not shiny;
Copper pennies are stinky!

We're priests trying to accumulate merit, and we certainly do not desire cash rewards."

"The way you speak," said one of the elders, "indicates that you're all noble priests who take your commandments seriously. You may not want cash rewards, but we can't allow you to work for us for free. Now, all of us either farm or fish for our livelihood. If you truly can rid us of this cursed fiend and purify our region, each family will donate two acres of the finest land—a thousand acres in all —which will be set aside at one place. All of you, master and disciples, can then build on the land a nice temple or monastery, in which you can meditate and practice Chan. That's much better than wandering with the clouds all over the world." Laughing again, Pilgrim said, "That's even messier! If you give us land, we'll have to graze and groom horses, to find feed and make hay. At dusk, we can't go to bed, and by dawn, we still cannot rest. That sort of a life will kill us!"

"If you don't want all these," said the elder, "just what do you want as your reward?"

"We're people who have left the family," replied Pilgrim. "Give us some tea and rice, and that's sufficient reward."

The elders were very pleased. "That sort of reward is easy," said one of them, "but we'd like to know your plan to catch him?"

"When he comes," said Pilgrim, "I'll do it."

"But that fiend is huge," said another elder. "He touches Heaven above and Earth beneath.

He comes with the wind and departs with the fog. How can you even get near him?"

"If he's a monster-spirit able to summon the wind and ride the fog," said Pilgrim with a laugh, "I'll just treat him as my grandson. If he's big in size, I still can hit him."

As they chatted, they suddenly heard the howling of the wind, which so terrified those eight or nine elders that they all quaked and quivered. "This priest has such a bad luck mouth!" they cried. "He speaks of the monster-spirit, and at once the monster-spirit shows up!"

Flinging wide the side door, that Old Li herded the Tang Monk and his relatives inside, crying, "Come in! Come in! the fiend's here."

Eight Rules and Sha Monk were so intimidated that they, too, wanted to follow them in entering the house. Pilgrim, however, yanked them back with both hands, saying, "Have you lost your senses? Priests like you, how could you behave like that? Stand still! Stay with me in the courtyard so that we can find out what kind of a monster-spirit this is."

"Oh, Elder Brother!" cried Eight Rules. "These are all savvy people! When the wind howls, it means the fiend's coming, and that's why they are hiding. We are neither kinfolk nor acquaintances of theirs, neither bond relatives nor old friends. What's the point of looking at this monster?" Pilgrim, however, was so strong that he was able to hold them down right there in the courtyard as the wind grew even more fierce.

Marvelous wind!

It felled woods and trees, daunting tigers and wolves;
It stirred seas and rivers, alarming gods and ghosts;
It toppled rocks of Mount Hua's triple peaks;
It upturned the world's four great continents.
Rustic homes and households all shut their doors;
The whole village's children all hid their heads.
Massive black clouds covered the starry sky.
Lamps and lights faded as the whole earth grew dark.

Eight Rules was so terrified that he fell on the ground; digging a hole with his snout, he buried his head in it and lay prone as if he had been nailed to the Earth. Sha Monk, too, covered up his head and face, for he found it difficult even to open his eyes.

Only Pilgrim sniffed at the wind to try to determine what sort of fiend that was. In a little while the wind subsided and the faint glow of what seemed to be two lanterns appeared in midair. Lowering his head, Pilgrim said, "Brothers, the wind's gone! Get up and take a look!" Pulling out his snout, our Idiot shook off the dirt and raised his head skyward. When he saw the two lights, he burst out laughing, crying, "What fun! What fun! So, this monster-spirit is someone who knows properly when to move or rest! We should befriend him."

"In a dark night like this," said Sha Monk, "you haven't even seen his face yet. How could you know what sort of a person he is?"

Eight Rules replied, "The ancient said,

To move by lights at night is best;

When there are no torches, we rest.

Look at him now! He has a pair of lanterns leading the way. He must be a good man."

"You're wrong!" said Sha Monk. "Those aren't lanterns. They're the glimmering eyes of the monster-spirit!" Our Idiot was so appalled that he lost three inches of his height. "Holy Father!" he cried. "If those are his eyes, how big is his mouth?"

"Don't be afraid, Worthy Brothers," said Pilgrim. "Stay here and guard our master. Let old Monkey go up there and demand a confession. We'll see what kind of monster-spirit he is."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "don't confess that *we* are here."

Dear Pilgrim! He whistled loudly and leaped into the air. Gripping his iron rod, he cried out in a loud voice, "Slow down! Slow down! I'm here!" When the fiend saw Pilgrim, he stood erect and began to wave a long lance back and forth in the air. Holding high his rod to assume a position of combat, Pilgrim asked, "From what region a fiend are you? Of what place a spirit are you?"

The fiend gave no reply whatever; all he did was to wave his lance. Pilgrim asked again, but still there was no reply from the fiend, who only persisted in waving the lance. Smiling to himself, Pilgrim said, "You've got to be both deaf and dumb! Don't run away! Watch my rod!"

The fiend, however, was not frightened in the least; brandishing his lance, he parried Pilgrim's blows, and the two of them charged back and forth, up and down, in midair. They fought till it was about the hour of the third watch and no decision was reached. Standing down below in the courtyard, Eight Rules and Sha Monk saw everything clearly. The fiend, you see, only wielded the lance to parry the blows, but he did not attack his opponent at all. Pilgrim's rod, therefore, hardly ever left the head of the fiend. "Sha Monk," said Eight Rules with a laugh, "you stand guard here, and let old Hog go and help with the fight. We can't allow that monkey to make this merit all by himself, or he'll be rewarded with the first goblet of wine."

Dear Idiot! He leaped up to the edge of the clouds and attacked at once with his rake, which was met by another lance of the fiendish creature. The two lances danced in the air like flying serpents and flashing thunderbolts. Praising him, Eight Rules said, "This monsterspirit shows great technique with the lance! He's not using the style of the 'Mountain-Back Lance,' but it's more like the 'Winding-Silk Lance.' It's not the 'Ma-Family Lance,' but it probably has the name of the 'Flabby-Handle Lance.'" "Stop babbling, Idiot!" said Pilgrim. "There's no such thing as the 'Flabby-Handle Lance!'"

Eight Rules said, "Just look at how he uses the pointed ends of the lances to parry our blows, but the handles of the lances are nowhere to be seen. Where has he hidden them, I wonder?"

"Maybe it *is* the 'Flabby-Handle Lance,'" said Pilgrim, "but what's important is that this fiendish creature does not know how to speak, because he has not yet attained the way of humans. He is still heavily under the influence of the yin aura. In the morning when the yang aura grows stronger, he will certainly want to flee. We must give chase and not let him get away."

"Exactly! Exactly!" said Eight Rules.

They fought for a long time and then the east paled with light. Not daring to linger, the fiend turned and fled, while Eight Rules and Pilgrim gave chase together. As they sped along, they suddenly encountered an oppressively foul stench rising from the Pulpy Persimmon Alley of the Seven Extremes Mountain. “Which family is cleaning its privy?” cried Eight Rules. “Wow! The smell’s horrible!”

Clamping a hand over his nose, Pilgrim could only mutter, “Chase the monster-spirit! Chase the monster-spirit!”

Darting past the mountain, the fiend at once changed back into his original form: a huge, red-scaled python. Look at him!

His eyes flashed forth the stars of dawn;
His nose belched out the morning fog.
His teeth, like dense rows of steel swords;
His claws curved like golden hooks.
From the brow rose a horn of flesh
That seemed to be formed by a thousand pieces of carnelian;
His whole body was draped in red scales
That resembled a million flakes of rouge.
Coiled up on earth, he could be confused with a brocade quilt;
Flying in the air, he could be mistaken for a rainbow.
Where he rested, putrid fumes rose to the sky;
When he moved, scarlet clouds covered his body.
Big enough?
People on his east end couldn’t see the west.
Long enough?
He was like a mountain stretching from pole to pole.

“So, it’s such a long snake!” said Eight Rules. “If it wants to devour people, one meal will probably take five hundred persons, and it’ll still not be filled.” Pilgrim said, “That ‘Flabby-Handle Lance’ has to be his forked tongue. He has been weakened by our chase. Let’s hit him from behind!”

Bounding forward, our Eight Rules brought his rake down hard on the fiendish creature, who darted swiftly into a hole. Only seven or eight feet of the tail remained outside when it was grabbed by Eight Rules, abandoning his rake. “I got him! I got him!” he cried, as he used all his might to try to pull the fiend out of the hole, but he could not even budge him.

“Idiot,” said Pilgrim, laughing, “leave him inside. I know what to do. Don’t try to pull a snake backward like that!”

Eight Rules indeed let go and the fiend slithered inside the hole. “Before I let go just now,” complained Eight Rules, “half of him was already ours.

Now he has slithered inside. How could we make him come out again? Isn’t this what you call no more snake to play with?” Pilgrim said, “This fellow has quite a hefty body. The hole is so small that he can never turn around inside. He has to move in a straightforward manner, and there has to be also a rear entrance. Go find it quickly and bar the hole. I’ll attack him from the front entrance here.” Idiot dashed past the mountain, where he indeed discovered another hole. He paused, but he had hardly stood still when Pilgrim at the front entrance sent a terrific jab with his rod into the hole. In great pain, the fiendish creature darted out of the rear entrance. Caught off guard, Eight

Rules was struck down by his tail and, unable to get up again, he lay on the ground to nurse his pain.

When Pilgrim saw that the hole was empty, he picked up his rod and ran over to the rear, shouting for Eight Rules to chase the fiend.

On hearing Pilgrim's voice, Eight Rules became so embarrassed that, regardless of his pain, he scrambled up and began to beat the ground madly with his rake. When he saw him, Pilgrim laughed and said, "The fiend's gone! What are you doing that for?"

Eight Rules said, "Old Hog's here 'Beating the Bush to Stir the Snake.'" "What a living Idiot!" said Pilgrim. "Let's chase him!"

The two of them ran past a brook, when they found the fiend had coiled himself into a mound on the ground. Rearing his head, he opened wide his huge mouth and wanted to devour Eight Rules. Terrified, Eight Rules turned and fled, but our Pilgrim went forward to meet him and was swallowed by the fiend in one gulp. Pounding his chest and stamping his feet, Eight Rules screamed, "Alas, Elder Brother! You're dead!" Inside the stomach of the monster-spirit, Pilgrim held up his iron rod and said, "Don't worry, Eight Rules. Let me ask him to build a bridge for you to see!"

He stuck his rod up a bit more, and the fiendish creature had to raise his torso until he resembled a bow-shaped bridge. "He looks like a bridge, alright," said Eight Rules, "but no one would dare walk on it."

"Let me ask him again to change into a boat for you to see," said Pilgrim. He plunged the iron rod downward; with the stomach hugging the ground and the head upraised, the fiendish creature looked like a sloop from the Kan River district.

"He may look like a boat," said Eight Rules, "but there is no top mast for him to use the wind."

"Get out of the way," said Pilgrim, "and I'll make him use the wind for you to see." Using all his strength, Pilgrim pushed his iron rod upward from the spine of the fiendish creature until it reached a height of some seventy feet and the shape of a mast. In desperate pain and struggling for his life, the fiend shot forward, faster than any windblown vessel, and made for the road on which he came. Some twenty miles down the mountain, he finally fell motionless to the dust and expired. Eight Rules caught up with him from behind and attacked him madly once more with his rake. Meanwhile, Pilgrim ripped a big hole in the creature's body and crawled out, saying, "Idiot, he's dead already.

Why use your rake on him?"

"Oh, Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "don't you know that old Hog all his life has loved to strike at dead snakes?"

They thus put away their weapons and dragged the creature back by his tail.

We tell you now about the Old Li in the Tuoluo Village; he and the rest of the people said to the Tang Monk, "For a whole night your two disciples have not returned. They must have lost their lives."

"I don't think it's that serious," said Tripitaka. "Let us go out to have a look first." Soon they caught sight of Pilgrim and Eight Rules approaching, dragging a huge python behind them and shouting to clear the way. Only then did the people become delighted; the old and young, the men and women of the entire village all came to kowtow and say, "Holy Fathers, this is the very monster-spirit that has taken many lives

here. We are fortunate to have you exercise your power today and extirpate the fiendish deviate, for now our lives are secure."

All the households were filled with gratitude, so much so that each one of them insisted on thanking the pilgrims with gifts and feasting. Master and disciples were detained for nearly a week, and only after much pleading on their part were they permitted to leave.

When the people saw that the pilgrims refused to accept any kind of monetary rewards, they all prepared some dried goods and fruits.

With laden horses and mules, colored banners and red ribbons, they came to say farewell. There were only five hundred families in the region, but those who came to send them off numbered more than seven hundred.

They journeyed amiably, and in a little while they arrived at the entrance of the Pulpy Persimmon Alley in the Mountain of Seven Extremes. When Tripitaka smelled the wretched odor and saw how clogged the road was, he said, "Wukong, how could we pass through?"

Clamping his hand over his nose, Pilgrim said, "This is rather difficult!" When Tripitaka heard him say "difficult," tears dropped from his eyes. Old Li and others went forward and said, "Father, please do not be anxious. When we accompanied you here, we had already made up our minds. Since your noble disciples subdued the monster-spirit for us and delivered the entire village from such calamity, we are all determined to open up a road for you to pass through."

"Oldie," said Pilgrim, smiling, "your words aren't very reasonable! You told us earlier that the distance across this mountain is some eight hundred miles. You are no celestial engineers under the command of the Great Yu, Conqueror of the Flood. How could you blast open mountains and build roads? If you want my master to get across the ridge, it's up to us again to exert ourselves. None of you can do something like this."

As he dismounted, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, how are you going to exert yourself?"

"If you want to cross this mountain in the twinkling of an eye," said Pilgrim, smiling, "that's difficult. If you want to build another road, that's difficult, too. We have to push through, using the old alley, but right now, I fear that no one will take care of our meals."

"Don't talk like that, Elder!" said Old Li. "No matter how long you four are delayed here, we can support you. How could you say that no one would take care of your meals!"

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "go and prepare two piculs of dried rice, and make some steamed buns and breads also. Let that priest of ours with a long snout eat to his fill. He'll then change into a huge hog to shovel out the old road. Our master will ride the horse and we'll accompany him. We'll get across." On hearing this, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, all of you want to be clean. How could you ask old Hog alone to become stinky?"

"Wuneng," said Tripitaka, "if you truly have the ability to shovel out the alley and lead me across the mountain, I'll have it recorded that you are ranked first in merit on this occasion." With a laugh, Eight Rules said, "Master, you and the rest of our venerable patrons here should not tease me. I, old Hog, after all, am capable of thirty-six

kinds of transformation. If you want me to change into something delicate, elegant, and agile, I simply can't do it. But if it's a mountain, a tree, a boulder, an earth mound, a scabby elephant, a graded hog, a water buffalo, or a camel, I can change into all these things. The only thing is that if I change into something big, my appetite is going to be even bigger. I must be satisfactorily fed before I can work."

"We have the stuff! We have the stuff!" cried the people. "We have all brought along dried goods, fruits, baked biscuits, and assorted pastries. We were planning to present them to you after you had crossed the mountain. We'll take them out now for you to enjoy. When you have assumed your transformation and begun your work, we'll send people back to the village to prepare more rice for you."

Filled with delight, Eight Rules took off his black cloth shirt and dropped his nine-pronged rake. "Don't tease me!" he said to the people. "Watch old Hog achieve this stinky merit!"

Dear Idiot! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he shook his body once and changed indeed into a huge hog. Truly he had

A long snout and short hair—all rather plump.
He fed on herbs of the mountain since his youth.
A black face with round eyes like the sun and moon;
A round head with huge ears like plantain leaves.
His bones were made lasting as Heaven's age;
Tougher than iron was his thick skin refined.
In deep nasal tones he made his oink-oink cry.
What gutteral grunts when he puffed and huffed!
Four white hoofs standing a thousand feet tall;
Swordlike bristles topped a hundred-yard frame.
Mankind had long seen fatted pigs and swine,
But never till today this old hog elf.
The Tang Monk and the people all gave praise;
At such high magic pow'r they were amazed.

When Pilgrim Sun saw this transformation of Eight Rules, he ordered those people who accompanied them to put their dried goods into a huge pile so that Eight Rules could enjoy the foodstuff. Without regard for whether it was cooked or raw, Eight Rules went forward and gulped down all of it. Then he proceeded to shovel out a path. Pilgrim asked Sha Monk to take off his shoes and to pole the luggage with care. He told his master to sit firmly on the carved saddle, while he himself also took off his boots. Then he gave this instruction to the people:

"If you are grateful, go and prepare some rice quickly for my brother's sustenance." Over half of those seven hundred people who accompanied the pilgrims to send them off came along with horses and mules; they, therefore, dashed back to the village like shooting stars to prepare the rice. The rest of the people, some three hundred of them, had come on foot, and these stood below the mountain and watched the pilgrims depart. The distance between the village and the mountain, you see, was some thirty miles. By the time the people went back to the village and returned with the rice, master and disciples were almost a hundred miles away. Not willing to let them go, however, the people urged their horses and mules into the alley and spent the night traveling. Only by morning did they succeed in catching up with the pilgrims. "Holy Fathers who are going to acquire scriptures," they cried, "please slow down! Please

slow down! We are bringing you rice!" On hearing these words, the elder was filled with gratitude. "Truly they are kind and faithful people!" he said. Then he asked Eight Rules to stop so that he could take some rice for strength. Our Idiot had been shoveling for one whole day and night, and he was beginning to feel keenly his hunger. Though there were more than seven or eight piculs of rice brought by those people, he gulped it all down, regardless of whether it was rice or other types of grain. After a hearty meal, he proceeded again to shovel out the road.

Tripitaka, Pilgrim, and Sha Monk thanked the people and took leave of them. So it is that

The Tuoluo villagers return to their homes,
While Eight Rules opens up a mountain path.
Divine might upholds devout Tripitaka;
Wukong shows magic and the demon fails.
An aeon's Pulp Persimmons this day are cleansed;
Henceforth the Seven Extremes' Alley is unclogged.
Six forms of desires having all been purged.
In peace, unhindered, they'll bow to lotus seats.

We do not know how great a distance they still must travel or what sort of fiends they may encounter; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-EIGHT

At Scarlet-Purple Kingdom the Tang Monk speaks of past eras Pilgrim Sun performs on an arm broken in three places

Virtue attained, all causations dead,
Your fame through four great continents will spread.
Wise and enlightened you ascend yonder shore.
The wind will sigh
As hazy cirrus rises in the sky.
Those Buddhas will all greet you;
Forever at Jade Terrace you'll live thereto.
Break up the human dream of butterfly.
Let it all end!
Where dust is cleansed no worries attend.

We we telling you about Tripitaka and his disciples who,

Having washed out an alley of sullage,
Now walked on the path of freedom.

Time went by swiftly and again it was torrid summer, when

Pomegranates spread ornate fruits,
And lotus leaves split like green pans.
In two rows of willow young swallows hide,
To flee the heat the travellers wave their fans.

As they proceeded, they suddenly saw a moated city looming up. Reining in his horse, Tripitaka called out, "Disciples, take a look.

What kind of a place is that?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "so you are actually illiterate! How could you have accepted the decree of the Tang emperor to leave the court?"

"I became a priest when I was still a child," replied Tripitaka. "I have mastered thousands of sūtras. How could you say I'm illiterate?"

"If you are literate," said Pilgrim, "why couldn't you recognize those three big words written plainly on the apricot-yellow banner? Why did you have to ask what sort of a place this is?"

"Brazen ape!" bellowed the Tang Monk. "You're babbling! That banner is whipped by the wind. There might be words on it, but I can't see them clearly!"

"Of all persons," said Pilgrim, "why is it that old Monkey's able to see them?"

"Master," both Eight Rules and Sha Monk said, "don't listen to Elder Brother's jabberings! From this distance, we can hardly see the moated city clearly. Who could see any words?"

"Aren't those words, the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom?" asked Pilgrim. Tripitaka said, "The Scarlet-Purple Kingdom must be a state in the Western domain. That means we must have our rescript certified."

"That goes without saying," said Pilgrim.

In a little while, they arrived before the gate of the city, where Tripitaka dismounted. As they strolled through the triple-layered gates, they found that it was a marvelous national capital indeed. What they saw were

Soaring towered gates,
Orderly parapets.
Around the city running water flowed freely;
North and south, it fronted on tall mountains.
Cargoes heaped up in its streets and markets;
Business flourished in every house and home.
Truly it was a meeting place of royalty,
A great capital, a Heavenly residence.
Towered boats came from distant shores.
Laden with foreign jades and gems.
Its noble form joined distant hills;
Its palaces reached the clear void.
Its three passes firmly secured,
Therein peace forever prospered.

As master and disciples walked through the main boulevards, they found the looks of the people distinguished and imposing, their attire orderly and neat, and their language clear and resonant. Truly it was no different from the world of the Great Tang.

Now, when those people on both sides busily engaged in buying and selling suddenly discovered the ugly visage of Eight Rules, the dark face and tall frame of Sha Monk, and the hairy features of Pilgrim Sun, they all abandoned their businesses and crowded around the pilgrims to stare at them. Tripitaka felt compelled to call out, "Don't start any trouble! Lower your heads and walk on!" Obeying his master, Eight Rules stuffed his lotus-rootlike mouth inside his bosom, and Sha Monk dared not raise his head. Only Pilgrim kept staring left and right as he walked closely beside the Tang Monk. After they had looked at the pilgrims for a while, those people who were more sensible went back to their own activities. The loiterers and the mischievous youths, however, all surged around Eight Rules; laughing and clamoring, they threw tiles and bricks at Eight Rules to tease him. The Tang Monk became so nervous that he was perspiring. All he could say was, "Don't start anything!" Our Idiot dared not lift his head.

In a moment, they turned the corner and came upon a large residence surrounded by an outer wall. On top of its entrance were the words, College of Interpreters.

"Disciples," said the Tang Monk, "let's go inside this official mansion."

"What for?" asked Pilgrim.

"The College of Interpreters," said the Tang Monk, "is a meeting place for people from all parts of the world. Even we can make use of it. Let us go in and rest ourselves. After I have seen the throne and have had our rescript certified, we can then leave the city and be on our way once more." On hearing this, Eight Rules brought out his snout and frightened off several scores of those people following them. "What Master says is quite right," he said as he walked forward. "Let's hide inside so that we won't be bothered by the cacklings of these birdbrains!"

They thus entered the college, and the people gradually dispersed.

We tell you now that there were two officials inside the college, a minister proper and a vice-minister. They were both taking the roll in the great hall and preparing to meet other officials arriving. Startled by the sight of the Tang Monk walking in, they both said, "Who are you? Who are you? Where do you think you are going?"

Folding his hands before his chest, Tripitaka said, "This humble cleric has been sent by the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. We came upon your treasure region, and we dared not pass through without permission. We would like to have our travel rescript certified, and we would like to ask for temporary lodging in your noble mansion." When those two college ministers heard what he said, they asked their attendants on both sides to step back. Fixing up their caps and tightening their belts, the ministers left the main hall to greet the Tang Monk. At once they asked that guest rooms be cleaned out for the pilgrims to rest, and they also ordered the preparation of vegetarian meals. After Tripitaka thanked them, the two officials departed with their staff, leaving only a few attendants to look after the priest. As Tripitaka began to walk out, Pilgrim said spitefully, "These rogues! Why didn't they allow old Monkey to stay in the main suite?"

The Tang Monk said, "Their territory here is not governed by our Great Tang, nor do we have any formal diplomatic relations.

Moreover, the college is frequently visited by distinguished guests or high rank officials. That's probably why they find it difficult to entertain us here."

"If you put it that way," said Pilgrim, "I would want them all the more to entertain us here."

As they were speaking, a steward came in with some supplies: a large bowl of white rice, a large bowl of wheat flour, two bunches of green vegetables, four cakes of bean curd, two fried wheat gluten, one dish of dried bamboo shoots, and one dish of wood-ears.

Tripitaka told his disciples to accept these and thanked the steward. The steward said, "In the west rooms there are clean pots and pans.

The fires and stoves are ready. Please go there and cook the meal yourselves."

"Let me ask you this," said Tripitaka. "Is the king still in the main hall?"

"His Majesty has not held court for a long time," replied the steward. "Today happens to be an auspicious day, and at this very moment he is discussing with many civil and military officials the publication of a special proclamation. If you want to have your travel rescript certified, you should hurry there for you may still catch him. By tomorrow, you will not be able to have an audience with him, and I don't know how long you'll have to wait for another opportunity."

"Wukong," said Tripitaka, "all of you stay here and prepare our meal. Let me hurry there to have our rescript certified. I'll then come back, eat, and we will leave." Quickly Eight Rules took out the cassock and the travel rescript: after Tripitaka put on the proper attire, he told his disciples not to leave the college and cause trouble outside before he went into court.

In a moment, he arrived before the Five Phoenix Tower, and we cannot begin to tell you how magnificent were those palatial halls and buildings. He went before the front gate proper and requested the imperial messenger to make known to the Heavenly

Court his desire to have the rescript certified. The Custodian of the Yellow Gate indeed went before the white jade steps to memorialize:

"Outside the gate of the court, there is a priest from the Great Tang in the Land of the East who, by imperial commission, is journeying to the Thunderclap Monastery in the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from Buddha. Desirous of having his travel rescript certified, he awaits our royal summons." On hearing this, the king said in delight, "We have been ill for a long time and we have not ascended our throne. What a happy coincidence this is that the moment we appear in the main hall with the intent to find a good physician through the promulgation of a special proclamation, a noble priest immediately appears."

He at once had the priest summoned to the hall, where Tripitaka prostrated himself to pay the king homage. The king then asked him to take a seat in the golden hall, after which the Court of Imperial Entertainments was asked to prepare a vegetarian banquet. Having thanked the king for his royal favors, Tripitaka presented the travel rescript.

After he read the document, the king was very pleased. "Master of the Law," he said, "through how many successions of rulers and how many generations of ministers has your Great Tang passed? As for the Tang emperor, how did he return to life from his illness, so that he could ask you to traverse mountains and rivers to seek scriptures?"

Faced with these questions, the elder bowed with hands folded to make his reply, saying, "In the native land of your humble cleric,

Three August Ones ruled our world;
Five Thearchs set relations.
Yao and Shun defined kingship;
Yu and Tang gave the people peace.
But descendants of Cheng and Zhou
All desired independence.
Using might to oppress the weak,
They laid claim to sundry kingdoms.
They totaled eighteen rulers,
Dividing land and borders.
They decreased to twelve later,
And the world became tranquil.
For want of chariots and horses,
They again devoured each other.
Seven powers strove together,
And six states all bowed to Qin.
But Heaven gave birth to Pei of Lu,
Each envious of the other.
The empire then became Han's,
Which fixed laws for all to obey.
Then Han succumbed to Sima,
And Jin, too, became unruly.
North and South twelve states in all—
Such as Song, Qi, Liang, and Chen—
Lasted in close succession
Till Great Sui became the true heir.

Then came a lecher and despot
Who made the people suffer.
Our king with Li as his surname
Took Tang as his empire's title.
After emperor Gaozu departed,
Shimin became our present ruler.
Our rivers are clean, our seas tranquil,
For great is his kindness and virtue.
Now, north of the capital Chang'an,
Lived a water sprite, a dragon god,
Who reduced some sweet rain
And thus deserved to perish.
Through a dream at night, however,
He begged our king for assistance.
The king promised him pardon,
And summoned a worthy subject,
Who was kept within the palace
To play chess slowly with the king.
When the time reached the noon hour,
That worthy subject slew the dragon in a dream."

On hearing what Tripitaka said, the king suddenly groaned a few times and said, "Master of the Law, from which country did that subject come?"

"He was the prime minister before the throne of our emperor," replied Tripitaka. "His surname is Wei and his given name is Zheng.

He knows astronomy and geography, and he can distinguish between yin and yang. He is truly a great minister and helper, one who knows how to secure the empire and establish the state. Because he executed the Dragon King of the Jing River in his dream, the dragon king filed suit in the region of darkness, accusing our emperor of reneging on his promise to spare his life. That was why our emperor became mortally ill. Then Wei Zheng wrote a letter for our emperor to take to the region of darkness and give to Cui Jue, a judge in the Capital of Death. When the Tang emperor indeed expired after a little while, he came back to life three days later all because of Wei Zheng, who moved Judge Cui to alter a document and add twenty more years to the emperor's age. Thereafter when the emperor gave a Grand Mass of Land and Water, he commissioned this humble cleric to traverse a great distance through many nations in order that I may seek from the Buddhist Patriarch the three baskets of Mahayāna scriptures, which will help redeem the cursed and wretched souls to Heaven."

Groaning some more, the king sighed, "Truly yours is a nation and a Heavenly Court! Your ruler is righteous, and your ministers are upright! Look at us! We have been ill for a long time, but not one minister is able to assist us." When he heard this, the elder stole a glance at the king and saw that his face looked yellow and his body seemed emaciated. His whole appearance, in fact, was weary and spiritless. The elder was about to question him further when the official from the Court of Imperial Entertainments approached to invite the Tang Monk to dine. The king at once gave this command:

"Set out our meal at the Hall of Unfurling Fragrance. We shall dine with the Master of the Law."

Tripitaka thanked him, and we shall leave them dining together.

We tell you now about Pilgrim in the College of Interpreters, who asked Sha Monk to make tea and rice and to prepare some vegetarian dishes. Sha Monk said, "It's easy to make the tea and the rice, but it won't be easy to prepare the vegetarian dishes."

"Why?" asked Pilgrim. "Oil, salt, soy sauce, and vinegar," replied Sha Monk, "none of these can be found here." Pilgrim said, "I have a few pennies of small change. Tell Eight Rules to go buy some on the streets."

At once turning lazy, our Idiot said, "I dare not go. My features aren't that nice looking, and I fear that Master will blame me if I cause any trouble."

"We are doing business fair and square!" said Pilgrim. "We aren't begging, and we aren't robbing. How could you cause any trouble?"

"Haven't you seen what I could do just now?" said Eight Rules. "I yanked out my snout before the door and scared off over ten persons. If I go to the bustling market, I don't know how many persons will be frightened to death."

"All you know is the bustling market," said Pilgrim, "but have you seen what they are selling in this market?"

"Master told me to walk with my head bowed," replied Eight Rules, "so as not to cause any trouble. In truth I haven't seen anything." Pilgrim said, "There are wine shops, rice dealers, mills, and fabric stores, which we need not mention in detail. There are truly fine tea houses, noodle shops, huge biscuits, and gigantic buns. Moreover, the restaurants display nice soups and rice, fine spices, and excellent vegetables. I saw also exotic puddings, steamed goods, pastries, rolls, fried goods, and honey cakes—in fact, countless goodies. I'll go buy some of these to treat you. How's that?" When our Idiot heard this, saliva drooled from his mouth and his throat gurgled as he swallowed hard a few times. "Elder Brother," he said, leaping up. "I'll let you treat me this time. I'll save some money so that next time I can return your favor." Smiling to himself, Pilgrim said, "Sha Monk, be careful in cooking the rice. We'll go and buy some seasoning." Knowing that he was making fun of Idiot, Sha Monk played along and replied, "Go ahead, both of you. After you've fed yourself, bring back a lot of seasoning." Picking up a container, our Idiot followed Pilgrim out the door. Two officials asked, "Where are the elders going?"

"To buy seasoning," replied Pilgrim. "Go west on this street," said one of them, "and make a turn at the corner watchtower. You'll find the Zheng family grocery, where you can buy however much you like. Oil, salt, soy sauce, vinegar, ginger, pepper, and tea—they have them all."

The two of them, arm in arm, followed the street to the west. Pilgrim walked right past several teahouses and restaurants, refusing to buy what ought to be bought, to eat what ought to be eaten. "Elder Brother,"

Eight Rules called out, "let's not be so choosy. Just buy something here and we'll enjoy it." Pilgrim, who had wanted to sport with him, refused, of course, to buy anything. "Worthy Brother," he said, "don't be such a spendthrift! Let's walk a bit further, and we'll buy something big to eat."

As the two of them chatted, they again caused many people to follow them, staring. In a little while, they reached the watchtower, beneath which they found a large, noisy crowd blocking the street. On seeing them, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, I'm

not going over there. Look at the mob. I fear that they may want to arrest monks, especially those who are strangers. If they seize me, what'll happen to me?"

"Nonsense!" said Pilgrim. "Monks haven't broken the law. Why should they want to arrest us? Let's walk past them so that we can buy some seasoning from the Zheng family store."

"All right! All right! All right!" said Eight Rules. "I won't cause any trouble. I'll just squeeze into the crowd, flap my ears a couple of times, and frighten them into falling down. Let a few of them fall to their deaths, and I'll just pay with my life!"

"If you put it that way," said Pilgrim, "why don't you stand still here at the base of the wall. Let me go to the store and get the seasoning. Then I'll buy some vegetarian noodles and biscuits for you to eat."

Handing the container over to Pilgrim, our Idiot faced the wall, stuck his snout against it, and stood absolutely still.

Pilgrim walked up to the tower, and it was crowded indeed. As he pushed his way through the throng, he learned that a special royal proclamation had been mounted beneath the tower, and that was why so many people fought to look at it. When he finally squeezed through to where the document was, Pilgrim opened wide his fiery eyes and diamond pupils to stare at it, and this was what he read:

Since we, the king of the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom in the West Aparagodānīya Continent, assumed our throne, the four quarters have remained submissive and the populace have enjoyed leisure and peace. Recently, however, the affairs of state have turned inauspicious, for we have been gravely ill, and recovery has been most difficult even after a long time. The college of imperial medicine of our nation has administered repeatedly its excellent prescriptions, but these have not given us cure. Therefore, we publish now this proclamation for all the worthy scholars throughout the world, regardless of whether they are going to the North, coming from the East, or are even natives of China, the foreign state. If there is anyone skillful in medicine and the therapeutic arts, let him ascend the treasure hall and restore our health. We most solemnly pledge that the moment we are healed, we will divide the kingdom with him. For this reason we have mounted this necessary proclamation.

When he finished reading it, Pilgrim was filled with delight, saying to himself, "The ancients said, 'Moving about may bring us riches!' We certainly shouldn't have sat idly in the college, nor is there any need now to buy seasoning. Let's delay for one day this business of fetching scriptures and allow old Monkey to play physician for a bit."

Dear Great Sage! He stooped low and left the container on the ground; picking up a pinch of dirt, he flung it up into the air and recited a spell. Immediately, the Magic of Body-Concealment rendered him invisible, so that he could walk up to the proclamation and gently peel it off. Then he faced the ground toward the southwest and sucked in a deep breath before blowing the air out again. At once a strong whirlwind arose and scattered the multitude. He turned around and went back to where Eight Rules was standing. There he found Eight Rules leaning on the base of the wall with the support of his snout and appearing as if he had fallen asleep. Without disturbing him, Pilgrim folded up the proclamation and gently stuck it in Eight Rules's bosom. In big strides he then went back first to the College of Interpreters, where we shall leave him.

We tell you now instead about those people beneath the watchtower. When the wind arose, all of them covered their heads and shut their eyes. Little did they anticipate that after the wind had passed, the royal proclamation would be nowhere to be seen, and each one of them was terrified. Originally, you see, the proclamation was accompanied by twelve eunuchs and twelve palace guards as it left the court that morning. It had not

been hung up for more than three hours when it was blown away by the wind. Trembling all over, those eunuchs and guards searched for it left and right, and that was when they suddenly caught sight of a slip of paper sticking out from the bosom of Zhu Eight Rules. “Did you peel off the proclamation?” shouted the officials as they ran up to him.

All at once that Idiot raised his head and stuck out his snout, so frightening those several palace guards that they stumbled backwards and fell down. He turned around and wanted to flee, but he was pulled back by several of the braver ones. “You took down the royal proclamation for the recruitment of physicians,” they cried. “Where do you think you are going if you aren’t going into court to heal His Majesty?” More and more flustered, our Idiot said, “Your son is the one who peeled off the royal proclamation! Your grandson is the one who knows anything about healing!” One of the palace guards spoke up:

“What’s that you have in your bosom?” Only then did Idiot lower his head and find that there was indeed a piece of paper there. When he spread it open and took one look, he clenched his teeth and cried, “That wretched ape has killed me!”

He became so furious that he would have ripped up the document if the people had not stopped him.

“You *are* dead!” they shouted. “This is a proclamation of our reigning monarch. Who dares to tear it up? If you have taken it down and stuffed it into your bosom, you must be a physician able to heal him. Go with us, quickly!”

“You have no idea,” shouted Eight Rules, “that I did not take down this proclamation. It was taken down by my elder brother, Sun Wukong. After he stuck it secretly in my bosom, he abandoned me and left. If you want to get to the bottom of this matter, I have to go find him for you.”

“What sort of wild talk is that?” said the people. “You think ‘We’d forsake a ready-made bell to strike one about to be forged’? You took down the proclamation! And you tell us now to find someone else! Never mind you! We’ll haul you back to see our lord!” Without further investigation of the matter, that group of people began to push and shove Idiot. Our Idiot, however, stood perfectly still, and he seemed to have taken root in the earth. Not even a dozen people could budge him. “All of you don’t know any better!” said Eight Rules. “If you pull at me some more, you will pull out my idiotic ire! Don’t blame me then!” Soon the entire neighborhood was aroused by all that hubbub to come and have Eight Rules surrounded. Among the people were two elderly eunuchs, who said to him, “Your looks are strange and your voice sounds unfamiliar. Where have you come from, and why are you so headstrong?”

“We are those from the Land of the East sent to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven,” replied Eight Rules. “My master is a Master of the Law and the bond-brother of the Tang emperor. Just now he has gone into court to have his travel rescript certified. My elder brother and I came here to buy seasoning. When I saw the crowd beneath the watchtower, I dared not go forward, and my elder brother told me to wait for him here. When he saw the proclamation, he called up a whirlwind and had it taken off and stuck secretly in my bosom. Then he left me.”

“Just now,” said one of the eunuchs, “I saw a stoutish priest with a white face heading straight for the gate of the court. He, I suppose, must be your master.”

“He is indeed,” said Eight Rules.

"Where has your elder brother gone to?" asked the eunuch. Eight Rules said, "There are altogether four of us. Our master has gone to have our travel rescript certified, but the rest of us—three disciples, a horse, and our luggage—are all resting at the College of Interpreters. After my elder brother had played this trick on me, he must have returned to the college."

"Palace guards," said the eunuch, "stop tugging at this man. Let us go with him to the college, and we'll know the whole truth of the matter."

"These two mamas are far more sensible!" said Eight Rules.

"This priest is truly uninformed!" said one of the palace guards. "How could you address the papas as mamas?"

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" said Eight Rules, laughing. "*You* are the one who's switching the sexes! These two old mamas should be addressed as *popos* or madams. And you want to call them papas?"

"Stop your saucy tongue!" the people said. "Go find your elder brother quickly."

By that time the noisy crowd had grown to over five hundred people, all surging up to the entrance of the college. "Stop here, all of you," said Eight Rules. "My elder brother is not like me, who allows you this spoofing. He is rather hot-tempered, and terribly serious.

When you meet him, you must extend to him a grand salutation and address him as Venerable Father Sun. Then he'll do business with you. Otherwise, he may change his colors and you won't succeed with your enterprise."

"If your elder brother truly has the ability to heal our king," said the eunuchs and the palace guards, "he will inherit half the kingdom. He certainly deserves our bow." While the idlers milled about noisily before the college, Eight Rules led the troop of eunuchs and palace guards inside, where they heard Pilgrim laughing and telling Sha Monk the trick he had played on Eight Rules. Eight Rules dashed forward and grabbed him, screaming, "Some person you are! You tricked me out there and promised to buy vegetarian noodles, biscuits, and buns for me to eat.

They're all fibs! Then you brought on the whirlwind and took down this so-called royal proclamation to have it stuck secretly in my bosom. You are playing me for a fatso! Is that how you treat your brother?" Laughing, Pilgrim said, "Idiot, you must have taken the wrong road and gone off to someplace else! I passed the watchtower, bought the seasoning, and came back quickly to where you were, but I couldn't find you. So, I returned here first. Where did I peel off any royal proclamation?"

"The officials guarding the proclamation are right here," said Eight Rules. Hardly had he finished speaking when those several eunuchs and palace guards went forward to bow deeply to Pilgrim. "Venerable Father Sun," they said, "today our king must be exceedingly fortunate, for Heaven has sent you to descend to us. We beseech you to exercise your great talents in healing and your profound knowledge in the therapeutic arts. If you succeed in curing our king, you will have claim to half the kingdom." On hearing these words, Pilgrim became more sober. He took the proclamation and asked the people, "Are you the officials guarding the proclamation?" Kowtowing, the eunuchs said, "Your slaves are palace officials belonging to the Directorate of Ceremonials. These are the Embroidered-Uniform Guards."

"This proclamation for recruitment of physicians," said Pilgrim, "was indeed taken down by me. I purposely arranged for my brother to lead you to see me. Your lord is indisposed, but as the proverb says,

Medicines are not lightly bought;
A doctor's not casually sought.

You go back and ask the king to come here in person to invite me. I guarantee that when I stretch forth my hand, his illness will at once disappear." When they heard these words, all of the eunuchs were astonished. "A stupendous claim like this can be made only by someone in the know," said one of the palace guards. "Half of us will remain here to continue our silent entreaty. Half of us will return to memorialize to the throne." Whereupon four eunuchs and six palace guards, without waiting for any summons, went inside the court and memorialized before the steps, saying, "My lord, ten thousand happinesses have come upon you!"

Having finished his meal, the king was just having a quiet chat with Tripitaka. When he heard this, he asked, "Where has this happiness come from?" One of the eunuchs said, "This morning your slaves took the royal proclamation for the recruitment of physicians to have it mounted beneath the watchtower. It was taken down by Elder Sun, a sage monk sent from the distant Land of the East to acquire scriptures. He is now residing in the College of Interpreters and desires the personal appearance of the king to invite him. He has promised us that when he stretches forth his hand, the illness will disappear. That is why we have come to memorialize to you." On hearing this, the king was filled with delight. He turned to ask the Tang Monk, "Master of the Law, how many noble disciples do you have?"

"This humble cleric," replied Tripitaka with hands folded before him, "has three mischievous disciples."

"Which of them is conversant with the therapeutic arts?" asked the king.

"To tell you the truth, Your Majesty," said Tripitaka, "my mischievous disciples are all ordinary men of the wilds. Their knowledge is confined to pulling the horse and toting the luggage, to fording streams and leading your poor monk across the mountains. When we pass through the more dangerous regions, they may even be able to subjugate demons and fiends, to tame tigers and dragons. But that's all! None of them knows anything about the nature of medicine."

"Why must you be so modest, Master of the Law?" said the king. "It is truly a Heavenly affinity that you should arrive on this very day when we ascend the main hall. If your noble disciple were not an able physician, how would he be willing to take down our proclamation and demand our going there in person to invite him? He must have the ability to heal the highest ruler of the state."

Then the king gave this order:

"Let our civil and military subjects represent us, for our body is weakened and our strength depleted, and we dare not ride the imperial chariot. You must therefore proceed beyond the court to extend our most earnest invitation to Elder Sun to come and examine our illness. When you see him, you must be careful not to treat him discourteously. You must address him as Elder Sun, the divine monk, and you must greet him as if he were your ruler."

Having received this decree, the various officials went with the eunuchs and the palace guards to the College of Interpreters.

Standing in rows according to their ranks, they paid homage to Pilgrim. Eight Rules was so taken aback that he dashed inside a side room while Sha Monk ran out to stand beneath the wall. Look at our Great Sage! He sat firmly in the middle of the room and remained unmoved. "This wretched ape," grumbled Eight Rules to himself, "is hanging himself alive with all these undeserved honors! How could he not return the bow of these many officials? Why, he won't even stand up!" Soon the ceremony was over, and the officials separated into two files before they presented this memorial, saying, "Let us inform Elder Sun, the divine monk, that we are the subjects of the king of the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom. By royal decree, we come to honor the divine monk with due reverence and ceremony. We beseech you to enter the court and examine a patient." Only then did Pilgrim stand up and say to them, "Why didn't your king come here?"

"Because his body is weakened and his strength depleted," replied the officials, "our king dares not ride the chariot. He has commanded us subjects to observe this ceremony on his behalf and invite you, the divine monk."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "please lead the way, all of you, and I'll follow."

The various officials departed in groups, in accordance with their ranks, while Pilgrim walked behind them after having tidied his clothes. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "don't you put us up to anything now!"

"I won't," said Pilgrim, "but I want you two to accept the medicines for me."

"What medicines?" asked Sha Monk. "There will be some medicines sent to us," said Pilgrim. "Accept them in the quantities that they are delivered. I'll make use of them when I return."

The two of them agreed, and we shall leave them for the moment.

Our Pilgrim soon arrived at court with the many officials, who walked ahead to report to the king. As the pearly screen was rolled up, the king opened his phoenix eyes and dragon pupils to look at his visitor and his golden mouth to say, "Who is the divine monk, Elder Sun?"

Taking a big step forward, Pilgrim said in a loud voice, "Old Monkey's the one!" When the king heard this savage voice and encountered the bizarre countenance, he shook so violently that he fell back onto the dragon couch. Those harem girls and palace attendants hurriedly had him borne inside the palace, and all the king could say was, "We are scared to death!"

All the officials began to chide Pilgrim, saying, "How could this monk be so rude and impetuous? How could you be so audacious as to take down the proclamation?"

Hearing these words, Pilgrim smiled and said, "All of you have wrongly taken umbrage at me! If that's how you treat people, the illness of your king won't be cured for another thousand years!"

"How long can a man live," asked the officials, "that he should be ill for a thousand years?" Pilgrim said, "That man at the moment is a sick ruler. After he dies, he'll be a sick ghost. Even in the next incarnation, he will still be a sick man. Isn't it true then that he won't be cured for a thousand years?"

Growing angry, the officials said, "Monk, you have absolutely no manners! How dare you mouth such nonsense?"

"That's no nonsense!" replied Pilgrim with a laugh. "Listen to what I have to say:

Most mysterious is the physician's art;
His mind must ever be alert and keen.
To look, listen, ask, and take—these four things—
If one is missing, his craft's not complete.
One, we look at the patient's complexion:
Is it moist, dry, fat, or thin in waking or sleep?
Two, we listen for clear or turbid voice
When he speaks lucid or frenetic words.
Three, we ask for the ailment's cause and length.
For how he eats, drinks, and eliminates.
Four, we scan the conduits by taking the pulse,
To learn how submerged or floating in and out.
If we do not look, listen, ask, and take,
In this life his ailment will ne'er him forsake!"

Amid those two rows of military and civil officials standing in attendance, there was the royal physician who, when he heard these words, spoke up with great approbation. "What this monk says," he said, "is most reasonable. Even an immortal examining a patient must look, listen, ask, and take—these very activities accord well with the efficacy of gods and sages." Persuaded by this statement, the officials asked a palace attendant to send in the message:

"The elder would like to exercise the principles of looking, listening, asking, and taking, before he could diagnose the illness and prescribe the medicine." Lying on his dragon bed, the king gasped out his answer:

"Tell him to go away! We can't bear to see an unfamiliar face!"

The attendant walked out of the palace and said, "Monk, our king decrees you to leave, for he can't bear to see an unfamiliar face."

"If he can't do so," replied Pilgrim, "I know that art of 'Dangling a Thread to take the Pulse.'"

The various officials were secretly pleased, saying to themselves, "We have heard of this rare technique, but we have never seen it."

They said to the attendant, "Go and memorialize once more."

Again the attendant went inside the palace to say, "My lord, if that elder is not permitted to see your face, he can dangle a thread to take the pulse."

The king thought to himself, "We have been sick for three years but we've never tried this."

He therefore gave the reply, "Summon him in." Immediately the attendant transmitted the message:

"Our lord has given him the permission to take the pulse by dangling a thread. Summon Elder Sun quickly into the palace." Pilgrim at once started to ascend the treasure hall, only to be met by the scolding of Tang Monk. "Wretched ape!" he cried. "You've injured me!" Smiling, Pilgrim said, "Dear Master, I have put you in the limelight! How could you say that I've injured you?"

"Which person did you manage to cure," shouted Tripitaka, "during these few years you've been following me? You don't even know the nature of medicines, nor have you read any medical texts. How could you be so audacious as to rush into this big calamity?" Laughing, Pilgrim said, "Master, you didn't know about this. I know a few herbal prescriptions which can cure even grave illnesses.

All they care is that I heal him. But even if I kill him, all I'll be guilty of is merely manslaughter because of medical incompetence. I won't be executed. Why are you so worried? Relax! Relax! Take a seat and see if I'm any good at taking the pulse."

The elder again said, "Have you ever seen what sort of sentences there are in the *Candid Questions, The Classic of Medical*

Problems, the pharmacopoeias, and the *Formulas of the Pulse*?

Do you know their proper gloss and exegesis? How could you babble like this about some dangling the thread to take the pulse?" Laughing, Pilgrim said, "I carry with me some threads of gold which you have never seen."

He reached back with his hand and pulled off three strands of hair from his tail. Giving them a pinch, he cried, "Change!"

They changed at once into three threads, each twenty-four feet long and thus corresponding to the Twenty-Four Solar Terms. Holding them in his hands, he said to the Tang Monk, "Aren't these my golden threads?"

The attending eunuch spoke up from the side, "Let the elders refrain from further conversation. Please enter the palace to examine the patient."

Taking leave of the Tang Monk, Pilgrim followed the attendant to walk inside the palace. Truly it was that

The mind's secret prescription can heal a state;
Its wondrous formula will assure long life.

After he had gone inside, we do not know what sort of illness he was able to discern or what kind of medicines he prescribed. If you want to know the result, let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SIXTY-NINE

At night the Lord of the Mind refines medicines
At a banquet the king speaks of the perverse fiend

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who went with the palace attendant to the interior division of the royal palace. He stood still only after he had reached the door of the royal bedchamber. Then he told the attendant to take the three golden threads inside along with the instruction:

"Ask one of the palace ladies or eunuchs to tie these three threads to the inch, the pass, and the foot sections of His Majesty's left hand where the radial pulse are felt. Then pass the other ends of the threads out to me through the window shutters."

The attendant followed his instruction. The king was asked to sit up on the dragon bed, while the three sections of his pulse were tied by the golden threads, and their other ends were then passed out to Pilgrim. Using the thumb and the index finger of his right hand to pick up one of the threads, Pilgrim first examined the pulse of the inch section; next, he used his middle finger and his thumb to pick up the second thread and examine the pulse of the pass section; finally, he used the thumb and his fourth finger to pick up the third thread and examine the pulse of the foot section.

Thereafter Pilgrim made his own breathing regular and proceeded to determine which of the Four Heteropathic Pneumatics, the Five Stases, the Seven External Images of the Pulse, the Eight Internal Images of the Pulse, and the Nine Pulse Indications were present. His pressure on the threads went from light to medium to heavy, and from heavy to medium to light, until he could clearly perceive whether the condition of the patient was repletion or depletion of energy and its cause. Then he made the request that the threads be untied from the king's left wrist and be attached as before to the positions on his right wrist. Using now the fingers on his left hand, he then examined the pulse on the right wrist section by section. When he had completed his examination, he shook his body once and retrieved his hairs.

"Your Majesty," he cried in a loud voice, "on your left wrist the pulse of your inch section feels strong and tense, the pulse of your pass section feels rough and languid, and the pulse of your foot section feels hollow and sunken. On your right wrist the pulse of your inch section feels floating and smooth, the pulse of your pass section feels retarded and hesistant, and the pulse of your foot section feels accelerated and firm. Now, when the pulse of your left inch section feels strong and tense, it indicates an internal energetic depletion with pain in the cardiac system of functions. When the pulse of your left pass section feels rough and languid, it indicates sweating that has led to numbness in the flesh. When the pulse of your left foot section feels hollow and sunken, it indicates a pink tinge to your urine and blood in your stool. When the pulse of the inch section on your right wrist feels floating and smooth, it indicates a congestion blocking the pneumatic energy circulation and leading to cessation of menses.

When the pulse of your right pass section feels retarded and hesitant, it indicates a stasis of alimentary matter in the stomach system with retention of fluids. When the pulse of your right foot section feels accelerated and firm, it indicates discomfort caused by sensations of stuffiness and chills caused by energetic depletion. To sum up, your illness has been caused by fear and anxiety, and it may be the manifestation type of an

illness called the ‘Paired Birds in Severance.’” On hearing these words, the king was so delighted that he roused himself to answer loudly:

“Your fingers have brought out the truth! Your fingers have brought out the truth! This is indeed our illness. Please go outside and prescribe us some medicines.” Only then did the Great Sage walk slowly out of the palace, while the eunuchs who saw everything clearly from the side had already reported the result to the rest of the people. In a moment, Pilgrim walked out and he was questioned by the Tang Monk. “I have examined the pulse,” said Pilgrim, “and now I have to prescribe some medicines for the illness.”

Approaching him, the officials said, “Just now the divine monk said that this might be the manifestation type of an illness called the ‘Paired Birds in Severance.’ What does that mean?” Smiling, Pilgrim said, “There are two birds flying together, one male and one female. Suddenly they are separated by violent wind and rain, so that the female cannot see the male, nor can the male see the female. The female longs for the male and the male longs for the female. Is this not the ‘Paired Birds in Severance’?” On hearing this, all the officials cried in unison, “Bravo! Truly a divine monk! Truly a divine physician!”

Then the imperial physician said, “You have already diagnosed the illness. What medicines would you use to cure it?”

“No need to write a prescription,” said Pilgrim. “I’ll take all the medicines you can give me.”

“But according to a classic,” said the physician, “‘There are eight hundred and eight flavors of medicine, and a human may have four hundred and four kinds of illness.’ All of those illnesses cannot be found in a single person. How could all the medicines be used? Why do you want everything?” Pilgrim replied, “The ancients said, ‘Medicines are not confined to prescriptions; they are to be used as one sees fit.’ That is why I must have all the medicines so that I can add or subtract as I see fit.” Not daring to argue any further, the physician went out of the gate of the court and sent those on duty in his bureau to go to all the pharmaceutical stores of the city and purchase three pounds of each kind of medicine, both raw and cooked, for Pilgrim to use. Pilgrim said, “This is not the place to prepare the proper drug. Take the medicines and the necessary drug-making utensils and send them all to the College of Interpreters. Let my brothers receive them for me.”

The physician obeyed. Three pounds each of the eight hundred and eight flavors of medicine, along with grinders, rollers, drug mortars and pestles and the like, were sent to the college, where they were received item by item.

Pilgrim went back up the hall to ask his master to go with him to the college so that they might prepare the drug. As the elder rose from his seat, a decree was issued from the internal palace, requesting that the Master of the Law remain behind to spend the night at the Wenhua Palace Hall.

After the king had taken the drug in the morning and had been restored to health, all of them would be rewarded and the rescript would be certified to permit their departure. Greatly alarmed, Tripitaka said, “O disciple! This means that he wants me kept here as security. If he is cured, he’ll send us off with delight. If he is not, my life will be finished. You’d better take extra caution and prepare a specially effective drug!”

"No need to worry, Master," said Pilgrim, smiling. "Enjoy yourself here. Old Monkey has the ability to bring healing to the state."

Dear Great Sage! He took leave of Tripitaka and the various officials and went straight to the college. When Eight Rules met him, he smiled and said, "Elder Brother, now I know you!"

"What do you know about me?" asked Pilgrim. "You must have realized," said Eight Rules, "that this scripture-seeking enterprise will not succeed, but you don't have any capital to start a business. When you see today how prosperous this region is, you are drawing up plans to open a pharmacy."

"Stop babbling!" snapped Pilgrim. "When we have cured the king, we'll be content to leave the court and journey once more. What are you talking about, opening up a pharmacy?"

"If you are not," said Eight Rules, "what do you want to do with all these medicines? There are eight hundred and eight different kinds, and you ordered three pounds for each variety. Altogether, there are two thousand four hundred and twenty-four pounds. How many pounds can you use just to cure one person? I wonder how many years it'll take him to finish your prescription?"

"You think I really need that much?" said Pilgrim. "But those imperial physicians are all stupid and blind. I asked for such a huge amount of medicines only to prevent them from ever guessing what are the exact flavors I have used. It'll be difficult for them to learn my ingenious prescription."

As they were speaking, the two college officials came in, knelt before them, and said, "We invite the Holy Fathers, the divine monks, to dinner." Pilgrim said, "You treated us rather casually in the morning. Now you kneel to inform us of a meal. Why?" Kowtowing again, the officials said, "When the Venerable Fathers arrived, these lowly officials had eyes but no pupils, and we did not recognize your esteemed countenances. Now we have heard that you are exercising your profound knowledge in the therapeutic arts to bring healing to the ruler of our state. If your lord is indeed cured, the Venerable Father will share in his empire, and we will all be your subjects. Proper etiquette, therefore, requires us to kneel to address you." On hearing this, Pilgrim ascended the main hall in delight and took the middle seat, while Eight Rules and Sha Monk sat on both sides of him. As they were served the vegetarian meal, Sha Monk asked, "Elder Brother, where is Master?"

"He is being kept by the king as security," replied Pilgrim, laughing. "Only after the king has been cured will he be thanked and permitted to leave."

"Does he get to enjoy anything?" asked Sha Monk again. Pilgrim said, "How could anyone in the company of the king be without enjoyment? When I left, Master already had three Senior Secretaries hovering about him as they proceeded toward the Wenhua Palace Hall."

"Listening to what you've said," said Eight Rules, "I think Master is certainly more exalted than we are. He has the company of three Senior Secretaries, while we are being served by only two college officials. But never mind, let old Hog enjoy a full meal!"

The three brothers thus ate to their hearts' content.

It was getting late, and Pilgrim said to the officials, "Take away the bowls and dishes, and bring us plenty of oil and candles. We must wait until late at night before we can prepare the drug."

The officials indeed brought in a great deal of oil and candles before they retired. By midnight, human traffic had ceased and the whole place was quiet. Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, what kind of drug do you want to prepare? Let's do it now, for I'm getting drowsy."

"Bring me an ounce of *dahuang*," said Pilgrim, "and grind that into powder." Sha Monk spoke up:

"*Dahuang* is bitter in flavor; its disposition is cold and nonpoisonous. Its nature is sinking and not rising, and its function concerns movement and not fortification. It can take away various kinds of pent-up feelings and unclog congestion; it can conquer chaos and bring about peace. Hence its name is 'General,' for it is a laxative. I fear, however, that prolonged illness has weakened the person, and perhaps you should not use it." Smiling, Pilgrim said, "Worthy Brother, you don't realize that this medicine will loosen phlegm and facilitate respiration; it will also sweep out the chill and heat congealed in one's stomach. Don't mind me. You go also and fetch me an ounce of *badou*.

Shell it and strip away the membranes. Pound away also the oil, and then grind it to powder."

"The flavour of *badou*," said Eight Rules, "is slightly acrid; its nature is hot and poisonous. Able to pare down the hard and the accumulated, it will therefore sweep out the submerged chills of one's internal cavities. Able to bore through clottings and impediments, it will therefore facilitate the paths of water and grain. This is a warrior who can break down doors and passes, and it should be used lightly."

"Worthy Brother," said Pilgrim, "you, too, don't realize that this medicine can break up congestion and drain the intestines. It can also take care of swellings at the heart and dropsy in the abdomen. Prepare it quickly, for I still must use an auxiliary flavor to lend the medicines further assistance."

After the two of them had ground the medicines into powder, they said, "Elder Brother, what other flavors will you use?"

"None," replied Pilgrim.

Eight Rules said, "There are eight hundred and eight flavors, each of which you have three pounds, but you use only these two ounces. You are truly playing tricks on someone!" Picking up a flowered porcelain flask, Pilgrim said, "Worthy Brother, don't talk so much. Take this flask and scrape me half a flask of soot from the bottom of the frying pan."

"What do you want it for?" asked Eight Rules. "For the drug," replied Pilgrim. "This little brother," said Sha Monk, "has never seen the use of soot for a drug." Pilgrim said, "The proper name for this kind of soot is 'Hundred-Grass Frost,' and you have no idea that it can soothe a hundred ailments." Our Idiot indeed brought him half a flask of the soot, which was also ground into powder. Then Pilgrim gave him the flask once more and said, "Go and fetch me half a flask of urine from our horse."

"What for?" asked Eight Rules. "I want it to make some pills," replied Pilgrim.

Laughing, Sha Monk said, “Elder Brother, this is no joking matter! Horse urine is both pungent and stinky. How could you put that into the medicines? I have seen pills made from vinegar, aged rice soups, clarified honey, or pure water, but never from horse urine.

That stuff is so foul and pungent, the moment a person with a weakened stomach smells it, he will vomit. If you feed him further with *badou* and *dahuang*, he’ll be throwing up on top and purging down below. You think that’s funny?”

“But you don’t realize,” said Pilgrim, “that our horse is no mortal horse of this world. Remember he was originally a dragon from the Western Ocean. If he is willing to urinate, it will cure any kind of disease a human may have when it is ingested. The only problem is that you can’t get it in a hurry.” On hearing this, Eight Rules ran out to the stable, where he found the horse lying prone on the ground and asleep. A few swift kicks by our Idiot, however, roused him immediately, whereupon our Idiot positioned the flask below his abdomen and waited for a long time. When he saw that the horse did not urinate at all, he ran back and said to Pilgrim, “O Elder Brother, let’s not try to heal the king. Go quickly to heal the horse first. That outcast has dried up! He hasn’t even pissed a drop!”

“I’ll go with you,” said Pilgrim, smiling. Sha Monk said, “I, too, will go and take a look.”

As the three of them approached the horse, he leapt up and assumed human speech, saying to them in a loud voice, “Elder Brother, don’t you know? I was originally a flying dragon of the Western Ocean. The Bodhisattva Guanyin rescued me after I had disobeyed Heaven; she sawed off my horns, stripped off my scales, and changed me into a horse to carry Master to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. My merit thus accrued will atone for my sins. If I leave my urine while passing through water, the fishes who drink it will turn into dragons. If I leave my urine in the mountain, the grasses there will change into divine agaric, to be picked by immortal lads as their plants of longevity. How could I be willing to part with it so lightly in this world of dust?”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “do be careful with what you say. This is a kingdom in the West, not just any worldly region. You are not parting with it lightly either. As the proverb says, ‘Many pelts are needed for a coat.’ We need your help to cure the king’s illness. If he is healed, all of us will share the glory. Otherwise, I fear we may not be able to leave this place in peace.” Only then did the horse reply, “Wait for it!” Look at him! His front legs lunged forward while he squatted somewhat with his hind ones, and he clenched his teeth so hard that they ground together noisily. All he could squeeze out after all these efforts were a few drops before he stood straight up once more.

“This wretch!” said Eight Rules. “Even if it’s potable gold, he can certainly piss a little bit more!” When Pilgrim saw that they had received slightly less than half a flask already, he said, “It’s enough! It’s enough. Take it away.” Sha Monk was delighted.

The three of them went back into the hall, where they mixed the horse urine into the other medicines. They then kneaded the paste into three large pills. “Brothers,” said Pilgrim, “they’re too big.”

“No more than the size of a walnut,” said Eight Rules. “If I’m going to take them, they won’t be enough for a mouthful!”

They stored the pills in a small box before they all retired, still fully dressed.

In the morning, the king attended court once more in spite of his illness. After he had asked the Tang Monk to meet him in the hall, he immediately ordered the various officials to hurry over to the College of Interpreters so that they could bow to the divine monk, Elder Sun, and ask for the drug.

The officials arrived at the college and prostrated themselves before Pilgrim, saying, "Our king has commanded us to bow to receive your wondrous prescription."

After Pilgrim asked Eight Rules to take out the box, he took away the cover and handed the box over to the officials. "What is the name of this drug?" asked one of them. "We have to tell the king when we see His Majesty." Pilgrim said, "This is called the Elixir of Black Gold." Smiling, Eight Rules and Sha Monk said to themselves, "There's soot mixed in it. It has to be black gold!"

"What sort of medical supplement will be needed?" asked the official again. Pilgrim answered, "There are two kinds of supplements that can be used, but only one is easily obtainable. I need six items to be boiled in water, and the liquid will then be used for the king to take the pills."

"Which six items?" asked the official. Pilgrim replied,

The fart of an old crow flying in the air;
The piss of a carp in swift flowing streams;
The face powder of the Lady Queen Mother;
The elixir ashes in Laozi's brazier;
Three pieces of the Jade Emperor's torn head-wrap;
And five strands of whiskers from a tired dragon.
The drug taken with the liquid boiled with these six things
Will in no time banish the woe and ailment of your king.

On hearing this, the various officials said, "None of these things can be found in the world. May we ask what is the other supplement?" Pilgrim said. "Take the drug with sourceless water." Smiling, one of the officials said, "That's easy to get."

"How do you know?" asked Pilgrim.

"According to the people of our region here," said the official, "this is the way to get sourceless water: take a container to a river or a well, fill it with water, and go straight back to the house without spilling a drop or looking back. When you return to the house, that will be considered sourceless water with which the person who is sick may take the medicine."

"But the water in a well or a river," said Pilgrim, "both have sources. That's not what I mean by sourceless water. What I need is water that drops from the sky, and you drink it without letting it first touch ground. That's what I mean by sourceless water."

"Well, even that is easy to get," said the official. "All we have to do is to wait until it rains before we take the medicine."

They thanked Pilgrim and returned to present the medicine to the king.

Highly pleased, the king asked his attendant to bring the medicine up for him to look at. "What kind of pills are these?" he asked.

One of the officials replied, "The divine monk told us that this is the Elixir of Black Gold. You are to take it with sourceless water."

At once the king asked some palace stewards to go fetch sourceless water, but the official said, “According to the divine monk, sourceless water is not to be found in either rivers or wells. Only that dropping from the sky and without having touched the ground may be considered the true sourceless water.”

The king immediately ordered the official before the throne to command the official in charge of magic to pray for rain. As the officials issued the decree, we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about Pilgrim, who remained at the hall of the College of Interpreters. He said to Zhu Eight Rules, “Just now I told them that the medicine could be taken only with water dropping from the sky. But how could we get rainwater all at once? As I look at the king, I think he’s undoubtedly a ruler of great worthiness and virtue. Let’s you and I help him to get some rain. How about it?”

“How shall we help him?” asked Eight Rules. “Stand on my left,” said Pilgrim, “and be my assistant star. Sha Monk, you stand on my right, and be my supportive lodge. Let old Monkey help him get some sourceless water.”

Dear Great Sage! He began to tread the stars and recite a spell. In no time at all, a dark cloud from the east drifted near until it was directly over their heads. “Great Sage,” a voice came from midair, “Aoguang, the Dragon King of the Eastern Ocean is here to see you.”

“I wouldn’t have bothered you for nothing,” said Pilgrim, “for I have asked you to come here to lend us some sourceless water for the king to take his medicine.”

The Dragon King said, “When the Great Sage summoned me, he did not mention anything about water. This humble dragon came all by himself without bringing any rain gear. I do not have the assistance of wind, cloud, thunder, and lightning either. How could I make rain?”

“There’s no need for wind, cloud, thunder, and lightning at this time,” said Pilgrim, “nor do we require much rain.

Actually, all we need is a little water to act as medical supplement.”

“In that case,” said the dragon king, “let me sneeze a couple of times and give him some of my saliva to take his medicine.”

Exceedingly pleased, Pilgrim said, “That’s the best! That’s the best! Don’t wait anymore! Please do it at once!”

From midair, the old dragon lowered his dark cloud gradually until it hovered above the royal palace. With his whole body hidden by the cloud, the dragon spat out a mouthful of saliva that changed into rain. The officials of the entire court shouted “Bravos” in unison, crying, “Ten thousand happinesses to our lord! Heaven has sent down sweet rain to us!”

At once the king gave this decree:

“Set out vessels to store it. Let everyone, inside and outside the palace, of high rank or low, store up this divine water so that we may be saved.” Look at those many civil and militaty officials, those ladies of three palaces and six chambers, those three thousand colorful girls, and those eight hundred tender maidens! Every one of them held up a cup or flask, a bowl or pan, to receive this sweet rain. In midair above the royal palace the old dragon kept up this transformation of his saliva for nearly an hour before he took leave of the Great Sage to return to the ocean. When the officials brought back

their containers, some managed to gather two or three drops, others acquired four or five drops, while there were those who did not receive even one drop. They poured the contents together and there were about three flasks of the rain to be presented to the royal table. Truly

Strange fragrance filled the Hall of Golden Chimes;
Goodly scent wafted through the royal court.

Taking leave of the Master of the Law, the king took the Elixir of Black Gold and the sweet rain back to his palace. He swallowed first one pill with one flask of the rain; then he took another with the second flask. He went through this for a third time, swallowing all three pills and drinking all three flasks of the rain. In a little while, his stomach began to make a loud, rumbling noise, and he had to sit on the night pot and move his bowels four or five times. Thereafter, he took a little rice soup before he reclined on the dragon bed. Two palace ladies went to examine the pot; the filth and phlegm were indescribable, in the midst of which there was also a lump of glutinous rice. The ladies approached the dragon bed to report:

"The root of the illness has been purged."

Delighted by what he heard, the king took some more rice gruel, and after a little while, his chest and abdomen began to feel more at ease. As his configurative energies and his blood became harmoniously balanced once more, his spirit was fully aroused. Rising from his dragon couch, he put on the court attire and ascended the treasure hall. The moment he encountered the Tang Monk, he bowed low.

The elder hurriedly returned his salute. After the bow, the king took hold of the elder's hand and gave this command to his attendants:

"Prepare a formal invitation card at once, and write on it such words as, 'We beseech you with head touching the ground.' Send some officials to invite with all reverence the three noble disciples of the Master of the Law. Open up the entire East Hall, and ask the Court of Imperial Entertainments to prepare a thanksgiving banquet." In obedience to the decree, many officials went to work on it at once: some prepared the invitation card, while others arranged the banquet. Truly a state has the strength of moving mountains, and in a moment everything was accomplished.

When Eight Rules saw the officials arriving and bearing an invitation card, he could not be more pleased. "O Elder Brother," he cried, "it's marvelous medicine indeed! Now they've come to thank us, all because of your merit." Sha Monk said, "Second Elder Brother, that's no way to talk! As the proverb says,

One man's good fortune,
Will bless the whole commune.

Since we all participated here in mixing the medicines, we are all meritorious persons. Let's go enjoy ourselves and don't talk anymore!"

Ah! Look at those three brothers! In great delight, they went into court.

The various officials met them and led them to the East Hall, where the king, the Tang Monk, and the Senior Secretaries of the Hall were already sitting at the banquet. Our Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk bowed to their master, while the various officials followed in. There were four vegetarian tables laden with so many dishes of fine food that one could only eat a small amount and stare at the rest. A huge banquet table in front was also heaped with all kinds of delicacies. On both sides, several hundred small, single tables were set out, arranged in orderly rows.

As the ancients said,

"A hundred kinds of rare viand;
A thousand bowls of fine grain;
Jadelike fats and mellow wines;
Ornate slices and plump redness."
Bright, colorful decorations
And fruits rich in taste and fragrance.
Large candies shaped like lions and immortals;
Cakes and biscuits baked like phoenix pairs.
For meat, there were pork, lamb, chicken, goose, fish, duck, and every other kind.
For vegetables, there were greens, bamboo shoots, wood ears, and mushrooms.
A few kinds of dumplings;
Various candy brittles.
Yellow millet soft and smooth;
Rice gruel fresh and pure.
Noodle soups of all kinds, both fragrant and hot;
And many, many dishes so nice and sweet.
Ruler and subjects made their very first toast;
Then according to rank they passed the cup.

With his royal hands holding high the goblet, the king wanted to make the first "Settle the Banquet" toast to the Tang Monk. Tripitaka, however, said to him, "This humble cleric does not know how to drink wine."

"It's made for those keeping a religious diet," said the king. "Let the Master of the Law drink just one goblet. How about it?"

"But wine," replied Tripitaka, "is the first prohibition of a priest."

Feeling rather badly about the matter, the king said, "If the Master of the Law is prohibited from drink, what shall we use to pay our respect?"

Tripitaka said, "Let my three mischievous disciples represent me in drinking."

Delighted, the king took his gold goblet and handed it to Pilgrim. After he had bowed to the rest of the people, Pilgrim drained the goblet. When the king saw how readily he drank the wine, he presented him another goblet of it. Pilgrim did not refuse and drank that, too. Chuckling, the king said, "Please drink a Three Jewels round." Pilgrim did not refuse and drank that, too. Asking that the goblet be filled once more, the king said, "Please drink the Four Seasons round!" Seated on one side and eyeing the wine, which never seemed to come his way, Eight Rules could hardly refrain from swallowing hard his own saliva. When he saw, moreover, that the king was intent on toasting only Pilgrim, he started to holler, "Your Majesty, you owe it to me, too, for the medicine you took. In that medicine, there's horse . . ." On hearing this and fearing that Idiot might reveal everything, Pilgrim immediately handed the wine in his hand to Eight Rules, who took it and drank without saying a further word. The king asked, "The divine monk said that there was horse in the medicine. What kind of horse is that?"

Taking it upon himself quickly to answer the question, Pilgrim said, "That's the way my brother speaks all the time. Whenever he has a tried and true prescription, he would share it with everyone. The medicine that you took this morning, Your Majesty, did contain Horse-Saddle-Bell."

"What kind of medicine is this Horse-Saddle-Bell," asked the king, "and what does it cure?"

The imperial physician by his side said, "My lord, this Horse-Saddle-Bell

Tastes bitter, being cold, nonpoisonous;
Cutting phlgem and wheezing makes its merit chief.
It loosens breath and rids one of poisoned blood;
Quiets cough, fights exhaustion, and brings relief."

"Well used! Well used!" said the king, smiling. "Elder Zhu should take another goblet." Without uttering a word, our Idiot also drank a Three Jewels round. Then the king handed the wine to Sha Monk, who also drank three goblets before everyone took his seat.

After they drank and feasted for some time, the king again took up a huge goblet to present to Pilgrim. "Your Majesty," said Pilgrim, "please be seated. Old Monkey will drink all the rounds. I'll never dare refuse you."

"Your great kindness to me," said the king, "is as weighty as a mountain, and we can't begin to thank you enough. No matter what, please drink this huge goblet of wine first, and then we have something to tell you."

"Please tell me first," said Pilgrim, "and old Monkey will be happy to drink this."

"Our illness of several years," replied the king, "was caused by great anxiety. The single formula of efficacious elixir prescribed by the divine monk, however, broke through the cause and that's how I recovered." With a chuckle, Pilgrim said, "When old Monkey examined Your Majesty yesterday, I knew already that the illness had been caused by anxiety. But I don't know what you were anxious about."

The king said, "According to the ancients, 'The disgrace of a family should never be spread without.' But the divine monk, on the other hand, is our benefactor. If you do not laugh at us, we shall tell you."

"How could I dare laugh at you?" said Pilgrim. "You need not hesitate to tell me."

"As you journeyed from the East," said the king, "how many states have you passed through?"

"About five or six," replied Pilgrim. "How do they address the consorts of the king?" he asked again. Pilgrim said, "The ranking wife of a king would be called the Central Palace, and those two consorts next in rank would be called the East Palace and the West Palace, respectively."

"The titles here are slightly different," said the king. "Our Central Palace bears the name of the Golden Sage Palace, the East Palace is called the Jade Sage Palace, and the West Palace has the title of Silver Sage Palace. At the moment, we have only the Jade and Silver consorts with us."

"Why is the Golden Sage Palace absent?" asked Pilgrim.

As tears fell from his eyes, the king said, "She hasn't been with us for three years."

"Where has she gone to?" asked Pilgrim again.

The king said, “Three years ago, during the time of the Double Fifth Festival, we were all gathered with our consorts inside the Pomegranate Pavilion of our garden, cutting up rice cakes, affixing the artemisia plant to our garments, drinking wine made from the calamus and realgar, and watching the dragon boat races. Suddenly a gust arose and a monster-spirit appeared in the air. Calling himself Jupiter’s Rival, he claimed that he lived in the Cave of the Mythic Beast at the Unicorn Mountain. Because he did not have a wife, he made investigation and learned of the great beauty of our Golden Sage Palace. He demanded that we turn her out, and if we did not after his asking us three times, he would first eat us alive and then proceed to devour the various officials and the people of the entire capital. Burdened, therefore, by the care of the state and the people at the time, we had no alternative but to push Golden Sage Palace out of the Pomegranate Pavilion, where she was immediately abducted by the fiend with a single sound. That incident, of course, gave us a great fright, and the glutinous rice cakes we ate thus remained undigested in our body. Moreover, we were ridden with anxious thoughts night and day, which led to three long years of bitter illness. Now that we have the good fortune of taking the efficacious elixir of the divine monk, we have purged several times, and all that waste accumulated three years ago has been eliminated. That’s why our frame has turned healthy and our body has lightened, and we feel as energetic as before. The life I regain today is entirely a gift of the divine monk. Even the weight of Mount Tai cannot compare with the magnitude of your favor!” When Pilgrim heard these words, he was filled with delight, so much so that he drank in two gulps that huge goblet of wine. Smiling broadly, he said to the king, “So, that was the cause of Your Majesty’s fear and anxiety. Now you’ve met old Monkey, and you are lucky to be cured. But do you want the Golden Sage Palace returned to your kingdom?” Shedding tears again, the king replied, “There’s not a day or a night that we do not yearn for her presence, but no one is able to arrest the monster-spirit for us. How could I not want her return?”

“Let old Monkey go and bring that perverse fiend to submission,” said Pilgrim. “How about it?”

The king immediately went to his knees and said, “If you can rescue our queen, we are willing to lead all the residents of this palace and all my consorts out to the city to live as common people. We shall present our entire kingdom to you and let you be the ruler.” When Eight Rules on the side saw the king speak and act in this manner, he could not refrain from laughing uproariously. “This king has lost his sense of propriety!” he cried. “How could he refuse his kingdom just for the sake of his wife and kneel to a monk?”

Hurrying forward to raise the king, Pilgrim said, “Your Majesty, since he has abducted the Golden Sage Palace, has that monster-spirit ever returned?”

“After he took away the Golden Sage Palace during the fifth month year before last,” replied the king, “he returned during the tenth month to demand two palace maidens to serve our queen. We immediately gave him what he requested. Last year, in the third month, he came to ask for two more palace maidens; by the seventh, he took away two more; and in the second month of this year, he came again for still two more. We do not know when he will come to make his demand anew.”

“After he has come so many times,” said Pilgrim, “aren’t you afraid of him?”

The king said, “His many visits have frightened us indeed, and, moreover, we fear that he may even harm us further. In the fourth month of last year, we ordered the engineers to build us a Fiend Shelter. Whenever we hear the sound of the wind and

know that he's coming, we will hide in the shelter with our two consorts and nine concubines."

"If your Majesty is willing," said Pilgrim, "please take old Monkey to have a look at the Fiend Shelter. How about it?" Using his left hand to take hold of Pilgrim, the king left the banquet as all the officials rose to their feet. "Elder Brother," said Zhu Eight Rules, "you are so unreasonable! All this imperial wine and you refuse to drink it. You have to break up the nice party! Why must you go look at this shelter?" On hearing this, the king realized that Eight Rules's only interest was his mouth. He at once ordered the stewards to carry two tables of vegetarian food and wine to the shelter and wait there for them. Only then did Idiot stop his complaints and say to his master and Sha Monk, laughing, "Let's change to another banquet!" Led by a row of civil and military officials, the king went with Pilgrim through the palace to the rear imperial garden, but there was not a single building in sight. "Where's the Fiend Shelter?" asked Pilgrim. Hardly had he finished speaking when two eunuchs, gripping two red lacquered poles, pried loose from the ground a huge slab of stone. The king said, "That is the shelter. It's more than twenty feet deep down there, with nine dug-out chambers. Placed in there are four huge cisterns filled with clear oil, which is used for keeping the lamps lit night and day. When we hear the sound of the wind and go in there to hide, people outside will close up the hole with the stone slab." Pilgrim chuckled and said, "That monster-spirit obviously does not wish to harm you. If he does, you think you can hide from him down there?"

He had not quite finished his sentence when a powerful gust of wind roared in from due south, spraying dirt and dust into the air.

Those officials became so frightened that they all protested in unison, "This monk has such an ill-luck mouth! He speaks of the monster-spirit, and at once the monster-spirit shows up!"

Abandoning Pilgrim, the terrified monarch at once crawled into the hole in the ground, followed by the Tang Monk and all the other officials.

Eight Rules and Sha Monk, too, wanted to hide, but they were pulled back by Pilgrim's two hands. "Brothers," he said, "don't be afraid. Let's you and I try to discover what kind of monster-spirit this is."

"You must be jesting!" said Eight Rules. "Why do you want to make such a discovery? The officials have hidden themselves, Master has gone out of sight, and the king has stepped aside. Why don't we just leave? Who cares about his pedigree!" Our Idiot twisted left and right, but he could not struggle free of Pilgrim's firm grip. After some time, there emerged in midair a monster-spirit. Look how he appears!

A nine-foot long body, savage and fierce;
A pair of round eyes flashing like gold lamps.
Two large forked ears like protruding fans,
And four sharp teeth like steel nails sticking up.
Red hair flanked his head, his eyebrows sprouted flames.
A bottle-nose dangled with nostrils flaring.
A few strands of beard like thick scarlet threads;
His cheekbones were rugged, his face was green.
Two arms of red veins, two indigo hands,
And ten pointed claws holding high a lance.
A leopard-skin kilt wrapped around his waist:

A ghost with tousled hair and naked feet!

When he saw the monster, Pilgrim asked, “Sha Monk, do you recognize him?”

“I haven’t made his acquaintance,” replied Sha Monk. “How could I recognize him?” Pilgrim asked again, “Eight Rules, do *you* recognize him?”

“I have never had tea or wine with him,” replied Eight Rules, “nor am I a friend or neighbor of his. How could I recognize him?” Pilgrim said, “He rather looks like the demon gatekeeper with golden pupils and shriveled face under the command of Equal to Heaven, the Eastern Mountain.”

“No! No!” said Eight Rules. “How do you know that?” asked Pilgrim.

“A demon,” said Eight Rules, “is a spirit of darkness, and it will make its appearance only late in the day, say, between the hour of Monkey and that of the Boar.

Right now it’s still noon. Which demon would dare come out? Even if he’s a demon, he can’t mount the clouds. And if he knows how to use the wind, he will only be able to summon a little whirlwind, not a violent wind like this. Perhaps he is the very Jupiter’s Rival.”

“Dear Idiot!” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “You have a point there! You two stand guard here, and let old Monkey go ask for his name.

Then we can rescue the Golden Sage Palace for the king.”

“If you want to go, go,” said Eight Rules, “but don’t reveal that we are here.” Without further reply, Pilgrim mounted the auspicious luminosity to leap into the air. Ah! So it is that

To secure a state one must first cure the king’s disease;
To safeguard the Way one must purge the evil-loving heart.

We do not know, as he rises into the air, whether he will win or lose, or how he manages to capture the fiend and rescue the Golden Sage Palace. Let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY

The monstrous demon's treasures release smoke, sand, and fire
Wukong by stratagem steals the purple-gold bells

We were telling you about that Pilgrim Sun, who, arousing his divine might and gripping his iron rod, trod on the auspicious luminosity to rise into the air. Facing the fiend, he shouted, "Where did you come from, perverse demon? Where do you think you're going to perpetrate your lawlessness?"

The fiendish creature replied in a loud voice, "I am none other than the vanguard under the command of the Great King Jupiter's Rival, the master of the Cave of Mythic Beast at Unicorn Mountain. By the order of the great king, I have come here to fetch two palace maidens for the service of Lady Golden Sage. Who are you that you dare question me?"

"I'm Sun Wukong, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven," said Pilgrim. "I am passing through this kingdom because I am giving protection to the Tang Monk from the Land of the East, who is on his way to worship Buddha in the Western Heaven. When I learned how you bunch of perverse demons were making a mockery of the ruler here, I resolved to exercise my talents to heal the state and drive out the bogies. I was just wondering where to look for you when you arrived to give up your life."

Though he heard these words, that fiend did not know any better than to pick up the lance to stab at Pilgrim. Pilgrim met him headon with upraised iron rod, and a marvelous battle began in midair.

The rod's a dragon hall's sea-ruling treasure;
The lance is but iron refined by man.
How could mortal arms compare with one divine,
A tiny stroke of which would dispel your soul?
The Great Sage is first a Great Monad god;
The monster's only a demon accursed.
How could a ghost approach a righteous man?
One righteous mite would smite all things perverse.
That one uses wind and sprays dirt to scare the king;
This one treads the fog and clouds to hide the sun and moon.
They assume fighting postures to try to win.
Which weakling would dare claim a hero's name?
In the end the Great Sage's the stronger man:
Pingpang cracks the rod and the lance does snap.

As his lance was broken in two by one blow of Pilgrim's iron rod, the terrified monster-spirit changed the direction of his wind and fled for his life toward the west.

Deciding not to give chase for the moment, Pilgrim dropped from the clouds and went up to the Fiend Shelter. "Master," he cried, "please ask His Majesty to come out. The fiendish creature's gone."

The Tang Monk used his hands to support the king as both of them climbed out of the hole. The entire sky had cleared up and there was not the slightest appearance of a fiend anywhere. The king walked up to one of the banquet tables, picked up the wine

pot himself, and filled a golden goblet to present to Pilgrim, saying, “Divine monk, just a little thanks!”

The Pilgrim took the goblet in his hand, but before he could make his reply, an official rushed in from outside the court to say, “There’s a fire at the west gate of the capital!” On hearing this, Pilgrim flung the wine-filled goblet into the air. When it fell with a clang to the ground, the startled king bowed quickly and said, “Divine monk, please forgive me! Please forgive me! It was indeed our fault! Proper etiquette requires that you ascend the main hall to receive our thanks. It was because the wine was placed conveniently here that I presented it to you. You threw the cup away. Are you offended?”

“No! No!” replied Pilgrim, laughing. “You have got it all wrong!” Just as they were speaking, another official came in to report:

“What a marvelous rain! Just now a fire broke out at the west gate, but a great shower extinguished it. The streets are filled with water that smells like wine!”

“Your Majesty,” said Pilgrim, still laughing, “when you saw me throwing away the cup, you thought I was offended. But actually, I was not. That fiend fled toward the west in defeat; because I did not give chase, he started a fire. That goblet of wine was what I used to extinguish the fiendish fire and save the families located in the western part of the capital. That was all!” More than ever filled with delight and respect, the king invited Tripitaka and his three disciples to return to the treasure hall, where he was ready to abdicate his throne and hand it over to the priests. “Your Majesty,” said Pilgrim, smiling, “that monster-spirit just now claimed that he was a vanguard in the command of Jupiter’s Rival, sent here to demand two more palace maidens. Since he was defeated, he would certainly flee to his master to report, and his master would certainly want to come strive with me. I fear that when he brings his troops here, it will be difficult to prevent them from frightening the populace and alarming Your Majesty. I’d like to meet him in midair instead and capture him right there, but I don’t know which is the proper direction. What’s the distance between here and his mountain cave?”

The king said, “We did send some military scouts to go there once to make investigation. The round trip took some fifty days, as the cave was about three thousand miles due south of here.” On hearing this, Pilgrim said, “Eight Rules, Sha Monk, stand guard here. Old Monkey will make a trip there.”

Tugging at him, the king said, “Divine monk, please wait for another day. Let us prepare some dried and baked goods for you, give you some travel money, and select a speedy horse for you. Then you may go.” With a laugh, Pilgrim said, “What you are referring to, Your Majesty, is the laborious way of scaling mountains and peaks by those who must stay on their feet. To tell you the truth, old Monkey can traverse these three thousand miles and be back here before the wine poured out turns cold in the goblet.”

“Divine monk,” said the king, “don’t be offended by what we have to say, but your estimable countenance resembles that of an ape. How could you possess such magic power to move so quickly?” Pilgrim replied,

Though I’m numbered among the simian kind,
I’ve cut since my youth a path through birth and death.
I’ve sought tutors far to teach me the Way;
For countless days I’ve trained before the mount.

With Earth as oven and Heaven its top,
Two kinds of drug whirled round the hare and crow.
I picked yin and yang, mating water and fire;
In time I broke through the mysterious pass.
I relied on the stars' transportive power,
And on the Dipper for moving my steps.
Most punctual to boost or reduce the fire,
I watched to add quicksilver or pull out lead.
Five Phases conjoined, creation began.
Four images well mixed and times were fixed.
With Two Breaths returned to the Yellow Way,
Three Parties met on the Gold Elixir road.
These laws, all realized, now move my four limbs;
My somersault works like I'm helped by gods.
One skip will land me beyond Mount Taihang;
One flip sends me past Cloud- Transcending Stream.
Who would fear ten thousand folds of tall peak,
Or long wide rivers by hundreds and scores?
My transformation no hurdle can block:
One leap, a hundred and eight thousand miles!

Both astonished and delighted by this recital of Pilgrim's, the king took a goblet of imperial wine and, smiling broadly, presented it to Pilgrim, saying, "Divine monk, you have to travel far. Take this to prepare for your journey."

As our Great Sage was intent on leaving to subdue the fiend, how could he care about drinking wine anymore? All he could say was, "Please put it down. Let me drink it after I return."

Dear Pilgrim! He said he was leaving, and with a whistle, he vanished from sight. We shall leave those astonished ruler and subjects for the moment.

We tell you now about our Pilgrim, who leaped into the air and soon discovered a mountain rearing up at the edge of the fog. He lowered his cloud immediately and stood on the peak to survey the region. Marvelous mountain!

It rushes the sky and overruns the earth;
It blots out the sun and begets the clouds.
Where it rushes the sky,
Pointed peaks rise erect.
Where it overruns the earth,
Wide ranges spread unending.
What blots out the sun
Are fresh thick pines of the summit.
What begets the clouds
Are sharp, jagged rocks beneath the cliff.
Fresh thick pines
Remain ever green in all four seasons;
Sharp jagged rocks
Stay unchanged in ten thousand years.
You'll hear now and then apes wailing in the woods,
And often monstrous serpents passing through the brook;

Screeches of mountain fowl;
Grunts and growls of mountain beasts.
Mountain deer and antelope
Dash about here and there in pairs and twos;
Mountain crows and magpies
In flocks and tight formations soar and fly.
The endless sight of mountain flowers and grass;
The timely glow of mountain peaches and fruits.
Though it's too treacherous a passageway,
It's a bogus immortal's reclusive spot.

Thoroughly delighted by this scenery, our Great Sage was just about to search for the entrance of the cave when all at once he saw a roaring fire leaping up from the fold of the mountain. In an instant the sky was filled with red flames, in the midst of which there arose also a nasty column of smoke, more vicious than even the fire. Marvelous smoke! He saw

A flare shining like ten thousand gold lamps;
And fumes leaping like a thousand red rainbows.
The smoke was no oven's or stove's,
Nor that of grass and wood.
That smoke had five colors:
Green, red, white, black, and yellow.
It scorched the pillars of the South Heavenly Gate;
It seared the beams of the Divine Mists Hall.
It burned till the beasts in their lairs rotted with their skins,
And feathers on the forest fowl all dissolved.
When one saw such venomous smoke, how then
Could one enter the mount to tame the fiend king?

As the Great Sage stared at this in astonishment, a sandstorm also erupted from within the mountain. Marvelous sand, truly concealing Heaven and blanketing Earth! Look at that

Great, whirling shower spreading through the sky;
The huge, blinding mass all over the earth;
The fine dust dimming one's sight every where;
Thick ashes rolling downhill like sesame.
The herb-picking lad has his partner lost;
The working woodsman cannot find his house.
Though your hands may hold a luminous pearl.
You will soon reel under this blowing sand.

Spellbound by what he saw, Pilgrim did not notice that some sand and dust flew into his nose until the itch made him sneeze a couple of times. He turned and picked up from beneath the ledge two small pebbles, which he used to stop up his nostrils. Shaking his body once, he changed into a sparrowhawk able to penetrate fire. He flew right into the smoke and flame, but all of a sudden, the sand and dust vanished, and even the smoke and fire subsided. Quickly he changed back into his true form and dropped down from the air.

As he looked about, there came to his ears the loud clanging of a brass gong. "I must have taken the wrong road!" he thought to himself. "This can't be where the

monster-spirit lives. The gong sounds like one of those belonging to a postal soldier. This must be a state highway, and some postal soldier is on his way to deliver a document. Let old Monkey go and question him a bit."

As he walked along, he saw a little fiend with a yellow banner on his shoulder and an official document bag on his back. Banging aloud the gong, the fiend was running swiftly toward him. "So this is the fellow who's beating the gong!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "I wonder what sort of document he's carrying. Let me eavesdrop on him."

Dear Great Sage! With a shake of his body he changed into a midge and gently alighted on the fiend's document bag. All he heard was the monster-spirit banging the gong and mumbling to himself, "Our great king is quite vicious! Three years ago he abducted the Golden Sage Queen from the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom, but he didn't have the affinity even to touch her. Only those palace maidens brought here as substitutes were the ones who suffered. Two of them came, and they were driven to death; then four arrived, and they, too, were driven to death. Year before last, he wanted the maidens; last year, he wanted more; this year, he wanted more; and even now, he still wants some more. But he has run into an adversary, for that vanguard sent to make demands for the palace maidens has been defeated by some Pilgrim Sun. Angered by this, our great king wanted to go into war with that kingdom and asked me to send them some declaration of war. Once I deliver this document, that king had better decide not to fight, for any war would only go against him.

When our great king uses his smoke, fire, and flying sand, none of them, the king and his subjects, can ever hope to remain alive. We will certainly occupy their city; our great king will become emperor and we will become his officials. High or low, we will have some appointments or ranks, but I fear that our action would be intolerable to Heaven." When Pilgrim heard this, he was secretly delighted. "Even a monster-spirit," he thought to himself, "can have good intentions. Just listen to what he has said about how their 'action would be intolerable to Heaven.' Isn't he a good man? But concerning the Golden Sage Queen, I don't quite understand what he means by the fiend king not having affinity to touch her body. Let me question him a bit." With a buzz, he flew away from the monster-spirit and darted ahead for several miles. A shake of his body changed him into a little Daoist lad:

His head had two tufts of hair;
He wore a patched cleric robe.
Tapping a wooden-fish drum,
A Daoist hymn he hummed.

Rounding the mountain slope, he met the little fiend and saluted him with hand upraised, saying, "Officer, where are you going? What's the document you are delivering?"

Behaving as if he knew his interrogator, the fiendish creature stopped his gong and, giggling loudly, returned the greeting. "Our great king," said he, "has sent me to deliver a declaration of war to the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom."

"Has that someone from the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom," continued Pilgrim, "mated with the great king?"

"Almost immediately after she had been abducted," replied the little fiend, "an immortal presented to her as a gift a five-colored divine robe. Once she had put it on, however, needlelike prickles sprouted all over her body. Our great king didn't even dare

to give her the slightest touch, for the merest contact would inflict terrific pain on his hand. We don't know how those prickles grew, but that's the reason for his not claiming her body from the beginning until now. Earlier this morning, he sent his vanguard to demand two palace maidens for his service, but the vanguard was defeated by one so-called Pilgrim Sun. Our great king was angered, and that was why he sent me to deliver a declaration of war. He is going to do battle with him tomorrow."

"Is the great king still angry?" asked Pilgrim.

"Indeed he is," replied the little fiend. "You should go cheer him up with a Daoist song or two."

Dear Pilgrim! After a bow with hands folded, he turned and walked away, while the fiend struck up his gong and journeyed as before. Unleashing his violence all at once, Pilgrim whipped out his rod, turned around again, and delivered a blow on the back of the little fiend's head. Alas! This one blow made

The head shatter, the blood flow, the brains burst out;
The skin rift, the neck split, and his life expire.

As he put away the rod, he was smitten with regret, saying to himself, "I'm a little too impatient! I hadn't even asked his name. Oh, all right!"

He took down the declaration of war document to put in his own sleeve; the yellow banner and the brass gong were stuffed into the grass by the road. As he picked up the fiend by the legs and was about to throw him into the brook, a gold-plated nameplate dropped down from his waist with a clang. On the plate was the following inscription:

One trusted junior officer by the name of Going and Coming:
rather short, pimply face, beardless. To be worn at all times.
The person without this plate is an imposter.

"So this fellow has the name of Going and Coming," chuckled Pilgrim, "but my rod has rendered him Going without Coming."

He took down the nameplate and attached it to his waist. He was about to throw away the corpse when the thought of the threat of smoke and fire stopped him from searching further for the cave-dwelling. Raising his rod instead, he punched it through the chest of the little fiend, toted the corpse to rise to the air, and went back to the kingdom to annouce his first merit. Look at him! Thinking and wondering to himself, he soon arrived at the capital.

Before the Hall of Golden Chimes, our Eight Rules was standing guard over the king and his master, when all of a sudden he saw Pilgrim approaching in midair and toting a monster-spirit. "Ah, this fribble business!" he muttered to himself. "If I had known it earlier, old Hog would have gone to arrest the fiend. That would have been counted as my merit, wouldn't it?"

Hardly had he finished speaking when Pilgrim lowered his cloud and threw the monster-spirit before the steps. Dashing up to the corpse, Eight Rules gave him a blow with his rake, crying, "This is the merit of old Hog!"

"What merit of yours is that?" asked Pilgrim. "Don't cheat me out of it!" replied Eight Rules. "I have evidence here. Aren't those nine holes made by the rake?"

"Take another look," said Pilgrim, "and see if he has a head or not."

"So, he's headless!" said Eight Rules, chuckling. "I was wondering why he didn't move at all when I struck him with my rake."

"Where's Master?" asked Pilgrim, and Eight Rules said, "Talking with the king in the hall."

"Go and ask him to come out," said Pilgrim.

Eight Rules ran up to the hall and nodded his head, whereupon Tripitaka rose and descended the hall to meet Pilgrim. Pilgrim took out the declaration of war and stuffed it into the sleeve of Tripitaka, saying, "Put it away, Master, and don't let the king see this."

As they were speaking, the king also came down the hall and met Pilgrim. "Divine monk, you've returned," he said. "How did the matter of arresting the fiend go?" Pointing with his finger, Pilgrim said, "Isn't that a monster-spirit who has been slain by old Monkey?"

The king took one look and said, "It is the corpse of a fiend, but he's no Jupiter's Rival, whom we have seen twice with our own eyes. The archfiend is eighteen feet tall, and his shoulders are five times as wide as other men's. His face resembles a golden beam, and his voice is like thunder. He is no vulgar-looking midget like this one." Smiling, Pilgrim said, "Your Majesty, you are perceptive, for this is indeed no Jupiter's Rival, but only a little fiend serving as a messenger, who ran into old Monkey. I slew him and toted him back to announce my merit."

"Fine! Fine! Fine!" said the king, highly pleased. "This should be considered your first merit. We have often sent our people out there to gather intelligence, but we have never managed to turn up anything substantial. The moment the divine monk goes forth, he's able to bring back a captive. That's true magic power!"

Then he called out, "Warm up the wine, so that we may congratulate the elder for his merit."

"Drinking wine is a trivial matter," said Pilgrim. "Let me ask your Majesty, did the Golden Sage Palace leave you any memento when she departed? If she did, give it to me." When the king heard him mention the word, "memento," he felt as if a sword had run his heart through and he wept aloud, saying,

When we toasted brightness and warmth that year,
The vicious Jupiter uttered his cries.
He took by force our queen to be his wife;
We yielded her up for the people's sake.
There were no words of greeting or farewell,
No tender partings by the wayside stands.
Mementos, scented purse—every thing is gone,
Except myself, all bitter and forlorn.

"Your Majesty," said Pilgrim, "your pain is near its end. Why torture yourself like that? If our lady did not leave you any memento, are there objects in the palace that she is most fond of? Give me one of these."

"Why do you want them?" asked the king. Pilgrim said, "That fiend king does have magic powers. When I saw the smoke, the fire, and the sand he released, I knew it would be difficult to bring him to submission. Even if I were to succeed, I fear that our lady would refuse to accompany me, a stranger, to return to the kingdom. She will trust

me only if she sees me entrusted with some object most dear to her when she was in the palace. That's why I must take such an object along with me."

"In the dressing alcove," said the king, "at the Palace of the Bright Sun, there is a pair of gold bracelets, originally worn by our Golden Sage Palace. Because that day was the festival when she had to tie five colored threads to her arms, she took off the bracelets.

As these were some of her favorite things, they are still kept in a jewel box. Because of the way we were separated, however, we could not bear the sight of these bracelets, for they reminded us so much of her lovely face. The moment we see them, we would be sicker than ever."

"Let's not talk about illness anymore," said Pilgrim. "Bring me the bracelets. If you can part with them, give them to me. If not, I'll just take one of them."

The king asked the Jade Sage Palace to take them out. When the king saw the bracelets, he cried several times, "Dearest, dearest Lady," before handing them over to Pilgrim. After Pilgrim took them, he put them on his arm.

Dear Great Sage! He refused the wine of merit and mounted the cloud somersault instead. With a whistle he arrived once more at the Unicorn Mountain. Too preoccupied to enjoy the scenery, he at once began searching for the cave. As he walked along, he heard the raucous noise of people speaking. When he stood still to look more carefully, he found soldiers posted at the entrance of the Cave of Mythic Beast, some five hundred of them,

All tightly lined up,
And densely arrayed.
Tightly lined up, they held spears and swords
Which gleamed in the sun;
Densely arrayed, they unfurled the banners
Which fluttered in the wind.
Tiger generals, bear captains, all able to change;
Leopard warriors, striped-cat marshals, most spirited.
Grey wolves, how savage!
Brown elephants, still more potent!
Sly hare, clever deer, wielding halberds and swords;
Long snakes, huge serpents, hung with sabers and bows.
The chimpanzee who understands human speech
Leads the troops, secures the camp as one informed.

When Pilgrim saw them, he dared not proceed; instead, he turned and walked back out the way he came. Why did he turn back, you ask? It was not because he was afraid of them. Actually, he returned to the spot where he had slain the little fiend and found again that brass gong and that yellow banner.

Facing the wind, he made the magic sign;
Thinking the image, he went into motion.

With one shake of his body, he changed himself into the form of Going and Coming. Banging loud his gong, he stepped forward in great strides and marched right up to the Cave of the Mythic Beast. Just as he was looking over the cave, he heard the chimpanzee say, "Going and Coming, are you back?" Pilgrim had no alternative but to reply, "I'm back."

"Get inside quickly!" said the chimpanzee.

"The great king is waiting for your reply at the Skinning Pavilion." On hearing this, Pilgrim strode inside the front door, still beating his gong. Once inside, he saw hanging cliffs and precipitous walls, rock chambers and quiet rooms. There were exotic grasses and flowers on the left and right, and there were plenty of old cedars and aged pines front and back.

Soon he walked through the second-level door, where he saw an octagonal pavilion with eight translucent windows. In the middle of the pavilion was a gold inlaid armchair, on which was seated solemnly a demon king. Truly he had a savage appearance! You see

Colored nimbus soaring up from his head
And violent air bursting forth from his chest.
Pointed teeth protrude like rows of sharp swords;
His temple's tousled locks flare like red fume.
Whiskers like arrows stick onto his lips;
Hairs wrap his body like blanket layers.
Mocking Jupiter are two copper-bell eyes;
An iron club he holds looks tall as the sky.

Though Pilgrim saw him, he was bold enough to make light of the monster-spirit. Without in the least affecting good manners, Pilgrim turned his back on him and kept beating the gong. "Have you returned?" asked the fiend king, but Pilgrim did not answer him. "Going and Coming, have you returned?" he asked again, and still Pilgrim did not answer him. The fiend king walked up to him and tugged at Pilgrim, saying, "Why are you still beating the gong after you have come home? I ask you a question, and you don't answer me.

Why?"

Dashing the gong to the ground, Pilgrim cried, "What's this 'Why, Why, Why'? I told you I didn't want to go, and you insisted that I should. When I got there, I saw countless men and horses already arrayed in battle formations. The moment they saw me, they cried, 'Seize the monster-spirit! Seize the monster-spirit!' Pushing and shoving, they hauled me bodily into the city to see the king, who at once ordered me executed. It was fortunate that counselors from both rows of ministers invoked the old maxim that 'When two states are at war, the envoys are never executed.' They spared me and took away the declaration of war. Then they sent me out of the city, where before the entire army they caned me thirty times on my legs. I was released to tell you that they would be here soon to do battle with you."

"As you have put the matter," said the fiend king, "you have lucked out! No wonder you didn't answer me when I questioned you." Pilgrim said, "I was silent not because of anything. It's just that I was nursing my pain, and that's why I didn't reply."

"How many horses and men do they have?" asked the fiend king one more time. Pilgrim said, "I was scared silly, and I was further intimidated by their beatings. You think I would be able to account for the number of their horses and men? All I saw in thick rows were

Bows, arrows, sabers, mail, and armor;
Lances, swords, halberds, and tasseled banners;
Poleaxes, crescent spades, and head-coverings;

Huge axes, round shields, and iron caltrops;
Long battle staffs;
Short, fat cudgels;
Steel tridents and petards and helmets, too.
To be worn are tall boots, head gear, and quilted vests.
Crops and whips, sleeve-pellets, and bronze mallets."

When the fiendish king heard this, he laughed and said, "That's nothing! That's nothing! A little fire and all such weapons will be wiped out. You should go now and tell our Lady Golden Sage not to worry. When she heard that I was growing angry and about to go into battle, she was already full of tears. Why don't you go now and tell her that the men and horses of her country are most fearsome and that they will certainly prevail against me. That ought to give her some relief for awhile." On hearing this, Pilgrim was very pleased, saying to himself, "Old Monkey can't ask for anything better!" Look at him! He seems to be peculiarly familiar with the way! Rounding a small side door, he passed through halls and chambers. Deep inside the cave, you see, were all tall buildings and edifices, quite unlike what was in front. When he reached the rear palace where the Lady Golden Sage lived, he saw brilliantly colored doors. Walking through these to look around, he found two choirs of fiendish vixen and deer, all made up to appear as beautiful maidens standing on the left and right. In the middle was seated the lady, who held her chin in her hand as tears fell from her eyes. Indeed she had

Soft, youthful features,
Seductive good looks.
Too lazy to do her hair,
She left it piled up loosely;
Loathful of make-up,
She wore neither pins nor bracelets.
Her face had no powder,
She being scornful of rouge.
Her hair had no oil,
For she kept unkempt her tresses.
Her cherry lips pouted
As she clenched her silvery teeth;
Her moth brows knitted
As tears drenched her starlike eyes.
All her heart
Yearned for the Scarlet- Purple ruler;
All her thoughts
Dwelled on fleeing at once this snare and net.
Truly it had been thus:
The fate of fair ladies was always harsh.
Weary and silent, she faced the east wind.

Walking up to her and bowing, Pilgrim said, "Greetings!"

"This insolent imp!" barked the lady. "How brash could he be! During the time when I shared the glory with the Scarlet-Purple ruler, those grand preceptors and prime ministers would prostrate themselves before me and dared not even raise their heads. How could this wild fiend just address me with a 'Greetings'? Where did this rustic boor come from?" Some of the maids went forward and said, "Madam, please do not be

angry. He is a trusted junior officer of Father Great King, and his name is Going and Coming. He was the one sent to deliver the declaration of war this morning." On hearing this, the lady suppressed her anger and said, "When you delivered the declaration, did you reach the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom?"

"I took the declaration," replied Pilgrim, "straight into the capital, reaching, in fact, the Hall of the Golden Chimes. After I saw the king in person, I took his reply back here."

"When you saw the king," said the lady, "what did he have to say?" Pilgrim said, "He claimed he was ready to fight, and just now, I have already told the great king about how the enemy forces were being disposed. That ruler, however, also expressed great longing for Madam. He wanted to convey a few words of special interest to you, but there are too many people around and I can't speak here." On hearing this, the lady shouted for the two rows of vixen and deer to leave. After he closed the palace door, Pilgrim gave his own face a wipe and changed back into his original form. He said to the lady, "Don't be afraid of me. I am a priest sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go seek scriptures from Buddha in the Thunderclap Monastery of India in the Great Western Heaven. My master is Tripitaka Tang, the bond-brother of the Tang emperor, and I am Sun Wukong, his eldest disciple. When we passed through your kingdom and had to have our travel rescript certified, we saw a royal proclamation issued for the recruitment of physicians. I exercised my great ability in the therapeutic arts, and I cured the king of his illness of ardent longing. During the banquet he gave to thank me, he told me while we were drinking about how you were abducted by the fiend. Since I have the knowledge of subduing dragons and taming tigers, he asked me specially to come arrest the fiend and rescue you back to the kingdom. It was I who defeated the vanguard, and it was I, too, who slew the little fiend. When I saw, however, how powerful the fiend was outside the gate, I changed myself into the form of Going and Coming in order to take the risk of contacting you here." On hearing what he said, the lady fell silent. Whereupon Pilgrim took out the treasure bracelets and presented them with both hands, saying, "If you don't believe me, take a good look at these objects."

The moment she saw them, the lady began to weep, as she left her seat to bow to Pilgrim, saying, "Elder, if you could indeed rescue me and take me back to the kingdom, I would never forget your great favor!"

"Let me ask you," said Pilgrim, "what sort of a treasure that is that releases fire, smoke, and sand?"

"It's no treasure!" replied the lady. "They are actually three golden bells. When he gives the first bell one wave, he can release up to three thousand feet of fire to burn people. When he waves the second one, he can release three thousand feet of smoke to fumigate people. When he waves the third one, he can release three thousand feet of yellow sand to confound people. The smoke and the fire are not even as potent as the yellow sand, which is most poisonous. If it gets into someone's nostrils, the person will die."

"Formidable! Formidable!" said Pilgrim. "I had the experience, all right, and even I had to sneeze a couple of times! Where, I wonder, does he put these bells?"

"You think he'd put them down!" said the lady. "He has them tied to his waist, and whether he is in or out of doors, whether he is up or lying down, they'll never leave his body."

"If you still have some feelings for the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom," said Pilgrim, "if you want to see the king once more, you must banish for the moment all sorrow and melancholy. Put on your looks of pleasure and romance, and allow him to enjoy with you the sentiments of wedlock. Tell him to let you keep the bells for him. Then, when I have stolen them and brought this fiendish creature into submission, it will be simple to take you back to your dear mate so that both of you can enjoy peace and harmony once more."

The lady agreed.

Our Pilgrim changed again into that trusted junior officer and opened the palace door to summon the various maids. Then the lady called out, "Going and Coming, go to the pavilion in front quickly and ask the great king to come here. I want to speak to him."

Dear Pilgrim! He shouted his consent and dashed out to the Skinning Pavilion to say to the monster-spirit, "Great King, Lady Sage Palace desires your company."

Delighted, the fiend king said, "Normally our lady has nothing but abuse for me. How is it that she desires my company today?"

"Our lady," replied Pilgrim, "asked me about the ruler of the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom, and I told her, 'He doesn't want you anymore. He has chosen another queen from among his subjects.' When our lady heard this, she had to stop thinking about him, and that was why she asked for you."

Exceedingly pleased, the fiend king said, "You are quite useful! When I have destroyed that kingdom, I'll appoint you a special court assistant."

Thanking him casually for his promised favor, Pilgrim walked quickly with the fiend king to the entrance of the rear palace, where the lady met them amiably and reached out with her hands to greet the monster. Backing off immediately and bowing, the fiend king said, "I'm honored! I'm honored! Thank you for your love, but I'm afraid of the pain in my hands, and I dare not touch you."

"Please take a seat, Great King," said the lady, "for I want to speak to you."

"Please do so without hesitation," replied the fiend king.

The lady said, "It has been three years since you first bestowed your love on me. Though we have not been able to share a bed together, it is still our foreordained affinity that we should become husband and wife. I think, however, that you must have some sentiments against me, and you are not treating me truly as your spouse. For I can recall the time when I was queen at the Scarlet- Purple Kingdom. Whenever the foreign nations presented their tributary treasures, the queen was asked to keep them after the king had inspected them. You have hardly any treasures here, of course; what you wear are furs, and what you eat are raw meats. I haven't seen any silks or damasks, any gold or pearls. All our coverings are only skins and furs. You may have some treasures, I suppose, but the distance you feel toward me prevents you from letting me see them or asking me to keep them for you. I have heard that you have some kind of bells or gongs—three of them, in fact—which, I suppose, must be treasures. Or else why would you keep them with you when you are walking or when you are seated? You should let me keep them for you, and when you need them, I can take them out.

After all, we *are* husband and wife, and you should at least show me some trust. If you don't, you must feel that I'm still an outsider!"

Breaking into loud guffaws as he bowed to her, the fiend king said, “Madam, your reprimands are just! Your reprimands are just! The treasures are right here. Today, I turn them over to you for safekeeping.”

He at once hitched up his clothes to take out the treasures.

With unblinking eyes on one side, Pilgrim saw that after the fiend had hitched up two or three layers of clothing, he had tied to his body three small bells. These he took down and, having stuffed some cotton into the mouths of the bells, had them wrapped up in a piece of leopard skin before he handed them over to the lady. “Though these are lowly objects,” he said, “you must guard them with care. Never shake or rattle them.”

Taking them over with her hands, the lady said, “I know. I’ll put them right here on my dressing table. No one will shake them.”

Then the lady said, “Little ones, prepare us some wine. I want to drink a few cups with the great king to celebrate our happiness and love.” On hearing this, the servant girls at once spread out a table full of vegetables and fruits and laden with venison and rabbit meat.

After they poured out some coconut wine, the lady put on her most seductive charms to deceive the monster-spirit.

On the side Pilgrim Sun also began his work; slipping slowly up to the dresser, he gently picked up those three golden bells before he inched his way out of the palace. When he arrived at an empty spot before the Skinning Pavilion, he opened up the leopard skin wrap to look at the contents. The middle bell was about the size of a tea mug, while the two on both ends were as big as fists. Not knowing how formidable these objects were, he yanked out the cotton. All he heard was a loud clang, and then the flame, the smoke, and the yellow sand poured out from the bells. He tried desperately to stuff the cotton back into the bells but to no avail. Instantly, flames leaped up and engulfed the pavilion.

Those monsters and fiends were so terrified that they rushed into the rear palace to report to the fiend king, who shouted, “Go put out the fire! Go put out the fire!” When he dashed out with the rest to the pavilion, he saw Going and Coming with the golden bells in his hands. “You wretched slave!” bellowed the fiend king, rushing up to him. “How dare you steal my treasure bells and mess with them here? Seize him! Seize him!”

Those tiger warriors, bear commanders, leopard captains, striped-cat marshals, brown elephants, grey wolves, clever deer, sly hare, long serpents, huge pythons, and the chimpanzee all mobbed the pavilion.

Terribly flustered, our Pilgrim dropped the bells and changed back into his original form. Whipping out his golden-hooped compliant rod, he plunged into the crowd and fought furiously. After the fiend king had put away his treasures, he shouted the order:

“Shut the front door!” On hearing this, some of the fiends went to shut the door while others surrounded Pilgrim to do battle.

Suspecting that it would be difficult for him to flee, Pilgrim put away his rod and, with one shake of his body, changed himself into a tiny fly which alighted on one

of the stone walls that was not burning. When the various fiends could not find him, they said, “Great King, the thief has escaped!”

“Did he walk out of the door?” asked the fiend king. “The front door is firmly bolted,” they replied. “He hasn’t left that way.”

“Then search carefully!” said the fiend king. Some of the fiends put out the fire with water, while others conducted a careful search all around, but there was not a trace of the thief.

“Who is the thief,” said the fiend king angrily, “who is so audacious that he dared change into the shape of Going and Coming, come in here to speak to me, and stay by my side until he found the chance to steal my treasures? It’s a good thing that he didn’t take the bells out of the cave. If he had taken them up to the summit and had exposed them to natural wind, I wouldn’t know what to do!”

“It’s partly the profound luck of the Great King,” said the tiger general, approaching him, “and partly the fact that we are not yet destined to perish. That’s why we were able to discover him in time.”

“Great King,” said the bear commander, “this thief is not just any other person. He must be that Sun Wukong who has defeated our vanguard. He probably ran into Going and Coming on the way and took our officer’s life. After he robbed him of his yellow banner, brass gong, and nameplate, he changed into his appearance to come here and deceive you.”

“Exactly! Exactly!” said the fiend king. “What you say is quite right! Little ones, continue the search, and be careful that you do not let him slip out the door.” So, that was how things stood:

A clever move has turned to folly;
A playful act becomes something real.

We do not know how Pilgrim Sun managed to escape from the fiend’s door; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-ONE

By a false name Pilgrim defeats the fiendish wolf
In epiphany Guanyin subdues the monster-king

Form's emptiness, that's ancient truth;
Emptiness, too, is so-called form.
If one fully knows Chan's emptiness-form,
Who needs cinnabar ground and burnt?
Don't slack in work on virtue and act;
Your labor requires bitter toil.
You will face Heaven when merit's fulfilled
With godly features e'er preserved.

We tell you now about that Jupiter's Rival, who ordered all the front and back doors tightly shut in order to search for Pilgrim. All the commotion lasted until dusk, but not a trace of the intruder could be found. Taking a seat in the Skinning Pavilion, the fiend king assembled the rest of the fiends and gave the order that guards were to be posted at all the doors, holding handbells and shouting passwords, beating drums and rattles. Every one of them was to put the arrow to the bow and go on patrol through the night with drawn swords. However, the Great Sage Sun, you see, had changed into a tiny fly and alighted on a doorpost. When he saw that the front was tightly guarded, he spread his wings and flew instead into the rear palace, where he found the Lady Golden Sage slumped on a table.

In clear drops the tears rolled down;
In low tones she voiced her grief.

Flying through the door, Pilgrim gently landed on her disheveled black tresses to listen to how she was weeping. In a little while, the lady suddenly cried out, "O, my lord! You and I must have burned

The broken-head incense in our former lives,
So that we meet in this one a fiend king.
Parted for three years, which day will we meet?
Stranded at two places—that is our grief.
The elder you sent has just conveyed the news;
Our union's thwarted when he lost his life.
Since it's hard to untie the bells of gold,
Our longings are keener than those of old."

When Pilgrim heard this, he moved up to the base of her ear and whispered, "Lady Sage Palace, I'm Elder Sun, the divine monk sent here by your country, and I haven't lost my life. What happened had to do with my impetuousness. When you were drinking with the fiend king, I approached the dresser and stole the golden bells. I managed to slip out to the pavilion in front, but I couldn't resist untying the wrap to take a look. Little did I realize that when I pulled out the cotton stuffed in the bells, smoke, fire, and yellow sand would pour out all at once with a clang. I was so flustered that I dropped the bells and changed back into my original form. I wielded my iron rod to wage a bitter battle, but when I couldn't break free, I feared that I might be harmed. That was why I changed into a tiny fly to fly up to a doorpost and hide until now. Now

the fiend king is guarding the place more tightly than ever and refuses to open the doors. You must, therefore, trick him, in the name of conjugal duties, into coming in here to rest. Then I'll be able to escape and make another plan to rescue you."

The moment the lady heard these words,

She shook all over
As if gods were pulling her hair;
Weak and fearful,
She felt her heart thump and pound.

"Are you," she asked tearfully, "a ghost or a human being?"

"I'm neither a human," replied Pilgrim, "nor am I a ghost. At the moment, I have changed into a tiny fly here. Don't be afraid. Go quickly and invite the fiend king to come."

The lady refused to believe him.

Shedding tears, she said softly, "You're not trying to bewitch me?"

"Why would I want to bewitch you?" said Pilgrim. "If you don't believe me, spread open your palm and I'll land on it for you to see."

The lady indeed stretched forth her left palm, and Pilgrim gently alighted on her lovely hand. How he seemed like

A black pea nailed to the lotus bud;
A bee resting on peony flower;
A grape having landed on silk brocade;
A thick black dot by the lily branch!

Holding high her jadelike hand, the Golden Sage Palace uttered the cry, "Divine monk!"

"I'm the transformation of the divine monk," answered Pilgrim with a buzz. Only then did the lady believe him.

"When I manage to get that fiend king here," she whispered to him, "how will you proceed?" Pilgrim said, "As one ancient person put the matter,

To ruin one's whole life there's only wine.

And he also said,

To break up all cares there's nothing like wine.

There are many uses for wine, and so the best thing you can do is still to make him drink. Summon now one of the maids closest to you and point her out to me. I'll change into her appearance and serve you by your side. When there's a chance, I'll act."

The lady indeed agreed, and she called out, "Spring Grace, where are you?"

From behind a screen stepped forth a white-faced vixen, who knelt down and said, "Madam, what is your pleasure?"

"Tell the rest of the maids," replied the lady, "to light up gauze lanterns, burn the musk-gland, and accompany me to the front court to ask the king to retire." Spring Grace at once went out to summon seven or eight deer fiends and vixen spirits, who came in with a pair of lanterns and a pair of portable urns. They stood on both sides of the lady, who arose with hands folded while the Great Sage soared into the air.

Dear Pilgrim! Spreading his wings, he headed straight for the head of the white-faced vixen. There he pulled off one piece of hair and blew a mouthful of immortal breath on it, crying, "Change!" It changed at once into a sleep-inducing insect, which he gently placed on her face. The moment that this insect reaches a person's face, you see, it will crawl toward one's nostril, and when it gets inside, the person will fall asleep. Our Spring Grace, therefore, gradually felt so fatigued that she could hardly remain on her feet.

Rocking from side to side and nodding her head, she ran back to her previous resting place, laid down her head, and snored away.

Pilgrim flew down and with one shake of his body changed into the form of Spring Grace. He walked out from behind the screen to stand at attention with the rest of the maids, and we shall leave them there for the moment.

We tell you now about that Lady Golden Sage Palace, who was walking out to the front. When the little fiends saw her, they immediately reported to Jupiter's Rival:

"Great King, Madam has arrived."

The fiend hurried out of the Skinning Pavilion to meet her.

"Great King," said the lady, "the smoke and the fire have subsided, and the thief, too, has vanished. The night is deep, and I have come especially to ask you to retire."

Highly pleased, the fiend said, "Madam, please take care of yourself. Just now that thief was actually sun Wukong, who, having overcome my vanguard and slain my trust junior officer, came in here by means of transformation in order to deceive us. We have conducted a most careful search, but there's not a trace of him. This is why I feel quite uneasy about the matter."

"That fellow must have escaped," said the lady. "You should not worry anymore, Great King. Let's retire and rest." When the monster-spirit saw the lady standing there with this earnest invitation, he dared not refuse. After he had given the order to the rest of the fiends to be careful with the torches and candles and to look out for thieves and robbers, he went back to the rear palace with the lady. Pilgrim, who had changed into the form of Spring Grace, was led inside also along with the two rows of maids. "Prepare us some wine," cried the lady, "so that we may relieve the great king of his weariness."

"Exactly! Exactly!" said the fiend king, laughing. "Bring us wine quickly. I will help the dear lady to calm her fears."

The specious Spring Grace and other fiends thereupon brought out some bowls of fruit and several dishes of game as they set up tables and chairs. The lady picked up a goblet, and the fiend king also presented her with a goblet. After the two of them had exchanged their cups, the specious Spring Grace picked up the wine pot on the side and said, "Since the great king and madam did not exchange their cups until this very night, you should drain the cups so that I can pour you a Double Happiness round."

They did so; again their cups were filled, and they drank that, too.

The specious Spring Grace spoke up once more:

"This is such a happy meeting between the great king and madam! Let those maids who can sing sing, and those who can dance dance!"

Hardly had he finished speaking when the entire hall was filled with the sound of songs and harmonious melodies; those who could dance did dance, and those who could sing did sing, as the two of them drank a good deal more wine. Then the lady stopped the song and dance, and all the maids were again divided into two choirs to leave and stand beyond the screen. Only the specious Spring Grace stayed behind to pour the wine back and forth. The lady did nothing but engage in conjugal talk with the fiend king. Look at her! She displayed such sultry looks and amorous charms that the fiend king went limp with desire. But he simply had no luck in touching her. What a pity! Truly, he felt like "a cat biting on a urine bubble—all empty delight!"

After they flirted for a while and laughed for awhile, the lady asked, "Great King, were the treasures damaged?"

"These treasures," replied the fiend king, "had been forged by the elemental powers of nature. How could they be damaged? When the thief pulled out the cotton, however, the leopard-skin wrap was burned."

"How did you pack them up again?" asked the lady. The fiend king said, "No need to do that, for I've tied them again to my waist." On hearing this, the specious Spring Grace pulled off a handful of hair, which he chewed to pieces. He quietly approached the fiend king and placed these pieces of hair on his body. Blowing three mouthfuls of immortal breath on them, he whispered, "Change!", and at once they became three kinds of vicious thing: lice, fleas, and bedbugs. They penetrated the fiend king's garments and began to bite him madly. Ridden by unbearable itch, that fiend king put his hands inside his bosom to rub and scratch himself. When his fingers caught hold of several of the lice, he took them up to the lamps to have a closer look. When she saw the insects, the lady said wistfully, "Great King, your undergarments must have been soiled, I suppose. They haven't been washed for a long time, and that's why these things are growing on you."

Terribly embarrassed, the fiend king said, "I have never had these things grow on me before. Why does it have to be this very night that I disgrace myself?" Laughing, the lady said, "There's no disgrace! As the proverb says, 'Even an emperor's body may have three lice!' Take off your clothes, and I'll try to catch some of them for you."

The fiend king indeed began to loosen his belt and his clothes.

On one side the specious Spring Grace stared at the fiend king's body: on every layer of his clothing fleas were hopping about, and every garment had rows of big bedbugs. Those lice, big and small, were so thick that they resembled ants pouring out of their hills! By the time the third layer of clothing was hitched up, one could see countless insects swarming all over the golden bells. The specious Spring Grace said, "Great King, give me the bells, so that I, too, can catch some lice for you."

The fiend king was both so embarrassed and frightened that he could not tell the true from the false. He handed over the bells, and the specious Spring Grace took them over and played with them for a long time in his hands. When he saw the fiend king lower his head to shake his clothing, he immediately hid the bells. Pulling off three strands of hair, he changed them into three exact copies of the golden bells, which he deliberately turned over and examined before the lamps. Then, as he swayed and wriggled here and there, he shook his body slightly and at once retrieved all those lice, fleas, and bedbugs. The specious golden bells were returned to the fiend, who, when he took them in his hands, was more unperceiving than ever. Unable to tell the difference at all, he held up the bells with both hands and presented them to the lady, saying, "This

time you put them away most carefully, so that nothing like last time will happen again."

The lady gently opened her garment trunk, put the specious bells inside, and bolted the trunk with a lock of yellow gold. After she drank a few more cups of wine with the fiend king, she gave this order to her maids:

"Brush clean our ivory bed and roll down the silk coverlets. I'll sleep with the great king."

"I don't have the luck! I don't have the luck!" said the fiend king repeatedly. "I dare not join you. Let me take a palace maiden and go to the west palace instead. Madam, please rest by yourself."

They all retired, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about the specious Spring Grace, who succeeded in stealing the treasures. These he tied to his own waist before he changed into his original form. With a shake of his body he retrieved also the sleep-inducing insect. As he walked along, he heard the sound of rattle and gong announcing the hour of the third watch. Dear Pilgrim! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and exercised the Magic of Body Concealment to reach the front door. When he saw, however, that it was tightly bolted, he took out his golden-hooped rod and pointed it at the door; this Lock-Opening Magic immediately flung wide the door and he strode out quickly. "Jupiter's Rival," he cried with a loud voice as he stood before the door, "return my Lady Golden Sage!"

He yelled for two or three times, and all the fiends, old and young, were aroused. They dashed out to look around and found the front door ajar. As some of them brought the lamps over to have the door locked up once more, a few of the fiends ran inside to report, "Great King, someone outside our main door is addressing you by name and demanding the return of Lady Golden Sage!"

The maids inside slipped out of the palace door and whispered, "Don't shout! The great king has just fallen asleep." Meanwhile, Pilgrim yelled some more in front of the main door, but those little fiends dared not go disturb the fiend king. Three or four times it went on like this, but they did not report the disturbance. Outside the cave-dwelling, the Great Sage brawled until dawn, and he was unable to control himself any longer. Wielding the iron rod with both hands, he went forward and smote the door. Those various fiends were terrified; while some of them pushed against the door, others ran inside to report. Having just awakened, the fiend king heard a raucous tumult.

He dressed hurriedly and emerged from the silk curtains to ask, "What's all this noise?"

The maids knelt down and said, "Father, we don't know who it was who shouted abuses at us for half the night outside. Now he is even striking at the door."

As the fiend king walked out of the palace door, he ran into several little fiends, who kowtowed rather timidly and said, "Someone outside is shouting abuses and demanding the Lady Golden Sage Palace! When we said 'No' to him, he spewed out countless insults, simply awful stuff. When he saw that the great king did not go out even at daybreak, he began to strike at our door."

"Don't open it yet," said the fiend. "Go and ask for his name and where he came from. Hurry back to report to me." One of the little fiends ran out and asked through the

door, “Who is here striking at our door?” Pilgrim replied, “I’m External Grandpa; [*Waigong*] sent here by the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom to take Lady Sage Palace back to her own country!” When the little fiend heard this, he returned with these words as his report and the fiend king set out for the rear palace to make further investigation of his intruder. The lady, you see, had just risen, and she had not yet washed or had her hair combed when her maid said, “Father is here.”

Tidying her clothes hurriedly but leaving her hair unpinned, the lady met him outside the palace. After they took their seats and before she could even ask why the fiend king had come in, another little fiend dashed in to report:

“That External Grandpa has smashed our door!” With a laugh, the fiend said, “Madam, how many generals and commanders do you have at court?”

The lady said, “We have fortyeight Brigades and a thousand fine generals. At the various borders, there are countless marshals and commanders.”

“Is there someone with the surname of External?” asked the fiend king.

“Inside the palace,” replied the lady, “all I knew was how to assist the ruler by giving admonitions and supervision to the palace ladies night and day. The external affairs are endless. How could I remember any name or surname?”

The fiend king said, “Our visitor calls himself External Grandpa, but no such surname, I’m sure, appears in the *Hundred Family*

Names. Since you have come from an aristocratic family and you are so intelligent by nature, you must have read all kinds of books and chronicles when you were at the royal palace. Do you remember whether this surname has appeared in any text at all?”

“Only in the *Thousand-Character Treatise*” replied the lady, “there is the phrase, ‘Externally one learns from the tutor’s instruction.’

I suppose that must be it.”

Delighted, the fiend king said, “Indeed, it is! Indeed, it is!”

He rose and took leave of the lady to go to the Skinning Pavilion. After he had suited up his armor properly, he summoned his fiendish troops and went straight out the front door, his hands holding a spreading-flower ax. “Who is the External Grandpa who comes from the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom?” he cried in a loud voice.

Gripping the golden-hooped rod with his right hand, Pilgrim pointed with his left hand at the fiend king and said, “Worthy nephew, why are you addressing me?” When the fiend king saw him, he was filled with anger. “Look at you!” he bellowed,

Your features are an ape’s;
Your looks are a monkey’s.
Seven percent a ghost,
And yet you dare mock me?

“Lawless fiend,” replied Pilgrim with a laugh, “you are the one insulting Heaven and making a mockery of the ruler! And you have no eyes either! When I caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago, all those divine warriors of the Ninefold Heaven wouldn’t have dared address me without the word ‘Venerable’ when they saw me. Now you call me your grandpa. Is that too much of a loss for you?”

"Tell me quickly your name and surname," snapped the fiend king, "and what sort of martial art you have learned that you dare act with such insolence around here." Pilgrim said, "You'd have been better if you hadn't asked about that. For when I announce my name and surname, I fear that you wouldn't know where to stand! Step closer, stand firmly, and listen to my recital:

My parents who begot me were Heav'n and Earth;
The sun and moon's essence had me conceived
And carried in a stone for countless years.
A spirit root formed and nursed me—
O, how strange!
As spring quickened nature, I was born that year.
Today I'm an immortal for all times.
Once a captain of many gathered fiends,
I made monsters bow before the red cliffs.
A summons issued the Great Emperor Jade;
The Gold Star Venus with a decree came
To ask me to hold an office in Heav'n,
But I was not pleased with Ban
Horse, the rank.
I plotted at first rebellion at my cave;
Then I disturbed with arms the royal court.
Deva Pagoda- Bearer and his prince
Both shrank back in terror after our fight.
Gold Star addressed the Cosmic King again
Who sent next a pacifying decree
To make me Equal to Heav'n, true Great Sage—
A proper name for fine talent of the state.
Because I disturbed, too, the Peaches Feast,
Wrath I incurred when I stole pills, half-drunk,
Laozi himself before the throne appeared;
The West Queen Mother at Jade Terrace bowed.
Learning that I had mocked the laws of kings,
Soldiers they called up and dispatches sent—
A hundred thousand savage planetoids,
And dense rows of halberds, lances, and swords.
As cosmic nets were spread throughout the mount,
We raised up our arms for a mighty meet.
The fight was fierce but neither side could win,
And Erlang arrived on Guanyin's advice.
To find out who was stronger we two fought,
Though he had the Plum Mountain Brothers' aid.
As we transformed ourselves to show our strength,
Three sages in Heaven pushed the clouds aside:
Laozi at once threw his diamond snare down,
The gods caught and brought me to the steps of gold.
A lengthy confession I need not make;
I should be hacked to pieces for my crimes.
Axes and mallets could not take my life,

Nor was I harmed by scimitars and swords.
Fire and thunder could only do so much—
They could not hurt longevity's offspring.
They sent the captive to Tushita then
To be refined in all ways as they wished.
Not till the right time was the tripod opened,
But I from the center at once leaped out;
My hands holding high the compliant rod,
I fought my way to Jade Dragon Terrace.
Into hiding went each planet and star;
I was free to havoc through Heaven's halls.
Lord Inspector quickly sought the Buddha's help;
With me Śākyamuni a contest waged.
I, somersaulting from within his palm,
Did tour all Heavens before turning back.
The Buddha deceived me, foreknowing this;
I was pinned down by him at Heaven's edge
Till now afterwards some five hundred years.
My lowly self freed, I frolic once more.
To guard the Tang Monk going to the West—
This, Wukong the Pilgrim well understands.
He must on the western path the fiends subdue.
Which monster would dare not to fear him?"

When the fiend king heard the announcement of Wukong, the Pilgrim, he said, "So you're that fellow who caused great disturbance at the Celestial Palace! If you have been released to accompany the Tang Monk to the West, you should simply stay on your journey.

Why must you mind someone's business? Why must you serve the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom as a slave and come here to look for death?"

"You thief! You lawless fiend!" shouted Pilgrim. "You mouth such words of ignorance! I receive the most reverent invitation from the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom, and I am beholden to the king's most gracious hospitality. Old Monkey is regarded there as being a thousand times more exalted than the throne, who honors me as his parents and reveres me as a god. How dare you mention the word 'slave'? You are but a fiend who lies to Heaven and makes a mockery of the ruler! Don't run away! Have a taste of your grandpa's rod!"

A little flustered, the fiend jumped aside to dodge the blow before wielding the spreading-flower ax to strike at his opponent's face. This was a marvelous battle! Take a look!

The golden-hooped compliant rod,
The sharp spreading-flower ax.
One clenched his teeth as he turned violent;
One gritted them as he showed his strength.
This one was the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, descending to Earth;
That one was a mischievous fiend king coming to the world.
The two of them belched out cloud and fog to darken Heaven;
They kicked up rocks and sand to hide the dipper halls.

Back and forth they went through many styles;
Up and down they emitted golden lights.
Together they used their power,
Each testing his magic might.
This one wanted to take the lady to the capital;
That one enjoyed staying with the queen at the mount.
This whole battle truly had no other cause:
For a king each had life and death forgot!

The two of them battled for fifty rounds, but no decision could be reached. When the fiend king saw how powerful Pilgrim was, he knew that he could not prevail against him. Using the ax to stop the iron rod, he said, "Pilgrim Sun, let's pause for a moment. I haven't had my breakfast today. Let me take my meal first, and then I'll come to fight to the finish with you." Pilgrim realized that he wanted to get the bells, but he put away his iron rod and said, "'A good hunter doesn't run down a tired hare!' Go! Go! Eat heartily, and return to receive your death!"

Turning around, the fiend dashed inside and said to the lady, "Take out the treasures quickly."

"What for?" she asked. "The person who was shouting to provoke battle this morning," replied the fiend king, "happened to be the disciple of a priest on his way to acquire scriptures. His name is Sun Wukong, the Pilgrim, and 'External Grandpa' is only a false name. I fought with him for a long time but I could not prevail against him. Let me take my treasures out there so I can start a fire to burn this ape."

The lady was quite dismayed by what she heard. She did not want to take out the bells, but she was afraid to offend him; if she took them out, however, she feared that Pilgrim might lose his life. As she hesitated, the fiend king again urged her, saying, "Take them out quickly!"

The lady had no alternative but to open the lock and hand the three bells over to the fiend king, who grabbed them and ran outside the cave. As tears poured down her face, the lady sat down in the palace, wondering whether Pilgrim could escape with his life.

Neither she nor the fiend king, you see, knew that these were specious bells.

As soon as he got outside, the fiend king stood at the upper hand spot of the wind. "Pilgrim Sun," he cried out, "don't run away! Watch me shake my bells a little!" With a laugh, Pilgrim replied, "If you have bells, you think I have none? If you can shake them, you think I can't shake them?"

"What sort of bells do you have?" said the fiend king. "Take them out for me to see." Pilgrim gave his iron rod a pinch to reduce it to the size of an embroidery needle, which he stored in his ear. Then he untied from his waist those three true treasures and said to the fiend king, "Aren't these my purple-gold bells?"

Greatly startled by what he saw, the fiend king said to himself, "Odd! Very odd! How could his bells be exactly like mine? Even if they were cast in the same mold, there ought to be some mark here or a blemish there. How could they be exactly alike?"

He therefore asked, "Where did your bells come from?"

"Worthy nephew," said Pilgrim, "where did yours come from?"

An honest person, the fiend king said right away, “My bells belonged originally to

Lord Grand Purity, most steeped in the Way.
In eight-trigram stove gold with a long stay
Did forge these bells now called perfected gems
And left behind by Laozi till this day.”

Laughing, Pilgrim said, “Well, the bells of old Monkey also come from that time.”

“Where did they come from?” asked the fiend king. Pilgrim said,

In Tushita Hall the Dao Patriarch hale
Had his stove forged these gold bells without fail.
Two threes are six—cyclic treasures they are:
My bells are female whereas yours are male.

“These bells,” said the fiend king, “are treasures forged in the same process as that of the golden elixir. They are not fowl or beasts.

How could you use sex to distinguish them? If you can shake something valuable out of them, then they are good treasures.”

“It’s useless to talk,” replied Pilgrim, “when only action’s the proof. I’ll let you shake them first.”

The fiend king indeed shook the first bell three times, but no fire came out; he shook the second bell three times, but no smoke came out; and he shook the third bell three times, but no sand came out. Terribly flustered, the fiend king said, “How strange! How strange! The ways of the world have changed! These must be hen-pecked bells! The male sees the female, and that’s why nothing comes out!”

“Stop shaking, worthy nephew!” said Pilgrim. “Let me shake mine for you to see.” Marvelous monkey! He grasped the three bells in his hand and shook them altogether. Just look at the red fire, green smoke, and yellow sand! They poured out together and began at once to engulf the mountain and trees. The Great Sage also recited a spell and, facing the ground toward the southwest, shouted, “Come, wind!” Indeed, a strong gust whipped up the fire, and the fire exploited the power of the wind.

In flaming red
And massive black,
The sky was full of fire and smoke,
And the earth full of yellow sand.

Scared out of his wits, that Jupiter’s Rival wanted to flee but could not find a way out. For in the midst of that kind of fire, how could he possibly escape with his life? Suddenly a loud voice came from midair:

“Sun Wukong, I’ve arrived!”

As he turned his head upward quickly, Pilgrim saw that it was the Bodhisattva Guanyin; her left hand was supporting the immaculate vase, while her right hand was sprinkling sweet dew with her willow twig to put out the fire. Pilgrim was so startled that he quickly tucked the bells in his waist, folded his hands before his chest, and bowed low. After the Bodhisattva had sprinkled a few drops of the sweet dew, the smoke and fire all vanished in an instant and there was not a trace of the yellow sand. Kowtowing, Pilgrim said, “I did not know the Great Compassion had descended to

Earth, and I have caused offense by not avoiding your sacred presence. May I ask where the Bodhisattva is going?"

"I have come," replied the Bodhisattva, "especially to bring this fiend to submission."

"What was this fiend's origin," said Pilgrim, "that it should necessitate your golden form revealing itself in order to bring him to submission?"

The Bodhisattva said, "He is actually the golden-haired wolf that I ride on. Because the lad who looks after him fell asleep, this cursed beast managed to bite through the iron chains and come here to dispel calamity for the king of the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom." On hearing this, Pilgrim quickly bowed and said, "The Bodhisattva is twisting the truth! The fiend has mocked the ruler and cheated him of his queen here; he has corrupted the customs and violated the mores. He has, in fact, brought calamity to the ruler. How could you say that he has helped the king to dispel calamity?"

The Bodhisattva replied, "You have no idea that when the deceased king of the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom was still on the throne, the present king, then the crown-prince, was exceedingly fond of hunting when he was still young. Leading men and horses, mounting hawks and hounds, he once came before the Phoenix-Down Slope, where two young birds, one male and another female, were perching. These happened to be the off springs of the Bodhisattva Great King Peacock.

When the young prince stretched his bow, he wounded the male peacock, and the female one too, returned to the West with an arrow stuck in her body. After the Buddha Mother had pardoned him, she decreed that he should be punished by being separated from his mate for three years and that his body should be inflicted with the illness of yearning. At the time, I was riding this wolf when I heard the sentence pronounced. Little did I realize that this cursed beast would remember it and come here to abduct the queen and dispel calamity for the king. It has been three years now, and his preordained chastisement has been fulfilled. You are to be thanked for arriving to heal the king, and I've come especially to bring the fiend to submission."

"Bodhisattva," said Pilgrim, "the story may go like this, but he has also defiled the queen, corrupted the customs, upset the relations, and perverted the law. He is worthy of death. Now that you have arrived in person, I shall spare his life but not his living punishment.

Let me give him twenty strokes of my rod, and then you may take him away."

"Wukong," said the Bodhisattva, "if you appreciate my epiphany, then you must, for my sake, grant him a plenary pardon. This will be considered entirely your merit, that of bringing the fiend to submission. If you raise your rod, he will be dead!"

As he dared not disobey, Pilgrim had no choice but to bow and say, "After the Bodhisattva has taken him back to South Sea, he must not be permitted to return in secret to the human world again, for he can cause a lot of harm." Only then did the Bodhisattva cry out, "Cursed beast! If you don't return to your origin now, when will you do so?" Rolling once on the ground, the fiend immediately appeared in his original form. As he shook out his furry coat, the Bodhisattva mounted his back, only to discover with one look that the three bells beneath his collar were nowhere to be seen. "Wukong," said the Bodhisattva, "return my bells."

"Old Monkey doesn't know anything about bells!" replied Pilgrim.

"You thievish ape!" snapped the Bodhisattva. "If you hadn't succeeded in stealing the bells, even ten of you would not be able to approach him. Bring them out quickly!"

"But really, I haven't seen them!" chuckled Pilgrim. "In that case," said the Bodhisattva, "allow me to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell a little."

At once alarmed, Pilgrim could only mutter, "Don't recite! Don't recite! The bells are here!"

Thus it is that

From the wolf's collar who'll untie the bells?
The one untying asks the one who ties.

After the Bodhisattva had slipped the bells back onto the collar of the wolf, she mounted his back again. Look at him!

Beneath his four legs lotus blossoms grow;
O'er all his body thick golden threads glow.

The Great Compassion went back to South Sea, where we shall leave her.

We tell you instead about the Great Sage Sun, who, having tightened his kilt, wielded the iron rod to fight his way into the Cave of the Mythic Beast and slew all the rest of the fiends. Then he went into the palace to beckon the Lady Golden Sage Palace to return to her country. The lady could not have been more grateful after Pilgrim gave her a thorough account of how the Bodhisattva had brought the fiend to submission and why she had to be separated from her mate. Then Pilgrim found some grass that he tied together to make a straw dragon. "Madam," he said, "climb on this and close your eyes. Don't be afraid. I'm taking you back to court to see your lord."

The lady followed his instruction as Pilgrim began to exercise his magic power: all she heard was the sound of the wind.

In the period of half an hour they arrived at the capital. As they dropped from the clouds, he said, "Madam, please open your eyes."

The queen opened her eyes and at once those dragon towers and phoenix bowers, which she readily recognized, gave her immense delight. She abandoned the straw dragon to ascend the treasure hall with Pilgrim. When the king saw her, he hurried down from the dragon couch. Taking the hand of the lady, he wanted to tell her how much he missed her when all of a sudden, he fell to the ground crying, "Oh my hand! It hurts! It hurts!"

Eight Rules broke out in loud guffaws, saying, "O dear! You just don't have the luck to enjoy her. The moment you see her you are smitten to death!"

"Idiot," said Pilgrim, "you dare give her a tug?"

"What'll happen if I do?" asked Eight Rules.

Pilgrim said, "The lady's body is covered with poisonous prickles, and her hands are full of vicious stings. Since she reached the Unicorn Mountain these three years, that fiend Jupiter's Rival has never claimed her body. For the moment he touched her, his body or his hands would be pained." On hearing this, the various officials exclaimed, "What shall we do?" So the officials outside the court became vexed, and the ladies of the palace, too, were alarmed. Meanwhile, Jade Sage and Silver Sage, the two other consorts, helped the ruler to his feet.

As they stood there in confusion, they heard someone calling out in midair, "Great Sage, I've arrived!" Pilgrim raised his head to look, and he heard

Majestic crane cries in the sky,
As someone drifted down to court.
Auspicious radiance encircling;
Creative auras tremulous.
A coir and grass coat wrapped in cloud and mist,
He trod straw sandals rarely seen.
He held a fly-swat of rushes;
A silk sash wound around his waist.
Throughout the world he had formed human ties;
Footloose, he roamed all the great earth.
This was the Great Heaven's Immortal Purple Cloud,
Bringing salvation this day to earth.

Going forward to meet him, Pilgrim said, "Zhang Ziyang, where are you going?"

The Realized Immortal Ziyang went before the court and bowed, saying, "Great Sage, this humble immortal Zhang Boduan raises my hand to salute you." Returning his bow, Pilgrim said, "Where have you come from?"

The realized immortal said, "Three years ago, I was on my way to a Buddha festival when I passed through this region. When I saw that the king was destined to be separated from his mate, I feared that the fiend might defile the queen and upset the human relations, so that afterwards it would be difficult for the king and queen to be reunited.

I therefore changed an old coir coat of mine into a new shining robe, radiant in five colors, to present to the fiend king as an addition to the queen's wardrobe. The moment when she put it on, poisonous prickles sprouted on her body, but actually those prickles were the transformation of the coir coat. Now that I have learned of the Great Sage's success, I have come to bring deliverance."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "we are indebted to you for coming from such a great distance. Please deliver her, quickly."

The realized immortal walked forward and pointed at the lady with his finger; immediately, the coir coat came off and the lady's entire body was smooth as before. Shaking out the coat, the realized immortal draped it over himself and said to Pilgrim, "I beg your pardon, Great Sage, for this humble immortal must take leave of you."

"Please wait for a moment," replied Pilgrim, "and allow the ruler to thank you."

"No need, no need," said the immortal, laughing. He gave a long bow and rose into the air. The king, the queen, and all the officials were so astonished that they all bowed toward the sky.

Thereafter, the king gave the order for the Eastern Hall to be opened in order that the four priests might be thanked with a huge banquet. After the king led his subjects to kowtow to the pilgrims, he was reunited with his wife. As they drank merrily, Pilgrim said, "Master, take out that declaration of war."

The elder took it out from his sleeve to hand over to Pilgrim, who passed it to the king and said, "This document was to be sent here by a junior officer of the fiend.

The officer had been beaten to death by me at first, and I took him here to announce my merit. When I went back to the mountain afterwards, I changed into the form of the officer to get inside the cave. That was how I got to see the lady. After I succeeded in stealing the golden bells, I was almost caught by the fiend. Then I had to undergo transformation to steal the bells again. When he fought with me, it was my fortune that the Bodhisattva Guanyin arrived and brought him to submission. She also told me of the reason why you and your queen had to be separated."

After he gave a thorough account of what had taken place, the king and all his subjects were full of gratitude and praise.

"It was the great good fortune of a worthy ruler in the first place," said the Tang Monk, "and it was also the merit of our humble disciple. This lavish banquet you have given us is perfection indeed! We must bow to take leave of you now. Do not delay this humble cleric's journey to the West."

Having failed to persuade the priests to stay longer even with earnest pleading, the king had the rescript certified. Then he asked the Tang Monk to take a seat in the imperial chariot, while he and his consorts pushed it with their own hands to send the pilgrim out of the capital before they parted. Truly,

With affinity, your anxious ailment's purged;
Without thought or desire your mind's at peace.

As they go forth, we do not know what sort of good or evil will befall them; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-TWO

At Cobweb Cave Seven Passions delude the Origin
At Purgation Spring Eight Rules forgets all manners

We were telling you about Tripitaka, who took leave of the king of the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom and proceeded westward on his horse.

He passed over numerous mountains and forded countless waterways. Soon, autumn departed and even winter faded, and it was again the bright, attractive season of spring. As master and disciples stepped on the green and enjoyed the scenery, they came upon some houses shaded by trees. Rolling over on his saddle, Tripitaka dismounted and stood by the main road. "Master," asked Pilgrim, "why are you not moving on when this road is so level and smooth?"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you are quite insensitive! Master must be rather tired of sitting on the horse. You can let him get down to catch his breath a little."

"I'm not trying to catch my breath," said Tripitaka, "but I see that there's a household over there. I would like to go and beg some maigre for us to eat."

"Look at the way Master speaks!" said Pilgrim, smiling. "If you want to eat, I'll go and do the begging. As the proverb says, 'Once a teacher, always a father.' How could the disciples remain seated while the master goes to beg for food?"

"It's not like that," replied Tripitaka. "Usually we look out into the endless horizon, and regardless of how far you have to travel, you go to beg for food. Today, there's a household nearby, close enough for me to call you if I need help. You should therefore let me go and do the begging."

"But Master," said Eight Rules, "you're not thinking properly. As the proverb says, 'When three persons go out, the youngest child suffers.' You belong to the paternal generation, and all of us are your disciples. As an ancient text says, 'When there's any hard work to be undertaken, the young must do it.'

Let old Hog go."

"O disciples," said Tripitaka, "today the weather's fair and bright, unlike the times of wind and rain. In those days, you will, of course, do it, even if you have to cover great distances. Let me go now to this household; when I find out whether there's food or not, we'll leave."

"Elder Brothers," said Sha Monk, smiling on one side, "no need to talk further. Master's temperament is like that, and you need not contradict him. If you offend him, he won't eat the food even if you succeed in begging it."

Eight Rules agreed and took out the almsbowl for him. After Tripitaka changed his hat and cloak, he strode up to the village to look around. It was quite a nice dwelling.

You see

A stone bridge arching up;
Aged trees thick and neat.
Where the stone bridge arches up,

Gurgling water flows to meet a long brook;
Where aged trees are thick and neat,
The songs of hidden birds reach distant hills.
On the bridge's other side are a few thatched huts,
Quaint and elegant like an immortal shrine;
There's also a window o'erlaid with reeds
That make it seem clearly a Daoist home.
Before the window four lovelies appear,
All stitching phoenixes and doing needlework.

When the elder saw that there was no man but only four young women in the house, he dared not enter. He stood still beneath the trees and found that each one of them seemed to have

An orchid nature fine like spring,
A womanly mind firm as stone.
Pink hues adorned her lovely face;
Her rouged lips were most smoothly done.
Her moth brows were slanted crescents;
Her hair piled up a cobweb bun.
If she stood among the flowers,
The bees would mistake her for one.

He waited there for at least half an hour, but the whole place was quiet, without even a sound from chickens or dogs. He thought to himself, "If I truly don't have the ability to beg a meal, I'll make my disciples laugh at me. They'll dare say, if the master could not even succeed in begging food, how could the disciples go and worship Buddha?"

The elder could not think of a better alternative; though he knew perhaps he should not proceed, he nonetheless walked up the bridge. After he had taken several steps, he could see that there was within the courtyard of the thatched hut a small pavilion made of sandalwood. Inside the pavilion, there were three other young women kicking a ball filled with air.

Look at these three girls, who were quite different from the other four. You see

Halcyon blue sleeves fluttering;
Light yellow skirts swaying.
Halcyon blue sleeves fluttering
Enshroud dainty, jade-white fingers.
Light yellow skirts swaying
Half reveal shoes slender and shapely.
Their postures and styles are perfection all;
Moving or still, their heels take many forms.
To pass overhead they must gauge the height;
The long pass must be accurate and true.
A turning kick is "Flower Beyond the Wall";
Backing up becomes "Traversing the Sea."
Trapping gently a lump of dirt;
Charging alone to tackle legs.
When "A Pearl Ascends Buddha's Head,"
They seize and separate with the toe.

They can pick up a slender brick;
They kick, bending back, their feet arched.
They squat with a straight torso;
They twist and kick with their heels.
Knees bent they can call for a pass,
Their shoulders swing like donning capes.
Through the legs the ball freely goes
Or it loops and swings round the neck.
They kick like the Yellow River flowing upstream,
Or like gold fishes beached on the sand.
That one by mistake thinks it is the head;
This one whirling bumps at once the waist.
Firmly the ball's held by the calf;
Squarely they slam with their toes.
Heels lifted, straw sandals fall;
Scissor kicks send backward the prize.
Step back for the shoulder-pass style;
The hairpin only once goes awry .
As the hamperlike net hangs low,
They will then kick toward the gate.
When the ball hits squarely the goal,
All the fair ladies shout, "Bravo!"
So, each one's silk gowns is sweat-soaked and her makeup's messy;
Only when zeal's all spent will they cry enough.

We cannot end the description; therefore we offer also another testimonial poem. The poem says:

Third month's the time they kick ball in a field,
These fair ones blown down by immortal wind.
Their faces perspire like flowers bedewed;
Their dusty moth brows are willows in mist.
Shrouding their fingers, the blue sleeves hang low;
Light yellow skirts awhirl, they show their feet.
They finish their kicking all faint and fair
With jewels askew and disheveled hair.

Tripitaka watched them until he could no longer tarry. He had to walk up to the arch of the bridge and call out in a loud voice, "Lady Bodhisattvas, this humble cleric has come here to beg for whatever amount of food you care to give me." When they heard his voice, all the girls abandoned their needlework and their ball. Smiling broadly, they came out of the door to say, "Elder, pardon us for not coming to meet you first when you arrived at our rustic village. Since we dare not feed a priest by the wayside, please take a seat inside." On hearing this, Tripitaka thought to himself, "My goodness! My goodness! The West is truly the land of the Buddha. If women are concerned to feed the priests, how could men not revere the Buddha?"

The elder walked forward and bowed before he followed the girls into the thatched hut. After they passed the pavilion made of sandalwood, he looked around. Ah! There were actually neither rooms nor corridors, only

Towering summits,

Extensive ranges.
Towering summits that touch the cloud and mist;
Extensive ranges that reach sea and isle.
The door's near a stone bridge,
Borne by flowing water of nine twists and turns;
The yard's planted with plums and peaches,
Vying for splendor with a thousand stalks and fruits.
Vines and creepers dangle from several trees;
Orchid spreads its scent through ten thousand flowers.
From afar the cave seems better than Isle Peng;
Up close the mountain and woods surpass Mount Hua's.
It's the bogus immortals' reclusive place;
No other household takes its neighboring space.

One of the girls walked forward, pushed open two stone doors, and asked the Tang Monk to take a seat inside. The elder had little alternative but to walk inside, where he discovered no other furniture but stone tables and benches. It was dark, and the air seemed to have turned very chilly all of a sudden. Becoming alarmed, the elder thought to himself, "This place betokens more evil than good. It's not a nice place at all." Still all smiles, the girls said, "Please be seated, elder."

The elder had no choice but to sit down, and after awhile, he was so cold that he began to shiver. "From which monastery did you come, elder?" asked one of the girls. "What sort of alms are you seeking? To repair bridges and roads, to build a monastery or a pagoda, or to fund a festival and print scriptures? Please take out your alms book for us to see."

"I'm not a priest begging for alms," replied the elder. "If you are not," said the girl, "why have you come here?"

The elder said, "I'm someone sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go to the Great Thunderclap in the Western Heaven to acquire scriptures. Passing through your honored region, I became hungry, and that was the reason for my approaching your lovely mansion. After I have begged a meal from you, I shall leave."

"Fine! Fine! Fine!" said the girls. "As the proverb says, 'Monks coming from afar can read sūtras better.' Sisters, we must not slight our guest. Let us prepare a vegetarian meal quickly."

At that time, three of the girls kept the elder company by speaking with him, rather animatedly, on the subject of karma. Four of the girls, however, rolled up their sleeves and dashed into the kitchen, where they added fire and scrubbed the pans. What did they prepare, you ask? Human flesh sauteed and fried in human lard until black enough that it could pass for pieces of fried wheat gluten. They also pan-fried some freshly gouged human brains, which they then cut up to look like pieces of bean curd. Two dishes of these they took out to set on the stone table and said to the elder, "Please eat. In such a hurry, we haven't been able to prepare a good vegetarian meal for you. But do eat some food to relieve your hunger; there's more of it in the back."

Taking a whiff of the dishes, the elder clamped his mouth shut when he found the food to be so stinky and putrid. He rose and bowed with hands folded, saying, "Lady Bodhisattvas, this humble cleric has kept a vegetarian diet since his birth."

"Elder," replied one of the girls, laughing, "these *are* vegetarian dishes."

"Amitābha!" cried the elder. "If I, a priest, partake of such vegetarian dishes, I won't ever get to see the World-Honored One or acquire the scriptures."

"Elder," said the girl, "you are someone who has left the home. You should never be choosy with your patrons!"

"Would I dare? Would I dare?" said the elder. "Since this priest received the decree of the Great Tang to go West, he has not destroyed even the tiniest creature and he has tried to relieve suffering wherever he sees it.

I feed myself, picking up grain by grain;
I clothe myself, knitting threads one by one.

How could I dare be choosy with my patrons?"

"Though you may not be choosy with your patrons, elder," said another girl, laughing, "you are not afraid to put the blame on people after walking in the door. Don't despise the coarse and the unseasoned. Eat a little, please!"

"Indeed, I dare not," replied the elder, "for I fear I may break the commandment. To nourish a life is not as good as delivering a life, lady Bodhisattvas. Please let me go."

The elder tried to struggle out of the door, but the girls barred the way, refusing, of course, to let him go. "A business right at our door," they cried, "and you expect us not to do it? 'You want to cover up a fart with your hand?' Where do you think you are going?"

All of them, you see, knew a little martial art, and they were also quite dexterous with their hands and feet. Grabbing the elder, they yanked him forward like a sheep and flung him to the ground. He was pinned down by all of them, trussed up with ropes, and pulled over a crossbeam to be hung up high. The way in which he was hung, in fact, had a name to it: it was called "Immortal Pointing the Way." One of his arms, you see, was stretched forward and suspended by a rope; the other arm was tied up alongside the body, and the rope was then used to hang up the midsection. His two legs were bound together and hung up by a third rope. The elder thus dangled facedown from the crossbeam, held by three ropes. Racked by pain, his eyes brimming with tears, the elder thought morosely to himself, "How bitter is the fate of this priest! I thought that I could beg a meal from a good family, but I landed in a fiery pit instead! O disciples, come quickly to save me, and we'll be able still to see each other again. Two more hours and my life will be finished!"

Though the elder was sorely distressed, he nonetheless was also observing the girls carefully. After they had tied and hung him up properly, they began to take off their clothes. Greatly alarmed, the elder thought to himself, "They are disrobing because they want to beat me, or they may want to devour me."

But the girls were only taking off their upper garments. After they had their bellies exposed, they began to exercise their magic power. Out from their navels poured coils of thread, with the thickness of a duck egg; like bursting jade and flying silver, the threads had the entire village gate covered up in a moment.

We tell you now instead about Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk, all waiting by the wayside. Two of them were watching the luggage and grazing the horse, but Pilgrim, always the mischievous one, was leaping from branch to branch as he picked the leaves and searched for fruits. He chanced to turn his head toward the direction his master had gone and saw all at once a mass of light. So alarmed was he that he leaped down from the tree, shouting, "It's bad! It's bad! Master's luck is turning rotten!"

Then he pointed with his fingers and said to his companions, “Look what happened to that village!”

Eight Rules and Sha Monk stared at the place and saw the mass of light bright as snow and shiny as silver. “Finished! Finished!” cried Eight Rules. “Master must have run into monsterspirits! Let’s go rescue him, quickly!”

“Don’t shout, Worthy Brother,” said Pilgrim, “for you haven’t seen the truth of the matter. Let old Monkey go up there.”

“Be careful, Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, and Pilgrim replied, “I know what to do.”

Dear Great Sage! Tightening up his tiger-skin skirt and whipping out his golden-hooped rod, he bounded up there in two or three leaps. There he discovered a dense mass of cords that had to be a thousand layers thick, weaving up and down in a weblike pattern. He touched the cords with his hand, and they felt soft and sticky. Not knowing quite what it was, Pilgrim lifted his iron rod and said to himself, “One blow of my rod can surely snap ten thousand layers of this thing, let alone a thousand layers!”

He was about to strike when he stopped and thought to himself some more:

“I can snap something hard, but this is quite soft. All I can do probably is to flatten it a little. But if I disturb whatever it is, it may have Old Monkey all tangled up, and that won’t be good. Let me ask a few questions first before I strike.” Whom would he question, you ask? He made the magic sign, you see, and recited a spell, which had the immediate effect of causing an old local spirit to walk round and round in his shrine as if he were turning a millstone. His wife said to him, “Oldie, why are you spinning round and round? Is your epilepsy acting up?”

“You wouldn’t know about this! You wouldn’t know about this!” cried the local spirit. “There’s here a Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. I haven’t gone to meet him, and now he’s summoning me.”

“Go and see him then,” said his wife. “What are you spinning around here for?”

“If I go see him,” replied the local spirit, “I’ll have to see his heavy rod also. Without regard for good or ill, he’ll strike at me.”

His wife said, “When he sees how old you are, he won’t strike you.”

The local spirit said, “All his life,

He loves to drink wine free
And beat old folks specially!”

The two of them thus chatted for a while, but he could find no other alternative than to walk out of the shrine. Trembling all over, he went to his knees by the road and called out, “Great Sage, the local spirit of this region kowtows to you.”

“Get up,” said Pilgrim, “and don’t look so harried without a reason. I’m not going to beat you, I’ll just leave it standing on your account. Let me ask you, what is this place?”

“Where did the Great Sage come from?” asked the local spirit. “We were going to the West from the Land of the East,” replied Pilgrim.

The local spirit said, “Did the Great Sage pass through a mountain ridge?”

"We are still up there," said Pilgrim. "Can't you see our horse and luggage over there?"

"That," said the local spirit, "is the Cobweb Ridge, beneath which is a Cobweb Cave. There are seven monster-spirits inside the cave."

"Are they male or female fiends?" asked Pilgrim, and the local spirit said, "Female."

"What sort of magic powers do they possess?" asked Pilgrim again.

The local spirit said, "This humble deity has little strength or authority, and he can't determine what sort of abilities they may have. I only know that three miles due south of here, there's a Purgation Spring, which is a natural hot spring. Originally, it was the bathing place for the Seven Immortal Dames of the Region Above. Since the monster-spirits arrived, they took over the Purgation Spring, and the Immortal Dames did not even bother to contend with them. They simply let the monster-spirits have the place. If, then, even

Heaven's gods did not pick with these fiends a fight,
Such spirits had to have great magic might."

"Why did the monster-spirits want the spring?" asked Pilgrim. The local spirit said, "After these fiends took it over, they bathed in it three times a day. They did once already today during the Hour of the Serpent, and they would come back again by noon." On hearing this, Pilgrim said, "Local spirit, you may go back. Let me catch them by myself."

After kowtowing one more time, the local spirit, still trembling, went back to his own shrine.

Our Great Sage all alone now exercised his magic power; with a shake of his body he changed into a tiny fly, alighted on a blade of grass by the road, and waited. In a moment, all he heard was loud breathing noises,

Like silkworms devouring leaves,
Like tide rising from the sea.

In approximately the time it took to drink half a glass of tea, all the threads disappeared and the village came into sight once more as before. Then he heard the wooden gates open with a creak, and loud, laughing chatter brought out seven young women. As Pilgrim stared at them secretly, he saw that all of them walked side by side and hand in hand. Laughing and joking, they proceeded to cross the bridge. Some beauties indeed! They appeared to be

Jadelike but far more fragrant;
Flowerlike but their words were real.
Willow brows arched like distant hills;
Scented mouths framed by cherry lips.
Kingfisher plumes rose on hair pins;
Small feet gleamed beneath crimson skirts.
They seemed like Chang'e coasting to the world below,
And immortals going down to earth.

"No wonder my master wanted to beg a meal at this place!" chuckled Pilgrim to himself. "So there are such lovely creatures around here. If my master is kept by these seven beauties, he won't even make one meal for them, nor will he be able to last for

two days if they use him. If they take turns to handle him, he'll die on the spot. Let me eavesdrop on them and see what they plan to do."

Dear Great Sage! With a buzz, he flew off and alighted on one of the hair buns. After they crossed the bridge, one of the girls walking behind called out to those up front, "Elder Sisters, after we take our bath, let's go back and have that fat monk steamed for food."

"This fiendish creature," chuckled Pilgrim to himself, "is so headless! Boiling will save them some firewood. Why does she want him steamed?" Picking flowers and fencing with blades of grass as they headed south, those girls soon arrived at the bathing pool, which was enclosed by a magnificent wall.

Wildflowers lushly fragrant covered the ground;
On all sides were orchids both fresh and dense.

The girl in the back walked forward and pushed open two doors with a loud crack; inside there was indeed a large pool of hot water.

At the time of creation,
The original number of suns was set at ten.
Later, Hou Yi, the archer, stretched his bow
And shot down nine of these suns,
Leaving only one sun behind,
The true fire of supreme yang.
There are nine hot springs in the world,
All transformations of the former suns.
These magic springs of yang are:
Fragrant- Cold Spring,
Mountain- Mate Spring,
Hot Spring,
Eastern- Fusion Spring,
Mountain- Flooding Spring,
Filial- Peace Spring,
Wide- Whirling Spring,
And Torrid Spring.
This is the Purgation Spring.

We have also a testimonial poem, which says:

One climate without heat or cold,
E'en in autumn it's ever spring.
Hot ripples like a boiling cauldron's;
Snowy waves like newly made soup.
Spilling out it warms the crops;
Its still body washes our dust.
Its bubbles seem like swelling tears;
It churns like jade liquified.
Such moisture was never brewed;
Self-heated, it's clear and smooth.
A good sign of auspicious land,
Truly it's Heaven's creation,
Where beauties wash their smooth and ice-white skins:

All dirt removed, their jadelike frames renewed.

This bathing pool was about fifty feet wide and over one hundred feet long. Inside, it was about four feet deep, the water being so clear that one could see to the bottom. A jet of water, like rolling pearls and swelling jade, continued to bubble up from the base, and there were on all four sides some six or seven outlets for the water to drain. By the time it reached some rice paddies two or three miles away, the water would still be warm. Adjacent to the pool were three small pavilions; behind the middle one was placed an eightlegged bench, on both ends of which there were also color lacquered garment racks. Secretly delighted by what he saw, Pilgrim spread his wings and landed with a buzz on one of those racks.

Seeing how warm and clear the water was, the girls immediately wanted to bathe in it. They took off their clothes, put them on the racks, and leaped into the pool together. Pilgrim saw them

Undoing their buttons and clasps,
Untying their sashes of silk.
Their bosoms were white like silver;
Their bodies all resembled snow.
Their limbs appeared gilded in ice;
Their shoulders seemed kneaded with dough.
Their bellies looked soft and yielding;
Their backs were both shiny and smooth.
Their knees and wrists were round and small;
Their feet, no wider than three inches.
Desire ringed their midsections,
Showing their apertures of love.

After jumping into the pool, the girls began to leap and bounce on the water as they swam and frolicked. "If I want to hit them," thought Pilgrim to himself, "all I have to do is to stick my rod in the pool and give it a stir. That's called:

Pouring hot water on the rats,
You wipe out the entire nest.

Pity! Pity! I can kill them all right, but old Monkey's fame will diminish somewhat. As the proverb says, 'A man does not fight with a woman.' A fellow like me would look rather feckless if I beat to death a few of these scullions. No, I won't strike at them. I'll devise a plan that'll make them unable to move. That ought to do some good."

Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign and reciting a spell, he changed with one shake of his body into an old, hungry hawk. You see

Feathers like snow and frost,
And eyes bright as the stars.
Seeing him, the fiendish fox loses its wits;
Meeting him, the wily hare's terrified.
Steel-like claws gleaming and quick
Make his looks fierce and heroic.
He uses his old fists to serve his mouth,
Ready to chase himself all things that fly.
He soars through vast stretches of frigid air,

Boring clouds, grasping things, without a care.

With a flap of his wings, the hawk flew up to the pavilion, stretched out his sharp claws, and picked the racks clean of the seven suits of clothing left draping there before darting back to the ridge, where he changed into his original form to meet Eight Rules and Sha Monk.

Look at our Idiot now! He met Pilgrim and said, laughing, "So Master has been imprisoned in a pawn shop!"

"How do you know?" asked Sha Monk. "Don't you see," said Eight Rules, "that Elder Brother has robbed it of all its clothing?" Putting them down, Pilgrim said, "These are things worn by monster-spirits."

"How could there be so many?" asked Eight Rules.

Pilgrim said, "There are seven suits altogether."

"How could you strip them so easily," asked Eight Rules, "and so well?"

"I didn't need to," replied Pilgrim. "This place, you see, is called the Cobweb Ridge, and that village actually bears the name of Cobweb Cave.

Inside the cave are seven girls who, having captured our master and hung him up, went to take a bath in the Purgation Spring. That spring is actually a hot spring formed by Heaven and Earth. After they took their baths, the monster-spirits were planning to steam Master for food. I followed them there, and when I saw them disrobing and getting into the water, I wanted to strike at them. But I feared that I might soil my rod and lower my reputation, and that was why I didn't move my rod. Instead, I changed into a hungry, old hawk and grabbed all of their clothing. Too embarrassed to leave the pool, they just squatted in the water. Let us go quickly to untie Master and we can be on our way."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules with a chuckle, "whenever you do anything, you always leave something behind. If you have seen monster-spirits, how could you not kill them and want instead to go untie Master? Though they are too embarrassed to leave the pool now, they'll come out once it is night. They must have some old clothes at home, which they can put on and then chase us down. Even if they don't chase us, they can remain here, and after we have acquired the scriptures, we will have to take this road back. As the proverb says,

Rather give up your travel expenses;
Never lack what your fist dispenses.

If they bar our way and give us trouble by the time we return from the West, we will meet up with enemies, won't we?"

"What do you want to do then?" asked Pilgrim. "As I see it," said Eight Rules, "we must first slay the monster-spirits before we go untie Master. This is the plan of 'Mowing the Grass by Rooting It Out.'" "I don't want to strike at them," said Pilgrim. "If you do, you go ahead."

Elated with delight, Eight Rules held high his muckrake and ran up to the pool with big strides. After he pushed open the doors to look, he found those seven girls all squatting in the water and casting abusive profanities at the hawk, shouting, "That flattened-hair beast! That wretched outcast! May a big cat gnaw on his head! He seized our clothes! How could we move?"

"Lady Bodhisattvas," said Eight Rules, hardly able to contain his giggles, "so you are taking a bath here. How about asking a priest like me to join you?" When they saw him, the fiends became angry. "You are a very rude priest!" they cried. "We are women in a home, and you are a man who has left the home. The ancient book said, 'By the seventh year, a man and a woman are not to sit on the same mat.'

How could you bathe in the same pool with us?"

"It's so hot now," said Eight Rules, "that there's no alternative. Don't be so fussy and let me wash with you. Stop throwing the book at me! What's all this about sitting and not sitting on the same mat!" Refusing to permit any further discussion, our Idiot abandoned his rake, took off his black silk shirt, and leaped into the water with a splash. More incensed than ever, the fiends rushed forward and wanted to hit him. Little did they know that Eight Rules could be extremely agile once he landed in water. With a shake of his body he changed at once into a sheat fish spirit. All the fiends reached for him with their hands and tried to catch the fish; but as they dove toward him in the east, he darted to the west with a swoosh, and when they plunged their hands down in the west, he spurted to the east once more. All slimy and slippery, he darted madly between their legs. The water, you see, was about chest deep; after Eight Rules swam around on top of the water for awhile, he dove straight for the bottom, so tiring the fiends that they all collapsed, panting, in the pool.

Only then did Eight Rules leap out of the pool, change back into his original form, put on his shirt, and take up his muckrake once more. "Who do you think I am?" he bellowed. "Just a sheat fish spirit?" When they saw him, the fiends were terrified. "You are the priest who came in just now," said one of them. "You changed into a sheat fish when you leaped into the water, and we couldn't catch hold of you. Now you look like this again. Where, in fact, did you come from? You must give us your name."

"So, you bunch of lawless fiends really don't recognize me!" said Eight Rules. "I'm the disciple of the Tang elder, someone from the Great Tang in the Land of the East who is on his way to acquire scriptures. I am Zhu Wun-eng, Eight Rules, the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds. You have my master hung up in a cave, and you are planning to have him steamed for food. *My* master! Steamed for food? Stretch out your heads at once, and receive a blow, each of you. I want to finish you off!" When they heard these words, the fiends were frightened out of their wits. Going to their knees in the water, they cried, "We beg the Venerable Father to forgive us. We have eyes but no pupils and we caught your master by mistake. Though he is hanging there now, he has not been tortured. Please spare our lives in your mercy. We are willing to give you some travel money instead to send your master to the Western Heaven." Waving his hand, Eight Rules replied, "Don't talk like that! The proverb has put the matter very well:

Once the candy salesman did me deceive,
I could never the sweet talker believe.

No matter what, I'm going to give you a blow of my rake. Then each of us can be on our way!"

As he had always been rather crude and rough, more intent on displaying his power than on showing pity and tenderness to women, our Idiot lifted up his rake and, without further regard for good or ill, rushed forward to attack them. Terribly flustered, the fiends were no longer concerned with embarrassment than with the far more important matter of preserving their lives. Shielding their private parts with their hands, they leaped out of the water and stood by the pavilions to exercise their magic. All at

once the threads began to pour out of their navels, and in no time at all, Eight Rules was enclosed inside what appeared to be a huge silk tent. Discovering, when he raised his head, that the sky and the sun had suddenly disappeared, our Idiot wanted to run away, but alas, he could hardly even take a step! All over the ground ropes and cords were strewn to trip him up. The moment he moved his legs, he began to stumble: he headed to the left and his face hugged the ground; he went to the right and he fell head over heels; he turned around and his snout kissed the earth; he scrambled up only to do a handstand. He tumbled over countless times until his body turned numb and his legs flaccid, until his head swam and his eyes could not see straight. Unable even to crawl, all he could do was lie on the ground and moan. After the fiends had him trapped like that, they did not beat him or harm him in any way. Leaping out of the door of the pool, they ran back to the cave instead, using the cobweb as a shelter.

Having passed the stone bridge, they stood still and recited the magic spell again to retrieve the web. Then they darted into the caves, all naked, and ran past the Tang Monk, giggling and still covering their private parts with their hands. After they took out some old clothes to put on from one of the stone chambers, they went to the rear door and cried, "Children, where are you?"

Each of the monster-spirits, you see, had an adopted son, their names being Bee, Hornet, Cockroach, Cantharis, Grasshopper, Maggot, and Dragonfly. Those monster-spirits, you see, once set up a huge web to have these seven insects captured and were about to devour them.

But as the ancients said, "Fowl have fowl talk, and beasts have beast language."

The insects pleaded for their lives, declaring their willingness to honor their captors as mothers. From that time since,

They picked a hundred spring flowers to serve the fiends;
They searched out summer plants to feed monster-spirits.

When the insects now heard the summons, they immediately gathered before the monster-spirits to say, "Mothers, why did you send for us?"

"Sons," replied the fiends, "earlier this morning we provoked by mistake a priest who came from the Tang court. His disciple just now had us trapped in the pool; not only were we put to dreadful shame, but we almost lost our lives also. You must exert your strength and go out to make him turn back. If you prevail, you may then go to your uncle's house to meet us."

And so, having escaped with their lives, the fiends went to their elder brother's house, where their damnable mouths would stir up greater calamity, and where we shall leave them for the moment. Look at those insects! Rubbing their hands and fists eagerly, they all went forth to battle their enemy.

We tell you now about that Eight Rules, who grew faint and dizzy from all those falls. After awhile, however, he managed to raise his head a little and found that all the cords and threads had disappeared. He scrambled up rather cautiously; taking a step at a time and nursing his pain, he found his way back. When he saw Pilgrim, he tugged at him and said, "Elder Brother, is my face swollen and bruised?"

"What happened to you?" asked Pilgrim.

Eight Rules replied, "I was completely covered up by cords and threads that those fiends let out. They even had tripping tethers set up on the ground. I don't know how many times I fell, but my torso went limp and my back was about to break, unable

to move even a single step. I got my life back and returned here only because the ropes and cords disappeared after awhile." When he heard that, Sha Monk cried, "Finished! Finished! You have caused a disaster! Those fiends must have gone to the cave to harm Master. Let's go quickly to rescue him!" On hearing this, Pilgrim began to run toward the village, followed by Eight Rules pulling the horse. When they arrived at the stone bridge, their way was barred by seven little fiends, who cried, "Slow down! Slow down! We are here!"

Taking a look at them, Pilgrim said to himself, "How laughable! They're all so tiny! Even the tallest is no more than two and a half feet, and the heaviest can't be more than ten pounds."

He then bellowed at them, "Who are you?"

The fiends replied, "We are the sons of the seven immortal dames.

You have insulted our mothers, and now you dare even fight up to our door. Don't run away! Look out for yourself!"

Dear fiendish creatures! They rushed forward and mounted a wild attack. Our Eight Rules was already sorely annoyed by his falls; when he saw how tiny those insects were, he grew vicious and began to strike out with his rake.

When those fiends saw how savage Eight Rules was, each of them changed back into his original form and flew up into the air, crying, "Change!" Instantly, one changed into ten, ten into a hundred, a hundred into a thousand, and a thousand into ten thousand— there were in no time at all countless insects. You see

The sky full of flying maggots,
The ground covered by dragonflies;
Bees, hornets, diving at your heads;
Cockroaches going for your eyes.
Cantharides bite your front and back,
And grasshoppers, your crown and feet.
A huge, black mass striking your face,
Its chirr would gods and spirits faze.

Alarmed, Eight Rules said, "O Elder Brother, they may say that scriptures are easy to get, but on the road to the West, even insects bully people!"

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "don't be afraid. Go and attack them quickly!"

"My face, my head," cried Eight Rules, "all over my body, there must be over ten layers of them! How am I going to attack them?"

"It's nothing! It's nothing!" cried Pilgrim. "I have my abilities!"

"O Elder Brother," cried Sha Monk, "whatever ability you have, bring it out! My bald head's swollen from their bites!"

Dear Great Sage! He pulled off a bunch of hair and chewed them to pieces before spitting them, crying, "Change! Yellow, spar . . ."

"Elder Brother," interrupted Eight Rules, "what sort of street talk are you using again? Yellow? Spar?"

"You don't realize," replied Pilgrim, "that yellow means yellow hawk and spar is the sparrowhawk. We have also the kite, the gerfalcon, the eagle, the fishhawk, and

the harrier. Those sons of the monster-spirits are seven kinds of insect, and my hairs have changed into seven kinds of hawk."

The hawks, of course, were most able to peck at insects; one peck of their bills and a whole insect was devoured. They attacked also with their claws, and they knocked the insects down with their wings. Soon the insects were eliminated; not a trace of them could be found in the air, but there was over a foot of their corpses on the ground.

The three brothers then raced past the bridge to go into the cave, where they found their old master suspended from the beam and weeping. "Master," said Eight Rules, walking up to him, "because you wanted to be hung for fun in here, you have made me fall who knows how many times!" Sha Monk said, "Let's untie Master first before we say anything more." Pilgrim at once had the rope cut and lowered his master. "Where did the monster-spirits go?" he asked. The Tang Monk said, "They ran to the back, all naked, to call for their sons."

"Brothers," said Pilgrim, "come with me to go look for them."

Holding their weapons, the three of them searched in vain for the fiends in the rear garden, even after they had climbed some of the peach and pear trees. "They are gone! They are gone!" said Eight Rules. Sha Monk said, "No need to look for them anymore. We should go and wait on Master."

The brothers returned to the front to ask the Tang Monk to mount up. "You two take Master out first," said Eight Rules. "Let old Hog use my rake on their residence so that they'll have no place to live if they return."

"Using your rake is a waste of strength," chuckled Pilgrim. "Why don't you find some firewood, and you'll finish everything off for them."

Dear Idiot! He indeed located some rotted pine, broken bamboo, dried willow, and dead creepers; he started a fire and soon the entire cave-dwelling was burned to the ground. Master and disciples then felt more at ease to proceed. Aha! After their departure, we do not know what will happen to the fiends; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-THREE

Passions, because of old enmity, beget calamity
Demon-trapped, the Mind Lord with luck breaks the light

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun who supported the Tang Monk to proceed on the main road to the West with Eight Rules and Sha Monk. In a little while, however, they came upon some towered buildings with palatial features and ornaments. Reining in his horse, the Tang Monk said, "Disciples, can you tell what sort of a place that is?" Raising his head to look, Pilgrim saw

Mountains ringing the buildings;
A brook rounding the arbors;
A dense variety of trees before the door;
Most fragrant wild flowers outside the house.
An egret resting in the willows
Seemed like jade immaculate in the mist;
An oriole singing amidst the peach
Appeared as brilliant gold within the flames.
Wild deer in pairs
Trod on green grass without a thought or care;
Mountain fowl by twos
Flew and chattered high above the red wood tips.
Truly it seemed like Liu and Ruan's Tiantai cave,
A fairy haunt, an immortal's house no less.

"Master," said Pilgrim, "that is neither the residence of kings or dukes nor a house of the noble or the rich. It looks rather like a Daoist Abbey or a Buddhist monastery, and we'll know for sure when we get there." On hearing this, Tripitaka whipped his horse forward. As they arrived before the door, master and disciples discovered a stone plaque mounted on the door, which had on it the inscription, Yellow Flower Abbey. Tripitaka dismounted.

Eight Rules said, "A Yellow Flower Abbey has to be the home of a Daoist. It might be good for us to go in and meet him. Our attire may be different, but we follow the same practices of austerity."

"You are right," said Sha Monk. "We can go in and enjoy the scenery a bit in the first place, and we can also graze and feed the horse in the second. If it's convenient, we can ask them to prepare some food for Master to eat."

The elder agreed and the four of them went inside. On both sides of the second-level door was mounted the following new year couplet:

Yellow sprout, white snow—an immortal's house;
Jasper grass, jade flowers—a feathered one's home.

"This," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "is a can-carrying Daoist, who burns rushes, refines herbs, and works the fire in the reaction vessels."

Giving him a pinch, Tripitaka said, “Be careful with your words! Be careful with your words! We are not acquaintances or relatives of his, and we’re staying here temporarily. Why should we mind what he’s doing?”

He had not quite finished the sentence when they went through the second-level door. The main hall was entirely closed up, but in the east corridor they saw a Daoist sitting there and making drugs and pills. How was he attired, you ask?

He wore a lacquered gold cap of scintillating red
And a dark, long robe of luminous black.
He trod on cloud-patterned shoes of spreading green;
He knotted a Master Lü sash of swaying yellow.
His face seemed like an iron gourd;
His eyes shone like bright stars.
His nose loomed up like a Mohammedan’s;
His lips curled outward like a Tartar’s.
Thunderbolts lay hidden in his Daoist mind,
Taming tigers and dragons, a true feathered one.

Seeing him, Tripitaka said in a loud voice, “Old immortal, this humble cleric bows to you.” Jerking up his head and startled by the sight, the Daoist abandoned the drugs in his hands, pressed down his hair pin hurriedly, tidied his clothes, and walked down the steps to say, “Old master, forgive me for not coming to meet you. Please be seated inside.”

Delighted, the elder went up to the main hall; pushing open the door, he saw the sacred images of the Three Pure Ones, before which were urns and incense laid out on a long sacrificial table. The elder took up several sticks of incense and stuck them into the urns. Only after he had bowed three times to the images did he greet the Daoist once more and took the guest seats with his disciples. The Daoist called for tea to be served at once, whereupon two young lads rushed inside to look for the tea tray, to wash out the tea cups, to scrub the tea spoons, and to prepare tea fruits. All their scurrying about soon disturbed those several fated enemies.

The seven female fiends of the Cobweb Cave, you see, were once schoolmates of this Daoist when they studied the magic arts together. After they had put on the old clothes and given instruction to their adopted sons, they came to this place. At this moment, they were cutting up cloth for clothes when they saw the lads busily preparing tea. “Lads,” they asked, “who are the guests who have arrived that send you into such a frenzy?”

“Four monks walked in just now,” replied the lads, “and Master asked for tea to be served at once.”

“Was there a white, stoutish priest?” asked one of the female fiends. “Yes,” they replied. “Another one with long snout and huge ears?” she asked again. “Yes,” they replied. “Go take the tea outside quickly,” said the female fiend, “and wink to your master as you do so. Ask him to come in, for I have something important to tell him.”

The divine lads indeed took five cups of tea out to the main hall; smoothing out his clothes, the Daoist picked up a cup and presented it with both hands to Tripitaka. Then he served Eight Rules, Sha Monk, and Pilgrim. After tea, the cups were collected, and as they did so, one of the lads winked at the Daoist. At once he arose and said,

"Please be seated all of you. Lads, put away the trays and keep our guests company. I'll be back soon."

The master and his disciples went outside of the hall with one lad to enjoy the scenery, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about that Daoist, who went back to the abbot chamber, where he found those seven girls all going to their knees and saying, "Elder Brother! Elder Brother! Listen to what your sisters have to say." Raising them with his hands, the Daoist said, "When you first came, you told me already that you wanted to speak to me. It just so happened that the drugs I was preparing today had to avoid being exposed to females, and that was why I did not respond. Now there are guests outside. Can we talk later?"

The fiends said, "What we have to tell you, Elder Brother, can be told only with the arrival of your guests. When they leave, there'll be no need for us to tell you anymore."

"Look at the way my worthy sisters speak!" said the Daoist with a chuckle. "What do you mean that it can be told only when the guests are here? Are you mad? Let's not say that I am one of those who cultivates the art of immortality in purity and quiescence. Even if I were a profane person burdened with the care of wife, children, and other domestic affairs, I would still have to wait for the guests to leave before I took care of my own business. How could you be so ill-behaved and cause me such embarrassment? Let me go out."

All tugging at him, the fiends said, "Elder Brother, please don't be angry. Let us ask you, where did those guests come from?" Red in the face, the Daoist did not answer them.

One of the fiends said, "Just now the lads came in to fetch tea, and I heard that they were four monks."

"So what if they are monks?" said the Daoist angrily. "Among these four monks," said the fiend, "there is a rather plump one with a white face, and there is also one who has a long snout and huge ears. Have you asked them where they came from?"

"There are indeed two monks like that," replied the Daoist, "but how did you know? Have you seen these two somewhere before?"

"Elder Brother," said one of the girls, "you really don't know all the intricacies behind the matter. That monk with the white face happens to be someone sent by the Tang court to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. This morning he came to our cave to beg for food. Since your sisters have long heard of the reputation of the Tang Monk, we seized him."

"Why did you want to do that?" asked the Daoist.

The girl said, "We have long heard people say that the Tang Monk possesses a true body that has practiced self-cultivation for ten incarnations. Anyone who eats a piece of his flesh will attain longevity. That's why we seized him. Later, we were trapped in the Purgation Stream by that priest with a long snout and huge ears. First he robbed us of our clothing; then he grew even bolder and wanted to bathe with us in the same pool. We couldn't stop him, of course. After he jumped into the water, he changed into a sheat fish spirit and darted back and forth between our legs. He was such a rogue that we thought he would surely assault us. Then he leaped out of the water and changed

back into his original appearance. When he saw that we would not yield to him, he took up a nine-pronged muckrake and tried to kill us all. If we hadn't used a little of our intelligence, we would have been slain by him. We managed to flee, though terror-stricken, with our lives, and then we told your nephews to go fight with the monk. We didn't tarry, however, to learn whether they remained dead or alive, for we came straight here to find refuge. We beg you, for the sake of our friendship as schoolmates once, to exact vengeance this day for us." When he heard these words, the Daoist became so angry that his color changed and his voice quivered. "So, these monks are so insolent, so villainous!" he said. "Relax, all of you. Let me take care of them!"

Thanking him, the girls said, "If Elder Brother wants to fight, we'll help you."

"No need to fight! No need to fight!" said the Daoist. "As the proverb says, 'You suffer three percent loss already once you fight!' Follow me instead, all of you."

The girls followed him into his room; placing a ladder behind his bed, he climbed up to the crossbeam and took down a small leather case, approximately eight inches high, a foot long, four inches wide, and bolted by a small copper lock. From his sleeve the Daoist also took out a goose-yellow handkerchief, tied to the fringes of which was a tiny key. He opened the lock and took out a small package of medicine, which was, you see,

The dung of all mountain birds
Collected to a thousand pounds.
When cooked in a copper pot,
The time and heat were both even.
A thousand pounds made just one cup,
Which was reduced to three pinches.
Three pinches were then pan-fried,
Cooked, and refined still some more.
This poison was produced at last,
Rare as previous jewels and gems.
Any person who took one taste
Would behold King Yama in haste!

"Sisters," said the Daoist to the girls, "if I want to feed this treasure of mine to an ordinary mortal, all I need is a thousandth part of a tael and the person will die when it reaches his stomach. Even an immortal will perish if he ingests three-thousandth parts of a tael.

These monks, I suppose, might be fairly accomplished in the Way, and they'll need the larger dosage. Bring me a scale quickly." One of the girls quickly took up a small scale and weighed in twelve-thousandth parts of a tael of this poison, which she then divided into four portions. The Daoist then took twelve red dates, into each of which he added about a thousandth part of the drug after he had crushed the date slightly with his fingers. The twelve dates were then placed inside four tea mugs, while two black dates were placed in another tea mug. After the mugs were filled with tea and put on a tray, he said to the girls, "Let me go question them. We'll let them go if they are not from the Tang court. But if they indeed came from the court, I will ask for a change of tea, and you will send the lads out with this tea. The moment they drink this, every one of them will perish. You will be avenged, and your anguish will be relieved."

The girls could not have been more grateful.

Putting on a new robe to affect a show of courtesy, the Daoist walked out and asked the Tang Monk and his disciples to take the guest seats once more. "Please forgive me for my absence, old master," he said. "Just now I had to go inside to give instruction for my young students to pick green vegetables and white turnips, so that they could prepare a meal for you."

"This humble cleric," replied Tripitaka "came to see you with empty hands. How could I dare accept a meal from you?"

Chuckling, the Daoist said, "You and I are both persons who have left the home. The moment we see an Abbey's gate, we can count on receiving a little emolument. How could you mention empty hands? May I ask the old master, which monastery do you belong to? Why are you here?"

"This humble cleric" said Tripitaka, "has been sent by the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go acquire scriptures from the Great Thunderclap Monastery in the Western Heaven. We were just passing through your immortal residence and we came in to see you in all sincerity." On hearing this, the Daoist beamed and said, "The master is a Buddha of great virtue and great piety. This humble Daoist was ignorant of this, and he was remiss in going the proper distance to wait for you. Pardon me! Pardon me!"

He then called out, "Lad, go and change the tea quickly, and tell them to hurry up with the food."

The little lad ran inside, and he was met by the girls who said to him, "There's fine tea here, all prepared. Take it out."

The lad indeed took out the five tea mugs.

Immediately the Daoist presented with both hands one of the mugs containing the red dates to the Tang Monk. When he saw how huge a person Eight Rules was, he took him for the senior disciple, while Sha Monk he regarded as the second disciple. Pilgrim, being the smallest, was taken to be the youngest disciple, and only the fourth mug was given to him.

Pilgrim was exceedingly perceptive. The moment he accepted the tea mug, he saw that the one left on the tray had two black dates in it. "Sir," he said at once, "let me exchange my mug with yours."

"To tell you the truth, elder," said the Daoist, smiling, "a poor Daoist in the mountains does not always have on hand the proper tea condiments. Just now I personally searched in the back for fruits and found only these twelve red dates, with which I made four mugs of tea to serve to you. Your humble Daoist did not want to fail to bear you company, and that was why I made a fifth cup of tea with dates of less desirable color. It's an expression of respect from this poor Daoist."

"How could you say that?" replied Pilgrim with a chuckle. "As the ancients said,

He who is at home is never poor;
It's real poverty when he's on tour.

You live here. How could you claim to be poor? Only mendicants like us are really poor! Let me exchange with you. Let me exchange with you." On hearing this, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, this is truly the hospitality of our immortal. Drink it. Why do you want to exchange it?" Pilgrim had no choice but to hold the mug in his left hand; he covered it with his right and stared at the rest of his companions.

We tell you now about that Eight Rules, who was both hungry and thirsty, and he had always had a huge appetite. When he saw that there were three red dates in the tea, he picked them up and swallowed them in two gulps. His master ate them, and Sha Monk, too, ate them. In a moment, however, Eight Rules's face turned pale, tears rolled down from Sha Monk's eyes, and the Tang Monk foamed at the mouth. Unable to remain in their seats, all three of them fainted and fell to the ground.

Realizing that they had been poisoned, our Great Sage hurled the tea mug in his hand at the face of the Daoist. The Daoist shielded himself with upraised hand, his sleeve stopping the mug and sending it crashing to the floor. "How boorish can you be, priest!" snapped the Daoist angrily. "How dare you smash my tea mug?"

"You beast!" scolded Pilgrim. "What do you have to say about those three persons of mine? What have we done to you that you should want to use poisoned tea on us?"

"Yokel," said the Daoist, "you've caused great calamity! Don't you know?"

"We've just entered your door," replied Pilgrim, "and we've barely announced where we came from. We haven't even engaged in any lofty debate.

How could we cause any calamity?"

"Didn't you beg for food at the Cobweb Cave? Didn't you bathe at the Purgation Spring?" asked the Daoist. Pilgrim said, "Those bathing in the Purgation Spring were seven female fiends. If you mention them, you must know them, and that means you, too, have to be a monster-spirit. Don't run away! Have a taste of my rod!"

Dear Great Sage! He pulled out the golden-hooped rod from his ear and gave it a wave; immediately it grew to have the thickness of a rice bowl. He struck at the face of the Daoist, who stepped aside quickly to dodge the blow before meeting his opponent with a treasure sword.

As the two of them brawled and fought, the noise aroused the female fiends inside, who surged out, crying, "Spare your efforts, Elder Brother. Let your sisters capture him." When Pilgrim saw them, he became angrier than ever. Wielding the iron rod with both hands, he hurled himself into their midst and attacked them wildly. All seven of the fiends at once loosened their clothes and exposed their snow-white bellies to exercise their magic. From their navels threads and cords poured out, which became, in no time at all, a huge awning that had Pilgrim entirely covered down below.

Sensing that the tide was turning against him, Pilgrim at once recited a spell and somersaulted right through the top of the awning to escape. He suppressed his anger to stand still in midair to look at those bright shiny cords produced by the fiends: weaving back and forth, up and down, as if guided by a shuttle, they formed a huge web that in an instant had the entire Yellow Flower Abbey enshrouded and removed it clean out of sight. "Formidable! Formidable!" said Pilgrim to himself. "It was a good thing that I didn't fall into their hands! No wonder Zhu Eight Rules fell so many times! But what shall I do now? My master and my brothers have been poisoned, and I have no idea even of the background of these fiends who have banded themselves together. I'd better go and question that local spirit once more."

Dear Great Sage! He lowered his cloud, made the magic sign with his fingers, and recited a spell beginning with the letter *Oṁ* to summon once more the local spirit. Trembling all over, the aged god knelt by the road and kowtowed, saying, "Great Sage, you were going to rescue your master. Why did you turn back here?"

"We did manage to rescue my master earlier," said Pilgrim, "but we ran into a Yellow Flower Abbey not far from where we left you.

We went inside with our master to have a look, and we were met by the Abbey master. As we visited with him, my master and my brothers were poisoned by his tea. Luckily, I didn't drink it and I attacked him with my rod. He began to talk about begging food at the Cobweb Cave and bathing in the Purgation Spring, and I knew that that fellow was also a fiend. Just as we were fighting, the seven girls came out and emitted their silk cords, but old Monkey was smart enough to escape. Since you have been a god here for some time, I thought you must know their background. What kind of monster-spirits are they? Tell me the truth, and I'll spare you a beating." Kowtowing, the local spirit said, "The monster-spirits haven't quite lived here for a decade. This humble deity made some investigation three years ago and uncovered their original form: they are seven spider spirits. Those silk cords they produce happen to be cobwebs."

Delighted by what he heard, Pilgrim said, "If what you say is true, it's nothing unmanageable. You go back, and let me exercise my magic to bring them to submission."

After one more kowtow the local spirit left.

Pilgrim went up to the Yellow Flower Abbey and pulled off from his tail seventy pieces of hair. Blowing a mouthful of immortal breath on them, he cried, "Change!"

They changed into seventy small Pilgrims. Then he blew also on the golden-hooped rod, crying, "Change!" and it changed into seventy rods forked at one end. To each of the small Pilgrims he gave one of these rods, while he himself took up one also. They stood by the mass of silk cords and plunged the rods into the web; at a given signal, they all snapped the cords and then rolled them up with their rods. After each of them had rolled up over ten pounds of the cords, they dragged out from inside seven huge spiders, each about the size of a barrel. With arms and legs flailing, with their heads bobbing up and down, the spiders cried, "Spare our lives! Spare our lives!"

But those seventy small Pilgrims had them completely pinned down and refused to let go.

"Let's not hit them yet," said Pilgrim. "Let's tell them to return our master and our brothers."

"Elder Brother," screamed the fiends, "return the Tang Monk to him and save our lives!"

Dashing out, the Daoist said, "Sisters, I wanted to eat the Tang Monk. I can't save you." Infuriated by what he heard, Pilgrim cried, "If you don't return my master, take a good look at what your sisters will become!"

Dear Great Sage! One wave of the forked staff and it changed back into his original iron rod, which he raised with both hands to smash to pulp those seven spider spirits. After he had retrieved all his hairs with two shakes of his tail, he wielded the iron rod and sped inside all by himself to search for the Daoist.

When the Daoist saw his sisters being beaten to death, he was struck by remorse and immediately met his opponent with upraised sword. In this battle each of them was full of hate as he unleashed his magic powers. What a marvelous fight!

The fiend wielded his treasure sword;
The Great Sage raised his golden-hooped rod.
Because of the Tang court's Tripitaka,
All seven girls were first sent to their deaths.
Now the hands of rectitude showed their might
To work with magic the golden-tipped rod.
The Great Sage was strong in spirit,
The bogus immortal, audacious.
Their bodies went through the most florid moves;
Their two hands like a windlass spun and turned.
The sword and the rod banged aloud;
Low-hung and grey were the clouds.
With cutting words
And clever schemes,
As in a picture they charged back and forth.
They fought till the wind howled and sand flew to scare tigers and wolves;
Till Heav'n and Earth darkened, and the stars themselves removed.

That Daoist withstood the Great Sage for some fifty rounds when he gradually felt his hands weakening. All at once he seemed to have been completely drained of his strength. He therefore quickly untied his sash and took off his black robe with a loud flap. "My son!" said Pilgrim with a chuckle. "If you're no match for someone, stripping isn't going to help you!"

But after the Daoist took off his clothes, you see, he raised up both of his hands and exposed a thousand eyes grown on both ribs. Emitting golden beams, they were terrifying indeed!

Dense yellow fog,
Bright golden beams.
Dense yellow fog
Spurted out from his two armpits like clouds;
Bright golden beams
Jetted from these thousand eyes like flames—
Like barrels of gold left and right,
Like copper bells both east and west.
This was a bogus immortal's magic,
The divine might of a Daoist.
Blinding the eyes, the sky, and the sun and moon
This dried hot air descended like a coop
And had the Great Sage Sun, Equal to Heaven,
Confined in golden beams and yellow fog.

Terribly flustered, Pilgrim spun around and around in the golden beams, unable even to take a step forward or backward. It was as if he had been imprisoned inside a barrel. As the blast of heat became unbearable, he got desperate and leaped straight up into the air to try to pierce the golden beams. The beams were too strong, however, and he was sent hurtling back to the ground head over heels. Then he felt pain, and when he touched quickly that part of his head where it had rammed the golden beams, he could feel that the skin had softened somewhat. Sorely annoyed, he thought to himself, "What rotten luck! What rotten luck! Even this head of mine today has become useless! In

former times, the blows of scimitars and axes could not harm it one whit. How could slamming into the golden beams now soften the skin? It may fester afterwards, and I may end up with a permanent sore even if it heals."

After awhile, the blast of heat was again becoming unbearable, and he thought to himself further, "I can't go forward or backward, I can't move left or right. I can't even crash out of here by going upward. What shall I do? All right, I'd better take the low road and get the mother out of here!"

Dear Great Sage! Reciting a spell, he changed with one shake of his body into a pangolin, also named scaly anteater. Truly

His four iron claws
Could bore through hills and rocks like sifting flour;
His scaly frame
Could pierce cliffs and ridges like cutting scallions.
Two luminous eyes
Seemed like a pair of refulgent stars;
A sharp, pointed beak,
Stronger than any steel chisel or diamond drill.
This was pangolin of medical fame;
Scaly anteater was his vulgar name.

Look at him! Hardening his head, he burrowed right into the ground and did not emerge again until he was some twenty miles away.

The golden beams, you see, had managed to cover a distance of only some ten or twelve miles. After he changed back to his original form, he was overcome by fatigue and his whole body ached. Bursting into tears, he wailed:

O Master!

Since I left by faith the mountain that year,
We came West together in unceasing toil.
We had no fear for billows of the sea.
How could we capsize in a small gully?

As the Handsome Monkey King vented his grief, he suddenly heard someone weeping also behind the mountain. He rose, wiped away his tears, and turned to look; a woman in garb of heavy mourning, with a bowl of cold rice soup in her left hand and a few pieces of yellow paper money in her right, came toward him, sobbing every step of the way. Nodding his head, Pilgrim sighed to himself, "Truly as they say,

The person shedding tears meets the tearful one;
He whose heart's broken sees the broken heart.

I wonder why this woman is crying. Let me question her a bit." In a short while, the woman came up to where he was standing, and Pilgrim bowed to say, "Lady Bodhisattva, for whom are you weeping?"

"My husband," said the woman, blinking back her tears, "had a dispute with the master of the Yellow Flower Abbey when he tried to buy some bamboos from him, and he was poisoned to death by that master with poisoned tea. I am taking some money to his grave to be burned, in order to repay his kindness as a spouse." When Pilgrim heard these words, tears rolled down his cheeks. On seeing that, the woman said to him

angrily, “You are so senseless! I grieve on account of my husband. How dare you mock me with your tears and your sorrowful countenance?”

Bending low, Pilgrim said, “Lady Bodhisattva, please don’t be angry. I am Pilgrim Sun Wukong, the senior disciple of Tripitaka Tang, the bond-brother and royal envoy of the Great Tang in the Land of the East. We were journeying to the Western Heaven when we had to rest the horse in the Yellow Flower Abbey. We ran into a Daoist in that Abbey, some kind of a monster-spirit, who had made a fraternal alliance with seven spider spirits. Those spider spirits wanted to harm my master in the Cobweb Cave, but Eight Rules, Sha Monk, my two brothers, and I succeeded in having him rescued. The spider spirits, however, went to the Abbey to tattle on us, claiming instead that we intended to assault them. My master and my brothers were poisoned by the tea offered by the Daoist, and all three of them, including our horse, are now trapped in the Abbey. Only I didn’t drink his tea. When I smashed his tea mug, he fought with me, and those seven spider spirits also came out to let loose their silk cords to try to ensnare me. When I escaped through my magic power, I questioned the local spirit and learned of their original form. Then I used my Magic of Body-Division and pulled out the fiends by rolling up their webs. After I beat them all to death with my rod, the Daoist wanted to avenge them and fought once more with me. When he was about to be defeated after some sixty rounds, he took off his clothes to expose a thousand eyes on his two ribs.

They emitted countless golden beams to have me completely enclosed, and I found it practically impossible to move at all. That was when I had to change into a scaly anteater to escape by boring through the ground. I was grieving just now when I heard you weeping, and that was why I questioned you. When I saw that you had at least paper money to repay your husband but I had nothing at all to thank my late master, I grieved even more. How could I dare mock you?” Putting down her rice soup and paper money, the woman bowed to Pilgrim and said, “Don’t be offended. I had no idea that you, too, are a victim. According to what you’ve told me, I can tell that you don’t recognize that Daoist. He is actually the Demon Lord of a Hundred Eyes, and he is also called the Many-Eyed Fiend. But if you are capable of such a transformation that you could do battle with him for so long and still escape his golden beams, you must have great magic powers. Nevertheless, you still can’t get near that fellow. Let me recommend a holy worthy to you; with her assistance, you will surely be able to overcome those golden beams and bring the Daoist to submission.” On hearing this, Pilgrim bowed hurriedly and said, “Lady Bodhisattva, if you have such information, please instruct me. Tell me who is the holy worthy so that I can go and solicit her assistance. If I succeed in getting her here, I shall be able to rescue my master and avenge your husband’s death.”

“Even if I tell you, however,” said the woman, “and even if you manage to get her here to subdue the Daoist, I fear that you will be able only to exact vengeance. You won’t be able to rescue your master.”

“Why not?” asked Pilgrim.

The woman said, “That fellow’s poison is most potent. After a person has been poisoned by the drug, even his bones and marrow will deteriorate after three days. Your journey to find her may prevent you from saving your master in time.”

“I know how to move fast on the road,” replied Pilgrim. “No matter how great the distance is, half a day is all I need.”

The woman said, “In that case, listen to me. About a thousand miles from here there is a mountain by the name of the Purple Cloud Mountain. At the Thousand Flowers Cave in the mountain, there is a holy worthy by the name of Pralambā.

She is able to subdue this fiend.”

“Where is this mountain?” asked Pilgrim. “Which direction should I take?” Pointing with her finger, the woman answered, “Due south of here.” When Pilgrim turned to look, the woman immediately vanished.

Pilgrim was so startled that he bowed hurriedly, saying, “Which one of the Bodhisattvas are you? Your disciple has been somewhat dazed from all that burrowing in the ground and he can’t recognize you. I beg you to leave me your name so that I can thank you properly.”

From midair came the announcement:

“Great Sage, it’s I.” Pilgrim looked up quickly and found that it was the Old Dame of Li Mountain.

He rushed up to midair to thank her, saying, “Old Dame, where did you come from to enlighten me?”

The Old Dame said, “I was just going home from the Festival of the Dragon-Flower Tree. When I learned of your master’s ordeal, I revealed myself under the guise of a mourning wife in order to deliver him from death. You must go to Pralambā quickly, but you must not reveal that it was I who gave you the instruction. That sage tends to put blame on people.”

After Pilgrim thanked her, they parted. Mounting his cloud somersault, Pilgrim at once arrived at the Purple Cloud Mountain. As he stopped his cloud, he saw the Thousand Flowers Cave, outside of which

Fresh pines enshroud the lovely scene;
Jade cedars surround a home divine;
Green willows fill the mountain paths;
Strange blossoms clog the brook and rill;
Fragrant orchids ring a stone house;
Scented grass on the ridges glistens.
The flowing stream’s jade-green throughout;
Clouds seal up aged hollow trunks.
Wild fowl sing melodiously;
Quiet deer walk leisurely.
Each bamboo’s refined, stalk by stalk;
Each red plum unfurls, leaf by leaf.
A cold crow rests on an old tree;
A spring bird squeals on a tall bough.
Summer wheat grows wide as the fields;
Autumn grain aplenty on the ground.
No leaf would fall in four seasons;
All flowers bloom in eight periods.
Auspicious air will rise often to the sky
And hallowed clouds will reach the great grand void.

In great delight, our Great Sage walked inside, level by level, and there was no end to the sight of this gorgeous scenery. But there was not a person in view; the place was completely silent, with not even the sound of a chicken or a dog. “Could it be,” he thought to himself, “that the sage is not home?”

He walked further in for another few miles when he came upon a Daoist nun sitting on a couch.

How did she look, you ask.

She wore a five-flower patterned silk cap;
She had on a robe of knitted gold threads.
She trod on cloud-patterned phoenix-beak shoes;
A double-tassel silk sash wrapped her waist.
Her face had age like autumn after frost;
Her voice cooed like spring swallows before the shrine.
She had long known the Three Vehicles Law,
Her mind often fixed on the Four Great Truths.
The void intuited bore true right fruit;
Intelligence formed gave freedom complete.
This was the Buddha of Thousand Flowers Cave,
Who was called Pralambā, a noble name.

Without stopping, Pilgrim walked right up to her and called out:

“Bodhisattva Pralambā, I salute you.”

Descending from her couch, the Bodhisattva folded her hands to return his greeting and said, “Great Sage, sorry for not coming to meet you. Where did you come from?”

“How could you recognize me as the Great Sage all at once?” asked Pilgrim.

Pralambā said, “When you brought great disturbance to the Celestial Palace that year, your image was spread throughout the universe. Which person would not know and recognize you?”

“Indeed,” replied Pilgrim, “as the proverb says,

The good thing will not leave the door;
The evil deed will go a thousand miles.

I bet you didn’t know that I have repented and entered the Buddhist gate.”

“When did you do that?” said Pralambā. “Congratulations! Congratulations!”

“I escaped with my life recently,” said Pilgrim, “in order to give protection to the Tang Monk, who had been commissioned to go seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. My master ran into the Daoist of the Yellow Flower Abbey and was poisoned by his poisoned tea. When I fought with that fellow, he had me enclosed in his golden beams, though I escaped through my magic power. When I heard that the Bodhisattva could extinguish his golden beams, I came here especially to solicit your assistance.”

“Who told you that?” asked the Bodhisattva. “Since attending the Feast of Ullambana Bowl, I haven’t left my door for over three hundred years. With my name completely hidden, no one knows me. How did you know?”

“I’m a devil in the earth!” replied Pilgrim.

"No matter where you are, I can find you."

"All right! All right!" said the Bodhisattva. "I shouldn't leave, but if the Great Sage comes here in person, I will not destroy the good deed of scripture seeking. I'll go with you."

After he thanked her, Pilgrim said, "Pardon my ignorance and my urging. But what sort of weapon do you need to take along?"

The Bodhisattva said, "I have a little embroidery needle which can undo that fellow." Pilgrim could not resist saying, "Old Dame has misled me! If I had known that only an embroidery needle was needed, I wouldn't have troubled you. Old Monkey himself can supply a whole load of such needles!" Pralambā said, "That needle of yours is only made of steel or metal, and it can't be used. This treasure of mine is not made of steel, iron, or gold. It is rather a product cultivated in the eyes of my son."

"Who is your son?" asked Pilgrim. "The Star Lord Orionis," replied Pralambā. Pilgrim was quite astonished. Soon, they saw the bright, golden beams, and Pilgrim said to her, "That's where the Yellow Flower Abbey is." Whereupon Pralambā took out from underneath her collar an embroidery needle, not more than half an inch long and as slim as a piece of eyebrow hair. Holding it in her hand, she threw it into the air, and after a little while, a loud crack at once dissipated the golden beams.

"Bodhisattva," cried Pilgrim, exceedingly pleased, "it's marvelous! Just marvelous! Let's find the needle! Let's find the needle!"

"Isn't this it?" asked Pralambā as she held out her palm. Pilgrim dropped down from the clouds with her and walked inside the Abbey, where they found that Daoist sitting there with tightly shut eyes and unable to move. "You brazen fiend!" scolded Pilgrim. "You're pretending to be blind!"

He whipped out the rod from his ear and wanted to strike, but Pralambā tugged at him, saying, "Don't hit him, Great Sage. Let's go see your master first." Pilgrim went directly back to the guest chambers, where the three pilgrims were still lying on the ground and foaming at their mouths. "What'll I do? What'll I do?" cried Pilgrim, shedding tears.

"Please don't grieve, Great Sage," said Pralambā. "Since I came out the door today, I might as well accumulate some secret merit.

I'm going to give you three tablets which will serve as an antidote to the poison."

As Pilgrim bowed quickly to receive them, the Bodhisattva took out from her sleeve a small, punctured paper wrap. Inside were three red pills that she handed over to Pilgrim, telling him to put one in each of the pilgrim's mouths. Prying open their teeth, Pilgrim stuffed the pills into their mouths; in a little while, as the medicine reached their stomachs, they began to retch. After the poisonous substance had been thrown up, they regained consciousness. Our Eight Rules was the first to scramble up, crying, "This nausea's killing me!"

Tripitaka and Sha Monk also woke up, both crying, "I'm so dizzy!"

"You've all been poisoned by the tea," said Pilgrim, "and you should now thank the Bodhisattva Pralambā for rescuing you."

Tripitaka arose and tidied his clothes to thank her.

Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, where is that Daoist? Let me question him why he wants to harm us in this manner.” Pilgrim at once gave a thorough account of what the spider spirits had done. More and more incensed, Eight Rules said, “If this fellow has formed a fraternal alliance with spider spirits, he, too, must be a monster-spirit.”

“There he is now,” said Pilgrim, pointing with his finger, “standing outside the Abbey and pretending to be blind.”

Eight Rules took up his rake and tried to rush out, but he was stopped by Pralambā, who said to him, “Heavenly Reeds, please calm yourself. The Great Sage knows that there’s no other person at my cave.

I would like to take the Daoist back and make him guard my door.” Pilgrim said, “We are all indebted to your great kindness. How could we not comply? But please make him change back into his original form for us to see.”

“That’s easy,” replied Pralambā, who went forward and pointed at the Daoist. Immediately, he fell to the dust and appeared in his true form: a huge centipede some seven feet long. Lifting him up with her small finger, Pralambā at once mounted the auspicious clouds to head for the Thousand Flowers Cave. Raising his head to stare after her, Eight Rules said, “This Mama is quite formidable! How could she overpower such a vicious creature just like that?” Smiling, Pilgrim said, “I asked her whether she needed any weapon to break up the golden beams, and she told me that she had a tiny embroidery needle, a product cultivated in the eyes of her son. When I asked for his identity, she said that it was Star Lord Orionis. Now, the Star Lord is a rooster; so this Mama, I suppose, must be a hen. Chickens are the deadliest foes of centipedes, and that’s why she could bring him to submission.” On hearing this, Tripitaka kowtowed some more before saying, “Disciples, let’s pack up and leave.” Sha Monk found some rice and grain inside, with which he prepared a meal. After master and disciples ate their fill, they led the horse and poled the luggage out. Once his master walked out the door, Pilgrim started a fire in the kitchen, which reduced the entire Abbey to ashes in no time at all. Truly

Thanks to Pralambā, the Tang Monk came to life;
Enlightened nature destroyed the Many- Eyed Fiend.

We do not know what will happen to them as they proceed; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-FOUR

Long Life reports how vicious the demons are
Pilgrim displays his transformation power

Desires and feelings come from the same cause;
It's natural to have feelings and desires.
For all ascetics in the Gate of Sand,
Chan is desires gone and feelings severed.
You must take care
To persevere,
Like the bright moon, spotless, high in the sky.
Make no mistake as work and merit advance;
Perfection yields a great enlightened god.

We were telling you about Tripitaka and his disciples, who broke through the web of desires and leaped clear of the stronghold of passions. Urging the horse, they journeyed to the West, and soon it was the end of summer and the beginning of autumn, when the fresh cool permeated their bodies. You see

The rains the waning heat assail
As one Paulownia leaf turns pale.
Fireflies dot the sedged path at night;
Crickets chirp in the moon's bright light.
The mallows unfurl in the dew;
Red smartweeds the sandbars endue.
Rushes are first to decline
When cicadas sadly repine.

As they walked along, Tripitaka suddenly saw a tall mountain whose summit pierced the green void, truly touching the stars and blocking the sun. Alarmed, the elder called out to Wukong, "Look at the mountain ahead of us! It's so tall, I wonder if there's a road to take us through it."

"What are you talking about, Master?" asked Pilgrim, chuckling. "As the proverb says,

The tall mountains will have their passageways;
The deep waters will have their ferry boats.

How could there be no road to take us through! You may proceed without worry." On hearing this, the elder smiled in delight and urged his horse to go straight up the tall ridge.

They had not traveled more than a few miles when they came upon an old man with flowing white hair all tousled and sparse whiskers like swaying silver threads. He had a string of beads around his neck and held a dragon-headed staff. Standing far up the mountain slope, he cried out in a loud voice, "The elder going to the West, you must stop your horse and pull back the reins. There is a group of fiendish demons in this mountain who have devoured all the mortals in the world. You can't proceed!" On hearing these words, Tripitaka paled with fright. The road was already none too level, and the announcement made him even more insecure on the saddle, so much so that he

fell down at once from the horse with a thud and lay moaning in the grass, hardly able to move. Pilgrim went over to raise him up, saying, "Don't be afraid! Don't be afraid! I'm here."

"Just listen to that old man on the tall cliff," said the elder. "He said that there is a group of fiendish demons in this mountain who have devoured all the mortals of the world.

Who is courageous enough to go question him and learn the truth of the matter?"

"You sit on the ground first," said Pilgrim, "and let me go question him."

Tripitaka said, "But your looks are hideous and your words, vulgar. If you offend him, I fear that you'll not be able to get to the truth." Laughing, Pilgrim said, "I'll change into someone more attractive to go question him."

"You change first for me to see," said Tripitaka.

Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he shook his body and changed at once into a neat young priest, truly with

Lovely eyes and clear brow,
A round head and a square face.
When he moved, he acted like a gentleman;
When he spoke, he used no vulgar language.

Shaking loose his silk shirt, he ran up to the Tang Monk and said, "Master, is this a good transformation?"

"It is, indeed!" said Tripitaka, exceedingly pleased. "How could it not be!" remarked Eight Rules. "But he has put all of us down! Even if old Hog rolled around for two, three years, he couldn't change into someone this attractive!"

Dear Great Sage! Slipping away from them, he walked right up to the old man and bowed, saying, "Dear *Gonggong*, this humble cleric salutes you." When the old man saw how young the priest was, though most attractive in looks, he hesitated a little before returning his salute halfheartedly. Patting the head of Pilgrim with his hand, the old man giggled and said, "Little priest, where did you come from?"

"We came from the Great Tang in the Land of the East," replied Pilgrim, "on our way specially to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures from Buddha. When we arrived here, we heard your announcement about the fiends. My master was quite frightened, and he asked me to come question you to learn exactly who these monster-spirits are who dare cut short our way. May I trouble you to tell me in detail, so that I can send them into exile." With a laugh, the old man said, "You are so young a priest that you don't know any better. That's why you mouth these inappropriate words. The magic powers of those demons are enormous. How dare you say that you would send them into exile?"

"The way you put the matter," said Pilgrim, laughing also, "seems to indicate that you feel rather protective toward them. You must be a relative of theirs, or at least an intimate neighbor. Otherwise, why would you exalt their intelligence, magnify their virtues, and refuse to disclose thoroughly their background?" Nodding his head, the old man smiled and said, "You *are* a priest who knows how to wag your tongue! You must have followed your master as a mendicant into the world and picked up a little magic here and there. You can summon a ghost or bind a spirit, I suppose, and exorcise a few houses for someone. But you haven't run into those truly vicious fiends!"

"How vicious?" asked Pilgrim. The old man said, "One letter of those monster-spirits to the Spirit Mountain, and all five hundred of those arhats will come to meet them. One tiny card sent to the Celestial Palace, and each of the Eleven Great Luminaries will honor it.

The dragons of the Four Oceans have been their friends, and the immortals of the Eight Caves have met with them frequently. The Ten Kings of Hell address them as brothers, and all the deities of major shrines and cities regard them as friends." When he heard this, the Great Sage could not restrain his loud guffaws. Tugging at the old man with his hand, he said, "Stop talking! Stop talking! If those monster-spirits were the servants and houseboys, the brothers and friends of mine, then what they are about to do would not be so significant. Let me tell you this: when they see this young priest coming, they'll move to someplace else this very night. They won't even wait for the morning!"

"Little priest, you're babbling!" said the old man. "That's blasphemy! Which gods or sages are your servants and houseboys?" Laughing, Pilgrim said, "To tell you the truth, the ancestral home of this young priest used to be the Water-Curtain Cave of the Flower- Fruit Mountain, located in the Aolai Country. My surname is Sun, and my name is Wukong. Some years ago, I was also a monsterspirit who performed great deeds. During a party with some other demons, I drank a few cups of wine too many and fell asleep. In my dream two men took me to the Region of Darkness with a summons, and I was so riled that I used my golden-hooped rod to beat up the spirit judge and terrify King Yama. I almost overturned, in fact, the entire Hall of Darkness. Those presiding judges were so frightened that they brought out papers, on which the Ten Kings of Hell affixed their signatures, declaring that if I spared them a beating, they would serve me as my servants and houseboys."

"Amitābha!" cried the old man, on hearing this. "This monk has told such a tall tale that he will never grow any taller!"

"Sir," replied Pilgrim, "I'm tall enough now!"

"How old are you?" asked the old man. "Give it a guess," said Pilgrim. The old man said, "Seven or eight perhaps." With a chuckle, Pilgrim said, "I am about ten thousand times seven or eight years old! Let me bring out my old features for you to see. But you must not be offended."

"How could you have some other features?" said the old man. "This young priest," said Pilgrim, "has in truth seventy-two features."

As that old man was somewhat dim-witted, he kept urging the Great Sage, who gave his own face a wipe and changed back into his original form. With protruding fangs and a gaping mouth, with two bright red buttocks half-covered by a tiger skin kilt, and with a golden-hooped rod in his hands, he stood verily like a living thunder god below the ledge. When the old man saw him, he paled with fright as his legs turned numb. Unable to stand up, he fell down with a thud, and when he scrambled up, he stumbled once more.

"Venerable Sir," said the Great Sage, approaching him, "don't be afraid of nothing. I'm ugly but kindly disposed. Don't be afraid! Don't be afraid! I am grateful to you for informing us of the demons. Just how many are there, tell me the whole truth, so that I can thank you properly."

Trembling all over, the old man could not utter a word; pretending also to be deaf, he refused to reply.

When Pilgrim saw that he would not talk, he turned and went back down the slope. "Wukong," said the elder, "have you returned? Did you find out anything?"

"It's nothing! It's nothing!" answered Pilgrim, laughing. "There is, to be sure, a handful of monster-spirits near the Western Heaven. The people here, however, are quite timid, and they worry about them. It's nothing! It's nothing. *I* am here!"

"Have you asked him," said the elder, "what mountain this is, what kind of a cave there is in it, how many fiends there are, and which road can take us to Thunderclap?"

Eight Rules spoke up, saying, "Master, don't be offended by what I have to say. If we are interested in waging a contest in transformations, in playing hide-and-seek, and in pulling pranks on people, even five of us are no match for Elder Brother. But if you consider honesty, then even a column of him cannot rival me."

"Exactly! Exactly!" said the Tang Monk. "You are more honest."

"I don't know," said Eight Rules, "why it is that he always takes care of the head but disregards the tail. He has only asked a couple of questions, and then he runs back lamely. Let old Hog go now and find out the truth."

"Wuneng," said the Tang Monk, "do be careful."

Dear Idiot! He stuffed the muckrake into his belt and tidied his shirt before swaggering up the mountain slope and calling out to the old man, "*Gonggong,* I'm bowing to you."

After the old man had seen Pilgrim walking off, he managed to struggle up with the help of his staff and, still trembling all over, was about to leave. When he caught sight of Eight Rules, however, he became more terrified than ever. "Holy Father!" he cried. "What sort of nightmare is this, that I have to meet up with this bunch of nasty people? That monk who left just now was hideous all right, but he had at least three percent human looks. But just look at the pestle mouth, the rush-leaf fan ears, the sheet iron face, and the bristled neck of this monk! He doesn't even look one percent human!"

"This old *Gonggong,*" said Eight Rules, chuckling, "is not too pleasant, for he loves to criticize people. How do you regard me, really? I may be ugly, but I can stand scrutiny. Just wait a moment, and I'll look more attractive." When the old man heard him speaking at least in a human fashion, he had no choice but to ask him, "Where did you come from?"

Eight Rules said, "I'm the second disciple of the Tang Monk, and my religious name is Wuneng Eight Rules. Just now the priest who questioned you was called Wukong Pilgrim, my Elder Brother. Because my master blamed him for offending you and for not being able to obtain the truth, he sent me specially to question you again. We would like to know what mountain this is, what's the name of the cave in the mountain, how many fiends there are in the cave, and which is the main road to the West. May we trouble you to point these out to us?"

"Are you being truthful with me?" asked the old man. Eight Rules said, "There has never been the teeniest fakery in my whole life."

"You are not," said the old man, "putting on a highfalutin show like the priest before."

"No, I'm not like him," said Eight Rules.

Leaning on his staff, the old man said to Eight Rules, "The mountain is called the Lion-Camel Ridge of eight hundred miles, and in it there is a Lion-Camel Cave where you will find three archdemons."

"Pshaw!" cried Eight Rules. "You're too fussy an old man! Only three demons, and you have to take all that trouble to announce them to us!"

"Aren't you afraid?" asked the old man. "To tell you the truth," replied Eight Rules, "one blow of my Elder Brother's rod will kill one of them, and one blow of my rake will kill another; I have a younger brother, too, and one blow of his fiend-routing staff will kill the third one. When all three of the demons are slain, my master will cross this ridge. What's so difficult about that?" Smiling, the old man said, "This monk is completely ignorant! The magic powers of those three archdemons are vast indeed! Moreover, those small fiends under their command number five thousand on the south summit, and five thousand also on the north summit. Those stationed to guard the road leading east number ten thousand, and another ten thousand are guarding the road leading west. There must be five thousand on the patrol teams, and those guarding the cave entrance must run to another ten thousand. There are countless fiends tending the fires and gathering firewood. All in all, they must have some forty-seven or forty-eight thousand troops, each equipped with a nameplate. They devote themselves to devouring humans in this place." When our Idiot heard these words, he ran back, trembling all over. As he approached the Tang Monk, he dropped his rake and, instead of giving his report, began to evacuate his bowels. "Why aren't you giving us a report?" snapped Pilgrim. "Why are you squatting there?"

"I'm so scared," replied Eight Rules, "that even my shit has come out! There's no further need for me to talk. Let's scatter while there's still time to save our lives!"

"This root of idiocy!" said Pilgrim. "I never was frightened when I asked the questions. How is it that when you go, you lose your mind?"

"What is in fact the matter?" asked the elder.

Eight Rules replied, "The old man told me that this mountain is named the Lion-Camel Mountain. In it there is a Lion-Camel Cave, where three old fiends and forty-eight thousand little fiends reside and devote themselves to devouring humans. The moment we put one step on the side of their mountain, we'll become food in their mouths. We can't ever proceed!" On hearing this, Tripitaka began to shake all over as his hairs stood on end, saying, "Wukong, what shall we do?"

"Master, relax," said Pilgrim, laughing. "It's no big thing! There may be a few monster-spirits here, I suppose, but the people of this region are very timid. They frighten themselves with all this rumor about how many fiends there are and how big they are. Look, you have me!"

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you shouldn't talk that way! I'm not like you, and what I learn is the truth. It's not a rumor. The whole mountain and the whole valley are filled with fiendish demons. How could we go forward?"

"The mouth and face of an idiot!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "Allow nothing to scare you! If the whole mountain and the whole valley are full of fiendish demons, old Monkey will use his rod. Half a night and they'll all be exterminated!"

"Shame on you! Shame on you!" said Eight Rules. "Stop the big talk! It'll take seven or eight days for those monster-spirits just to take their roll call. How could you exterminate them so readily?"

"How do you think I'm going to slay them?" asked Pilgrim. "Suppose they let you grab them," replied Eight Rules, "bind them, or stop them dead with the Magic of Immobilization. Even then, you can't kill all of them so quickly." With a laugh, Pilgrim said, "No need for grabbing or binding. I give this rod of mine a yank on both ends, crying, 'Grow!', and it'll be four hundred feet long. Next, I wave it once, crying, 'Thicken!' and it'll have an eighty-foot circumference. I roll it toward the south of the mountain once, and five thousand fiends will be crushed to death; I roll it toward the north of the mountain once, and another five thousand will be crushed to death. Then I roll it once from east to west, and forty or fifty thousand, who cares how many, will be reduced to meat patties."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "if you roll them down like you roll out dough for noodles, you might finish them off by the second watch."

"Master," said Sha Monk, laughing on one side, "what are you afraid of when Big Brother has such vast magic powers? Mount up and get going!" When the Tang Monk heard them debating about their abilities, he had no choice but to calm himself and climb up on the horse.

As they proceeded, they discovered that the old man who came to inform them had vanished. "He must be a fiend," said Sha Monk, "who exploited deliberately the reputation and power of the demons to come and frighten us."

"Don't jump to any conclusion," said Pilgrim. "Let me go have a look."

Dear Great Sage! Leaping up to the peak, he looked all around without spotting anyone. As he turned his face, however, he saw colored mists flickering in the air. He immediately leaped upon the clouds to give chase and soon he caught sight of the Gold Star Venus. Rushing up to the god, Pilgrim tugged at him with his hands and used his vernacular name to address him, saying, "Long Life Li! Long Life Li! You're such a rogue! If you have anything to say, you should have said it to my face. Why did you assume the appearance of an old country bumpkin to beguile me?"

The Gold Star saluted him hurriedly and said, "Great Sage, I'm sorry for not informing you sooner. Please forgive me! Please forgive me! These archdemons, possessive of vast magic powers, indeed make for a rugged hurdle. If you exercise all your powers in transformation and all your cleverness, you may pass through. If you but slacken a little, it'll be difficult for you to proceed."

Thanking him, Pilgrim said, "I'm grateful! If this is such a difficult place to traverse, please go to the Region Above and request from the Jade Emperor some celestial soldiers to assist old Monkey."

"We have plenty of those for you," replied the Gold Star. "Once I bring your message up there, we can round up even one hundred thousand celestial soldiers if you need them." Pilgrim took leave of the Gold Star and dropped from the clouds to face Tripitaka. "That old man," he said, "who came to bring us the information happened to be the Star Venus."

Folding his hands before him, the elder said, "Disciple, catch up with him quickly, and ask him whether there is another road we can take."

"There's no detour," said Pilgrim, "for this mountain as it is is eight hundred miles across. I don't even know how wide it is on both sides. How could we take a detour?" On hearing this, Tripitaka could not restrain the tears flowing from his eyes. "Disciple," he said, "if it's so difficult, how could I ever hope to worship Buddha?"

"Stop crying! Stop crying!" Pilgrim said, "Once you cry, you become completely feeble. This information of his can't be all true, for his main purpose is to arouse our vigilance. As the saying goes, 'To tell is to exaggerate.' Please dismount and sit here for the moment."

"What sort of discussion are we having now?" asked Eight Rules.

"No discussion," replied Pilgrim. "You just stand here and guard Master with all diligence, while Sha Monk can watch the horse and the luggage. Let old Monkey go up the ridge to do a little detection to see just how many fiends there are. I'll catch one of them and question him thoroughly; if need be, I'll even make him write up a confession and list in detail the names of all their old and young.

Then I'll order them to close up their cave and forbid them from barring our way, so that Master will be able to go through this place peacefully and quietly. Only then will you perceive the ability of old Monkey!"

All Sha Monk could say to him, however, was, "Be careful! Be careful!"

"No need for all your instructions!" said Pilgrim with a laugh. "Once I get up there,

I'll open a pathway even if it's the Great Eastern Sea;
I'll punch an opening if it's an ironclad mountain."

Dear Great Sage! Whistling, he mounted the cloud somersault to leap up to the tall summit, where he pushed aside the creepers and vines to look all around. There was, however, not a sound or a trace of human beings. He spoke aloud to himself, "I've made a mistake! I've made a mistake! I should never have let the oldie Gold Star go. He was actually trying to frighten me. If there's any monster-spirit around here, he would have jumped out and played in the wind, or he would fool with his lance or rod to practice his martial art. How is it that there is no one . . ."

As he was thus talking to himself, he heard the loud bangs of a rattle behind the mountain. Turning hurriedly to look, he discovered a little fiend, hauling a banner on his shoulder which had on it the inscribed word, command. He had a bell tied to his waist, and he was beating a rattle with his hand as he walked from north to south. Pilgrim stared at him and thought that he was about twelve feet in height. Smiling to himself, Pilgrim said, "He must be a postal soldier on his way to deliver a document. Let me eavesdrop on him to see what he has to say."

Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and changed, with one shake of his body, into a fly. He flew up to his cap and alighted gently on it to eavesdrop on the fiend. After he had turned onto the main road, the little fiend kept beating his rattle and shaking his bell, while he mumbled to himself, "Those of us patrolling the mountain should all be on guard against that Pilgrim Sun. He knows how to change into a fly."

Astounded by what he heard, Pilgrim said to himself, "He must have seen me! How could he know my name and how could he know I might change into a fly, if he hadn't?"

But that little fiend, you see, had not seen him. It was actually those archdemons who somehow managed to give this instruction to the little fiends, and this one was just repeating what he heard. Pilgrim, of course, did not know this; suspecting that he had been seen, he was about to slay the fiend with the rod when he thought to himself, "I recall that the Gold Star told Eight Rules that there were three old fiends and some forty-seven or forty-eight thousand little fiends. If those little fiends are like this one, another forty thousand won't make a bit of difference. But I wonder how powerful are those three old demons. Let me go question him, then I can raise my hands."

Dear Great Sage! How is he going to question him, you ask? He leaped down from his cap and alighted instead on a tree to allow the little fiend to walk a few steps ahead. Quickly he changed into another little fiend, having, in fact, the same clothes and like him, beating the rattle, shaking the bell, hauling the banner, and mumbling the same words. The only difference was that he was several inches taller than the other fiend. He ran up to the other little fiend and called out, "You on the road, wait for me."

Turning around, the little fiend said, "Where did you come from?"

"My good man!" said Pilgrim with a giggle. "Can't you recognize someone from the same family?"

"You're not in our family," said the little fiend. "What do you mean?" said Pilgrim. "Take a good look."

"But you look unfamiliar," said the little fiend. "I don't recognize you! I don't recognize you!"

"I know I look unfamiliar," replied Pilgrim. "I'm one of those who tend the fires, and you've seldom met me." Shaking his head, the little fiend said, "Never! Never! Even among those brothers in our cave who tend the fires, there's no one with a pointed mouth like yours." Pilgrim thought to himself, "I've made my mouth a little too pointed."

He lowered his head at once and gave his mouth a rub, saying, "My mouth's not pointed!" Immediately, his mouth was not pointed anymore.

"Just now," said the little fiend, "your mouth *was* pointed. How could it change like that after you gave it a rub? How baffling! You can't very well belong to our family! I have never seen you before! It's too suspicious! Moreover, the domestic laws of our great kings are very strict: those who tend the fires always tend the fires, and those who patrol the mountain will patrol the mountain. They couldn't have asked you to tend the fires, and then asked you also to patrol the mountain, could they?"

Exceedingly clever with his mouth, Pilgrim at once replied, "You have no idea that our great kings had promoted me, when they saw how good I was at tending the fires, and asked me to patrol the mountain."

The little fiend said, "All right. There are forty of us who patrol the mountain to one platoon, and we have altogether ten platoons.

Each of us is different in age, and each has a different name. To prevent confusion among the ranks and to facilitate taking the roll, our great kings gave us each a nameplate. Do you have one?" Now Pilgrim had changed into a semblance of only what he could see of the little fiend; namely, how he was dressed and what he was doing. Since he had not seen the plate, he, of course, did not have it on him. Dear Great Sage! Refusing to admit that he had none, he followed the drift of the question instead

and said, “How could I not have a plate? I just received a brand new one. But you take out yours first for me to have a look.”

Completely unaware that this was a trick, that little fiend hitched up his clothes and pulled out for Pilgrim to see a gold-lacquered plate, which was tied to his body with a small cotton thread. On the back of the plate Pilgrim saw the inscription, In Command of All Demons. In front there were three printed words:

Little Wind Cutter. He thought to himself, “It goes without saying that those who patrol the mountain will be named some sort of Wind Cutters.”

He therefore said to the little fiend, “Lower your clothes now, and let me show you my plate.”

Turning to one side, Pilgrim yanked off a small piece of hair from the tip of his tail and gave it a pinch, whispering, “Change!” It changed at once into another gold-lacquered plate that had a small cotton thread attached to it. On it were the three printed words:

Chief Wind Cutter. When he took it out and showed it to him, the little fiend was greatly taken aback. “We are all named Little Wind Cutters,” he cried, “but how could you have the name of Chief Wind Cutter?”

As he had always acted with the greatest calculation and spoken with the utmost shrewdness, Pilgrim immediately said, “You really have no idea that our great kings promoted me to be a patrol commander when they saw how well I tended the fires. They also gave me a new plate with the name, Chief Wind Cutter, and the charge that I would lead the forty of you in this platoon.” On hearing this, the fiend bowed hurriedly, saying, “Captain, Captain, you’ve just been commissioned, and that’s why you look unfamiliar. Please forgive me for offending you with my words.”

“I won’t blame you,” chuckled Pilgrim as he returned his bow. “But I do have a request: an introductory gift of five ounces of silver per person.”

“Don’t be too impatient, Captain,” said the little fiend. “Let me join up with my platoon at the south of the ridge, and we’ll all chip in.”

“In that case,” said Pilgrim, “I’ll go with you.” Indeed, the little fiend walked ahead, while the Great Sage followed him.

In less than a few miles, they came upon a pen peak. Why was it called a pen peak, you ask? On that mountain the peak rose straight up for some forty or fifty feet, as a pen sticking up from its rack. Hence the name. After Pilgrim went up there, he gave his tail a wag and leaped to the tallest point to sit down. “Wind Cutters,” he cried, “gather around!”

All those Little Wind Cutters bowed to him down below, saying, “Captain, we wait on you.”

“Do you know,” asked Pilgrim, “why the great kings sent me out here?”

“No, we don’t,” replied the little fiends.

Pilgrim said, “The great kings want to devour the Tang Monk, but their only fear is that Pilgrim Sun has vast magic powers. He is capable of many transformations, they claim, and they are afraid that he may change into a Little Wind Cutter to walk on this road to spy on us. They therefore have promoted me to Chief Wind Cutter and asked me to make an investigation, to see whether there is any specious one among your platoon.”

"Captain," all those Little Wind Cutters said in unison, "we are all genuine."

"If you are," said Pilgrim, "do you happen to know what sort of abilities our great kings possess?" One of the Little Wind Cutters said, "I do."

"If you do," said Pilgrim, "tell me quickly. If I agree with you, you are genuine, but if you make the slightest error, you are a specious one. I'll certainly arrest you and take you to see the great kings." When that Little Wind Cutter saw him sitting loftily on the peak and wielding his authority left and right, he had little choice but to speak the truth, saying, "Our great great king has vast magic powers and enormous abilities. With one gulp, he once swallowed one hundred thousand celestial warriors." On hearing this, Pilgrim bellowed, "You're false!"

Horrified, the Little Wind Cutter said, "Father Captain, I'm real. How could you say that I'm false?"

"If you are," said Pilgrim, "why did you babble? How big is the great great king that he can swallow with one gulp one hundred thousand celestial warriors?"

The Little Wind Cutter said, "Perhaps the captain does not know that our great great king is capable of such transformation that he can be big enough to reach the celestial hall when he wants to, or he can become as small as a vegetable seed. When the Lady Queen Mother convened the Festival of Immortal Peaches in a former year and did not send an invitation to our great great king, he wanted to strive with Heaven. The Jade Emperor sent one hundred thousand celestial warriors to bring him to submission, but our great king exercised his magic body of transformation and opened his mouth big and wide as a city gate. He charged at the celestial warriors, so terrifying them that they dared not do battle and closed up the South Heaven Gate instead. That's what I meant when I said that he once swallowed one hundred thousand celestial warriors with one gulp." On hearing this, Pilgrim smiled silently to himself, saying, "If it's this kind of ability, old Monkey is quite capable of it."

He spoke out loud again, saying, "What sort of abilities does second great king possess?"

Another Little Wind Cutter replied, "Our second great king is about thirty feet tall; he has silkworm-like eyebrows, phoenix eyes, a lovely lady's voice, and teeth like long flat poles. His nose, moreover, resembles a dragon. When he fights with someone, all he needs to do is to wrap his nose around his enemy. Though that person may have an iron back and a bronze body, his spirit will expire and his soul will perish!"

"A monster-spirit," said Pilgrim to himself, "with a trunk like that is not difficult to catch."

He spoke out loud once more, saying, "What sort of abilities does the third great king possess?"

Another Little Wind Cutter said, "Our third great king is no fiendish creature of the mortal world, for he has the name of the Roc of Ten Thousand Cloudy Miles. When he moves, he whips up the wind and transports the seas; he reaches the north and rules the south. On his person he also carries a treasure, called the yin-yang double-force vase. If a person is placed inside it, he will turn to liquid within one and three-quarter hours." When he heard this, Pilgrim became alarmed, saying to himself, "I'm not scared of the demon, but I'd better be careful about his vase."

He spoke out loud again, saying, “You have all spoken quite accurately about the abilities of our three great kings, as accurately as I have known them to be. But do you know which of the great kings would like to devour the Tang Monk?”

“Captain,” said another Little Wind Cutter, “do you mean that you don’t know?”

“Don’t I know more than you?” snapped Pilgrim. “You are the ones who may not know the truth of the matter, and that’s why I was sent to give you a thorough interrogation.”

The Little Wind Cutter said, “Our great great king and the second great king have long resided in the Lion-Camel Cave of the Lion- Camel Ridge. Our third great king, however, did not live here, for his original residence was located about four hundred miles west of here, in a city by the name of the Lion-Camel State. Five hundred years ago, he devoured the entire city—the king, the civil and military officials, the populace, male and female, old and young—and took over the kingdom. All the inhabitants of that city now are fiends. I don’t know which year it was that he learned that the Tang court in the Land of the East had commissioned a monk to go seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. That Tang Monk, so the saying goes, is a good man who has practiced austerities for ten incarnations. If anyone eats a single piece of his flesh, he will gain longevity and never grow old. But fearing his disciple, Pilgrim Sun, who is said to be exceedingly formidable, our third great king was afraid that he couldn’t quite handle the situation all by himself. He came, therefore, to become a bond-brother with the two great kings at this place. The three of them are thus united in their determination and efforts to catch that Tang Monk.” When Pilgrim heard this, he was filled with anger. “These brazen fiends are so audacious! I am protecting the Tang Monk so that he may attain the right fruit. How could they plan to devour my man?”

He was so mad that he clenched his teeth, whipped out his iron rod, and leaped down from the tall peak. All he had to do was to slam the rod down on the heads of the little fiends, and they were immediately reduced to meat patties! When he saw them like that, however, he was moved somewhat to pity. “Alas,” he said to himself, “they were kind enough after all to have spilled everything about their family to me. How could I finish them off just like that? All right! All right! What’s done is done!”

Dear Great Sage! Because of the impediment in his master’s way, he had no choice but to do something like this. He took down one of the nameplates and tied it to his own waist. The banner with the word, “command,” he hauled on his shoulder, the bell he hung on his belt, and he took up the rattle. Facing the wind, he made the magic sign and recited a spell to change with one shake of his body into the appearance of that Little Wind Cutter whom he first met on the road. In big strides, he followed the road back to search for the cave and to do some more detection on those three old fiendish demons. Truly, these were

The Handsome Monkey King’s ten thousand ways to change!
Ten thousand permutations, what real abilities!

He dashed deeply into the mountain, following the path on which he came. As he ran along, he suddenly heard people shouting and horses neighing. When he raised his eyes to look, he saw that the noise was coming from a huge mob of little fiends in front of the Lion-Camel Cave, all equipped with columns of scimitars, lances, spears, and halberds, with flags and banners. Delighted, our Great Sage said to himself, “Long Life Li’s words are not far off the mark!”

The way that those little fiends were arrayed, you see, had an order to it: two hundred and fifty of them made up one huge column, to which was assigned a tall colored flag. When he spotted some forty such flags, he knew that there had to be at least ten thousand troops right there before the cave.

Thereupon he thought further to himself, "Old Monkey has already changed into a Little Wind Cutter. Once I step inside, I would have to give some answers should those old demons question me on patrolling the mountain. If I am recognized because of some slipup in my words, how am I going to get away? Even if I want to run out the door, how could I get out with so many of them barring the door? If I want to seize the fiendish kings inside the cave, I must get rid of these fiends before the door first."

How could he get rid of the fiends, you ask? Marvelous Great Sage! He thought some more to himself:

"Though those old demons have never met my face, they have already known the reputation of old Monkey. Let me rely on that reputation, then, and exploit its power; let me give some big talk to frighten them a bit, and see whether those creatures of Middle Land indeed have sufficient affinity to be rewarded by us taking the scriptures back to them. If they do, a few bravado sentences of mine will frighten the fiends enough to scatter them. If those creatures, however, do not have sufficient affinity so that we cannot acquire the true scriptures, then

Even if I preach till the lotus flowers appear,
I shall not dispel the spirits before the cave."

His mind thus questioning his mouth, and his mouth thus questioning the mind, he beat his rattle and shook his bell as he marched up to the entrance of the Lion-Camel Cave. He was immediately met by the little fiends of the forward camp who said, "Little Wind Cutter, have you returned?" Instead of answering them, Pilgrim lowered his head and walked on.

At the second-level camp, he was stopped again by some more little fiends who said, "Little Wind Cutter, have you returned?"

"I have," replied Pilgrim. "When you went on patrol this morning," said the fiends, "did you run into Pilgrim Sun?"

"I have," replied Pilgrim, "he's polishing his pole at the moment."

A little frightened, those little fiends said, "What does he look like? What sort of a pole is he polishing?" Pilgrim said, "He was squatting there by the side of a brook, and he still seemed like a trailblazing deity. If he stood up, he would have to be over a hundred feet tall! He had in his hands an iron rod that resembled a huge pole, so thick it was that it had to have the thickness of a rice bowl. As he sprinkled some water on the stone ledge, he rubbed his rod on it while he mumbled to himself, 'O dear pole! I haven't taken you out for awhile to show your magic powers. Now that you have been taken out, may you beat to death for me all those monster-spirits, even if there are one hundred thousand of them! Then let me slay also those three arch-demons and offer them as sacrifices to you!' Once he has polished his rod so that it shines, he will no doubt slaughter first those ten thousand of you before the door." When those little fiends heard these words, every one of their hearts quivered and their galls shook, as their souls melted and their spirits dispersed. "Think on this, all of you," said Pilgrim again. "The flesh of that Tang Monk doesn't amount to many pounds, you know, and I doubt

if we'll ever get to receive our portions even if he were divided up. Why should we withstand that pole for them? Why don't we ourselves just scatter?"

"You are right," said the various fiends. "Let's look after our own lives and leave."

All of these fiends, you see, were no more than wolves, tigers, leopards, and the like. With a roar, all these beasts and fowl simply dispersed in every direction. And so, those few subversive sentences of the Great Sage Sun worked like the songs of Chu when they scattered some eight thousand troops.

Secretly delighted, Pilgrim said to himself, "Marvelous! Those old fiends are good as dead! If words will make them run, how would they dare meet me face to face? When I get inside, however, I'd better repeat what I said. For if I miss saying something, a couple of those little fiends who have run inside just now may reveal my secret." Look at him!

He was set to approach the ancient cave;
With boldness he walked deep inside the door.

We do not know whether good or evil would befall him when he saw the old demons; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-FIVE

Mind Monkey drills through the yin-yang body
Demon lords return to the true great Way

We were telling you about that Great Sage Sun, who walked inside the cave to look left and right. He saw

A mound of skeletons,
A forest of dead bones;
Human hair packed together as blankets,
And human flesh trodden as dirt and dust;
Human tendons knotted on the trees
Were dried, parched, and shiny like silver.
In truth there were mountains of corpses and seas of blood;
Indeed the putrid stench was terrible!
The little fiends on the east
Gouged out flesh from living persons;
The brazen demons on the west
Boiled and cooked fresh human meat.
Only Handsome Monkey King had such heroic gall;
No other mortal would dare enter this door.

After a little while, he walked through the second-level door to look around inside. Ah! What he saw in here was quite different from the outside; it was a place both quiet and elegant, both handsome and spacious. On the left and right were exotic grass and rare flowers; there were old pines and aged bamboos front and back. He had to walk, however, for another seven or eight miles before he reached the third-level door, through which he stole a glance. Inside the door and sitting loftily on three high seats were three old fiends, who appeared most savage and hideous. The middle one had

Teeth like files and saws,
A round head and a square face.
He had a voice like thunder
And flashing eyes like lightning.
His nose curled skyward;
His brows sprouted flames.
When he moved,
All other beasts trembled;
When he sat,
All demons shook and quivered.
This was the king of beasts,
The green-haired lion fiend.

The one to his left had

Phoenix eyes and golden pupils,
Yellow tusks and stubby legs,
Long nose and silver hair,
A head that seemed tail-like;

Knotted brows beneath his round forehead
And a huge, rugged torso.
He had a soft voice like a lissome beauty,
But his white face was a bull-head demon's.
A brute of prolonged self-cultivation,
This was the yellow-tusked old elephant.

The one to his right had

Golden wings and leviathan head,
Starlike pupils and leopard eyes.
He ruled the north, governed the south—
Fierce, strong, and courageous.
Coming alive he could fly and soar
While quails quaked and dragons dreaded.
When he shook his feathers,
All the birds went into hiding;
When he stretched his sharp claws,
All the fowl cowered in terror.
Able to reach a cloudy distance of ninety-thousand miles,
This was the great eagle-roc.

Below them stood some one hundred captains, all in complete armor and military regalia, and looking most truculent and fierce.

When Pilgrim saw them, however, he was filled with delight. Not the least bit frightened, he marched through the door in big strides, and after he dropped his rattle, he lifted his head and said, "Great Kings." Smiling broadly, the three old demons said, "Little Wind Cutter, have you returned?"

"I have indeed," replied Pilgrim in a ringing voice.

"Have you found out anything about Pilgrim Sun when you were on patrol in the mountain?"

"In the presence of the great kings," replied Pilgrim, "I dare not speak."

"Why not?" asked the first old demon.

"By the command of the great kings," said Pilgrim, "I went forward, beating my rattle and shaking my bell. As I walked along, I suddenly caught sight of a person squatting by a brook. Even then he looked like a trailblazing deity, and if he had stood up, he would have been undoubtedly over a hundred feet tall. Bailing some water from the brook, he was polishing with it a huge pole on a rock. As he did so, he kept mumbling to himself that up till now, he hadn't been able to show off the magic power of his pole. Once he had polished the pole enough to make it glow, he said he would come and use it on the great kings. I knew he had to be that Pilgrim Sun, and that's why I have returned to make my report." When that old demon heard these words, he perspired profusely. Shaking all over, he said, "Brothers, I told you not to bother the Tang Monk. His disciple has such vast magic powers that he has already made plans for us. Now he is polishing his rod to beat us up.

What shall we do?"

Then he gave this order:

"Little ones, summon all the soldiers outside the cave to come in. Shut the door, and let those priests pass." One of the captains who knew what had happened said immediately, "Great King, the little fiends guarding the door outside have all scattered."

"How could they have all scattered?" asked the old demon. "They must have heard the bad news, too. Shut the door quickly! Shut the door quickly!"

The various fiends hurriedly banged the front and back doors shut and bolted them.

Becoming somewhat alarmed, Pilgrim thought to himself, "After they close the doors, they might question me on some other business in their house. If I can't answer them, I will give myself away. Won't I be caught then? Let me scare them a little bit more, so that they'll open the doors again for me to flee if I need to."

He therefore went forward again and said, "Great Kings, that Pilgrim Sun said something that's even more dreadful."

"What else did he say?" asked the old demon.

Pilgrim said, "He said that when he had caught hold of the three of you, he would skin the great great king, he would debone the second great king, and he would pull out the tendons of the third great king. If you shut your doors and refuse to go out, he is capable of transformations, you know. He may well change into a tiny fly, come in through a crack in the door, and seize all of us. What shall we do then?"

"Brothers," said the old demon, "be careful. There is hardly a fly in our cave. If you see a fly coming in here, it has to be that Pilgrim Sun." Smiling to himself, Pilgrim thought, "I'll give him a fly to scare him a bit. Then he'll open the doors."

The Great Sage stepped to one side and pulled off a piece of hair behind his head. Blowing a mouthful of immortal breath on it, he whispered, "Change!" and it at once changed into a gold-headed fly, which darted up and flew smack into the face of the old demon.

"Brothers, this is awful!" cried a horrified old demon. "That little something has entered our door!"

Those fiends, young and old, were so terrified that they took up pitchforks and brooms to swat madly at the fly.

Unable to contain himself, our Great Sage broke into loud giggles, which, alas, he should have never permitted himself to do. For once he laughed, his original features also appeared. When the third old demon saw him, he leaped forward and grabbed him, crying, "Elder Brothers, we were almost fooled by him!"

"Who is fooling whom?" asked the first old demon.

"The one who was speaking to us just now," replied the third fiend, "was no Little Wind Cutter. He is Pilgrim Sun. He must have run into Little Wind Cutter, slain him somehow, and changed into his appearance to deceive us here."

Greatly shaken, Pilgrim said to himself, "He has recognized me!" Rubbing his face hurriedly with his hand to correct his features, he said to those fiends, "How could I be Pilgrim Sun! I am the Little Wind Cutter. The great king has made a mistake."

"Brother," said the old demon, smiling, "he *is* Little Wind Cutter. For three times every day he answers my roll call. I know him."

Then he asked Pilgrim, “Do you have your nameplate?”

“I do,” replied Pilgrim, and he took it out at once from inside his clothes.

More convinced than ever, the old fiend said, “Brother, don’t falsely accuse him.”

“Elder Brother,” said the third fiend, “didn’t you see him? He was giggling just now with his face half turned, and I saw for a moment a thunder god beak on him. When I grabbed him, he changed back immediately into his present looks.”

He then called out:

“Little ones, bring me some ropes.”

The captains took out ropes immediately. Wrestling Pilgrim to the ground, the third fiend had him hog-tied before they hitched up his clothes to examine him. It became apparent at once that he was *the* Ban-Horse-Plague all right! Pilgrim, you see, was capable of seventy-two kinds of transformation. If it was a matter of changing into a fowl, a beast, a plant, a utensil, or an insect, his entire body could be transformed. But when he had to change into another person, only his face but not his body could be transformed. When they lifted up his clothes, therefore, they saw a body full of brown fur, two red buttocks, and a tail.

When he saw this, the first old fiend said, “Though he may have the face of Little Wind Cutter, it’s the body of Pilgrim Sun. It’s he.

Little ones, bring us some wine first, so that I may present to the third great king a cup of merit. Since we have caught Pilgrim Sun, there is no doubt that the Tang Monk will be the food of our mouths.”

“Let’s not drink wine just yet,” said the third fiend. “Pilgrim Sun is an exceedingly slippery character, for he knows many ways of escape. I fear we may lose him. Tell the little ones to haul out our vase and put Pilgrim Sun inside it. Then we can drink.”

“Exactly! Exactly!” said the old demon, laughing loudly. He at once summoned thirty-six little fiends to go to their weapons chamber and haul out the vase.

How big was the vase, you ask? Why would it need thirty-six persons to carry it? Though it was no more than twenty-four inches tall, that vase was a treasure governed by the double primal forces of yin and yang. Its magic reactions inside were activated by the seven jewels, the eight trigrams, and the twenty-four solar terms. Only thirty-six persons, a number which corresponded to the number of constellations in the Heavenly Ladle group, would have sufficient strength to lift it up. In a little while, the little fiends had the treasure vase hauled out and set before the third-level door. After they had unpacked it from its wrappings and removed the stopper, they untied Pilgrim and stripped him naked. Then they carried him up to the mouth of the vase, and immediately he was sucked inside with a loud whoosh by the immortal breath of the vase. It was then covered again with its stopper, on top of which they added a tape to seal it. Beckoning his companions to join him to drink, the old fiend said, “Now that this little ape has entered my treasure vase, he’d better not think of the road to the West anymore. If he ever wanted to worship Buddha and acquire scriptures, he might as well turn his back, take up the wheel of transmigration, and seek Buddhist treasure in the next incarnation!” We tell you now about that Great Sage, who found the vase to be quite small for his body once he reached the inside. He decided, therefore, to transform

himself into someone smaller and squat in the middle of the vase. Finding it to be quite cool after some time, he could not refrain from chuckling to himself and saying out loud, "These monster-spirits are banking on their false reputation! How could they tell people that once someone was placed inside the vase, he would change into pus and blood after one and three-quarter hours? If it's cool like this, I can live here for seven or eight years with no trouble!"

Alas! The Great Sage, you see, had no idea of how that treasure worked: if someone who had been placed within it remained silent for a whole year, then it would remain cool for all that time. But the moment that person spoke, fire would appear to burn him. Hardly had the Great Sage spoken, therefore, when he saw that the entire vase was engulfed in flames. Fortunately, he was not without abilities; sitting in the middle, he made the fire-repellent magic sign with his fingers and faced the flames calmly. After about half an hour, some forty snakes crawled out from every side and began to bite him. Pilgrim stretched forth his hands, picked up the snakes, and with a violent wrench tore them into eighty pieces. In a little while, however, three fire dragons emerged and had him encircled top and bottom.

As the situation was fast becoming unbearable, Pilgrim was rather flustered, saying to himself, "I can take care of other things, but these fire dragons are hard to deal with. If I don't get out of here, the fire and the heat may overwhelm me after awhile. What then? I think I'd better push my way out by making my body bigger."

Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign with his fingers and reciting a spell, he cried, "Grow!"

At once his body reached the height of over a hundred feet, but the vase also grew in size with him. Reversing his magic, he reduced the size of his body, but the vase, too, grew smaller with him.

Greatly alarmed, Pilgrim said, "Hard! Hard! Hard! How could it grow big or small with me like that? What shall I do?"

He had hardly finished speaking when he felt some pain on his shanks. Rubbing them hurriedly with his hand, he found his shanks were turning flaccid because of the fire. More and more anxious, he thought to himself, "What's to become of me? Even my shanks are weakened by the fire. I'll be reduced to a cripple!"

He was hardly able to hold back his tears. Thus it was that

He thought of Tripitaka, having met demons and woes;
He missed the sage monk, when beset by fatal ordeals.

"O Master!" he cried. "Since that year when I embraced the truth because of the Bodhisattva Guanyin's persuasion and was delivered from my Heaven-sent calamity, I suffered with you the trek through various mountains and subdued many fiends, including the bringing to submission of Eight Rules and Sha Monk. All my labor, all my bitter toil were done with the hope that we would reach the West together and attain the right fruit. Little did I realize that I would meet such vicious demons today! Having been thrown in here by my mistake, old Monkey will lose his life, and you will be stranded halfway up the mountain, unable to proceed. Could it be that my past misdeeds were what brought on my present ordeal?"

As he grieved like that, he suddenly thought to himself, "On the Serpent Coil Mountain that year, the Bodhisattva gave me as a gift three life-saving hairs. I wonder if I still have them. Let me search for them."

He touched his whole body with his hands and found three hairs on the back of his neck to be especially stiff. Delighted, he said to himself, “All my hairs are quite soft, and only these three happen to be stiff. They must be my lifesavers!”

Clenching his teeth to endure the pain, he pulled off the hairs and blew on them a mouthful of immortal breath, crying, “Change!” One of the hairs changed into a diamond drill, the second one into a strip of bamboo, and the third into a piece of cotton rope. Bending the strip into the shape of a bow, he tied the rope to both ends and used it to guide the drill to drill away at the bottom of the vase. After awhile, light filtered in through a small hole. “Lucky! Lucky!” he said, highly pleased. “I can get out now!”

As he was about to use transformation to escape, the vase suddenly turned cool once more. Why, you ask? Once he drilled through the vase’s bottom, you see, the two forces of yin and yang leaked out.

Dear Great Sage! He retrieved his hairs and, shrinking the size of his body, changed into a mole cricket, so delicate that it was no thicker than a strand of whisker and no longer than a piece of eyebrow hair. He crawled out of the hole, but instead of leaving, he flew directly up to the old demon’s head and alighted on it. The old demon was drinking merrily when all of a sudden, he put down his cup and said, “Third Younger Brother, has Pilgrim Sun melted?”

“It’s about time, isn’t it?” said the third demon, smiling.

The old demon gave the order for the vase to be brought up to the table, and those thirty-six little fiends immediately went to haul it.

When they discovered, however, that the vase had become very light, the terrified fiends cried, “Great Kings, the vase has turned light.”

“Nonsense!” snapped the old demon. “Our treasure is the perfect product of the double forces of yin and yang. How could it have turned light?” One of the more courageous little fiends picked up the vase all by himself and brought it near the table, saying, “See for yourself whether it’s lighter or not.” Removing the stopper, the old demon peered inside and, when he saw a speck of light coming from the bottom, he burst out, “The vase is empty!” Unable to contain himself, the Great Sage shouted on his head, “My dear child! I’m gone!”

“He’s gone! He’s gone!” cried the other fiends. “Close the doors! Close the doors!” With one shake of his body, Pilgrim retrieved the clothes they took from him, and, changing back into his original form, bounded out of the cave. “Monster-spirits, don’t you dare be unruly!” he shouted back at them as he left. “The vase has been punctured, and it can’t be used on humans anymore. It’s only good for a night pot!” Merrily and noisily, he trod the clouds and went back to the place where he left the Tang Monk. The elder at the time was just saying a prayer toward the sky, using pinches of dirt as incense. Pilgrim stopped his cloud to hear what he was saying. With his hands folded before his chest, the elder bowed to the sky and said,

I pray to all immortals of cloud and mist,
All devas, and Gods of Darkness and Light:
May they my good pupil, Pilgrim, assist
And grant him vast and boundless magic might.

When the Great Sage heard such words, he was moved to even greater diligence. Causing the cloudy luminosity to subside, he drew near and said, “Master, I’ve returned.”

The elder took him by the hand and said, “Wukong, you’ve worked very hard! When you didn’t come back after having gone deep into the mountain, I was very worried. Tell me truly what sort of good or evil may we expect in this mountain.” With a smile, Pilgrim replied, “My trip was a successful one this time only because the creatures of the Land in the East are blessed with goodly affinity; and secondly, because the merit and virtue of my master are boundless and limitless; and thirdly, because your disciple has some magic powers.” Whereupon he gave a thorough account of how he disguised himself as the Little Wind Cutter, how he was trapped inside the vase, and how he escaped. “Now that I can behold the countenance of my master once more,” he said, “I feel like I have gone through another incarnation.”

Thanking him profusely, the elder asked, “You didn’t fight with the monster-spirits this time?”

“No, I didn’t,” replied Pilgrim. “You can’t therefore, escort me across the mountain, can you?” asked the elder.

As he had always been a person who loved to win, Pilgrim began to shout, “What do you mean that I can’t escort you across this mountain?”

“You haven’t quite proven that you can prevail against them,” said the elder. “Everything seems so muddled at the moment. How could I dare proceed?”

“Master,” replied Pilgrim with a laugh, “you are not very perceptive! As the proverb says,

A little yarn is no thread;
A single hand cannot clap.

There are three old demons, thousands and thousands of little fiends, and only one old Monkey. How could I possibly fight with them?”

“The few cannot withstand the many,” replied the elder. “I quite understand that you can’t cope with them all by yourself. But Eight Rules and Sha Monk both have abilities. I’ll tell them to go with you, so that your united efforts will sweep clean the mountain path and escort me through it.”

“What you say is quite right,” said Pilgrim, turning somewhat pensive. “Sha Monk, however, should stay here to guard you. Let Eight Rules go with me.”

Terribly alarmed, our Idiot said, “Elder Brother, you’re the one who is imperceptive! I’m rather crude, and I don’t have much ability.

Even when I walk along, I resist the wind. Of what use am I to you?”

“Brother,” said Pilgrim, “even though you may not have great abilities, you are still another person. As the common folks say, ‘Even a fart is additional air!’ You can at the very least build up my courage.”

“All right! All right!” said Eight Rules. “I hope you’ll look after me a bit. When things become tight, don’t play tricks on me.”

“Do be careful, Eight Rules,” said the elder. “Sha Monk and I will remain here.”

Arousing his spirit, our Idiot mounted a gust of violent wind with Pilgrim and rode on the fog and the cloud to go up the tall mountain. When they arrived before the door of the cave, they found the door tightly shut and no one in sight. Pilgrim walked forward and, holding his iron rod, cried out in a loud voice, “Fiends, open your door! Come out quickly to fight with old Monkey!” When the little fiends in the cave reported

this, the old demon was deeply shaken. “The rumor spreading for years about how powerful that ape is,” he said, “has been proven true today!”

“Elder Brother, what do you mean?” asked the second fiend on one side. The old demon replied, “When that Pilgrim changed into Little Wind Cutter earlier this morning to sneak in here, we couldn’t recognize him. It was fortunate that our Third Worthy Brother spotted him at last and we managed to put him inside the vase. But he had the ability to drill through the vase and he escaped after he retrieved his clothes. Now he’s provoking battle outside. Who has enough courage to face him in the first fight?”

To this question of his, however, no one made a reply. He asked again, but still there was no answer, for everyone inside the cave was playing deaf and dumb.

His anger rising, the old demon said, “We’re earning ourselves an ugly reputation on the main road to the West. When Pilgrim Sun today can mock us like this and we do not go out to face him in battle, our fame will surely diminish. Let me risk this old life of mine to go have three rounds with him. If I can withstand him for three rounds, the Tang Monk will be the food of our mouths. If I can’t, let’s close up our door and let them pass.”

He put on his armor and opened the door to walk out. Pilgrim and Eight Rules stood by the door to stare at him, and he was some fiendish creature indeed!

A jeweled helmet topped his iron-hard head,
With dangling tassels colorful and bright.
Like flashing lightning his two eyes did glow;
Like shining mist hair on both temples flowed.
His claws were like silver, both quick and sharp;
His sawlike teeth were even and thickset.
The armor he wore was one solid gold piece;
A smart dragon-head sash wrapped round his waist.
His hands held a shiny scimitar of steel:
The world rarely saw such heroic might.
With one bellow loud as a thunderclap
He asked, “Who on our door would dare to rap?”

Turning around, the Great Sage said, “It’s your Venerable Father Sun, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven.”

“Are you Pilgrim Sun?” asked the old demon with a laugh. “You audacious ape! I’m not bothering you. Why are you provoking battle here?” Pilgrim replied, “As the proverb says,

The waves will only rise with the wind;
Water will subside without the tide.

If you didn’t bother me, you think I would come looking for you? It’s because you bunch of thugs and hoodlums have banded together to plot against my master, planning to devour him. That’s why I’ve come to do this.”

“You show up at our door in such a menacing manner,” said the old demon. “Does that mean that you want to fight?”

“Exactly,” replied Pilgrim. “Stop acting with such insolence!” said the old demon. “If I ordered out my fiend troops, placed them in formation, raised the flags, and beat the drums to fight with you, all I would be doing is to show simply that I’m the

local tiger trying to take advantage of you. I'll face you alone, one to one, and no other helper will be permitted." On hearing this, Pilgrim said, "Zhu Eight Rules, step aside. Let's see what he'll do with old Monkey." Idiot indeed walked away to one side.

"You come over here," said the old demon, "and act as my chopping block first. If your bald head can withstand three blows of my scimitar, I'll let you and your Tang Monk go past. But if you can't, you'd better turn him over quickly to me as a meal." When he heard this, Pilgrim smiled and said, "Fiend! If you have brush and paper in your cave, take them out and I'll sign a contract with you. You can start delivering your blows from today until next year, and I won't regard you seriously!"

Arousing his spirit, the old demon stood firmly with one foot placed in front of the other. He lifted up his scimitar with both hands and brought it down hard on the head of the Great Sage. Our Great Sage, however, jerked his head upward to meet the blow. All they heard was a loud crack, but the skin on the head did not even redden. Greatly astonished, the old demon said, "What a hard head this monkey has!"

Chuckling, the Great Sage said, "You don't realize that old Monkey was

Born with a bronze head and a crown of steel
That no one possessed in Heav'n or on Earth.
Unbreakable by the mallet or the ax,
It has gone in my youth into Laozi's stove.
Its making Four Dipper Stars had overseen
And Twenty- Eight Lodges applied their work.
It could not be wrecked though drowned a few times,
For tough sinews circled it all around.
Fearing still that it was not strong enough,
The Tang Monk added a fillet of gold!"

"Stop bragging, ape!" said the old demon. "Watch the second blow of my scimitar! It'll not spare your life!"

"Why talk like that?" replied Pilgrim. "Isn't it enough that you hack away?"

"Monkey," said the old demon, "you have no idea that my scimitar is

Metal in the furnace forged,
Wrought by the gods' drawn out work.
The fine blade and its mighty pow'r
Conform to military science.
It looks like the tail of a fly
And also a white serpent's waist.
In the mountain clouds would gather;
In the ocean waves would pile high.
Pounded and polished countless times,
It has been a hundred ways refined.
Though it's kept in an ancient cave,
It'll win once in battle it's placed.
I'll grab that nice, bald, priestly head of yours
And make two gourd halves with one mighty whack!"

"This monster-spirit is so blind!" chuckled the Great Sage. "So, you think that old Monkey's head is a gourd! All right. I won't delay you. You can give me another blow."

The old demon lifted his blade to hack away once more, and again the Great Sage met it with his head. With a loud crack, the head was split in two, but the Great Sage also rolled on the ground immediately and changed into two bodies. Terrified by what he saw, the fiend lowered his scimitar. From a distance, Eight Rules saw everything and said, laughing, "The old demon should strike again, and there'll be four persons!" Pointing at Pilgrim, the old demon said, "I have heard that you are capable of the Magic of Body-Division.

But why are you exercising it in my presence?"

"What do you mean by the Magic of Body-Division?" asked the Great Sage.

"Why didn't you move when I gave you the first blow?" asked the old demon. "Why did you become two persons after the second one?"

"Fiend, don't be afraid," said the Great Sage, laughing. "If you cut me ten thousand times, I'll give you twenty thousand persons!"

"Monkey," said the old demon, "you may be able to divide your body, but I doubt whether you can retrieve your bodies. If you have the ability to become one again, you may give me a blow with your rod."

"No lying, now," said the Great Sage. "You said you wanted to hack me three times with your scimitar, and you have only done it twice. Now you want me to give you a blow with my rod. If I strike you even half a blow more, I'll give up my surname Sun!"

"Well said," replied the old demon.

Dear Great Sage! He embraced the other half of himself and, with a roll, became one person again. Picking up his rod, he slammed it down on the old demon, who parried the blow with his scimitar and said, "Brazen ape, don't you dare be unruly! What sort of a funeral staff is that that you dare use it to hit someone right before his door?"

"If you ask me about this rod of mine," snapped the Great Sage, "you should know that it has a reputation both in Heaven and on Earth."

"What kind of reputation?" asked the old demon. The Great Sage said,

The rod of steel nine cyclic times refined
Was forged in the stove by Laozi himself.
King Yu took it, named it "Treasure Divine,"
To fix the Eight Rivers and Four Seas' depth.
In it were spread out tracks of planets and stars,
Its two ends were clamped in pieces of gold.
Its dense patterns would frighten gods and ghosts;
On it dragon and phoenix scripts were drawn.
Its name was one Rod of Numinous Yang,
Stored deep in the sea, hardly seen by men.
Well-formed and transformed it wanted to fly,
Emitting bright strands of five-colored mist.
Enlightened Monkey took it back to the mount
To experience its pow'r for boundless change.
At times I would make it thick as a drum
Or small and tiny as an iron wire.

Huge like South Mountain or fine as a pin,
It lengthened or shortened after my desire.
Move it gently and colored clouds would rise.
Like flashing lightning it would soar and fly.
Its cold air, far-reaching, would bring you chills;
Its deadly aura could imbue the sky.
To tame tigers and dragons it I kept;
With me it toured all four corners of earth.
I once disturbed with this rod the Hall of Heav'n;
Its might broke up the Festival of Peach.
Fighting it the devarāja had no chance;
Against it Naṭa found the task most hard.
Struck by the rod, the gods had no place to hide;
One hundred thousand soldiers ran and fled.
With thunder gods guarding Divine Mists Hall
I leaped and fought to Hall of Perfect Light.
All flustered were the ministers at court,
And all divine officers were most confused.
I raised my rod to topple the Dipper Hall
And, turning, smashed the South Pole Palace.
When Emperor Jade saw how fierce was my rod,
Tathāgata was asked to face my wrath.
Twas natural for a fighter to win or lose,
But harsh confinement was my certain lot,
Which lasted for a full five hundred years;
Then came kind counsels from South Sea's Guanyin.
There was, she told me, a priest of Great Tang
Who offered to Heaven a stupendous vow:
To save the souls from the City of Death,
He would seek scriptures from the Spirit Mount.
But demons infested the westward way;
The journey thus was no convenient trek.
Knowing the rod had in the world no match,
She begged me to be his guardian on the way.
Perverts, touched by it, would go to Hades,
Their bones turning to flour, their flesh to dust.
Every where fiends had died beneath the rod,
In hundreds and thousands and countless scores.
Above, it busted the Dipper Palace;
Below, it smashed up all of Darkness Hall.
In Heaven it chased the Nine Planetoids
And wounded on Earth the summoner-judge.
It dropped from midair to rule mountains and streams,
Much stronger than Jupiter's new year sword.
To guard the Tang Monk I bank on this rod,
Having beaten this world's all monster-gods!

When he heard these words, the demon trembled and shook, though he risked his life and raised the scimitar to strike. Beaming broadly, the Monkey King met him

with the iron rod. At first the two of them fought before the cave; after a while, they leaped up to do battle in midair. What a marvelous battle it was!

A treasure that fixed Heaven River's depth
Was the rod, named Compliant, this world's prize.
Such vaunting talents the demon displeased,
Who raised his scimitar with magic might.
A conflict before the door might one resolve.
How could any be spared in a midair fight?
After his own feelings one changed his looks;
One's torso grew taller without delay.
They fought till clouds thickened in the sky
And fog drifted up from the ground.
That one made plans a few times to devour Tripitaka;
That one exercised his vast pow'r to guard the Tang Monk.
Because the Buddha wished the scriptures to impart,
Evil and good became clear, locked in bitter strife.

The old demon and the Great Sage fought for over twenty rounds, but no decision could be reached. When Eight Rules down below saw, however, how intense a battle the two of them were waging, he could no longer stand idly by. Mounting the wind, he leaped into the air and delivered a terrific blow with his rake, aiming it at the monster's face. The demon was horrified, for he did not know that Eight Rules was a blunderer, someone without any real stamina. When he saw that long snout and those huge ears, the demon thought that the hands would also be heavy and the rake vicious. Abandoning his scimitar therefore, he turned and fled in defeat. "Chase him! Chase him!" shouted the Great Sage.

Relying on his companion's authority, our Idiot raised high the muckrake and went after the fiend. When the old demon saw him approaching, he stood still before the mountain slope and, facing the wind, changed back into his original form. Opening wide his huge mouth, he wanted to swallow Eight Rules, who was so terrified by the sight that he dove quickly into the bushes by the wayside. He crawled in there, without regard for thorns or prickles and with no thought of the pain of the scratches on his head; trembling all over, he stayed in the bushes to see what would develop.

In a moment, Pilgrim arrived, and the old fiend also opened wide his mouth to try to devour him, little knowing that this was exactly what Pilgrim desired. Putting away his iron rod, Pilgrim ran up to the fiend, who swallowed him in one gulp. Our Idiot in the bushes was so shaken that he muttered to himself, "How stupid is this Ban-Horse-Plague! When you saw the fiend coming to devour you, why didn't you run away? Why did you go up to him instead? You might still be a priest today inside his stomach, but tomorrow you'd be a big pile of droppings!" Only after the demon left in triumph did our Idiot crawl out from the bushes and slip away on the road he came.

We tell you now about Tripitaka, who waited with Sha Monk beneath the mountain slope. All of a sudden they saw Eight Rules running back and panting heavily. Horrified, Tripitaka said, "Eight Rules, how is it that you look so desperate? Where is Wukong?"

"Elder Brother," sobbed our Idiot, "has been swallowed by the monster-spirit in one gulp." When he heard this, Tripitaka collapsed on the ground, and only after a long time could he stamp his feet and pound his chest. "O disciple!" he cried. "I thought that

you were so adept in subduing the fiends that you could lead me to see Buddha in the Western Heaven. How could I know that you would perish in the hands of this fiend? Alas! Alas! The merit of this disciple and others have all turned to dust now!"

The master was beside himself with grief. But look at our Idiot! Instead of trying to comfort his master he called out, "Sha Monk, bring me the luggage. The two of us will divide it up."

"Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "why do you want to divide it?"

"When we have divided it," replied Eight Rules, "each of us can go our own way; you can return to Flowing Sand River to be a cannibal, and I'll go back to the Old Gao Village to see my wife. We'll sell the white horse, and that should enable us to buy a coffin for our master in his old age!"

The elder was already heaving in anguish. When he heard these words, he began to wail, calling on Heaven to help him all the time and we shall leave him there for the moment.

We tell you about that old demon, who thought it a smart thing to have swallowed Pilgrim. When he reached his own cave, the various fiends came to greet him and asked him about the battle. "I caught one," said the old demon. Delighted, the second demon asked, "Which one did you catch, Big Brother?"

"It's Pilgrim Sun," replied the old demon. "Where have you caught him?" asked the second demon. The old demon said, "He has been swallowed into my stomach in one gulp."

Horrified, the third demon said, "O Big Brother, I'm sorry I haven't told you, but Pilgrim Sun is inedible!"

"I'm very edible!" said the Great Sage in the belly. "Moreover, I satisfy! You'll never be hungry again!"

The little fiends were so frightened that one of them said, "Great King, it's terrible! Pilgrim Sun is talking inside your stomach!"

"I'm not afraid of his talking!" said the old demon. "If I have the ability to devour him, you think I have no ability to handle him? Go and boil me some salt water quickly. Let me pour it down my stomach and throw him up. Then we can have him slowly fried and eaten with wine."

The little fiends indeed went and brought back half a pan of hot salt water, which the old demon immediately drained. Opening wide his mouth, he retched in earnest, but our Great Sage seemed to have taken roots in the stomach. He did not even budge. The old demon pressed his own throat and retched again and again until he became dizzy and dim of sight. Even his gall seemed to have been busted! But Pilgrim remained unmoveable as ever. After he panted for awhile, the old demon cried, "Pilgrim Sun, aren't you coming out?"

"It's too early!" replied Pilgrim. "I don't feel like coming out!"

"Why not?" asked the old demon. "You're not a very smart monsterspirit!" said Pilgrim. "Since I became a monk, I have led a rather penurious life. It's the cool autumn now, and all I have on is an unlined shirt. This belly of yours is quite warm, and it has no draft. This is exactly where I should spend my winter." On hearing this, all the fiends said, "Great King, Pilgrim Sun wants to spend the winter in your belly."

"If he wants to do that," said the old demon, "I'll practice meditation. With my magic of hibernation, I'll not eat for a whole winter and starve that Ban-Horse-Plague."

"My son," said the Great Sage, "you are so dumb! On this journey in which old Monkey is accompanying the Tang Monk to go seek scriptures, we passed through Canton and I picked up a portable frying pan, excellent for cooking chop suey.

If I take time to enjoy your liver, chitterlings, stomach, and lungs, I think I can last easily till spring!"

"O Elder Brother," cried a horrified second demon, "this ape is capable of doing this!"

"O Elder Brother," said the third demon, "it's all right to let him eat the chop suey, but I wonder where he is going to set up the frying pan."

"On the fork of his chest bone, of course!" replied Pilgrim. "That's bad!" cried the third demon. "If he sets up the pan there and starts a fire, you'll sneeze if the smoke rises to your nostrils, won't you?"

"Don't worry," said Pilgrim, chuckling. "Let old Monkey punch a hole through his head with my golden-hooped rod. That will serve both as a skylight and a chimney." On hearing this, the old demon became quite frightened, even though he pretended to be brave and said, "Brothers, don't be afraid.

Bring me our medicinal wine. I'll drink a few goblets and kill that ape with the drug." Smiling to himself, Pilgrim said, "When old Monkey caused great disturbance in Heaven five hundred years ago, he devoured the elixir of Laozi, the wine of the Jade Emperor, the peaches of the Lady Queen Mother, and all kinds of dainties like phoenix marrow and dragon liver. What, in fact, have I not tasted before? What kind of medicinal wine is this that he dares use to drug me?"

After the little fiends went and bailed two pots of the medicinal wine, they filled a large goblet and handed it to the old demon. The moment he took it in his hands, however, our Great Sage could smell the wine's fragrance even inside the belly of the demon. "I won't allow him to drink it!" he said to himself. Dear Great Sage! With a twist of his head, he turned his mouth into the shape of a trumpet which he placed immediately below the throat of the old demon. When the old demon drank in one gulp the goblet of wine, it was immediately swallowed by Pilgrim. When he drank the second goblet, it, too, was swallowed by Pilgrim, and in this way seven or eight goblets went down the throat of the demon. Putting down the goblet, the old demon said, "I'm not drinking anymore. It used to be that two goblets of this wine would make my stomach feel like fire. I drank seven or eight goblets just now, and my face hasn't even reddened!"

But our Great Sage, you see, could not take too much wine. After he had swallowed seven or eight gobletfuls from the old demon, he became so delirious that he began to do calisthenics without pause inside the demon's belly. He did jumping jacks and cartwheels; he let loose high kicks; grabbing the liver he used it for a swing, and he went through handstands and somersaults, prancing madly here and there. So unbearable was the pain that the fiend slumped to the ground. We do not know whether he died or not; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-SIX

Mind-Spirit dwells at home, and demons revert to nature
Wood Mother together subdues the fiend's true self

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who dallied inside the belly of the old demon for quite a while until the latter dropped to the ground, hardly breathing or speaking a word. Thinking that the demon might be dead, the Great Sage released his hold somewhat on the demon's innards, and, having caught his breath once more, the demon chief called out, "Most compassionate and merciful Bodhisattva Great Sage, Equal to Heaven!" When he heard that, Pilgrim said, "Son, don't waste your energy! Spare a few words and just address me as Grandpa Sun!"

As he had great regard for his own life, that fiendish demon did indeed cry out, "Grandpa, grandpa! It's my fault! I made a terrible mistake in swallowing you, and *now* you're in a position to harm me. I beg the Great Sage to be merciful and have regard for the life-seeking wish of an ant. If you spare my life, I'm willing to send your master across this mountain." Now, though the Great Sage was a warrior, he thought only of the Tang Monk's progress. When he, a person not unreceptive to compliments, heard how pitifully the fiendish demon was begging him, he became kindhearted again. "Fiend," he cried, "I'll spare you. But how will you send my master off?"

"We have no silver or gold, pearl or jade, cornelian, coral, crystal, amber, tortoiseshell, or any such precious treasure to give to you," said the old demon. "But we three brothers will carry your master on a palanquin made of scented vines, and that's how we will send your master across this mountain."

"If you're going to take him across in a palanquin," said Pilgrim, laughing, "that's better than giving us treasures. Open your mouth wide and I'll come out."

The demon chief did open his mouth wide, but the third demon walked up to him and whispered, "Big Brother, when he's about to get out, bite down hard. Chew that little monkey to pieces and swallow him. Then he won't be able to torture you any more." Pilgrim, however, heard everything. Instead of crawling out himself, he stuck out his golden-hooped rod ahead of him to see if the way was clear. The fiend gave it a terrific bite; with a loud crack, one of his front teeth broke to pieces. Withdrawing his rod, Pilgrim said, "Dear fiend! I have already spared your life, but you want to bite me and kill me instead! I'm not coming out! I'm going to torture you until you drop! No, I'm not coming out!"

"Brother," complained the old demon to the third demon, "you've victimized your own kin! It would have been better if we had invited him to come out. You told me to bite him instead. He has not been bitten, but my teeth have been sorely hurt. What shall we do now?" When that third demon saw that the blame was put on him, he resorted to the method of "Piquing the General."

"Pilgrim Sun," he cried in a loud voice, "Your fame has been so loudly proclaimed that it strikes the ear like a crack of thunder! I have been told how you displayed your power before the South Heavenly Gate, how you showed your form beneath the Hall of Divine Mists, and how you have subdued monsters and bound demons on the way to the Western Heaven. But you are really nothing but an apish small-timer!"

"In what way am I a small-timer?" asked Pilgrim. The third fiend said, "As the proverb says,

The valiant stays in the clear;
His fame spreads both far and near.

If you come out and let me fight with you, then you may consider yourself a hero. How can you be satisfied with fooling about in someone's stomach? If you're not a small-timer, what are you?" When Pilgrim heard these words, he thought to himself, "Yes, yes, yes! If I pull his intestines apart and bust up his bladder, I can finish off this fiend right now. What's so difficult about that? Yet that will truly ruin my reputation. All right! All right! You open your mouth wide, and I'll come out to wage a contest with you. But the entrance to your cave is too narrow for us to use our arms. You must get out to a more spacious area." On hearing this, the third demon called up at once all the fiends; young and old, there were more than thirty thousand of those monster-spirits. Each grasping a sharp weapon, they went out of the cave to arrange themselves in the formation of the Three Forces and do battle with Pilgrim once he came out. The second fiend supported the old demon as he walked out of the door, crying, "Pilgrim Sun, if you're a hero, come out! There's a fine battlefield right here for you to fight on."

Even inside the demon's stomach the Great Sage could hear the din and hubbub outside, and he knew that they had arrived at a spacious region. He thought to himself, "If I don't go out, it'll mean that I have gone back on my word. If I do, however, I don't know what this monster-spirit with his human face but bestial heart is capable of doing. He said at first that he would send my master across the mountain, but actually he was trying to deceive me and bite me. Now he has even ordered his troops here . . . All right! All right! I'm going to take care of two things at once for him. I'll go out, but I will plant a root firmly in his stomach."

He reached behind him and pulled off a piece of hair from his tail, blew his immortal breath on it, and cried, "Change!" It changed at once into a rope no thicker than a piece of hair but some four hundred feet long. (The rope, you see, would grow thicker once it was exposed to wind.) He fastened one end of the rope to the heart of the monstrous fiend, but he left the knot loose enough so as not to hurt the fiend for the moment. Taking hold of the other end, he smiled and said to himself, "Even after I get out, he will have to send my master across the mountain. If he refuses and raises arms against me, I won't even bother to fight with him. All I need to do is to tug at this little rope, and it'll be as if I'm still in his belly."

He then reduced the size of his own body and began to crawl out; when he reached the lower part of the fiend's throat, he saw that the monster-spirit had opened wide his square mouth, with fine teeth standing above and below like rows of sharp swords. Quickly he thought to himself, "That's not good! That's not good! If I leave through his mouth and then try to tug at this rope, he'll bite through it once he begins to hurt. I must get out through some place where he has no teeth."

Dear Great Sage! Dragging the rope along, he crawled further up the throat of the fiend until he entered one of the nasal passages. A sudden itch in the old demon's nose caused him to "Ah-choo" loudly, and Pilgrim was sneezed right out.

The moment Pilgrim was exposed to the wind, he stretched his waist once and immediately grew to some thirty feet tall, with one hand holding the rope and the other grasping the iron rod. Not knowing any better, the demon chief, as soon as he saw Pilgrim, lifted up his steel scimitar and hacked away at his opponent's face. Pilgrim

parried the blow with one hand holding the iron rod. At the same time, the second fiend, using a lance, and the third fiend, using a halberd, both rushed forward and rained blows on him. Putting away his iron rod and letting the rope hang loose, the Great Sage leaped up to the clouds and dashed away. He was afraid, you see, that once the little fiends had surrounded him, he would not be able to carry out his plan. He therefore jumped clear of their camp to reach a spacious spot on the peak of the mountain. Dropping down from the clouds, he grabbed the rope with both hands and tugged with all his strength, and immediately a sharp pain shot through the heart of the old demon. To lessen the pain, the demon clawed his way into the air also, but the Great Sage gave his rope another yank. When the little fiends saw what was happening out there, they all cried out:

"O Great King! Don't provoke him anymore! Let him go! This little monkey has no sense of the seasons! Clear Brightness hasn't arrived yet, but he's flying a kite over there already!" When he heard this, the Great Sage gave the rope yet another mighty tug: hurtling through the air like a spinning wheel, the old demon fell to the ground with a thud, making a crater about two feet deep in the hardened loess beneath the mountain slope.

The second and the third fiends were so terrified that they both dropped down from the clouds and went forward to take hold of the rope. "Great Sage," they pleaded as they both knelt down, "we thought you were a lenient and magnanimous immortal, but you are no better than a slippery sneak. We wanted to lure you out to fight with you, and that's the honest truth. How could we know that you would fasten this rope onto the heart of our elder brother?"

"You bunch of lawless demons," said Pilgrim with a laugh, "you have a lot of nerve! Last time you tried to bite me when you tricked me to come out, and this time you bring up all these troops against me. Look at those thousands of fiend soldiers confronting me, and I'm single-handed! That's not quite reasonable, is it? No, I'm yanking you along! I'm yanking you along to see my master!" Kowtowing along with his brothers, the old demon said, "Be merciful, Great Sage. Spare my life, and I'll be willing to send the Venerable Master across this mountain."

"If you want your life," said Pilgrim with another laugh, "all you need to do is to cut the rope with a knife."

"Holy Father!" said the old demon. "I may be able to cut off the rope, but there's still another strip of it fastened to my heart. It's sticking to my throat and making me retch. What shall I do?"

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "open wide your mouth and I'll go in again to untie the rope."

Greatly alarmed, the old demon said, "Once you go in, you might refuse to come out again. That's too hard! That's too hard!" Pilgrim said, "I have the ability to untie the rope from the outside. After I have done so, are you really planning to escort my master across this mountain?"

"The moment you untie it," replied the old demon, "we'll escort him at once. I dare not lie." When he ascertained that the old demon was speaking the truth, the Great Sage shook his body once and retrieved his hair; immediately the fiend felt no pain in his heart. (That was the deceptive magic of the Great Sage Sun, you see, when he fastened the demon's heart with a piece of hair. When the hair was retrieved, the fiend's heart no longer ached.) Leaping up together, the three fiends thanked the Great Sage,

saying, “Please go back first, Great Sage, and tell the Tang Monk to pack up his things. We’ll bring a palanquin along to escort him.”

The various fiends all put away their weapons and went back to their cave.

After the Great Sage had put away his rope, he went straight back to the east side of the mountain, where from a great distance he could already see the Tang Monk rolling all over the ground and wailing loudly. Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk had the wrap untied and were just in the process of dividing up the contents. “I needn’t be told whose doing this is!” sighed Pilgrim to himself. “Eight Rules must have informed Master that I was devoured by the monster-spirit. Master is wailing because he can’t bear to part with me, but that Idiot is dividing things up so he can run off. Alas, I wonder if I’ve got the right interpretation! I’ll call Master and see what happens.”

He dropped down from the clouds and cried, “Master!” On hearing this, Sha Monk at once began to berate Eight Rules, saying, “You are

A sure coffin-maker
Who does in ev’ry taker!

Elder Brother is still alive, but you said he was dead so you could engage in your shoddy business here. Isn’t he the one calling now?”

“I clearly saw him being swallowed by the monster-spirit with one gulp,” said Eight Rules. “This must be an unlucky day, I suppose, and his spirit has returned to haunt us.”

Going straight up to him, Pilgrim gave Eight Rules’s face a whack that sent him stumbling.

“Coolie,” he shouted, “am I haunting you?” Rubbing his face, Eight Rules said, “Elder Brother, you were devoured by that fiend. You . . . how could you come alive again?”

“I’m no useless moron like you!” replied Pilgrim. “So he ate me, but I scratched his guts and pinched his lungs. I also put a rope through his heart and pulled at him until the pain was unbearable. Every one of them kowtowed and pleaded with me. Only then did I spare their lives. They are now preparing a palanquin to take our master across this mountain.” When he heard these words, our Tripitaka scrambled up at once and bowed to Pilgrim, saying, “O disciple! I have caused you great inconvenience! If I had believed Wuneng’s words completely, I would have been finished.” Raising his fists to punch at Eight Rules, Pilgrim scolded him, saying, “This overstuffed coolie! He’s so slothful and so callow! Master, please don’t worry any more. Those fiends are coming to take you across the mountain.”

Even Sha Monk felt embarrassed by these words, so much so that he hurriedly offered a few excuses for Eight Rules. They then gathered up the luggage and loaded it once more onto the horse’s back. We shall now leave them for the moment waiting by the wayside.

We tell you instead about those three demon chiefs, who led the flock of spirits to return to their cave. “Elder Brother,” said the second fiend, “I thought Pilgrim Sun was someone endowed with nine heads and eight tails, but I can see what he actually is—a puny little ape! Nevertheless, you shouldn’t have swallowed him. If we had just fought with him, he could never have withstood you and me. With these thousands of monster-spirits in our cave, we could have drowned him just by spitting. But you had to swallow him into your stomach, where he could exercise his magic to make you suffer.

We certainly didn't dare wage any contest with him then. Just now we said we were planning to escort the Tang Monk. That was all pretense, of course, because your life was more important than anything else. Once we tricked him into coming out, we would never escort that monk."

"Worthy brother," said the old demon, "what is your reason for reneging?"

"Give me three thousand little fiends," replied the second fiend, "and put them in battle formation. I have ability enough to capture that ape-head!"

"Don't ask for a mere three thousand," said the old demon. "You have my permission to call up the whole camp! Just catch him, and everyone will have made merit."

The second demon at once called up three thousand little fiends and had them spread out by the side of the main road. A blue banner-carrier was sent to convey this message:

"Pilgrim Sun, come out quickly and fight with our Second Father Great King." When Eight Rules heard this, he laughed and said, "O Elder Brother! As the proverb says,

A liar can't fool his fellow-villager.

What sort of skulduggery, what sort of hanky-panky is this when you tell us that you've subdued the monster-spirits, that they are fetching a palanquin to escort Master? Now they are here to provoke battle. Why?"

"The old fiend," said Pilgrim, "*was* subdued by me. He wouldn't dare show himself, for if he had caught even a whiff of the name Sun, he would have a headache now! This has to be the second fiendish demon, who can't stand the thought of escorting us. That's the reason for this challenge to battle. Let me tell you something, Brother. Those monster-spirits happen to be three brothers, and they all behave gallantly toward each other. We are also three brothers, but there's no gallantry at all among ourselves. I have already subdued the eldest demon. Now that the second demon has shown himself, the least you can do is to fight with him a bit. Is that too much to ask of you?"

"I'm not scared of him," replied Eight Rules. "Let me go and wage a battle with him."

"If you want to go," said Pilgrim, "go!" Laughing, Eight Rules said, "O Elder Brother, I'll go. But lend me that little rope of yours."

"What for?" asked Pilgrim. "You don't have the ability to crawl inside his stomach, nor are you capable of fastening it to his heart. Why do you want it?"

"I want it fastened around my waist," said Eight Rules, "as a lifeline! You and Sha Monk should take hold of it at the other end and then let me go out there to do battle. If you see that I'm winning, loosen the rope and I'll be able to capture the monster. If I lose, however, you must pull me back, so that he won't be able to grab me." Pilgrim smiled to himself, saying, "This will be some trick on Idiot!"

He did indeed tie the rope around Eight Rules's waist and urged him to do battle.

Lifting high his muckrake, our Idiot ran up to the ledge of the mountain and cried, "Monster-spirit, come out and fight with your ancestor Zhu!"

The blue banner-carrier went quickly to report:

"Great King, a priest with a long snout and big ears has arrived."

The second fiend left the camp at once; when he saw Eight Rules, he did not utter a word but lifted his lance to stab at his opponent's face.

Our Idiot went forward to face him with upraised rake, and the two of them joined in battle before the mountain slope. Hardly had they gone for more than seven or eight rounds, however, when Idiot's hands grew weak and could no longer withstand the demon. Turning his head quickly, he shouted, "Elder Brother, it's getting bad! Pull the lifeline! Pull the lifeline!" When the Great Sage on this side heard those words, he slackened the rope instead and let go of it. Our Idiot was already fleeing in defeat. The rope tied to his waist, you see, was no hindrance when he was going forward. But when he turned back, because it was hanging loose it quickly became a stumbling-block and tripped him up. He scrambled up only to fall down again. At first he only stumbled, but thereafter he fell snout-first to the ground. Catching up with him, the monster-spirit stretched out his drag-onlike trunk and wrapped it around Eight Rules. Then he went back to the cave in triumph, surrounded by the little fiends all singing victory songs.

When Tripitaka below the mountain slope saw what happened, he berated Pilgrim, saying, "Wukong, I can't blame Wuneng for cursing you to death. I see that there's no love or amity between you brothers at all, only mutual hatred and envy! He was yelling for you to pull the lifeline. How could you not do that and let go of the rope instead? Now he's been harmed. What shall we do?"

"Master," replied Pilgrim, laughing, "you're always so protective, so partial! All right, when old Monkey was taken captive, you didn't show much concern. I was quite dispensable! But no sooner had this Idiot been taken captive than you began to blame me. I want him to suffer a little, for only then will he realize how difficult it is to fetch the scriptures."

"O disciple," said Tripitaka, "you think I wasn't concerned about you when you were captured? But you, after all, are most capable of transforming yourself, and I thought that surely you would not be harmed. That Idiot, however, has a rather cumbersome build, and he's not agile at all. When's he's taken like this, he'll meet more ill than good. You must go rescue him."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "don't complain any more. Let me go rescue him."

He bounded quickly up the mountain, but he said spitefully to himself, "Since Idiot wanted to curse me to death, I'm not about to gratify him so easily. I'll follow the monster-spirits and see how they plan to treat him. Let him suffer a little first, and then I'll rescue him."

Thereupon he recited a magic spell; with one shake of his body, he changed into a tiny mole cricket. Darting away, he alighted on the base of one of Eight Rules's ears and went back to the cave with the monster-spirits. The second demon led the three thousand little fiends, all blowing bugles and beating drums, up to the entrance of the cave where they were to be stationed. He himself took Eight Rules inside and said, "Elder Brother, I've caught one."

The old fiend said, "Bring him here and let me have a look."

The second demon loosened his trunk and flung Eight Rules on the ground, saying, "Isn't this the one?"

"This one," said the old fiend, "is quite useless!" On hearing this, Eight Rules spoke up:

"Great King, let the useless one go. Find the useful one instead and catch him."

"Though he may be useless," said the third fiend, "he is still Zhu Eight Rules, a disciple of the Tang Monk. Let's tie him up and send him to soak in the pond in the back. When his hairs are soaked off, we'll rip open his belly, cure him with salt, and sundry him. He'll be good with wine when it turns cloudy."

Horrified, Eight Rules said, "Finished! Finished! I've run into a fiend who's a pickle merchant."

The various fiends all joined in and had Idiot hog-tied before hauling him to the edge of the pond. After shoving him out toward the center of the pond, they turned and left. The Great Sage flew up into the air to have a look, and he found our Idiot half floating and half submerged in the pond, with his four legs turned upward and his snout downward, snorting and blowing water constantly. He was a laughable sight indeed, like one of those huge black lotus roots of late autumn that has cast its seeds after frost. When the Great Sage saw those features, he was moved to both anger and pity. "What am I to do?" he thought to himself. "He is, after all, a member of Buddha's Birthday Feast. But I'm so mad at him, for at the slightest excuse he will divide up the luggage and try to run off. And he's always egging Master on to cast that Tight- Fillet Spell on me. I heard from Sha Monk the other day that he had managed to put away some private savings. I wonder if it's true.

Let me give him a scare!"

Dear Great Sage! Flying near Eight Rules's ear, he assumed a different voice and called out:

"Zhu Wuneng! Zhu Wuneng!"

"Of all the rotten luck!" mumbled an apprehensive Eight Rules. "Wuneng happens to be a name given to me by the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin.

Since I followed the Tang Monk, I have also been called Eight Rules. How is it that someone at this place should know me as Wuneng?" Unable to restrain himself, Idiot asked, "Who is calling me by my religious name?"

"It is I," replied Pilgrim. "Who are you?" asked Idiot, and Pilgrim said, "I'm a summoner."

"Officer," said Idiot, growing more and more alarmed, "where did you come from?" Pilgrim said, "I've been sent by the Fifth Yama King to summon you."

"Officer," said Idiot, "please go back. Inform the Fifth Yama King that, for the excellent friendship he enjoys with my elder brother, Sun Wukong, I should be spared one more day. Have me summoned tomorrow."

"Rubbish!" replied Pilgrim. "As the proverb says,

When Yama at third watch wants you to die,
Who dares detain you till fourth watch goes by?

Hurry up and follow me, so I don't have to put the rope on you and pull you along."

"Officer," said Idiot, "I'm asking no big favor of you. Just look at my face. You think I can live? I know I'm going to die, but I want to wait one more day—until those monster-spirits have my master and the rest of them captured and brought here. We can then enjoy a last reunion before we all expire."

"All right," said Pilgrim, smiling to himself, "I have about thirty other people here to be rounded up. Let me go get them first, and that'll give you another day. You have any travel money? Give me some." Idiot said, "How pitiable! Where does a person who has left home have any travel money?"

"If not," said Pilgrim, "I'll rope you up and you can follow me!"

"Officer," cried Eight Rules, horrified, "please don't rope me! I know that little rope of yours has the name of the Life-Dispatching Cord. Once you put it on me, I'll breathe my last. Yes! Yes! Yes! I do have a little, but not much."

"Where is it?" demanded Pilgrim. "Take it out quickly!"

"Pity! Pity!" replied Eight Rules. "Since I became a priest, I have bumped into a few philanthropic families who wanted to feed the monks. When they saw that I had a large appetite, they handed me a few pennies more than they gave my companions. Altogether I have managed to save about five maces of silver, but all that loose cash is hard to carry. When I last visited a city, I asked a silversmith to have it forged into a single piece. He turned out to be most unscrupulous, for he stole a few candareens and I was left with a piece of silver weighing but four maces and six candareens. You may take it."

"This Idiot," said Pilgrim to himself, smiling, "doesn't even have a pair of pants on him. Where can he be hiding it?"

He asked, "Hey, where's your silver?"

"It's stuffed inside my left ear," replied Eight Rules. "I'm all tied up, and I can't get it for you. Take it out yourself." On hearing this, Pilgrim reached into the ear and found the piece of silver: shaped like a saddle, it did in fact weigh about four mace and six candareen. When he took hold of it, he could no longer refrain from letting out a loud guffaw. Recognizing at once that it was the voice of Pilgrim, our Idiot, floating in the water, began to let loose a string of abuses. "You damned Ban-Horse-Plague!" he cried.

"I'm in such straits already, and you have to come extort money from me!"

"You overstuffed pig!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "In his attempt to protect Master, old Monkey has undergone who knows how much affliction. But you even manage to stash away private savings!"

"Shame on you!" replied Eight Rules. "What sort of private savings is this? It's something that has been shaved off my teeth! I couldn't bring myself to spend it on my mouth. I was hoping to save it for one garment on my back, but you have to scare it out of me. Give me back a little of that silver!"

"Not even half a candareen," answered Pilgrim.

"I'll give it to you as ransom money then," scolded Eight Rules, "but you'd better rescue me."

"Don't be impatient," said Pilgrim.

"I'll rescue you."

He put away the silver and changed back into his original form; with the iron rod he teased and guided Idiot in and then hauled him out of the pond by his feet. After he was untied, Eight Rules leaped up and took off his shirt to wring out the water. Shaking it a couple of times, he draped it on his body again, still dripping wet. "Elder Brother," he said, "open the back door and let's scram!"

"Escaping through the back door," said Pilgrim, "is that manly behavior? Let's fight our way out through the front door."

Eight Rules said, "But my feet are numb from being tied up. I can't move."

"Just be quick and follow me," said Pilgrim.

Dear Great Sage! He opened up with his iron rod and fought his way out; Eight Rules, though still feeling the numbness, had no choice but to follow him. When they reached the second-level door, they found the muckrake standing there. Pushing the little fiends aside, Eight Rules grabbed his weapon and began to rain blows left and right. After he and Pilgrim went through those three or four levels of door in this manner, they managed to slaughter countless little fiends. When the old demon heard of it, he said to the second demon, "That's some fine person you've caught! Now look at what Pilgrim Sun has done! He has robbed us of Zhu Eight Rules and they have struck down the little fiends at our door!" Leaping up hurriedly, the second demon grasped the lance and ran out of the main gate. "Brazen ape!" he shouted in a loud voice.

"You insolent creature! How dare you insult us like this!" On hearing this, the Great Sage stood still, while the fiendish creature, without another word, attacked at once with the lance.

Pilgrim, the expert (as it were) was not exercised; wielding his iron rod, he faced his opponent head on. Thus the two of them began a magnificent battle outside the cave:

Old, yellow-tusked elephant became a man
And sworn bond-brother to a lion king.
Because the big demon prodded and urged,
They all plotted to eat the priest of Tang.
Great Sage, Equal to Heav'n, of vast magic powers
Would help the Right to quell spirits perverse.
Inept Eight Rules fell to malicious hands,
But Wukong saved him, got him out the door.
When the fiend king gave chase, flaunting his strength,
Rod and lance joined up, each showing its might.
The lance of that one came like a python slicing through the woods;
The rod of this one soared like a dragon rising from the sea.
The dragon, cloud-shrouded, rose from the sea;
The python, mist-enwrapped, sliced through the woods.
Come to think of it, 'twas for the Tang Monk
That they strove bitterly without restraint.

Though that Eight Rules saw the Great Sage fighting with the monster-spirit, he did not step forward to help his companion at all.

Standing the muckrake on the ground at the mouth of the mountain, he merely stood there and stared dumbly at them. When the monster-spirit saw how heavy Pilgrim's rod was, how tautly executed were his thrusts and parries, without the slightest hint of weakness or mistake, he blocked the rod with his lance and stretched

out his trunk to seize his opponent. Pilgrim, however, knew exactly what was happening; raising the golden-hooped rod horizontally high above his own head with both hands, he permitted the monster-spirit to wrap his trunk around his waist, but his hands remained free. Look at him! His two hands played with the rod on top of the monster-spirit's trunk like a drum majorette twirling a baton! When he saw that, Eight Rules beat his breast and cried, "Alas, that monster-spirit's so unfortunate! When he caught hold of a ruffian like me, he had even my hands wrapped up so that I could not move at all. But when he caught hold of a slippery creature, he didn't bother to wrap up his hands. All those two hands need to do is to jab the rod into his trunk. There'll be pain and snivel in that nostril. How could he hold on to his prisoner?" Now Pilgrim actually had not thought of doing that, but this time Eight Rules managed to give him an idea. Waving the rod once to turn it into a staff over ten feet long and having the thickness of a chicken egg, he jabbed it into the monster's trunk. Horrified, the monster-spirit loosened his hold at once with a loud snort. Pilgrim changed hands and, grabbing hold of the trunk, gave it a mighty tug.

To lessen his pain, the monster-spirit walked forward in the direction he was pulled. Only then did Eight Rules have the courage to approach them and rain blows onto the monster-spirit's side with his muckrake.

"No! No!" cried Pilgrim. "You have sharp teeth on your rake. If you puncture his skin and make him bleed, Master will blame us again for hurting life when he sees this. Just hit him with your rake handle."

Accordingly, our Idiot lifted the rake handle and gave the monster a blow with each step he took, while Pilgrim pulled him in front by the trunk. Like two elephant tenders, they herded the monster down the slope, where Tripitaka stood waiting with unblinking eyes. When he caught sight of them approaching noisily, he called out, "Wujing, can you see what it is that Wukong is dragging along?" Sha Monk took one look and said, smiling, "Master, Big Brother is pulling a monster-spirit by his trunk. What a lovely sight!"

"My goodness! My goodness!" said Tripitaka. "Such a huge monster-spirit! And what a long nose he has! Go and tell him, if he is gracious enough to escort us across this mountain, we'll spare him. We shouldn't hurt his life."

Hurrying forward to meet them, Sha Monk said in a loud voice, "Master says not to hurt him if that fiend is willing to escort us across this mountain." On hearing this the fiend immediately went to his knees and made a sort of wheezing reply. Since his trunk was gripped by Pilgrim, you see, he sounded as if he had a severe cold. "Venerable Father Tang," he huffed, "if you're willing to spare my life, we'll fetch a palanquin to escort you." Pilgrim said, "We master and disciples are all gracious winners. We believe you, and we'll spare your life. Go fetch the palanquin quickly. If you change your mind again, we'll certainly not spare you once we capture you."

After he had been freed, the fiend kowtowed and left, while Pilgrim and Eight Rules gave a full report to the Tang Monk. Overcome by embarrassment, Eight Rules began sunning his clothes in front of the slope to dry them, and we shall leave them for the moment.

The second demon, trembling all over, went back to the cave. Before he arrived, the little fiends had already made the report that he was taken captive and led away by the trunk. In dismay, the old demon and the third demon were just in the process of leading the troops out when they saw the second demon returning alone. After they had

welcomed him back and asked him what had happened, the second demon gave them a complete account of the Tang Monk's kind words and the claim of being a gracious winner. As they stared at each other, no one dared speak up for a long time. Then the second demon said, "Elder Brother, are we ready to escort the Tang Monk?"

"What are you saying, Brother?" asked the old demon. "Pilgrim Sun is in truth a kind and benevolent ape. When he was first in my belly, he could have finished me off a thousand times if he wanted to harm me. Just now, when he caught hold of your trunk, he could have given you a lot of trouble if he had refused to set you free and squeezed the tip of your trunk until it was punctured. Let's make the necessary preparations quickly and go escort them."

"Yes, let's escort them! Let's escort them!" said the third demon with a laugh.

"Worthy Brother," said the old demon, "you sound as if you are miffed. If you don't want to escort them, the two of us will go instead."

"Let me inform my two elder brothers," said the third demon, laughing some more. "If those priests did not want us to escort them and simply chose to sneak across this mountain, they would have been lucky. But since they insisted on our escorting them, they would certainly fall into my ploy of 'Seducing the Tiger to Leave Its Mountain.'" "What do you mean by 'Seducing the Tiger to Leave Its Mountain?'" asked the old fiend.

"Call up all the fiends in our cave," replied the third fiend. "We'll select one thousand from ten thousand of them, one hundred from that thousand, and then sixteen from that hundred. In addition, we want to select thirty more."

"Why is it," asked the old fiend, "that you want to select sixteen little fiends and then thirty more?"

"The thirty little fiends," replied the third demon, "will be selected for their culinary skills. We'll give them some fine rice, thin noodles, bamboo shoots, tea sprouts, fragrant mushrooms, straw mushrooms, bean curds, and wheat glutens, along with the order that they should set up camp at every twenty- or thirty-mile interval to prepare meals for the Tang Monk."

"And what do you want the sixteen fiends for?" asked the old fiend.

"Eight of them will haul the palanquin," said the third fiend, "and eight will shout to clear the way. We three brothers will accompany all of them for a distance. Some four hundred miles west of here will be my city, where I will have my men and horses to relieve us. Once we get near the city, all we need do is this, this, and this, so that those master and disciples will have no chance at all to look after each other. If we want to seize the Tang Monk, we'll have to rely on those sixteen demons to bring us success." When he heard these words, the old fiend could not have been more pleased; it was as if he indeed had snapped out of a hangover or awakened from a dream. "Marvelous! Marvelous! Marvelous!" he cried, and he at once called together all the fiends. He first selected the thirty members to whom he gave the foodstuff. Then he selected sixteen of them and they were told to haul out a palanquin made of fragrant vines. As they walked out the door, he gave them this instruction also:

"You are not permitted to wander off somewhere in the mountain. Pilgrim Sun happens to be a monkey full of suspicions. If he sees all of you milling about, he may suspect something and see through our plot." Leading the throng up to the side of the main road, the old fiend cried out in a loud voice:

"Venerable Father Tang, today does not clash with the dread day of Red Sand.

We are here to invite the Venerable Father to cross this mountain." On hearing this, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, who are those people that are calling me?" Pointing with his finger, Pilgrim said, "That's the monster-spirit old Monkey subdued. He has brought a palanquin to escort you."

"My goodness! My goodness!" said Tripitaka, his palms pressed together as he bowed to Heaven. "If it hadn't been for the ability of my worthy disciple, how would I be able to proceed?"

He then went forward to salute the various fiends, saying, "I am greatly beholden to your love. When this disciple returns eastward with the scriptures, he will proclaim your virtuous fruits to the multitudes of Chang'an."

As they kowtowed, the fiends said, "Let the Venerable Father ascend the carriage."

Being of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, that Tripitaka did not perceive that this was a trick. The Great Sage Sun, too, was a golden immortal of the Great Monad, who was by nature honest and upright. Since he thought that the experience of captivity and release had truly subdued the fiend, he did not expect any intrigue nor did he examine the situation carefully before he complied with his master's wishes. After telling Eight Rules to load the luggage onto the horse and Sha Monk to follow the rear, he himself took up the lead, his iron rod resting across his shoulders. Eight of the little fiends lifted up the palanquin while eight others shouted to clear the way. With the fiend chiefs supporting the carryingpoles of the palanquin on both sides, the master sat amiably in the middle of the carriage as they took the main road up to the tall mountain.

Little did they realize, however, that once they were under way, sorrow would arrive in the midst of gladness. As a Classic says, "At prosperity's end reversal's born.

They'll meet Jupiter in their fated hour
And baleful spirits of those hung to death!

That group of fiendish demons, of course, were most united in their efforts to gather around Tripitaka and most diligent in their service to him night and day. Hardly had they traveled thirty miles before they presented him with a vegetarian meal, and when they reached fifty miles, they fed him again. They even stopped before it was quite dark so that the master could rest. Throughout this leg of the journey, the fiends behaved most properly, and the pilgrims in their daily meals were fed to their hearts' content. When they paused to rest, they found a nice place where they could sleep soundly.

They proceeded in this manner toward the West for some four hundred miles, and they suddenly found themselves approaching a city. The Great Sage, his iron rod uplifted, was walking about a mile ahead of the entourage, when the sight of that city gave him such a fright that he fell to the ground, hardly able to get up. Since he had always been so bold, you ask, what was it about the sight of that city that so terrified him? He discovered, you see, that the city was full of vicious miasmas. It was

Crowded with fiends and monstrous demons;
At four gates were all rapacious spirits.
Their commander was an old striped tiger;
Their captain, a white-faced, ferocious cat.
Deer with jagged horns did carry their mail,

And wily foxes walked along the roads.
Circling the city were thousand-foot snakes
And huge, long serpents blocked the thoroughfares.
Grey wolves barked orders beneath the towers;
Leopards guarding arbors roared like humans.
Those waving flags and beating drums were fiends all;
Watchmen and patrol, all mountain spirits.
Cunning hares opened doors to ply their trade;
Wild boars toted their loads to do commerce.
This in years past was a great and noble court.
Now it's a city of tigers and wolves.

As the Great Sage lay there nursing his fear, he suddenly heard the sound of wind behind his ears. He spun around to discover the third demon with both hands aiming a square-sky halberd directly at his head. Leaping up, the Great Sage wielded his golden-hooped rod to face his adversary. The two of them, both thoroughly aroused,

Huffed and puffed, without exchanging a word;
Clenched their teeth, as each wanted to fight.

Then the old demon chief appeared and, after shouting an order, lifted up his steel scimitar to hack at Eight Rules. Hurriedly abandoning the horse, Eight Rules attacked with his muckrake. The second demon also grasped his lance to stab at Sha Monk, who parried the blow at once with his fiend-routing staff. Thus three demon chiefs and three monks, each engaging the other, began a most bitter battle right on top of that mountain. Those sixteen little fiends, all obeying the command, immediately went into action: they grabbed the white horse and the luggage before they overpowered Tripitaka in his palanquin, hauling him forward until they reached the edge of the city. "By the scheme of our Father Great Kings," they shouted, "we've caught the Tang Monk here!"

Those monster-spirits in the city, old and young, all ran down and opened wide the city gate. At the same time, they immediately gave the order that all the banners should be rolled up and the drums stopped; there were to be no battle cries or the beating of gongs.

"The Great King had told us before," they said, "that we were not to frighten the Tang Monk. The Tang Monk could not withstand fear, for once he was frightened, his flesh would turn sour, and he wouldn't be good to eat."

All those fiends,

In great delight, beckoned Tripitaka;
Each bowing, they received the master priest.

They took the Tang Monk and his palanquin and carried him right up to the Hall of Golden Chimes, where they invited him to take a seat in the center and presented him with tea and rice. As they swarmed all over him, the elder was in a daze, for not a single person familiar to him met his sight. We do not know what will happen to his life; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-SEVEN

A horde of demons affront native Nature
The One Body bows to True Suchness

We shall not tell you for the moment about the affliction of the Elder Tang. Instead, we shall speak of those three demon chiefs, all united in their minds and efforts, who were engaged in a strenuous conflict with the Great Sage and his brothers halfway up the mountain east of the city, a battle that was something like

An iron brush scrubbing a copper pan:
Each party's tough and hard.

What a fight!

Six substances and forms, six weapons;
Six body features and six sentiments;
Six evils of six organs from six desires;
A contest waged on six paths—six forms of birth.
In the comforts of spring of Thirty-six Halls,
Each of six forms or features had a name.
This one's golden-hooped rod
Had thousands of styles;
That one's square-sky halberd
Was fierce in a hundred ways.
Eight Rules's muckrake was savage and strong;
The second fiend's lance, able and in good form.
Young Sha Monk's treasure staff, no common thing,
Had intent to kill;
Old demon chief's steel scimitar, fine and sharp,
Would spare none, once upraised.
These three were a true monk's guardians whom none could face;
Those three were brazen wild spirits who mocked both lord and law.
At first it was so-so,
Then the battle turned fierce;
When six persons all used the magic of flight,
They each tumbled and turned on the edge of clouds.
In a moment the belched out mist and fog darkened Heaven and Earth,
And all you heard were the growls and roars.

The six of them fought for a long time until gradually dusk sett led in; since the sky was already misty and a strong gust was blowing, it became completely dark in no time at all.

Now Eight Rules already had huge ears that hovered over his eyes, making the world seem more opaque than ever to him. His arms and legs slackened, and he no longer was able to parry the blows. As he turned to flee in defeat, his muckrake trailing behind him, the old demon gave him a blow with the scimitar that almost took his life. It was fortunate that he missed Eight Rules's head, but a few bristles on his neck were shaved off. He was, however, chased down by the old demon, who opened wide his

mouth and caught Eight Rules by the collar. The demon took his prisoner into the city, threw him to the little fiends to have him bound in the Hall of Golden Chimes, and then mounted the clouds once more to join in the battle.

When Sha Monk saw that things were going badly, he turned to flee after one last halfhearted blow with his treasure staff. The second fiend flung out his trunk with a snort and wrapped him up, hands and all. He was brought into the city, where the little fiends were instructed to have him bound beneath the steps of the hall also. Then the second fiend rose into the air to try to capture Pilgrim.

When Pilgrim saw that his two brothers had fallen into captivity, he realized he was unable to oppose three adversaries. As the saying goes,

Even a good hand can't withstand two fists;
And two fists can't oppose four hands.

With a cry, he broke through the weapons of those three fiendish demons and fled by mounting the cloud somersault. When the third fiend saw Pilgrim somersaulting away, he shook himself and revealed his original form. Flapping both his wings, he immediately caught up with the Great Sage.

How could he do this so readily, you ask? When Pilgrim caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace, even one hundred thousand warriors from Heaven could not catch hold of him, for a single cloud somersault of his would traverse the distance of one hundred and eight thousand miles. But one flap of this monster-spirit's wing, however, could cover ninety thousand miles, and thus two flaps, in fact, would send him past the Great Sage. That was how the Great Sage fell into his clutches. The grip of the fiend was so firm that he could not move left or right at all, nor could he even exercise his magic power to escape; for when he enlarged himself, the fiend's clutch would loosen somewhat, and when he reduced his size, the fiend tightened his grip accordingly. He was thus taken back to the city, dropped to the ground, and he too was bound and placed together with Eight Rules and Sha Monk. As the old demon and the second demon came forward to meet him, the third demon joined them to ascend the treasure hall. Ah! Little did they realize that they had not bound Pilgrim; it was more like sending him off! It was about the hour of the second watch, when all those fiends, after they had greeted each other, pushed the Tang Monk down the steps of the hall. When the lamplight revealed to the elder his three disciples all bound up and lying on the ground, he fell down at Pilgrim's side. "O disciple!" he sobbed. "When we met with an ordeal, it was customary for you to exercise your magic powers outside so that you could seek assistance, when necessary, to subdue the demons. This time even *you* have been taken. How could this poor monk lay claim to his life?" When Eight Rules and Sha Monk heard these words of anguish from their master, they, too, began to wail. Pilgrim, however, replied with a smile, "Master, relax! And stop crying, brothers! Let them do what they will, but you will not be harmed. Let the old demons quiet down first, and we'll be on our way."

"O Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you're fibbing again! Look at the way I'm tied up! When the ropes are just the least bit loosened, they immediately spit some water on them to make them tighter. A skinny fellow like you probably doesn't feel a thing, but that's a plague on a fatso like me! If you don't believe me, just look at my shoulders. The ropes have cut at least two inches into my flesh. How could we escape?"

"Not to mention the fact that we're bound by hemp ropes," said Pilgrim with a laugh. "Even if they use coir cables as thick as a rice bowl, I'll treat the matter as lightly as an autumn breeze blowing past my ears! You needn't wonder about that!"

As the three brothers were conversing, they also heard the old demon say, "Our Third Worthy Brother is most capable and most intelligent! His marvelous plan did indeed succeed in capturing the Tang Monk! Little ones, five of you will go bail water; seven of you will scrub the pots; ten of you will start the fire; and twenty of you will go fetch the iron steamer. Let's have those four monks steamed for us brothers to enjoy. We'll give each of you a small piece of their flesh so that you can all attain long life too." On hearing this, Eight Rules shook all over and said, "Elder Brother, listen to that! That monster-spirit's planning to have us steamed and eaten!"

"Don't be afraid," said Pilgrim. "Let me see if he's a rookie or an old pro of a monster-spirit."

"O Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "stop this idle chitchat! We're about to become neighbors of King Yama, and you're still talking about rookie or old pro!"

He had barely finished speaking when they heard the second fiend say, "It's not easy to steam Zhu Eight Rules."

Delighted, Eight Rules said, "Amitābha! Who's accumulating secret merit by saying it's not easy to steam me?"

"If it isn't," said the third fiend, "let's skin him first before we steam him."

Horrified, Eight Rules yelled, "Don't skin me! I may be coarse, but the moment the water gurgles, I'll turn soft!"

The old fiend said, "The one not easily steamed should be placed in the bottom layer."

"Don't be afraid, Eight Rules," said Pilgrim, laughing. "He's a rookie, not an old pro."

"How d'you know?" asked Sha Monk.

Pilgrim said, "Whenever you steam anything, the stuff placed on top always gets done first. That's why you always put the toughest foodstuff in the top layer of the steamer; build up the fire until the hottest steam gets up there, and everything will be fine. But if it is placed in the bottom layer where the steam doesn't get through that easily, you can steam the stuff for half a year and it still may not be cooked. He said just now that Eight Rules was not easy to steam, but he still wanted to put him in the bottom layer. Isn't he a rookie?"

"O Elder Brother!" said Eight Rules. "The way you talk, you sound as if you wanted me to be tortured alive! When they are hardpressed and see that I'm not fully steamed, they'll pull off the steamer, flip me over, and build up the fire again. I'll then be cooked on both sides but still raw inside, won't I?"

As they were thus conversing, one of the little fiends went up to report:

"The water's boiling."

The old fiend gave the order at once for the various fiends to haul Eight Rules into the bottom layer and Sha Monk into the second. Suspecting that he would be next, Pilgrim decided it was time to leave, saying to himself, "I should be able to do something by this lamplight!"

He pulled off a piece of hair and blew his immortal breath onto it, crying, "Change!" It changed at once into a Pilgrim bound by the hemp ropes. His true body rose with his spirit into the air, where he stood still and peered downward. Those fiends, of course, could not tell the true from the false: the moment they came upon the false Pilgrim, they lifted him up and placed him inside the third layer. Only then did they push the Tang Monk to the ground, hog-tie him, and place him in the fourth layer. Fueled by dried wood, a terrific blaze soon flared up.

Perched on the edge of the clouds, the Great Sage sighed to himself, "That Eight Rules and Sha Monk of mine can still manage to withstand perhaps two seconds of boiling. But my master, all it takes is one second and he'll turn soft! If I don't use magic to save him, he'll perish this instant!"

Dear Pilgrim! Making the magic sign in midair, he recited:

and Ram purify the dharma realm;

Key: Primary Reception Beneficial for Determination.

This spell at once caused the Dragon King of North Sea to arrive in the midst of a dark cloud, crying, "Aoshun, the little dragon from North Sea, kowtows to you."

"Please rise! Please rise!" said Pilgrim. "I wouldn't have bothered you without cause. I came here with Master Tang, who was caught by these vicious demons. He has been placed inside that iron steamer to be steamed. Please go and give him some protection so that he won't be destroyed."

The dragon king immediately changed himself into a cold gust of wind that blew toward the large pan. As it circled and coiled around the bottom of the pan, the three inside the steamer felt no heat at all, and that was how their lives were preserved.

Toward the end of the hour of the third watch, the old demon was heard saying, "Subordinates, we plotted and strained ourselves in order to catch the Tang Monk and his three companions, but that effort in escorting them cost us four sleepless days and nights. Now that they are bound inside the steamer, I doubt that they will be able to escape. All of you, however, should take good care in guarding them, and ten of you little fiends should take turns in tending the fire. Let us retire to our bedchambers and rest a little. By the fifth watch, when it's about dawn, they will certainly be soft ened. You may prepare minced garlic, salt, and vinegar and awake us for the feast."

The fiends all obeyed this instruction, while the three demon chiefs went to their bedrooms.

Standing on the edge of the clouds, Pilgrim heard everything clearly. He then lowered the direction of his cloud slightly, but he could hear no voices coming from the steamer. "When the fire is built up," he thought to himself, "there must be heat. Why aren't they afraid of it? And there's not a word from them? Ha, could they be dead already? I'll go nearer and listen again."

Dear Great Sage! As he trod the clouds, he shook his body and changed immediately into a little black fly to alight on the trellised frame of the steamer.

"What rotten luck! What rotten luck!" he heard Eight Rules mumbling inside. "I wonder if we are being steamed the stuffy or the airy way."

"What do you mean by that, Second Elder Brother?" asked Sha Monk. "The stuffy way," replied Eight Rules, "the cover of the steamer will be put on. The airy way, the cover will not be used."

"Disciples," answered Tripitaka from the very top layer, "the steamer hasn't been covered."

"How lucky!" exclaimed Eight Rules.

"We're not going to die yet tonight. This is steaming the airy way." When Pilgrim heard them speaking like that, he knew that they had not been harmed. Flying up, he picked up the cover of the iron steamer and gently put it on. "Disciples," said a horrified Tripitaka, "it's covered now!"

"We're finished!" said Eight Rules. "This is steaming the stuffy way. This night we'll die for sure!" Whereupon Sha Monk and the elder began to weep.

"Let's not cry just yet," said Eight Rules. "I think a fresh batch of fiends have come to tend the fire."

"How do you know?" asked Sha Monk. "When we were first placed in the steamer," said Eight Rules, "it was an ideal situation for me. I'm suffering from a little arthritis, and I want that hot steam. Right now, however, there seems to be cold air coming up from the pan instead. Hey, you officers tending the fire! Why don't you add some wood? What are you good for?"

"This coolie!" said Pilgrim to himself, unable to restrain a giggle. "Doesn't he know that he can withstand the chill, but heat will kill him? If he talks any more like that, everything will be revealed. I must hurry and rescue him. But wait! To rescue him I must change back into my true form. When those ten fiends tending the fire see me, they will certainly make a raucous noise and disturb the old fiends. Wouldn't that be a nuisance? Let me send them a little of my magic; I remember that when I was a Great Sage in Heaven, I once had a game of finger-guessing with Dhṛtarāṣṭra at the North Heaven Gate.

I won some sleep-inducing insects from him, and I still have a few of them here. Let me give them to the fiends."

He felt around his waist and found that he had a dozen of those insects left. "I'm going to send them ten of these," he said to himself, "and I'll keep two for breeding."

He flung the insects on the faces of those little fiends; as soon as they crawled into their nostrils, the fiends began to snore and fell asleep. One of them, however, was in charge of the fire fork and could not be induced to sleep soundly. Rubbing his head and face, this little fiend pinched and tweaked his own nose left and right, sneezing constantly. "This fellow," said Pilgrim, "seems to know the business! I'll give him a 'Double-Handled Lamp.'"

He threw one more insect on the fiend's face, thinking to himself:

"With two insects running in and out of his nostrils, at least one should pacify him!"

After two or three huge yawns, that little fiend stretched, abandoned his fire tong, and fell fast asleep without moving again.

"This little magic," said Pilgrim to himself, "is truly both marvelous and efficacious!"

He changed back into his original form to walk near the steamer, crying, "Master!" On hearing this, the Tang Monk said, "Wukong, save me!"

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "are you calling from the outside?"

"If I'm not outside," said Pilgrim, "you think I'm suffering with you inside?"

"O Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "it's always the same! The slippery one will slip away, but we are left behind to suffocate in here!"

"Don't make so much noise, Idiot," said Pilgrim, laughing. "I'm here to rescue you."

"If you want to rescue me, Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "you must do a thorough job of it. Don't let them put me back in the steamer!" Pilgrim then lifted up the cover and untied his master. After shaking himself to retrieve his hair that had changed into the specious Pilgrim, he went through the other two layers to free Sha Monk and Eight Rules. The moment he was untied, our Idiot wanted to flee.

"Don't be in such a hurry! Don't be in such a hurry!" said Pilgrim, and recited a spell to dismiss the dragon god. Finally, he said to Eight Rules, "There are still tall mountains and rugged peaks in the rest of our journey to the Western Heaven. Without a beast of burden, Master will find it exceedingly difficult to proceed. I must still go get our horse." Look at him! With nimble hands and feet, he dashed inside the Hall of Golden Chimes, where he saw that the various fiends, old and young, were all asleep. Without disturbing any of them, he managed to untie the reins. Now, that animal was originally a dragon horse; if someone unfamiliar had untied him, he would have let fly both his hind legs and neighed. But Pilgrim, you see, had been a stableman; in fact, he had received the rank of Pi-ma-wên. Moreover, the horse recognized him; so he neither kicked nor neighed.

Quietly leading him forward, Pilgrim tightened the girth and fixed up the saddle properly before asking his master to mount. After the elder, still trembling all over, had climbed onto the horse, he too wanted to leave at once.

"Let's not hurry," said Pilgrim. "There are kings out there on the road to the west. We must have our travel rescript before we can proceed. Otherwise, what sort of passport do we have? Let me go find the luggage."

"I recall," the Tang Monk said, "that after we entered the door, these fiends placed our luggage to the left of the main hall. Even the pole is standing there below the steps."

"I know," replied Pilgrim.

He bounded into the treasure hall to look, and all at once he caught sight of flashes of light, which made him realize that the luggage was there. How did he know, you ask? Because the Tang Monk's brocaded cassock had on it the luminescent pearl that glowed at night. As Pilgrim drew near, he saw that both the luggage and the pole were untouched. He brought them out quickly and told Sha Monk to pick up the pole.

With Eight Rules leading the horse and Pilgrim the way, they headed straight for the Central Gate of the Sun in front. Soon, however, the loud rattle of sentinel bells could be heard, and they saw that the door had a lock, and a seal was taped over the lock.

"How could we penetrate this kind of defense?" asked Pilgrim. "Let's go to the back door instead," said Eight Rules.

Pilgrim led the way toward the back door, only to return with this observation:

"I can hear sentinel bells outside the Rear Gate of the Servants as well, and that door too is locked and sealed. What shall we do? In such a situation, if it hadn't been for

the mortal frame of the Tang Monk, the three of us could certainly escape by mounting the clouds and wind, regardless of where we were. But the Tang Monk has yet to transcend the three realms, for he still appears within the world of the five phases. His whole body has nothing but carnal bones bequeathed by his parents. He can't rise into the air. It'll be hard for us to escape."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "there's no need for further talk. Let's find some place where there are no sentinel bells or guards.

We'll lift Master up the wall and let him climb over it."

"That's not so good," replied Pilgrim, laughing. "Right now we may be forced to drag him over the wall like that, but when we return with the scriptures, I'm afraid that your loose idiotic mouth will be spreading word everywhere that we're wall-climbing priests!"

"But you can't worry about behavior now!" said Eight Rules. "We've got to flee for our lives!" Pilgrim had little choice but to agree with him; they located a section of the wall that was unguarded and began to scale it.

Alas, this was what had to happen! The star of calamity, as it were, had refused to release Tripitaka. As those three demon chiefs slept in their chambers, they were suddenly awakened by some commotion about the Tang Monk having escaped. Dressing hurriedly, they all ascended to the treasure hall and shouted the question, "How many times has the water boiled?"

Those little fiends tending the fire who had been put out by the sleep-inducing insects were sleeping so soundly that they could not be awakened even when beaten. Several others, who had no particular responsibilities, started up and answered confusedly, "Se- . . .

se- . . . se- . . . seven times!"

As they ran up to the pan, however, they saw that the several layers of the steamer were all thrown on the ground, while those supposed to tend the fire were still fast asleep. Horrified, the little fiends ran back to report, "Great King, they . . .

they . . . they have escaped!"

Hurrying down the hall, the three demon chiefs went forward to take a careful look at the pan: indeed they discovered that the layers of the steamer were strewn on the ground while both water and pan had turned cold because the fire was about to die out. Those tending the fire, however, were still snoring away. So astonished were the various fiends that they all shouted:

"Seize the Tang Monk quickly! Seize the Tang Monk quickly!"

All that hubbub immediately aroused the rest of the monster-spirits, old and young. Clutching cutlasses and lances, they swarmed from front and back up to the Central Gate of the Sun, where they found that neither lock nor seal had been touched, and heard the continuous rattle of the sentinel bells. They asked those on night patrol outside the door, "Where did the Tang Monk escape?"

The reply was that no one had come through the door. When they then rushed to the Rear Gate of the Servants, again they found that the seal, the lock, and the sentinel bells were like those out in front. The entire throng then spread out with torches and lanterns, lighting up the whole place until it was bright as day, and then they caught clear sight of the four pilgrims attempting to scale the wall.

"Where are you running?" roared the old demon as he dashed up to them. His legs weakened and his tendons numbed by fear, the elder fell down at once from the wall and was caught by the old demon. While the second demon seized Sha Monk and the third demon pinned down Eight Rules, the rest of the fiends took the luggage and the white horse. Only Pilgrim managed to escape. "Damn him! Damn him!" muttered Eight Rules as he was caught. "I told him to do a thorough job of rescuing us. Now it's back to the steamer for us!"

The various demons took the pilgrims back to the main hall, but they did not want to steam them anymore. Instead, Eight Rules was tied to a pillar in front of the hall, and Sha Monk was taken to be bound to a pillar at the rear of the hall. The old demon, however, held on to the Tang Monk and refused to let go. "Big Brother," said the third fiend, "why are you holding him like that? Are you going to swallow him alive? But that'll take all the pleasure out of eating, for this creature can't be compared with those foolish, common mortals that you can devour as a meal. He's a rare creature from a superior state. You must take time, when you have the leisure, to prepare him like a gourmet dish. And you eat him to the accompaniment of good game, fine wines, and soft music."

"What you say is quite right, of course, Worthy Brother," said the old demon, smiling, "but in the meantime Pilgrim Sun will sneak back in here to steal him."

"In this palace of mine," said the third demon, "there is a pavilion of brocade-fragrance, inside which there is also an iron chest.

Listen to me: hide the Tang Monk in the chest and close up the pavilion. Spread the rumor—so that the little fiends all over our city will be talking about it—that the Tang Monk has been devoured alive by us. Undoubtedly that Pilgrim will come back to snoop around; when he hears the news, he will lose all hope and leave. After four or five days, when he's stopped coming back to harass us, we can then take out the Tang Monk and enjoy him at our leisure. How about that?"

Highly pleased, both the old and second fiends said, "Yes! Yes! Yes! What our brother said makes perfect sense!"

And so they put the poor Tang Monk that very night into the iron chest, after which the pavilion was closed. The rumor that he had been eaten alive soon spread through the entire city, and we shall leave that for the moment.

We tell you instead about Pilgrim, who had to abandon the Tang Monk in the middle of the night and mount the clouds to escape. He went straight to the Lion-Camel Cave instead, attacked persistently with his rod, and succeeded in killing all ten thousand plus of those little fiends. Then he hurried back; when he reached the edge of the city, the sun was just rising in the east. He dared not, however, provoke battle. For

silk fiber is no thread;
A single hand cannot clap.

As he descended from the clouds, he shook his body once and changed into a little fiend to steal into the city. Through large boulevards and small alleys he tried to learn what was happening, and all he heard was:

"The Tang Monk has been devoured live by the great kings during the night." Wherever he went in the city, that was the news he was told. Becoming more anxious, Pilgrim strode to the Hall of Golden Chimes to look around, and he saw many spirits in front of the hall, all wearing leather caps dusted with gold, and yellow cloth jackets.

With red-lacquered wooden staffs in their hands and ivory plaques dangling from their waists, they were marching back and forth. Pilgrim thought to himself, "These must be monster-spirits authorized to work in the palace. I'll change into one of them to snoop around inside."

Dear Great Sage! He really did change into an exact version of one of those fiends and sneaked inside. As he walked about, he caught sight of Eight Rules tied to one of the pillars in front of the hall and moaning. Pilgrim drew near and whispered, "Wuneng." Recognizing his voice, our Idiot said, "Elder Brother, are you here? Please rescue me."

"I will," replied Pilgrim, "but do you know where Master is?"

"Master's gone!" said Eight Rules. "Last night he was eaten alive by those monster-spirits." When he heard these words, Pilgrim let out a sob, and tears poured from his eyes.

"Elder Brother, don't cry," said Eight Rules. "I only heard the wild talk of the little fiends, but I didn't see it with my own eyes.

Don't let yourself be fooled. You should do some more investigating." Only then did Pilgrim stop weeping and walk further inside to investigate. There he saw Sha Monk tied to one of the pillars in the rear of the hall. He approached him at once, rubbed Sha Monk's chest with his hand, and said "Wujing." Sha Monk, too, recognized his voice and said, "Elder Brother, did you come in through transformation? Please save me! Save me!"

"Saving you is easy," replied Pilgrim. "But do you know where Master is?"

As tears dripped from his eyes, Sha Monk said, "O Elder Brother! The monster-spirits couldn't wait to steam Master. He was eaten alive!" When the Great Sage heard that the words of both his brothers were the same, he felt as if a knife had run through his heart. Not even bothering to rescue Eight Rules and Sha Monk, he leaped at once into the air and went back to the mountain east of the city. As he dropped down from the clouds, he broke into loud wailing, crying, "O Master!

When, mocking Heaven, I landed in the snare,
You came to free me from my great despair.
seek the Buddha we set our heart and mind;
Ourselves we trained and demons we refined.
I did not know this day you'd meet with harm.
Now I can't take you to the wondrous palm.
It's not your lot to reach the blessed West.
What can I do when spirit leaves your chest?"

As Pilgrim was grieving in this manner, he thought to himself, questioning mind with mind:

"This has to be all the fault of our Buddha Tathāgata! Sitting idly in that region of ultimate bliss, he had nothing better to do than to dream up those three baskets of scriptures! If he truly cared about the proclamation of virtue, he should have sent the scriptures to the Land of the East. Wouldn't his name then be an everlasting glory? But he wouldn't part with them so readily, and all he knew was to ask us to go seek them. Who would expect that Master, after the painful experience of a thousand mountains, would lose his life at this miserable place? All right! All right! All right! Let old Monkey mount his cloud somersault to visit Tathāgata and tell him about this. If he's

willing to let me send the scriptures to the Land of the East, it'll still mean the proclamation of the virtuous fruit in the first place, and the fulfillment of our vow in the second.

But if he's unwilling, I'll ask him to recite the Loose-Fillet Spell to release me from this band. Old Monkey will hand it back to him, go back to his own cave, and play king once more."

Dear Great Sage! Leaping up at once, he mounted his cloud somersault to head straight for India. It was hardly an hour before the Spirit Mountain came into view. In a moment, he dropped down from the clouds to land on the Vulture Peak, where he was immediately met by the Four Great Diamond Guardians, crying, "Where are you going?"

Bowing to them, Pilgrim said, "I must see Tathāgata on some business."

"This ape," snapped the Diamond Guardian Ever Abiding, the indestructible rāja of the Golden Beam Summit on Kunlun Mountain, "has a lot of gall! You have yet to thank us for exerting ourselves on your behalf some time ago when we restrained the Bull Demon.

But there's hardly even any show of courtesy when you see us today. If you have some business, *we* must make the report first, and you may enter only when you're summoned. This isn't the same as the South Heavenly Gate, where you can rush in and out at will.

Bah! Aren't you going to step aside?" Now the Great Sage was already sorely distressed. When he received this affront, he became so incensed that he thundered forth his protests, which soon reached the ears of Tathāgata.

Our Buddhist Patriarch was sitting solemnly on the lotus throne of nine grades and discussing the sūtras with the Arhats of Eighteen Heavens. He said to them, "Sun Wukong has arrived. All of you go out and usher him in here." Obeying this decree of Buddha, the arhats with two rows of sacred banners and treasure canopies went outside and intoned:

"Great Sage Sun, our Tathāgata has issued a summons for you." Only then did those Four Great Diamond Guardians step aside to allow Pilgrim to enter the monastery. After being led by the arhats up to the treasure lotus platform, he prostrated himself before Tathāgata as two streams of tears coursed down his cheeks.

"Wukong," said Tathāgata, "why are you weeping so sadly?"

"By the grace of your teachings vouchsafed repeatedly to him," replied Pilgrim, "this disciple has entered the gate of Holy Father Buddha. Since I returned to the right fruit, I became the protector of the Tang Monk, honoring him as my teacher and sustaining unspeakable hardships on our journey. The moment we arrived at the Lion-Camel City of the Lion-Camel Mountain, three vicious demons—they're a lion king, an elephant king, and a great roc—had my master captured. Even your disciple became their prisoner, and we were all bound inside a steamer to suffer the affliction of water and fire.

Fortunately your disciple managed to escape and call up the dragon king for assistance. That night we stole out with Master, but, unable to shake loose from the star of calamity, we were taken prisoners again. By morning, when I stole into the city to try to get some news, I learned that these vicious demons had devoured my master alive

during the night. Not a single piece of his flesh or bone was left behind! I saw only my younger brothers Wuneng and Wujing, who were bound there also. They too will soon lose their lives, I suppose. Your disciple had no choice but to come here to plead with Tathāgata. I beg you in your great compassion to recite the Loose- Fillet Spell and take off this band from my head. It will be returned to Tathāgata, and your disciple will be released once more to frolic on the Flower-Fruit Mountain."

Hardly had he finished speaking when his tears streamed forth, as he sobbed uncontrollably.

"Wukong," said Tathāgata with a smile, "don't be so sad. You are hurting because one of those monster-spirits has vast magic powers and you can't prevail against him." Kneeling beneath Buddha's throne and pounding his chest, Pilgrim said, "To tell you the truth, this disciple in years past brought great disturbance to the Celestial Palace and assumed the name of Great Sage. Since I acquired the way of humanity, I have never suffered loss, but this time I'm the victim of this vicious demon!" On hearing this Tathāgata said, "Cease your anguish. I do recognize that monster-spirit."

All at once Pilgrim blurted out, "Tathāgata! I have heard people say that that monster-spirit is related to you!"

"This insolent ape!" said Tathāgata. "How could a monster-spirit be related to me?"

"If not," replied Pilgrim with a laugh, "how could you recognize him?"

"By my eyes of wisdom," said Tathāgata, "that's how I recognize all three of them. The old fiend and the second fiend both have their proper masters. Ānanda and Kāśyapa, come! The two of you will mount the clouds and go your separate ways to Mount Five- Platforms and Mount E'mei. Summon Mañjuśrī and Viśvabhadra to come for an audience."

The two honored ones departed at once with the decree.

"Mañjuśrī and Viśvabhadra," said Tathāgata, "are the proper masters of those two fiends. But now that you mention it, the third fiend is indeed somewhat related to me."

"On the paternal party," asked Pilgrim, "or the maternal one?"

Tathāgata said, "At the time when Chaos parted, Heaven opened at the epoch of *Zi*, Earth developed at the epoch of *Chou*, and Man came into existence at the epoch of *Yin*.

When Heaven and Earth mated,
Then myriad things were born.

The myriad things consisted of beasts and fowl: of the beasts, the unicorn was the head, and the phoenix was the head of the fowl.

After having been fertilized by the aura of procreation, the phoenix also gave birth to the peacock and the great roc. When the peacock first came into the world, it was a most savage creature, able to devour humans. In fact, it could suck in a human being with one breath from a distance of some forty miles. I was on top of the Snow Mountain, having just perfected my sixteen-foot diamond body, when the peacock sucked me into his stomach. I could have escaped through his anal passage, but fearing that my body might be defiled, I cut my way out through his back and rode him back to

the Spirit Mountain. I was about to take his life, but the various buddhas stopped me with the observation that to hurt the peacock would be like hurting my own mother. That was why I detained him at the mountain instead and appointed him Buddha-Mother, the Bodhisattva Mahārāja Mayūra.

Since the great roc had the same parent as the peacock, it could be said that he was somewhat related to me." On hearing this, Pilgrim said with a smile, "Tathāgata, according to what you've told me, you should be regarded as the nephew of that monster-spirit!"

"Only my presence, I fear, will bring that fiend to submission," said Tathāgata. Touching his head to the ground, Pilgrim said, "I beg you to make this journey at once."

Tathāgata left the lotus throne and went out of the monastery gate with the rest of the buddhas. There they saw Ānanda and Kāśyapa leading Mañjuśrī and Viśvabhadra on their way to the monastery also. As the two bodhisattvas bowed to him, Tathāgata asked, "How long have your beasts of burden been gone from your mountains?"

"Seven days," replied Mañjuśrī. "Seven days in the mountain," said Tathāgata, "are equivalent to several thousand years on earth. I wonder how many lives they have taken down there. You must follow me quickly if we are to retrieve them." With one bodhisattva standing on each side of him, the Buddha and his followers rose into the air. You see

Auspicious clouds adrift in all the sky,
As Buddha in mercy his wisdom doth ply:
He shows forth Heaven's law of procreation,
Explaining Earth's patterned transformation.
Before his face five hundred arhats stand;
Behind three thousand guardians form a band.
Ānanda, Kāśyapa follow left and right;
Mañ and Viśva the monstrous fiends will smite.

It was as a peculiar favor granted him that the Great Sage succeeded in eliciting the assistance of the Buddhist Patriarch and his followers. In a little while, they caught sight of the city. "Tathāgata," said Pilgrim, "the spot releasing black vapors over there is the Lion-Camel Kingdom."

"Go down first," said Tathāgata, "and provoke battle with those monster-spirits. You are permitted to lose but not to win. When you retreat back here, I'll bring them to submission."

The Great Sage lowered his cloud and landed on the city wall; his feet planted on the merlons of the battlement, he shouted, "Damned lawless beasts! Come out quickly to fight with old Monkey!"

Those little fiends standing on the rampart were so terrified that they dashed down to report:

"Great Kings, Pilgrim Sun is provoking battle on the battlement!"

"This ape hasn't shown himself for about two days," said the old fiend. "If he returns to provoke battle this morning, could it be that he has succeeded in getting some help?"

"We're not afraid of whatever help he has gotten, are we?" said the third demon. "Let's all go and have a look."

Each grasping his weapon, the three demon chiefs rushed up to the battlement. When they saw Pilgrim, they raised their arms without a word and attacked. Pilgrim wielded his iron rod to meet them; after seven or eight rounds, however, he feigned defeat and fled, with the fiend kings all roaring, "Where are you going?"

The Great Sage shot up to midair with one somersault, but those three spirits all mounted the clouds to give chase. Immediately Pilgrim hurled himself into the golden radiance of Father Buddha and vanished from sight. What did appear were the three images of Buddha—Past, Present, and Future—together with five hundred arhats and three thousand guardians, who fanned out on all sides.

They had the three fiend kings surrounded so tightly that not even water could have seeped through! "Brothers, it's bad!" cried the old demon, completely unnerved. "This monkey is truly a devil in the earth! How did he manage to bring our masters here?"

"Don't be frightened, Big Brother," said the third demon. "We'll all go forward together and use our weapons to cut down that Tathāgata and take over his Thunderclap Treasure Monastery." Not knowing any better, our demon chief accordingly charged forward and tried to attack madly with his scimitar. Mañjuśrī and Viśabhadra, after quickly reciting a magic spell, shouted in unison, "If these cursed beasts do not submit now, are they waiting for another incarnation?"

The old fiend and the second fiend were so terror-stricken that they dared not struggle any longer. Dropping their weapons, they rolled over once and changed back into their original forms. The two Bodhisattvas tossed two lotus thrones onto their backs and then leaped up to take their seats on top. In this way, the two fiends lowered their ears and submitted.

Since the two bodhisattvas had thus subdued the green lion and the white elephant, only the third demon refused to surrender.

Throwing away his halberd, the fiend spread out his wings and soared into the air, his sharp claws seeking to strike at the Monkey King. The Great Sage was still hiding in the luminosity around the Buddha, and the fiend actually had no way of getting near him, though he would have liked very much to do so. Perceiving the roc's intentions, Tathāgata faced the wind and gave his head (which had once supported the nests of magpies) a shake. The head changed at once into a piece of meat dripping with fresh blood.

Stretching out his claws, the monster-spirit drew near and tried to clutch at the piece of meat. Our Father Buddha pointed at him with his finger and immediately the monster-spirit felt such cramps throughout his huge wings that he could not fly away. All he could do was to hover over the Buddha's head in his true form: a golden-winged great roc.

"Tathāgata," he cried, "why did you exercise your mighty dharma power to constrain me?"

"Your wickedness," replied Tathāgata, "has incurred for you a heavy debt of retribution in this place. Follow me, and you may acquire merit beneficial to you."

"But your place allows for only a strict vegetarian diet," said the monster-spirit. "It's a condition of extreme poverty and hardship. I can enjoy human flesh here to my endless delight. If you starve and destroy me, you will have sinned, too."

"In the four great continents of my domain," said Tathāgata, "there are countless worshippers. I shall ask those who wish to do good to sacrifice first to your mouth." Since that great roc could neither flee nor escape, though he sorely wished to do so, he had no choice but to make submission.

Only then did Pilgrim step out of the golden radiance to kowtow to Tathāgata, saying, "Father Buddha, you have put away the monster-spirits and eliminated great evils. But my master is gone."

"Wretched ape!" said the great roc through clenched teeth, "You had to find such a cruel fellow to constrain me! Since when did we devour that old priest of yours? He's still hidden in an iron chest at the pavilion of brocade-fragrance." When Pilgrim heard these words, he kowtowed hurriedly to thank the Buddhist Patriarch, who had the roc firmly detained on top of his halo as a guardian. Then the entire entourage left on the clouds to return to the treasure monastery.

Pilgrim lowered himself from the clouds and entered the city, where he could find not a single little fiend. So it was that

A snake without head would not crawl;
A bird without wings could not fly.

When they saw that the fiend kings had made submission to the Buddhist Patriarch, each of them fled for his life. Pilgrim released Eight Rules and Sha Monk and also found the luggage and the horse. "Master has not been eaten," he said to the two of them. "Follow me!"

He led his two brothers to the interior court and found the pavilion of brocade-fragrance. Opening the door, they located the iron chest, inside of which they could hear the sound of Tripitaka weeping. Wedging open the chest with his fiend-routing staff, Sha Monk called out:

"Master!" When he saw them, Tripitaka wailed aloud:

"O disciples! How did you manage to subdue the demons? How did you find me here?"

Thereupon Pilgrim gave a thorough rehearsal of what had taken place, from beginning to end, and Tripitaka was filled with gratitude. Master and disciples found some rice and foodstuff in the palace with which they prepared a meal for themselves. After they had eaten their fill, they packed up and set out once more on the main road toward the West. Thus it was that

True scriptures must be by true people sought;
Restless minds and raging wills will come to naught.

We do not know when they will get to face Tathāgata; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-EIGHT

At Bhikṣu he pities the infants and summons the night gods; In the golden hall he knows the demon speaking on the way and virtue

One thought will stir up a demonic crew!
So bitter's training, though what can you do?
Rely on washing to remove the dust;
The body harness and refine you must.
Sweep clean all causations, to stillness return;
Stamp out every fiend without concern.
Of shackle and snare you'll surely leap free
And rise, when work is done, to Great Canopy.

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who, having exerted every effort, succeeded in eliciting the assistance of Tathāgata to subdue the fiends. When the ordeal finally ended, Tripitaka and his disciples left the Lion-Camel Kingdom and journeyed westward.

After several months, it was again the time of winter. You see

The peak's jadelike plums half-blooming,
The pond's water slowly icing.
The red leaves have all dropped away
And pines turn more verdant and gay.
The pale clouds are about to snow;
Dried grass on the mountain lies low.
What frigid scene now fills the eyes
As bone-piercing chill multiplies!

Braving the cold and plunging through the chill, resting in the rain and feeding on the wind, master and disciples proceeded until they saw another city. "Wukong," asked Tripitaka, "what sort of a place is that over there?"

"When you get there," replied Pilgrim, "you'll know. If it's a kingdom of the West, we'll have to have our rescript certified. If it's merely a district, county, or prefecture seat, we'll just pass through."

Hardly had master and disciples finished speaking than they arrived at the foot of the city gate.

Tripitaka dismounted, and the four of them entered the outer wall of the city, where almost immediately they found an old soldier huddled against the wind and sleeping beneath a wall exposed to sunlight. Pilgrim walked up to him and shook him gently, saying, "Officer." Waking with a start and blinking several times, the old soldier finally caught sight of Pilgrim. Immediately he went to his knees and kowtowed, crying, "Holy Father!"

"Stop making all this fuss!" said Pilgrim. "I'm no evil spirit! Why should you address me as Holy Father?"

"Aren't you Holy Father Thundergod?" asked the old soldier, still kowtowing.

"Certainly not!" said Pilgrim. "I am a priest from the Land of the East on his way to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. I just arrived, and I came to ask you for

the name of your region." Only when he heard those words did the old soldier calm down; with a big yawn he scrambled up to stretch himself and say, "Elder, Elder, pardon me! This place was originally the Bhikṣu Kingdom, but now the name has been changed to the Young Masters' City."

"Is there a king in the city?" asked Pilgrim.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" replied the old soldier. Pilgrim turned back to say to the Tang Monk, "Master, this place originally was called the Bhikṣu Kingdom, but it has been changed now to the Young Masters' City. I don't know why they changed the name."

"If it was Bhikṣu," said a perplexed Tang Monk, "why then should it be called Young Masters?"

Eight Rules said, "It must be that the Bhikṣu king had died. The one newly occupying the throne is a young master, and that's why it's called the Young Masters' city."

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" said the Tang Monk. "Let's go inside the city first. We may make further inquiry on the streets."

"Exactly," said Sha Monk. "That old soldier is probably ignorant, or he may have been frightened into babbling by Big Brother. Let's go into the city to make inquiry."

They walked through three levels of city gates before they reached the big thoroughfares. As they paused to look around, they found that the people here all seemed to be good-looking and handsomely dressed. What they came upon were

Wine shops and song bars full of raucous din.
Tall colors adorned a teahouse or inn.
Business was good at every gate and door;
Abundant wealth packed both mart and store.
People, like ants, traded brocade and gold;
For fame and for profit they bought and sold.
What solemn manners! Such prosperous scene
Of calm seas and rivers—a year serene!

Toting the luggage and leading the horse, master and disciples walked for a long time on the main boulevards, where the sight of prosperity seemed endless. Then they began to notice that in front of each household was a geese coop.

"O Disciples!" said Tripitaka. "All the people here put a geese coop in front of their house. Why is that?" On hearing this, Eight Rules looked left and right, and he saw that indeed there were these geese coops lined with silk curtains of five colors.

"Master," said our Idiot with a giggle, "this must be an auspicious day for marriage or for meeting friends. The people must all be performing some rituals."

"Rubbish!" snapped Pilgrim. "How could every household be performing a ritual? There must be a reason for this. Let me go and take a look."

"You'd better not go," said Tripitaka, tugging at him. "Your hideous features will offend people."

"I'll go in transformation then," replied Pilgrim. Dear Great Sage! Making the magic sign, he recited a spell and changed with one shake of his body into a little bee. Wings outstretched, he flew up to one of the coops and crawled inside the curtains.

There he discovered a little child sitting in the middle. When he went to another coop, he found another child also. In fact, he discovered the same thing in front of eight or nine households: they were all little boys, and there were no girls at all. Some of them were playing in the coops; others merely sat and cried; still others were eating fruit or sleeping.

After seeing that, Pilgrim changed back into his original form to report to the Tang Monk:

"There are little boys in the coops; the older ones cannot be more than seven years old, and some of the younger ones are barely five. I don't know why they are in there."

His words made Tripitaka more perplexed than ever.

A turn on the street brought them all at once up to the gate of an official mansion, the Golden Pavilion Postal Station. "Disciples," said Tripitaka, highly pleased, "let's go inside this postal station. We can ask them about the place, feed our horse, and request lodging for the night."

"Exactly! Exactly!" said Sha Monk. "Let's get inside quickly!"

As the four of them entered amiably, the officers on duty at once announced their arrival to the station master, who ushered them inside. After they had exchanged greetings and taken their seats, the station master asked, "Elder, where did you come from?"

"Your humble cleric," replied Tripitaka, "has been sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. Having arrived in your noble region, we would like to have our travel rescript certified and to beg you to grant us one night's lodging in your lofty mansion."

The station master immediately requested tea and asked those on duty to prepare the tokens of hospitality. Having thanked him, Tripitaka asked again, "Is it possible for me to enter the court today and have an audience with the throne and get my rescript certified?"

"You can't do it tonight," said the station master. "Wait until early court tomorrow. Please spend the night and rest here in our humble dwelling." In a little while, when the preparation had been finished, the station master invited the four pilgrims to partake of a vegetarian meal. His subordinates were ordered to sweep clean the guest room for the pilgrims to rest. After thanking him repeatedly, Tripitaka sat down and said to the station master, "There is something that this humble cleric must ask you to explain. How do the people of your noble region rear young children?"

The station master said, "As there are no two suns in Heaven, so there are no two rational principles on Earth. The rearing of children begins with the sperm of the father and the blood of the mother. After the tenth month of conception, the child will be born in due time; and after birth, the child will be fed with milk for at least three years, until the bodily features are fully formed. You think we do not know about this?"

"According to what you have just told me," replied Tripitaka, "the people here are no different from those of my humble nation. But when I entered the city just now, I saw that there was placed in front of each household a geese coop, inside of which was placed a little boy. I don't understand this, and that's why I dare request an explanation."

"Elder, don't mind that!" said the station master, at once lowering his voice and whispering into Tripitaka's ear. "Don't ask about that, and don't be concerned with that! Don't speak of it, even! Please rest now, and you can be on your way tomorrow." On hearing this, however, the elder tugged at the station master and persisted in his request for an explanation. As he shook his head and wagged his finger, all the station master could mutter was, "Be careful with what you say!" Refusing to let go, Tripitaka insisted that he be told the reason. The station master had little choice but to send away all his official attendants, after which he said quietly, alone, by the light of the lamps, "The matter of the geese coops that you mentioned just now happens to be instigated by the unruliness of our lord. Why do you persist in asking about it?"

"What do you mean by unruliness?" asked Tripitaka. "You must help me understand before I can rest."

"This country," said the station master, "used to be called the Bhikṣu Kingdom, but recent folk songs have changed the name to the Young Masters' City. Three years ago, an old man disguised as a Daoist arrived with a young girl, barely sixteen and with a face as beautiful as Guanyin's. He presented her as a tribute to our Majesty, who became so infatuated with her that he gave her the title of Queen Beauty. In recent times he would not even look at any of the royal consorts dwelling in the six chambers and three palaces.

Night and day he cares only to indulge in amorous dalliance with this one girl until he is reduced to a physical wreck. Constantly fatigued, emaciated, and unable to eat or drink, he has not long to live. The royal hospital has tried all its best prescriptions, but no cure has been found. However, that Daoist, who has been appointed the royal father-in-law, claims to possess a secret formula from beyond the ocean which can lengthen our lord's life. Some time ago he went, in fact, to the Ten Islets and the Three Isles to gather herbs. After his return and the preparation of all the medications, he still requires the terrible medical supplement of one thousand one hundred and eleven hearts of young boys. When the medicine is taken with soup made from boiling these boys' hearts, the king, so the Daoist claims, will live to a thousand years without aging. Those little boys you saw in the geese coops are the selected ones, who are being fed and nurtured before they are slaughtered. Fearing the law of the king, the parents dare not even weep. They can only express their outrage by nicknaming this place the Young Masters' City. When you go to court tomorrow, please confine your business to certifying your travel rescript. You mustn't mention this matter at all."

He ended his speech and immediately withdrew.

Our elder was so horrified by what he heard that his bones weakened and his tendons turned numb. Unable to restrain the tears rolling down his cheeks, he blurted out:

"Ah, befuddled king! So you grew ill on account of your incontinence and debauchery. But how could you take the lives of so many innocent boys? O misery! O misery! This pain kills me!"

For this we have a testimonial poem that says:

One foolish tyrant who misses the truth
Has harmed himself with the pleasure he craves.
He seeks long life by taking lives of boys;
He kills the plebs to lighten Heaven's scourge.
Steadfast in compassion the monk remains;

Unheard-of horror the master reveals.
As he sighs and sheds tears in the lamplight,
Buddha's disciple is o'ercome by pain.

Drawing near to Tripitaka, Eight Rules said, "Master, what's the matter with you? 'You're always picking up someone's coffin and crying over it in your own house!' Don't be so sad! Remember the adage:

The ruler wants the subject to die,
And the subject who does not is disloyal;
The father wants the son to perish,
And the son who does not is unfilial.

He is hurting his own people, but what does that have to do with you? Come, let's shed our robes and sleep. 'Let's not worry on behalf of the ancients!'" Still shedding tears, Tripitaka said, "O disciple, you are so hardhearted! Those of us who have left the family must accumulate merit by multiplying our virtuous acts; our very first obligation must be the practice of appropriate means. How could this befuddled king indulge in such a lawless act? I have never heard of such nonsense that eating people's hearts can lengthen one's life. How could I not grieve over something like this?"

"Please do not grieve just yet, Master," said Sha Monk. "Wait till tomorrow when we have our rescript certified. We can boldly discuss the matter with the king, and if he doesn't listen to us, we can also ascertain what kind of person this royal father-in-law is.

Perhaps it is a monster-spirit, desirous of devouring human hearts, that has devised such a plan. That may well be the case."

"Wujing is perfectly right," said Pilgrim. "Master, you should sleep now. Let old Monkey enter court with you tomorrow and scrutinize the royal father-in-law. If he is a man, he may have embarked on the path of heterodoxy, being ignorant of the proper Way and thinking that only herbs and medicines will achieve realized immortality. Let old Monkey disclose to him the essential themes of cultivation by means of one's natural endowments and enlighten him into embracing the truth. If he's a monster or a fiend, I'll arrest him for the king to see, so that he may learn continence and find out how to nourish his own body. I most certainly will not allow the king to take the lives of those boys." When Tripitaka heard these words, he quickly bowed to Pilgrim and said, "O disciple, what you've proposed is most marvelous! Most marvelous! When you see that befuddled king, however, you shouldn't ask about this matter right away. For I fear that the befuddled king, without looking properly into the matter, would immediately find us guilty of listening to false rumors. What would we do then?"

"Old Monkey has his own magic power," said Pilgrim, smiling. "First, I will remove these boys in the geese coops from the city, so that tomorrow he will have no one from whom he can take out the hearts. The officials of the land will undoubtedly report to the throne, and that befuddled king will surely respond by discussing the matter with the royal father-in-law or by asking for more boys to be selected. At that point we will memorialize to him also. Then he will not blame us."

Highly pleased, Tripitaka said again, "How can you make those boys leave the city? If you can, the virtue of my worthy disciple is great as Heaven! You should do this quickly. If you delay, you may be too late."

Arousing his spiritual powers, Pilgrim rose at once and gave this instruction to Eight Rules and Sha Monk:

"Sit here with Master and let me act. When you see a gust of cold wind blowing, you'll know that the boys are leaving the city." Whereupon the three of them, Tripitaka and his two disciples, began chanting:

"We submit to the Life-Saving Buddha of Medicine!

We submit to the Life-Saving Buddha of Medicine!" Once our Great Sage had gone out the door, he rose with a whistle to midair, where he made the magic sign and recited the magic words:

"Let *Oṃ* purify the dharma realm!" With this he summoned the god of the city, the local spirit, the god of the soil, and various immortal officials together with the Guardians of Five Quarters, the Four Sentinels, the Six Gods of Darkness and Six Gods of Light, and the Guardians of Monasteries, who arrived in the air to bow to him, saying, "Great Sage, for what urgent business have you summoned us in the thick of night?"

"Because we came upon an unruly king in the Bhikṣu kingdom," replied Pilgrim, "who has listened to some monstrous pervert's tale that the hearts of little boys, when taken as a medical supplement, would grant him longevity. My master is so disturbed that he has resolved to save lives and exterminate the fiend. That is why old Monkey has asked each one of you to come here; I want you to use your magic powers and move all these boys, including the geese coops, out of the city. Take them into a mountain valley or deep into a forest and supply them with fruit to eat so that they won't starve. You must also provide them with secret protection and prevent them from crying or being frightened. When I have eliminated the perversity and restored the king to the proper rule of his state, you may then return the boys just as we are about to leave." When the various gods heard this command, each of them exercised his magic power as they dropped down from the clouds. The city immediately was filled with churning cold wind and spreading fog.

The cold wind darkened a sky full of stars;
The fog spreading bedimmed the radiant moon.
At the very first
They drifted and floated down;
But thereafter
They roared and rumbled through—
Drifting and floating down,
They sought to save the boys from every house;
Roaring and rumbling through,
They found the geese coops to help flesh and blood.
People stayed home for the invading chill,
And piercing cold turned garments iron-hard.
Parents fretted in vain
And kinfolk were aggrieved,
As cold wind churned the earth
remove the boys in coops.
This night they may be lonely;
By dawn they will all be pleased.

We have also a poem as a testimonial, which says:

Since mercy e'er abounds in Buddha's gate,
Goodness perfected is what's called the Great.
All saints and sages must virtue increase;
The sum of Triratna and five laws is peace.
Had not a king at Bhikṣu state gone bad,
A thousand youngsters' fate would still be sad.
When Pilgrim saves them for his master's sake,
Merit above salvation he will make.

It was about the hour of the third watch during that night when the various deities transported those geese coops to be hidden at another place.

Lowering his auspicious luminosity, Pilgrim went to the courtyard of the posthouse, where he could hear his three companions still chanting, "We submit to the Life-Saving Buddha of Medicine!" In great delight, he drew near and called out, "Master, I've returned! What do you think of the cold wind?"

"That was some cold wind!" replied Eight Rules.

"But what about rescuing the boys?" asked Tripitaka.

"They have already been taken out one by one," replied Pilgrim, "and will be escorted back to the city by the time we're ready to leave."

Tripitaka thanked him again and again before retiring.

By dawn, Tripitaka began to dress the moment he awoke, saying, "Wukong, I want to attend the morning court so that our travel rescript may be certified."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "if you go by yourself, I fear that you may not be able to accomplish much. Let old Monkey go with you to ascertain whether the kingdom is governed by rectitude or perversity."

"But you usually refuse to perform the proper ceremony when you greet a king," said Tripitaka, "and I fear he may be offended."

"I won't show myself," said Pilgrim. "I'll follow you in secret, and I can protect you at the same time."

Highly pleased, Tripitaka instructed Eight Rules and Sha Monk to watch the luggage and the horse, and then departed. When the station master saw them off, he noticed that the attire of the elder was quite different from that of the day before:

He wore a brocade cassock lined with strange treasures.
A gold-tipped Vairocana hat topped his head.
His hands held up a nine-ringed priestly staff;
chest enclosed one wondrous, godly spark.
The travel rescript he had on himself,
Packed in a silk purse placed inside the wrap.
He walked like an arhat come down to earth,
With a genuine, living Buddha's face.

After greeting Tripitaka, the station master whispered in his ear and told him to mind his own business. As Tripitaka nodded and murmured his assent, the Great Sage stepped to one side of the door and recited a spell; with one shake of his body he changed into a mole cricket and flew up to alight on top of Tripitaka's hat. The elder left the postal station and headed straight for the court.

On arriving, he ran into the Custodian of the Yellow Gate, to whom he bowed and said, “This humble priest is someone sent by the Great Tang of the Land of the East to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. It is proper for me, after arriving in your noble region, to have my travel rescript certified. I therefore wish to have an audience with the throne. I beg you to make this known for me.” Upon which, that Custodian of the Yellow Gate made his report.

In delight, the king said, “A priest from a distant land must be most accomplished in the Way. Show him in quickly.”

The Custodian thus summoned the elder to enter the court; after going through the ceremonial greetings beneath the steps, he was granted permission to take a seat in the royal hall. As he thanked the king and sat down, the elder noticed that the king had

Emaciated features
And a listless spirit.
He raised his hands
But could barely salute;
And when he spoke,
His voice started and stopped.

When the elder presented him with the rescript, the king stared at it with unseeing eyes for a long time before he was able to affix his treasure seal on the document and hand it back to the elder.

The king was just about to question our elder further on the reason for seeking scriptures when the official attending the throne reported, “The royal father-in-law has arrived.”

At once supporting himself on a young palace eunuch, the king struggled down from the dragon couch in order to receive the visitor. Our elder was so taken aback that he too leaped up and stood to one side. As he turned to look, he discovered an old Daoist swaggering up from the jade steps. The man Tripitaka saw

on his head a cloud-patterned, priestly wrap of pale yellow damask,
And he wore a crane-feathered gown of brown silk fretted with plum designs.
A blue sash, braided with three silk and woolen cords, wrapped his waist;
His feet trod cloud-patterned slippers woven of grass-linen and hemp.
His hand held a nine-jointed staff of dried vine carved like a coiling dragon.
Down his chest hung a silk purse embroidered with raised dragon-and-phoenix patterns.
His jadelike face was shiny and smooth;
A white beard flowed down his chin;
His pupils blazed golden flames;
His eyes were longer than his brows.
Clouds moved with each step he took,
And fragrant mists encircled him.
Hands folded, all officials beneath the steps
Shouted: “The royal father-in-law has entered court!”

When that royal father-in-law arrived at the front of the treasure hall, he did not even bother to pay homage to the king. His head held high, he walked boldly up the steps while the king bowed and said, “We are delighted that the royal father-in-law has honored us with his divine presence this morning.”

He was at once asked to be seated on the cushioned couch on the left.

Taking a step forward, Tripitaka also bent low to greet him, saying, "Sir royal father-in-law, this humble cleric salutes you." Sitting loftily on his couch, the royal father-in-law did not return the greetings at all; instead, he turned to say to the king, "Where did this monk come from?"

"He happens to be someone sent by the Tang court in the Land of the East to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven," replied the king. "He's here to have his travel rescript certified."

"The journey leading to the West," said the royal father-in-law with a laugh, "is shrouded in darkness!

What's so good about that?"

Tripitaka said, "Since ancient times the West has been the noble region of ultimate bliss. How could it not be good?"

The king asked, "We have heard from the ancients too that monks are the disciples of Buddha. We would like to know in truth whether a monk is able to transcend death, whether submission to Buddha can bring a person longevity." On hearing this, Tripitaka quickly pressed his palms together in front of his breast to give his reply:

For the person who's a monk,
All causal relations have been abolished;
And to him who understands reality,
All things are but emptiness.
of great knowledge, both wide and comprehensive,
Exists placidly in the realm of no birth;
The true mysteries perceived in silence,
He roams freely in peace and tranquillity.
With no attachments in the Three Realms, all elementary principles are known;
Since his six senses are purged, he has insights into all causes.
He who would strengthen knowledge and consciousness
Must perforce know the mind;
For a mind purified shines in solitary enlightenment,
And a mind preserved pierces all mental projections.
The face of truth, without want or excess,
Can be seen even in a previous life;
But shapes of delusion, though formed, decline at last.
Why seek them beyond bounds?
Sedentary meditation
Is the very source of concentration;
Almsgiving and charity
Are the foundation of austerity.
He who has great wisdom will appear foolish,
For he knows how not to act in every affair;
He who's good at planning will not scheme,
For he needs must let go in every instant.
Once the mind's made immovable,
All your actions are perfected.

But if you dwell on picking the yin to nourish the yang,
You speak but foolish words;
And to bait the eye with long life
Amounts to an empty promise.
You must abandon all particles of defilement,
Regard all phenomena as emptiness.
When you, plain and simple, reduce your desire,
You will with ease an endless life acquire.

When that royal father-in-law heard these words, he smiled sarcastically and pointed his finger at the Tang Monk. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" he cried. "Your mouth, monk, is full of balderdash! Those within the fold of Nirvāṇa all talk about the knowledge of reality. But you don't even know how reality is to be extinguished! Sedentary meditation—why, that's nothing but the practice of blind cultivation! As the proverb says, '

Sit, sit, sit!
Your ass will split!
Play with fire
you'll land in the pit!'
You have no idea that I,
Who seek immortality,
Possess the hardiest of bones;
Who comprehend the Way,
Am most intelligent in spirit.
I carry basket and gourd to visit friends in the mountain;
I gather a hundred herbs to help people in the world.
Divine flowers I pick to make a hat;
Fragrant orchids I pluck to form a mat.
I sing to clapping of hands
And rest on clouds after I dance.
Explaining the principles of Dao,
I exalt the true teachings of Laozi;
Dispensing amulets and water,
I rid the human world of monstrous miasmas.
I rob Heaven and Earth of their energies
And pluck from sun and moon their essences.
Yin and yang activated, the elixir gels;
Fire and Water harmonized, the embryo's formed.
When the yin of Two Eights recedes,
It's both dim and blurry;
When the yang of Three Nines expands,
It's both dark and obscure.
In accord with the four seasons I gather herbs;
By nine cylindrical turns my elixir's perfected.
Astride the blue phoenix,
I ascend the purple mansion;
Mounting the white crane,
I reach the capital of jade,
Where I join all Heaven's luminaries

In zealous display of the wondrous Way.
Could this be compared with the quiescence of your Buddhism,
The dark divinity of your tranquillity?
The stinking corpse bequeathed by Nirvāṇa
That can never leave the mortal dust?
Of the Three Religions mine's the highest mystery.
Dao alone is noble since the dawn of history!"

On hearing this, the king was filled with delight, while the officials of the entire court shouted, "Bravo! Indeed, Dao alone is noble since the dawn of history! Dao alone is noble since the dawn of history!" When the elder saw that everyone had praise for the Daoist, he was terribly embarrassed. The king, nevertheless, asked the Court of Imperial Entertainments to prepare a vegetarian meal so that the priest from distant lands could eat before he departed again for the West.

Tripitaka gave thanks as he withdrew; he descended from the main hall and was just about to walk out when Pilgrim flew down from his hat and whispered in his ear:

"Master, this royal father-in-law is a perverse fiend, and the king is under his influence. You go back first to the postal station to wait for the meal. Let old Monkey remain here to learn something more of him."

Tripitaka understood and left, and we shall leave him for the moment.

Look at our Pilgrim! He soared up and alighted on one of the kingfisher screens in the Hall of Golden Chimes, when the Commander of Five Military Commissions stepped from the ranks to say, "My lord, there was a gust of cold wind last night which swept away, without a trace, all the little boys lodged in the geese coops in front of the houses." When the king heard this memorial, he was both frightened and angered. "This means," said he to the royal father-in-law, "that Heaven wants to destroy us! We have been sick for months, and the imperial physician has been wholly ineffectual. It was fortunate that the royal father-in-law has bestowed on us a divine prescription. We were just waiting for the noon hour today to lift the knife and take out these boys' hearts and use them as our medical supplement. How could they all be swept away by a gust of cold wind? What explanation could there be other than that Heaven wanted to destroy us?" With a smile, the royal father-in-law said, "Your Majesty, please do not worry. The fact that these boys have been swept away means quite the contrary; this is precisely a gift of long life that Heaven is sending to Your Majesty."

"How could you say that," asked the king, "when those boys in the coops have all been blown away?"

"When I entered court just now," replied the royal father-in-law, "I noticed an absolutely marvelous medical supplement, far surpassing those one thousand one hundred and eleven young boys' hearts. Those hearts, you see, could only lengthen your life for about a thousand years. But taken with the newfound supplement, my divine medicine will lengthen your Majesty's life for thousands and thousands of years." Since the king, however, did not understand at all what medical supplement the Daoist was referring to, he pressed for an explanation.

Then the royal father-in-law said, "I have noticed that the monk who has been sent by the Land of the East to seek scriptures is possessed of pure and orderly features. They reveal that he has, in fact, a true body which has practiced religion for at least ten incarnations, and that he has been a monk since childhood. He is, in truth, someone who has never dissipated his original yang, someone ten thousand times better than all those

little boys put together. If you can get his heart to make soup and take my divine medicine, you will certainly acquire the age of ten thousand years."

Believing completely what he had heard, the befuddled ruler said, "Why didn't you tell us sooner? If it had that kind of efficacy, I would have detained him just now and not let him go."

"But that's not difficult!" said the royal father-in-law. "Just now the Court of Imperial Entertainments was told to prepare a vegetarian meal for him. He will undoubtedly eat first before leaving the city. Issue an edict right now for all the city gates to be closed. Call up the troops, have the Golden Pavilion Postal Station surrounded, and tell them to bring back the monk. First, ask for his heart politely. If he agrees, cut him up and take it out at once. You may promise him an imperial burial and a shrine erected in his honor, so that he may enjoy perpetual sacrifice. If he does not comply with your request, we'll show him the ugly power of force. Tie him up at once, and then cut out his heart. Isn't that easy?"

The befuddled ruler indeed followed his suggestion; he gave the decree at once that the city gates should be shut. The imperial guards and their captains were sent to have the postal station surrounded.

When Pilgrim heard this, he spread his wings and darted back to the postal station and changed back to his true form to say to the Tang Monk, "Master, disaster! Disaster!"

Tripitaka was just enjoying the imperial banquet with Eight Rules and Sha Monk. These sudden words so terrified him that the spirits of Three Cadavers left him and smoke poured out of his seven apertures. He fell to the ground at once, his body covered with sweat. All he could do was roll his eyeballs; he could not utter a word. Sha Monk hurried forward to take hold of him, crying, "Master, wake up! Master, wake up!"

"What disaster? What disaster?" asked Eight Rules. "Speak slowly, will you please! Must you frighten Master like that?"

"Since Master left the court," replied Pilgrim, "old Monkey stayed behind and ascertained that that royal father-in-law was indeed a monster-spirit. Soon afterward, the Commander of Five Military Commissions reported that the cold wind had blown away the little boys. The king was frustrated, but the Daoist told him to be happy instead, saying that it was actually Heaven's gift of long life to him.

He wanted to ask for Master's heart to be the medical supplement, something he claimed would grant the king an age of ten thousand years. Believing such a perverse suggestion, the befuddled ruler called up his troops to come and surround the postal station. Moreover, the Embroidered-uniform Guards have been sent here to ask for Master's heart."

"You have exercised marvelous compassion!" said Eight Rules with a laugh. "You have saved marvelous boys! You have called up marvelous cold wind! But this time you have also brought disaster on us!"

Trembling all over, Tripitaka scrambled up to tug at Pilgrim and plead with him, "O worthy disciple! How will we face this?"

"If you want to face this," said Pilgrim, "the old must become the young."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Sha Monk. Pilgrim said, "If you want to preserve your life, the master will have to become the disciple, and the disciple will have to become the master."

"If you can save my life," said Tripitaka, "I'm willing to be your disciple and grand disciple."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "no need to hesitate any longer. Eight Rules, hurry and get me some mud." Idiot immediately used his muckrake to rake up some dirt; not daring, however, to go outside to fetch water, he hitched up his clothes instead and pissed on the ground. With the urine he managed to mix a lump of stinking mud, which he handed to Pilgrim. Pilgrim, too, had little alternative but to flatten the mud and press it on his own face and, after a little while, succeeded in making an apelike mask. Asking the Tang Monk to stand up but without uttering another word, Pilgrim pasted the mask on his master's face and recited a magic spell. He then blew his immortal breath onto the mask, crying, "Change!"

At once the elder took on the appearance of Pilgrim. He was told to take off his own garments and switch clothes with Pilgrim, who made the magic sign and then recited another spell to change into the form of the Tang Monk. The two of them looked so alike their own true selves that even Eight Rules and Sha Monk could not distinguish them.

As soon as they finished dressing, they heard the sounds of gongs and drums and saw a forest of scimitars and lances approaching.

The captains of the imperial guards, you see, had arrived with three thousand troops to have the postal station surrounded. Then an Embroidered-uniform guard walked into the courtyard to ask, "Where is the elder from the Tang court in the Land of the East?" Shaking and quaking, the station master went to his knees and said, pointing with his finger, "In one of those guest rooms down there."

The guard walked to the guest room and said, "Elder Tang, my king invites you to the palace." While Eight Rules and Sha Monk stood on two sides to guard the false Pilgrim, the false Tang Monk came out the door and bowed, saying, "Sir Embroidered-uniform, what does His Majesty have to say when he asks for this poor cleric?" Rushing forward to grab him, the guard replied, "I'll go with you into court. He must have some use for you."

Also, so it is that

Fiendish lies triumph o'er compassion;
Compassion's met instead with violence.

We do not know what will happen to his life when he leaves; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

SEVENTY-NINE

Searching the cave for the fiend he meets Long Life
The proper lord of the court sees the babies

We were telling you about that Embroidered-uniform Guard, who yanked the spurious Tang Monk out of the postal station. At once the imperial guards had them surrounded before they all headed for the gate of the court. There they said to the Custodian of the Yellow Gate:

"We have brought the Tang Monk here. Please report this for us."

The custodian sent in the memorial hurriedly, and the befuddled king sent for the guest at once. While all the officials knelt down at the foot of the steps to bow to the king, the spurious Tang Monk stood erect at the center of the steps and shouted, "King Bhikṣu, why did you ask this humble cleric to come?" With a smile, the king said, "An illness has afflicted us for many days and no cure has been found. Fortunately, our royal father-inlaw has bestowed on us a prescription for which all the medicines have been prepared. All we need now is one particular supplement, which we must seek from you. If we are cured of our illness, we promise that we shall build a shrine for the elder. You will enjoy sacrifices in all four seasons and perpetual incense fires of the state."

"I am a person who has left the family," replied the spurious Tang Monk. "I came here with hardly any possessions on me. Would Your Majesty please ask the royal father-in-law what sort of thing he wants of me for the medical supplement?"

"What we need," said the befuddled king, "is the heart of the elder."

The spurious Tang Monk said, "To tell you the truth, Your Majesty, I have quite a few hearts. Which color or shape would you like?"

"Priest," said the royal father-in-law, who was standing on one side, pointing with his finger, "we want your black heart."

"In that case," said the spurious Tang Monk, "bring me the knife quickly, so that I may cut open my chest. If I have a black heart, I'll be pleased to present it to you."

Delighted, the befuddled king thanked him and asked the attendant to the throne to hand the spurious monk a curved dagger. Taking the dagger, the monk untied his robe and stuck out his chest. As he rubbed his belly with his left hand, he plunged the dagger into himself with his right hand and, with a loud ripping noise, tore open his own chest. A mass of hearts rolled out, so terrifying the onlookers that the civil officials paled in fright and the military officers turned numb. When he saw that, the royal father-in-law said in the hall, "This is a monk of many hearts!"

The spurious monk took those bloody hearts and manipulated them one by one for all to see: a red heart, a white heart, a yellow heart, an avaricious heart, a greedy heart, an envious heart, a petty heart, a competitive heart, an ambitious heart, a scornful heart, a murderous heart, a vicious heart, a fearful heart, a cautious heart, a perverse heart, a nameless obscure heart, and all kinds of wicked hearts. There was, however, not one single black heart! That befuddled king was so stupefied that he could hardly utter a word. Trembling all over, he could only mutter:

"Take them away! Take them away!" Unable to hold back any longer, the spurious Tang Monk retrieved his magic. As he changed back into his original form, he said to the befuddled ruler, "Your Majesty, you have no perception whatever. In priests like us there are only good hearts, but your father-in-law is the one who has a black heart that can be used as the medical supplement.

If you don't believe me, let me take it out for you to see." On hearing this, that royal father-in-law opened his eyes wide to take a careful look, and he saw that the monk had quite changed his appearance. He no longer looked the same. Aha!

He recognized the Great Sage Sun of old,
Who had great fame five hundred years ago.

Swirling around, he mounted the clouds to rise up, only to be blocked by Pilgrim, who bounded into the air with one somersault.

"Where are you running to?" he bellowed. "Have a taste of my rod!"

The royal father-in-law wielded his coiled-dragon staff to meet his adversary, and the two of them began a marvelous battle in midair.

The compliant rod,
The coiled-dragon staff
Spread out the clouds to fill the airy void.
The father-in-law, a monster-spirit,
Claimed for his fiendish daughter beauteous looks.
The ruler's indulgence brought him disease;
The monster wanted to slaughter young boys.
The Great Sage came to show his magic might:
He seized the fiend and saved the populace.
The iron rod aimed fiercely at the head
Was met by a praiseworthy crooked staff.
They fought till a skyful of mist darkened the city,
Each member of the households paled with fright;
souls of all officials left in flight,
All palace girls and consorts changed their looks.
They frightened Bhikṣu's muddled ruler into frantic hiding
And violent trembling, not knowing what to do.
The rod rose like a tiger springing from the mount;
The staff soared like a dragon breaking from the sea.
Now this great disturbance at Bhikṣu state
Would make distinct the righteous and perverse.

That monster-spirit fought bitterly with Pilgrim for some twenty rounds, but the coiled-dragon staff was no match for the goldenhooped rod. After one half-hearted blow, the royal father-in-law changed into a cold beam of light and sped into the inner chamber of the palace to pick up the fiendish queen whom he had presented as a tribute to the king. Both of them changed into cold beams of light and vanished at once.

Dropping down from the clouds, Pilgrim went to the palace to say to the various officials, "You people have some royal father-inlaw!"

The officials all began to bow to give thanks to the divine monk. "Stop bowing," said Pilgrim. "See where your befuddled lord has gone."

"When our lord saw the fight," one of the officials replied, "he was driven by fear into hiding. We have no idea which palace he has gone to."

"Search for him quickly!" commanded Pilgrim. "Don't let Queen Beauty abduct him." When they heard these words, the officials did not care whether they were permitted to enter the inner chambers or not. Together with Pilgrim they headed straight for the room of Queen Beauty, but not a trace of the king could be found. Even Queen Beauty herself had disappeared. Meanwhile, the queen, the girl's consort of the Eastern Palace, the consort of the Western Palace, and the concubines of the Six Chambers all came to bow to give thanks to the Great Sage.

"Please rise, all of you," said the Great Sage. "It's not time for you to thank me yet. Let's go find your lord first." In a little while they saw four or five eunuchs support the befuddled ruler walking out from behind the Hall of Careful Conduct.

Prostrating themselves on the ground, the various officials said in unison, "Our lord! Our lord! We are indebted to the divine monk, who came to distinguish for us the true from the false. That royal father-in-law is a perverse fiend. Even Queen Beauty has disappeared." When the king heard that, he immediately asked Pilgrim to leave the inner palace and go to the treasure hall with him. "Elder," he said, as he bowed to Pilgrim to thank him, "when you arrived this morning, you looked so handsome. How is it that you've changed your appearance now?"

"To tell you the truth, Your Majesty, the person who came here this morning was my master," replied Pilgrim, laughing. "He is Tripitaka, the bond-brother of the Tang court, and I'm Sun Wukong, his disciple. I have two other younger brothers—Zhu Wuneng and Sha Wujing—who are now at the Golden Pavilion Postal Station. Because we knew that you believed in the monstrous suggestion and wanted my master's heart for medical supplement, old Monkey changed into his appearance to come here especially to subdue the fiend." On hearing this, the king at once commanded one of the chief ministers of the Grand Secretariat to go to the postal station and fetch the master and his disciples.

By this time our Tripitaka had learned that Pilgrim, who had changed back to his original form, was trying to subdue the fiend in midair. The elder was frightened out of his wits, and it was fortunate that Eight Rules and Sha Monk were by his sides to support him.

But he was still depressed by that lump of stinking mud that he had to wear on his face. It was then that he heard someone calling, "Master of the Law, we are the chief ministers of the Grand Secretariat sent by the king of the Bhikṣu state. We are here especially to invite you to court so that you may receive our thanks."

"Master, don't be afraid! Don't be afraid!" said Eight Rules, grinning. "They are not inviting you so that they can demand your heart. I think Elder Brother must have won, and they want to thank you."

"That may well be the case," replied Tripitaka, "but how can I face people with this stinking face?"

"You've no choice," said Eight Rules. "Let's go see Elder Brother first, and we'll find a solution."

That elder indeed had little choice but to follow Eight Rules and Sha Monk, who toted the luggage and led the horse out into the courtyard. When the chief minister

caught sight of them, he was aghast, crying, “Holy Father! What a bunch of goblins and monsters!”

“Minister, please don’t be offended by our ugliness,” said Sha Monk. “We were born this way. But when my master sees my elder brother, he’ll become handsome.” When the three of them arrived at court, they did not wait for the summons but walked right up to the hall. The moment Pilgrim saw them, he ran down the steps and pulled the lump of mud from his master’s face. Blowing his immortal breath on him, Pilgrim cried “Change!” and the Tang Monk at once assumed his original form, feeling more energetic and spirited than before. Meanwhile, the king himself descended the steps to meet them, addressing the Tang Monk as “Venerable Buddha, Master of the Law.”

After master and disciples had tethered the horse, they all went up to the hall to exchange greetings.

“Your Majesty,” said Pilgrim, “do you happen to know where that fiend came from? Let old Monkey go there and seize him, so that any evil consequence will be eliminated.” When all those palace ladies and concubines standing behind the kingfisher screens heard Pilgrim speaking of eliminating any evil consequence, they ignored the observance of proper etiquette between men and women and all walked out together to bow to him, saying, “We beg the divine monk, the venerable buddha, to exercise his mighty magic power.

Please pull the grass up by the root and exterminate him thoroughly. For this profound act of kindness we shall repay you handsomely.” Returning their bows hurriedly, Pilgrim pressed the king for the address of the Daoist. Somewhat abashed, the king spoke up:

“When he arrived three years ago, we did question him, and he told us that he lived not too far from here, in Pure Florescence Village on the Willow Slope south of the city some seventy miles away. Though the royal father-in-law was aged, he had no son, only a daughter by his second wife. Having just turned sixteen, she had not been betrothed to anyone, and he was willing to present her as a tribute to us.

Since we loved the girl, we accepted her and took her in as a palace consort. Then we were afflicted by illness, which the repeated efforts of the imperial physician could not alleviate. The royal father-in-law told us that he had a divine formula, which required the hearts of young boys to make soup for supplement. It was our folly to have believed in his words so readily. The boys were selected, and the noon hour today, in fact, was to be the appointed time for their hearts to be gouged out. Little did we anticipate that the divine monk would descend to our realm. When we discovered that the boys in the coops had disappeared, he convinced us that the divine monk, who had practiced the cultivation of realized immortality for ten incarnations, had never permitted his original yang to dissipate.

If we could acquire his heart, he said, it would be ten thousand times better than the hearts of the little boys. That was the reason for our misguided affront offered to you. We did not know that the divine monk would recognize the fiendish demon. We beseech you to exercise your vast magic power and eliminate all evil consequences, for which we shall thank you with the wealth of a nation.”

“To tell you the honest truth,” said Pilgrim smiling, “those boys in the coops were hidden by me on the merciful request of my master. Don’t speak of repaying us with any wealth or riches. When I’ve caught the fiend, that’ll be my merit.”

He then called out:

"Eight Rules, follow me quickly!"

"I'm glad to obey you, Elder Brother," replied Eight Rules, "but my stomach's so empty I can hardly exert myself."

The king immediately asked the Court of Imperial Entertainments to prepare a vegetarian meal, which soon arrived.

After he had eaten his fill, Eight Rules roused himself and mounted the clouds to rise into the air with Pilgrim. The king, the queens, and all those civil and military officials were so taken aback that they fell to their knees and kowtowed to the sky, all crying, "True immortals, true buddhas have descended to earth!"

The Great Sage took Eight Rules straight to a place some seventy miles south of the city, where they stopped the wind and cloud to look for the fiend's dwelling. All they could see, however, was a clear brook flanked by thousands of willows on both sides, but the Pure Florescence Village was nowhere to be found. Truly

Acres of wild paddies, an endless sight;
Banks of misty willows but no human trace.

After the Great Sage Sun had searched in vain for the fiend, he made the magic sign and recited the immortal word *Oṁ*, with which he at once summoned into his presence the local spirit. Trembling all over, the deity drew near to kneel down, saying, "Great Sage, the local spirit of Willow Slope kowtows to you."

"Don't be frightened," said Pilgrim, "for I'm not going to beat you. I have a question for you instead. This Pure Florescence Village of Willow Slope, where is it?"

"There is here a Pure Florescence Cave," replied the local spirit, "but no Pure Florescence Village. This humble deity now perceives that the Great Sage perhaps has come here from the Bhikṣu Kingdom?"

"Yes, yes!" said Pilgrim. "The Bhikṣu king had been duped by a monster-spirit, but old Monkey recognized the fiend when I reached the city. When that fiend was defeated by me in battle, he changed into a cold beam of light and vanished. I asked the Bhikṣu king, who told us that he did inquire after the fiend's residence three years ago when he presented a beautiful girl as tribute. The fiend claimed then that he used to live in the Pure Florescence Village on Willow Slope, some seventy miles south of the city. Just now I searched my way here and all I saw was the slope. Since I didn't find any village, I thought I would ask you."

"May the Great Sage pardon me!" said the local spirit, kowtowing. "Since the Bhikṣu king, after all, is also the lord of this land, it is the proper duty of this humble deity to take note of his plight. But the monster-spirit has vast magic powers; once I betray his secret, he will come and oppress me. That's why he has not been brought to justice. Now that the Great Sage has arrived, all you need do is to go up to a willow tree with nine branches at the south bank of the brook. Circle around the trunk three times from left to right and then three more times from right to left. Lean on the trunk with both hands and call three times, 'Open the door.' The Pure Florescence Cave will appear." On hearing this, the Great Sage dismissed the local spirit before leaping over the brook with Eight Rules to continue their search.

Soon they found the tree, which had indeed nine stems forking out from a single trunk. Pilgrim gave this instruction to Eight Rules:

"Stand still at a distance, and let me call the door open. When I find the fiend and chase him out here, you may back me up."

Eight Rules agreed and stood about a quarter mile away.

Following the words of the local spirit, our Great Sage circled the trunk three times from left to right and three times right to left; leaning with both hands on the tree, he cried, "Open the door! Open the door! Open the door!" Instantly two leaves of a door opened with a loud creak while the tree vanished entirely from sight. The inside was lit up by bright, luminous mists, but again there was no hint of any human inhabitant. Rousing his magic powers, Pilgrim dashed into the cave, and he discovered a nice place indeed:

Mist and smoke luminous;
Oblique rays of the sun and moon;
White clouds that often leave the cave;
Green moss that densely coats the yard.
A pathful of strange blossoms vying for glamour;
A stepful of rare grasses most luxuriant.
Warm, temperate air
Makes perpetual spring.
The place seems like Langyuan;
It's no worse than Peng and Ying.
Long creepers spread o'er smooth benches;
Tousled vines dangle from a flat bridge.
Bees, red stamens in their mouths, come to the cave;
Butterflies, playing with orchids, pass a rock screen.

With big strides, Pilgrim dashed forward to take a careful look, and he saw four big words etched on the rock screen:

Pure Florescence Immortal Residence. Unable to restrain himself, he leaped around the screen to look further, and there he saw the old fiend hugging a beautiful girl to his bosom. Both panting hard, they were in the midst of discussing the affairs of the Bhikṣu Kingdom. "What a marvelous opportunity!" they said together. "Something we've been planning for three years, and it would have been completed today.

But it's ruined by that ape-head now!"

Darting up to them, Pilgrim whipped out his rod and cried, "You bunch of hairy lumps! What marvelous opportunity? Have a taste of my rod!"

Abandoning his beauty, the old fiend picked up his coiled-dragon staff hurriedly to meet him. The two of them began another fierce battle in front of the cave that was quite different from the one before.

The upraised rod beamed golden light;
The wielded staff belched viciousness.
The fiend said, "You fool! How dare you barge inside my door?"
Pilgrim said, "I intend to subdue a fiend!"
The fiend said, "My tie to the king's not your concern.
For what reason must you come oppress me?"
Pilgrim said, "The priest's vocation is on mercy based.
can't bear seeing young boys put to death."
Their words went back and forth, each full of hate.

The staff met the rod, they aimed at the heart.
They snapped strange flowers, watching for their lives;
They kicked up lichens as they slipped and slid.
They fought till the cave's bright mists had lost their glow,
Till the ledge's fine blossoms all collapsed.
bing-bangs *grounded the birds in fear;*
Their shoutings scared the beauty into flight.
Only the old fiend and the Monkey King remained
As violent gusts of wind howled through the earth.
They fought on and on till they left the cave,
When Wuneng aroused his moronic might.

Eight Rules, you see, was standing outside; when he heard them brawling inside, he became so excited that he could hardly contain himself. Whipping out his muckrake, he knocked down the willow tree with nine branches with one terrific blow. As he raked the fallen trunk some more, fresh blood sprouted from the root and it emitted a sort of moaning sound. "This tree has become a spirit!" said Eight Rules. "This tree has become a spirit!"

He lifted his rake and was about to bring it down again when he saw Pilgrim emerging with the fiend. Without a word our Idiot rushed forward and attacked with the rake. The old fiend was already finding it difficult to withstand Pilgrim; the sight of Eight Rules's rake, therefore, completely unnerved him. Turning to flee, he shook his body once and changed into a cold beam of light to head for the east. Unwilling to let up at all, the two of them instantly gave chase.

As they shouted to close in for the kill, they suddenly heard the calls of phoenix and crane and saw the glow of auspicious luminosity. Then they caught sight of the Aged Star of South Pole, who had held down the cold beam of light. "Slow down, Great Sage," he cried, "and stop chasing, Heavenly Reeds. This old Daoist salutes you!"

"Brother Aged Star," said Pilgrim, returning his greeting, "where have you come from?" With a chuckle, Eight Rules said, "You blubbery codger! Since you've held down the cold beam of light, you must have caught the fiend."

"He's here, he's here," replied the Aged Star, smiling back at him. "I hope the two of you will spare his life."

"That old fiend's not related to you, old Brother," said Pilgrim. "Why are you speaking up for him?"

"He happens to be my beast of burden," replied the Aged Star with a smile, "and sneaked here to turn into a fiend."

"If he's a creature of yours," said Pilgrim, "ask him to change back to his true form for us to see." When he heard this, the Aged Star released the cold beam of light and shouted, "Cursed beast! Show your true form quickly, and we'll pardon your mortal offense!" Rolling over, the fiend at once revealed himself as a white deer. "This cursed beast!" said the Aged Star as he picked up the staff. "He has even managed to steal my staff!" Prostrate on the ground, the white deer could not utter a word; all he did was kowtow and shed tears. You see

His whole body striped like a token of jade,
Two upthrust horns like seven jagged blades.
In hunger he would the herb garden seek

And drink, in thirst, from the cloud-swollen creek.
Aged, he had the pow'r of flight attained,
And o'er the years a face that changed he gained.
When he at this time hears his master's call,
He'll show his form and in submission fall.

After the Aged Star had thanked Pilgrim, he mounted the deer to leave, only to be grabbed by Pilgrim. "Old Brother," he said, "please don't leave yet. There are two unfinished matters."

"What sort of unfinished matters?" asked the Aged Star, and Pilgrim said, "We have yet to catch the beautiful girl, who must be some kind of fiendish creature, and we must return together to report to that befuddled ruler of the Bhikṣu kingdom."

"If you put it that way," said the Aged Star, "I'll be patient and wait a while. You and Heavenly Reeds go inside the cave and capture the beautiful girl. Then we can go together to let the king see these creatures in their true forms."

"Just wait a moment, old Brother," said Pilgrim, "we'll be back soon."

Arousing his spirit, Eight Rules followed Pilgrim into the Pure Florescence Divine Residence, both shouting, "Catch the monsterspirit! Catch the monster-spirit!"

The beautiful girl was still shaking so violently that she could hardly think of fleeing; when she heard the shouts, she dashed behind the rock screen, but there was no back door for her to leave through. "Where are you going?" roared Eight Rules. "Watch my rake, you stinking, man-deceiving spirit!"

As the beautiful girl did not even have a weapon in her hand, she could only step aside and change at once into a cold beam of light to try to flee. She was, however, met by the Great Sage, who slammed his rod down hard on the beam. Immediately the fiend tumbled to the ground and revealed her true form: that of a whitefaced vixen. Unable to hold back his hands, our Idiot raised his rake and gave her head a terrific blow. Alas!

The smile that shakes a city and a state
Into a hairy, lumpish fox is made!

"Don't mash her up!" cried Pilgrim. "Leave her body for that befuddled ruler to see." Not bothered by the filth, our Idiot took her by the tail and yanked her body along to follow Pilgrim out the door. The Aged Star at that moment was just rubbing the deer's head and scolding him. "Dear cursed beast!" he cried. "How could you turn your back on your master and come here to be a spirit? If I hadn't arrived, you would have been struck to death by the Great Sage Sun."

"What are you saying, old Brother?" asked Pilgrim as he bounded out. "Just instructing the deer! Just instructing the deer!" replied the Aged Star. Throwing the dead vixen in front of the deer, Eight Rules asked, "Is this your daughter?" Nodding his head a few times, the deer stretched out his muzzle to sniff her and bleated several times, as if he could not bear parting with the vixen. He was given a whack on the head by the Aged Star, who said, "Cursed beast! Isn't it enough that you got your life? Why smell her?"

He then untied the sash of his robe and fastened it around the neck of the deer to drag him along. "Great Sage," he said, "I'll go see the Bhikṣu king with you."

"Just a moment!" replied Pilgrim. "We might as well clean out the inside first, so that this place will not breed any more monstrosity in the years to come." When he

heard this, Eight Rules lifted up his rake and showered blows on the willow trunk. Pilgrim recited again the magic word *Oṁ* to summon the local spirit, to whom he gave this instruction:

"Find me some dried wood and make a good fire. I am trying to rid this place of monstrous calamity, so that you may be spared from any further oppression."

Turning round, the local spirit mounted gusts of cold winds with his ghostly troops to gather some frost-receiving grass, autumn-green grass, smartweeds, mountain-bud grass, dried southernwood, dried dragon-bones, and dried rushes—all withered plants that had been parched for more than a year and that could feed a fire like oil or fat. "Eight Rules," Pilgrim cried, "no need to take the tree. Just stuff these things into the cave and light the fire. We'll destroy the place."

As soon as the fire started, it did indeed turn the Pure Florescence monster residence into a flaming pit.

He then dismissed the local spirit before returning to face the king in the royal hall, accompanied by the Aged Star leading the deer and Eight Rules dragging the dead vixen. Pilgrim said to the king, "Here's your Queen Beauty! You want to dally with her some more?"

The bladder of the king quivered and his heart shook, and then his queens and consorts were all frightened into bowing by the sight of the Aged Star leading the white deer. Pilgrim went forward to raise up the king, saying to him with a chuckle, "Don't bow to me. Here's your father-in-law. You should bow to him!"

Terribly embarrassed, the king could only murmur, "I thank the divine monk's Heavenly grace for saving the boys of my nation."

He at once ordered the Court of Imperial Entertainments to prepare a huge vegetarian banquet. The East Hall was opened wide so that the Old Man of South Pole, the Tang Monk, and his three disciples could be seated to receive proper thanks. After Tripitaka and Sha Monk bowed to greet the Aged Star, they both asked, "If the white deer belonged to the Venerable Aged Star, how could it get here to harm people?"

The Aged Star answered, smiling, "Sometime ago the Supreme Ruler of the East passed by my mountain, and I asked him to stay for chess. Hardly had we finished one game when this cursed beast ran away. When we couldn't find him after the guest's departure, I calculated by bending my fingers and realized that he had come to this place. I came to search for him and ran into the Great Sage just in the process of demonstrating his power. If I had come a little later, this beast would have been finished."

Hardly had he spoken when the report came that the banquet was ready. Marvelous vegetarian banquet!

The doorways decked with five colors;
The seats full of strange fragrance;
Tables draped with glowing brocade damask;
Floors spread with luminous red carpets.
From duck-shaped urns
Curled smoke of sandalwood incense;
Before the royal table
Came the fresh scent of vegetables.
Look at the fruit crouque-en-bouche *on the dish,*

The sweet pastries shaped like dragons or beasts.
Mandarin-duck cakes
And lion candies
All looked so real;
The parrot goblet
And the egret handle
All seemed lifelike.
Every fruit item on display was rich;
Every maigre dish on the table was fine.
Robustly round chestnuts,
Fresh lychees and peaches;
Dates and persimmons with the sweetest flavor;
Pine-seed and grape wines of the mellowest scent.
Several kinds of honey-glazed food
And a few steamed pastries.
Viands deep-fried or sugar-coated,
Made like blossoms or brocade.
buns piled high on golden trays;
Fragrant rice filled many silver bowls.
Hot and spicy—the long rice noodles cooked in soup;
Potently scented—one bowl or dish after another.
You could not describe all the mushrooms,
The wood ears, the tender shoots, the Yellow Sperms;
Vegetables of ten varieties
And a hundred rare delicacies.
Presented back and forth without a pause
Were all kinds, all species of rich fare.

At the time, they took their seats according to rank: the Aged Star occupied the head table, while the elder remained next to him. The king went to the table in front, and Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk sat on one side. There were three other chief ministers on both sides to keep them company. As the Office of Music was told to begin the serenade, the king held up his purple-mist cup to toast each person in turn, though the Tang Monk was the only one who did not drink. Eight Rules then said to Pilgrim, "Elder Brother, I'll leave the fruits to you, but you must let us enjoy rice, soup, and the rest." Without regard for good or ill, that Idiot attacked the foodstuff madly and ate it up in no time at all.

After the banquet was over, the Aged Star got up to leave, but the king went forward to kneel to him to beg for a method that would eliminate illness and lengthen his years. With a smile the Aged Star said, "I was looking for my deer and I didn't bring along any elixir or herbs. I would have liked to impart to you the formula for cultivation, but your tendons have so deteriorated and your spirit has been so impaired that it would be impossible for you to accomplish the reversion of the elixir.

In my sleeve here, however, are three fire dates which were the presents of the Supreme Ruler of the East for my tea. I haven't eaten them yet, and I would like to give them to you now."

After the king had swallowed the dates, he felt as if a great weight had been lifted gradually from his body as his illness receded. In fact, the longevity those descendants of his later attained might be traced to this.

When Eight Rules saw that the king had received such a gift, he cried out, "Old Age, if you have any more fire dates, give me some, too."

"I haven't brought any more along," replied the Aged Star. "Another day I'll send you a few pounds."

He walked out of the East Hall, and having thanked his host once more, he ordered the white deer to stand up and leaped onto its back. They both rose immediately into the air and left treading on the clouds. The ruler, his consorts, and the populace of the city all bowed to the ground and burned incense.

Then Tripitaka said, "Disciples, start packing so that we may take leave of the king."

The king, however, begged them to stay and instruct him. "Your Majesty," said Pilgrim, "from now on you must lessen your sensual pursuits and increase instead your unpublicized good deeds. In all affairs you should allow your strength to compensate for your weakness, and you will find that this is quite sufficient to stave off sickness and lengthen your life. Such is the instruction I have for you."

Thereafter the king also presented them with two trays of gold and silver pieces as travel money, but the Tang Monk refused to accept even a penny. The king had no alternative but to send for his imperial cortege and asked the Tang Monk to be seated on the phoenix carriage in the dragon chariot. He and his consorts all put their hands on the carriage and pushed it out of the court. At the same time, all the main boulevards were lined with citizens who added pure water to their sacrificial vases and true incense in the urns to send the pilgrims out of the city.

Just then, a roar of the wind from midair brought down to both sides of the road one thousand, one hundred and eleven geese coops with some crying young boys inside. The local spirit, city god, god of the soil, immortal officials, the Guardians of Five Quarters, the Four Sentinels, the Six Gods of Darkness and Six Gods of Light, and the guardians of monasteries who gave secret protection to the children all announced in a loud voice:

"Great Sage, you told us previously to take away these boys in the geese coops. Now that your merit has been achieved and you are about to leave, we have brought them back one by one."

The king, the queens, and all the citizens bowed down as Pilgrim said to the air, "I thank you all for your help. Please return to your shrines, and I will ask the people to offer you their thanksgiving sacrifices." Sighing and soughing, the gust of cold wind rose once more and then quickly subsided.

When Pilgrim then asked the households of the city to come retrieve their children, the news was spread abroad at once and all the people came to identify and claim the boys in the coops. In great delight they were lifted out of the cages, hugged, and addressed as "darling" and "precious." Jumping about and laughing, the people all shouted, "We must take hold of the Holy Fathers of the Tang court and bring them back to our homes. We must thank them for this profound act of kindness!"

And so the people went forward, young and old, male and female, without the slightest fear of how ugly the pilgrims might look: they hauled Zhu Eight Rules up bodily, they put Sha Monk on their shoulders, they supported the Great Sage Sun with their heads, and they lifted up Tripitaka with their hands. Leading the horse and toting the luggage, they surged back to the city; not even the king could restrain them.

While one family gave a banquet, another prepared a feast; those who did not have time to take their turns made priestly caps and sandals, clerical robes and cloth stockings, and all manner of inner and outer garments to be presented as gifts. Indeed, the pilgrims had to linger for nearly a month in that city before they could leave. Before their departure, the people also made portraits of them, with their names inscribed on plaques below the pictures, so that perpetual sacrifices and incense could be offered. Truly it was that

This secret good deed weighty as a mount
Has saved a hundred and a thousand lives.

We do not know what happened thereafter; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY

The fair girl, nursing the yang, seeks a mate
Mind Monkey, guarding his master, knows a monster

We were telling you about the Bhikṣu king who, along with his subjects, escorted the Tang Monk and his disciples out of the city; they journeyed for some twenty miles and still the king refused to turn back. At last Tripitaka insisted on leaving the imperial chariot and mounted the horse to take leave of the escorts, who waited until the pilgrims were out of sight before returning to their own city.

The four pilgrims traveled for some time until both winter and spring faded; there was no end to the sight of wildflowers and mountain trees, of lovely and luxuriant scenery. Then they saw in front of them a tall, rugged mountain. Growing alarmed, Tripitaka asked, "Disciples, is there any road on that tall mountain ahead? We must be careful!"

"Your words, Master," said Pilgrim with a laugh, "hardly sound like those of a seasoned traveler! They seem more like those of a prince or nobleman who sits in a well and stares at the sky. As the ancient proverb says,

A mountain does not block a road,
For a road passes through a mountain.

Why ask about whether there is any road or not?"

"Perhaps the mountain does not block the road," replied Tripitaka, "but I fear that such a treacherous region will breed some fiends, or that monster-spirits will emerge from the depth of the mountain."

"Relax! Relax!" said Eight Rules. "This place is probably not too far from the region of ultimate bliss, and it's bound to be peaceful and safe."

As master and disciples were thus conversing, they soon reached the base of the mountain. Taking out his golden-hooped rod, Pilgrim went up a rocky ledge and called out:

"Master, this is the way to go around the mountain. It's quite walkable. Come quickly! Come quickly!"

The elder had little choice but to banish his worry and urge the horse forward. "Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "you tote the luggage for awhile."

Eight Rules accordingly took over the pole while Sha Monk held on to the reins so that the old master could sit firmly on the carved saddle and follow Pilgrim on the main road as they headed for the mountain. What they saw on the mountain were

Cloud and mist shrouding the summit
And rushing torrent in the brook;
flowers clogging the road;
Ten thousand trees both thick and dense;
Blue plums and white pears;
Green willows and red peaches.
The cuckoo weeps for spring's about to leave,

And swallows murmur to end the seedtime rites.
Rugged rocks;
Jade-top pines;
A rough mountain path,
Bumpy and jagged;
Precipitous hanging cliffs
With thickets of creepers and plants.
A thousand peaks noble like halberd rows;
Through countless ravines a grand river flows.

As the old master looked leisurely at this mountain scenery, the sound of a bird singing filled him again with longing for home. He pulled the horse to a stop and called out, "Disciples!

Since Heaven's plaque conveyed the royal decree,
The rescript I took beneath brocaded screens.
At Lantern Feast, the fifteenth, I left the East,
From Emperor Tang parted as Heav'n from Earth.
Just when dragons, tigers met with wind and cloud,
Master and pupils fell to horses and men.
On all twelve summits of Mount Wu I've walked.
When can I face my lord and see my king?"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "you are always so full of longing for home that you are hardly like someone who has left home. Just relax and keep moving! Stop worrying so much! As the ancients said,

If wealth in life you wish to see,
Deadly earnest your work must be."

Tripitaka said, "What you say is quite right, disciple, but I wonder how much more there is of this road that leads to the Western Heaven!"

"Master,"

Eight Rules said, "it must be that our Buddha Tathāgata is unwilling to part with those three baskets of scriptures.

Knowing that we want to acquire them, he must have moved. If not, why is it that we just can't reach our destination?"

"Stop that foolish talk!" said Sha Monk. "Just follow Big Brother. Exert yourself and endure it. There'll be a day when we all arrive at our destination."

As master and disciples chatted in this manner, they came upon a huge, dark pine forest. Becoming frightened, the Tang Monk called out once more, "Wukong, we've just passed through a rugged mountain path. Why is it that we must face this deep, dark pine forest? We must be on guard."

"What's there to be afraid of?" asked Pilgrim. Tripitaka replied, "Stop talking like that! As the proverb says,

You don't believe the honesty of the honest;
You guard against the unkindness of the kind.

You and I have gone through several pine forests, but none was as deep and wide as this one. Just look at it!

Densely spread out east and west—
In thick columns north and south—
Densely spread out east and west it pierces the clouds;
In thick columns north and south it invades the sky.
Lush thistles and thorns are growing on all sides;
Creepers and weeds wind up and down the trunks.
The vines entwine the tendrils—
The tendrils entwine the vines—
The vines entwine the tendrils
To impede the east-west traveler;
The tendrils entwine the vines
To block the north-south trader.
In this forest
One may spend half a year
Not knowing the seasons,
Or walk a few miles
Without seeing the stars.
Look at those thousand kinds of scenery on the shady side
And ten thousand bouquets in the sunny part.
There are also the millennial locust tree,
The immortal juniper,
The cold-enduring pine,
The mountain peach,
The wild peony,
The dry-land hibiscus—
In layers and clumps they pile together,
So riotous that e'en gods can't portray them.
You hear also a hundred birds:
The parrot's squeal;
The cuckoo's wail;
The magpie darting through the branches;
crow feeding her parents;
The oriole soaring and dancing;
A hundred tongues making melody;
A call of red partridges,
And the speech of purple swallows.
The mynah learns to speak like a human;
Even the grey thrush can read a sūtra.
You see, too, a big creature wagging its tail
And a tiger grinding its teeth;
An aged fox disguised as a lady,
An old grey wolf growling through the woods.
Even if the devarāja Pagoda- Bearer comes here,
He'll lose his wits though he can subdue a monster!"

Not daunted in the least, however, our Great Sage Sun used his iron rod to open up a wide path and led the Tang Monk deep into the forest. Footloose and carefree, they proceeded for half a day but they had yet to reach the road leading out of the forest.

The Tang Monk called out:

"Disciples, our journey to the West has taken us through countless mountains and forests, all rather treacherous. This particular spot, I'm glad to say, is quite nice and the road seems safe enough. The strange flowers and rare plants of this forest are certainly pleasing to behold. I want to sit for a while here—to rest the horse and to relieve my hunger—if you can go somewhere to beg us a vegetarian meal."

"Please dismount, Master," said Pilgrim, "and I'll go beg the meal."

That elder indeed dismounted; as Eight Rules tethered the horse to a tree, Sha Monk put down his load of luggage and took out the alms-bowl to hand to Pilgrim. "Master," said Pilgrim, "you may feel quite safe sitting here. Don't be frightened. Old Monkey will return shortly." While Tripitaka sat solemnly in the pine shade, Eight Rules and Sha Monk amused themselves by going off to search for flowers and fruits.

We tell you now about our Great Sage, who somersaulted into midair. As he paused in his cloudy luminosity to look back, he saw that the pine forest was veiled by hallowed clouds and auspicious mists. So moved was he by the sight that he unwittingly blurted out, "Marvelous! Marvelous!" Why did he say that, you ask? He was giving praise to the Tang Monk, you see, and recalling to himself the fact that his master was verily the incarnation of the Elder Gold Cicada, a good man who has practiced austerities for ten incarnations. That was why his head was surrounded by such an auspicious halo. "Consider old Monkey," he thought to himself. "At the time when I brought great disturbance to the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago, I toured with the clouds the four corners of the sea and roamed freely the edges of Heaven. I assembled various monster-spirits to call myself the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven; taming the tiger and subduing the dragon, I even removed our names from the register of death. My head wore a triple-decker gold crown, and my body a yellow gold cuirass; my hands held the golden-hooped rod and my feet were shod in cloud-treading shoes. Some forty-seven thousand fiends under my command all addressed me as Venerable Father Great Sage, and that was some life I led. Now that I'm delivered from my Heaven-sent calamity, I must humble myself and serve this man as his disciple. But if my master's head has the protection of such hallowed clouds and auspicious mists, he will, I suppose, end up with something good once he returns to the Land of the East, and old Monkey undoubtedly will also attain the right fruit."

As he thought to himself in this manner and gave praise to his master, he caught sight of a mass of black fumes boiling up from south of the forest. Greatly startled, Pilgrim said, "There must be something perverse in those black fumes! Our Eight Rules and Sha Monk can't release black fumes like that . . ." In midair our Great Sage at once tried to determine where those black fumes came from, and we shall leave him for the moment.

We tell you instead about Tripitaka, who was sitting in the forest with mind enlightened by the vision of the Buddha-nature in all things. As he recited with utmost concentration the *Mahāprajñā-parāmitāhṛ-daya Sūtra*, he suddenly heard a faint cry, "Save me! Save me!"

"My goodness! My goodness!" said Tripitaka, highly astonished. "Who would be crying out like that deep in the forest? It must be someone scared by tigers or wolves. Let me take a look." Rising and striding forward, the elder went by the millennial cedars and the immortal pines; he climbed over creepers and vines to take a clear look. Tied to

the trunk of a huge tree was a girl: the upper half of her body was bound by vines, while the lower half of her body was buried in the ground.

Stopping before her, the elder asked, "Lady Bodhisattva, for what reason are you bound here?"

Alas! She was clearly a monster, but the elder, being of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, could not recognize her. When the fiend heard the question, she released a torrent of tears. Look at her!

As tears dripped from her peachlike cheeks,
She had features that would sink fishes and drop wild geese;
As grief flashed from her starlike eyes,
She had looks that would daunt the moon and shame the flowers.

In truth not daring to approach her, our elder asked again, "Lady Bodhisattva, what possible crime could you have committed? Speak up so that this humble cleric may rescue you." With clever and deceptive words, with false and specious sentiments, the monster-spirit replied hurriedly, "Master, my home is located in the Bimbāna Kingdom, some two hundred miles from here. My parents, still living and exceedingly devoted to virtue, have in all their lives been kind to friends and peaceable toward relatives. As this is the time of Clear Brightness, they invited various kinfolk and the young and old of our family to sweep clean our ancestral graves and offer sacrifices to the dead. A whole row of carriages and horses went out into the desolate wilds. We had just set up the sacrifices and finished burning paper money and horses when the sound of gongs and drums brought out a band of strong men wielding knives, waving staffs, and screaming to kill as they fell on us. We were scared out of our wits. My parents and my relatives managed to escape on horseback or in the carriages. Being so young and unable to run, I fell in terror to the ground and was abducted by these brigands. The Big Great King wanted me to be his mistress; the Second Great King desired me for his wife; the Third and the Fourth, too, admired my beauty. A heated quarrel thus began among some seventy or eighty of them, and when they could not resolve their anger, they had me tied up in the forest before they scattered. I have been here like this for five whole days and nights, and I expect my life will expire any moment. I don't know which generation of my ancestors accumulated sufficient merit to acquire for me the good fortune this day of meeting the venerable master at this place. I beseech you in your great mercy to save my life. I shall never forget your kindness, even when I reach the Nine Springs of Hades!" When she finished speaking, her tears fell like rain.

Always a merciful person, Tripitaka could not refrain from shedding tears himself. In a choking voice, he called out, "Disciples!" Our Eight Rules and Sha Monk were just searching for flowers and fruits in the forest when they suddenly heard the melancholy cry of their master. "Sha Monk," said Idiot, "Master must have recognized one of his relatives here."

"You're driveling, Second Elder Brother!" said Sha Monk, laughing. "We haven't met one good man after walking all this time. Where would this relative come from?"

"If it weren't a relative," replied Eight Rules, "you think Master would be weeping with someone else? Let's you and I go take a look." Sha Monk agreed to go back to the original spot with him. As they drew near, leading the horse and toting the luggage, they said, "Master, what's up?" Pointing to the tree, the Tang Monk said,

"Eight Rules, untie that lady bodhisattva over there so that we may save her life." Without regard for good or ill, our Idiot immediately proceeded to do so.

We tell you now about the Great Sage in midair, who saw that the black fumes were growing thicker all the time until they had the auspicious luminosity completely covered. "That's bad! That's bad!" he exclaimed. "When the black fumes have covered the auspicious luminosity, it may mean that some monstrous perversity has harmed Master. Begging for vegetarian food is a small matter now. I'd better go see my master first." Reversing the direction of his cloud, he dropped down into the forest, where he found Eight Rules busily trying to untie the ropes. Pilgrim went forward, grabbed one of his ears, and flung him with a thud to the ground. As he raised his head to look and scramble up, Idiot said, "Master told me to rescue this person. Why did you have to strongarm me and give me this tumble?"

"Brother, don't untie her," said Pilgrim with a laugh. "She is a monster-spirit who's using some jugglery to deceive us."

"You brazen ape!" snapped Tripitaka. "You're babbling again! How could you tell that this girl is a fiend?"

"Master, you may have no idea about this," replied Pilgrim, "but it's the kind of business old Monkey has done before. This is the way monster-spirits try to get human flesh to eat. How could you know about that?" Pouting with his snout stuck out, Eight Rules said, "Master, don't believe the lies of this Ban-Horse-Plague. This girl belongs to a family here, whereas we came from the distant Land of the East. We're no acquaintances or kinfolk of hers. How could we say that she is a monster-spirit? He wants us to abandon her and go on our way so that he can use his magic and somersault back here to have a nice time with her. He wants to sneak in through the back door!"

"Coolie, don't you dare mouth such nonsense!" snapped Pilgrim. "During this journey to the West, since when has old Monkey ever been slothful or unruly? I'm no miserable bum like you who loves sex more than life, and who will sell out his friends for a price.

Remember how dumb you were when you were deceived by that household's offer to take you in as a son-in-law and ended up being tied to a tree?"

"All right! All right!" said Tripitaka. "Eight Rules, your elder brother has always been quite right in his perception. If he puts it that way, let's not mind her. Let's leave."

"Marvelous!" said Pilgrim, highly pleased. "Master will be able to preserve his life. Please mount up. After we get out of the pine forest, I'll go to some household to beg you a vegetarian meal."

The four of them indeed abandoned the fiend and proceeded.

Still bound to the tree, the fiend said to herself through clenched teeth, "I have heard people say for several years that Sun Wukong has vast magic powers. What I can see of him today certainly confirms the rumor. Since that Tang Monk has begun practicing austerities in his youth, he has never allowed his original yang to leak out. I was hoping that I could seize him and mate with him so that I might become a golden immortal of the Grand Monad. Hardly did I anticipate that this ape would see through my disguise and take him away instead. If he had untied me and let me down, the Tang Monk would have fallen right into my hands. He would have indeed been mine, wouldn't he? If I let him get away now just because of a few casual remarks, it means I have planned and worked in vain. Let me call him a couple more times and see what

happens. Still tied up in the ropes, the monster-spirit instead employed a gentle breeze to waft some virtuous sentences faintly into the ears of the Tang Monk. What did she say, you ask? This was how she called out to him:

"O Master!

If you a living human passed by and refused to free,
What Buddha or scriptures could such blindness hope to see?"

Hearing a summons like that as he rode along, the Tang Monk immediately reined in the horse and called out, "Wukong, let's go and free the girl."

"Master, you're moving along just fine," said Pilgrim. "What makes you think of her again?"

"She's calling after me!" replied the Tang Monk.

"Did you hear anything, Eight Rules?" asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules said, "My oversized ears must have blocked it. I didn't hear a thing."

"Sha Monk, did you hear anything?" asked Pilgrim again. Sha Monk said, "I was walking ahead, toting the luggage, and I didn't pay any attention. I didn't hear anything either."

"Nor did old Monkey," said Pilgrim. "Master, what did she say? Why are you the only one who heard the call?"

The Tang Monk replied, "The way she called me makes a lot of sense. She said,

If you a living human passed by and refused to free,
What Buddha or scriptures could such blindness hope to see?

As the proverb also puts the matter,

Saving one life
Is better than building a seven-tiered stūpa.

Let's go quickly and rescue her. It'll be as good as fetching scriptures and worshipping Buddha."

"Master," said Pilgrim with a laugh, "when you want to do good, there's no drug in the world that can cure you! Think how many mountains you have crossed since you left the Land of the East and how many monsters you have encountered since you began your journey to the West. Without fail they managed to have you captured and brought into their caves. When old Monkey came to rescue you, the iron rod he used had beaten thousands upon thousands to death. Today there's only one life of a monster-spirit, and you can't leave her. Do you have to rescue her?"

"O disciple!" said the Tang Monk. "As the ancients said,

Don't fail to do good even if it's small;
Don't engage in evil even if it's small.

Let's go rescue her."

"If you put it that way, Master," said Pilgrim, "you must assume the responsibility, because old Monkey can't bear it. If you have made up your mind to rescue her, I dare not admonish you too much. For if I do, you'll get mad after a while. You may go and rescue her as you please."

"Don't talk so much, ape-head!" said the Tang Monk. "You sit here, while Eight Rules and I go rescue her." Returning to the pine forest, the Tang Monk asked Eight Rules to untie the ropes that had the girl bound to the tree from the waist up, and to use his rake to dig the lower half of her body out from the ground. Stamping her feet and straightening out her skirt, the fiend followed the Tang Monk out of the forest most amiably. When they met up with Pilgrim, he began to snicker uncontrollably.

"Brazen ape!" scolded the Tang Monk. "Why are you laughing?"

"I'm laughing replied Pilgrim, "because

When times are right good friends you will hail;
A fair lady will greet you should fortune fail!"

"Wretched ape!" scolded the Tang Monk again. "What rubbish! The moment I left my mother's belly, I became a priest. Now I'm journeying westward by imperial decree and trying to worship Buddha in all sincerity. I'm no seeker of profit or status. How could there be a time when my fortune fails?"

"Master," replied Pilgrim with a laugh, "though you may have been a monk since your youth, all you know is how to read sūtras and chant the name of Buddha. You aren't familiar with the codes and laws of a state. This girl is both young and pretty, and we are after all persons who have left the family. If we travel with her, we may run into wicked people who will send us to court. Regardless of how we profess to be scripture seekers and Buddha worshippers, they may accuse us of fornication. Even if we are cleared of that charge, they may still have us convicted of kidnapping. You will be expelled from your priesthood and beaten till you're half-dead; Eight Rules will be sent into the army and Sha Monk will be sentenced to hard labor. Even old Monkey will find it hard to extricate himself from such a messy affair. I may be smart-mouthed, but no amount of haggling on my part will clear us of indiscretion."

"Stop this nonsense!" snapped Tripitaka. "I'm determined to save her life. How could she involve us in any trouble? We're taking her with us. If anything arises, I'll assume the responsibility myself."

"You may talk like that, Master," said Pilgrim, "but you don't realize that what you are doing won't save her but will only harm her."

Tripitaka said, "I rescued her out of the forest so that she might live. How could she be harmed instead?"

"When she was tied up in the forest," replied Pilgrim, "she might have lasted five to seven days, possibly up to half a month, but without rice to eat, she would have starved to death. Even in that situation, however, she would have died with her body preserved intact. Now you've freed her and brought her with you, without realizing, of course, that you happen to be riding a horse swift as the wind. We may be able to follow you on our feet, not having really any choice in the matter, but the girl has such tiny feet that she moves with great difficulty. How could she possibly keep up with you? If by chance she drops behind, she may well run into a tiger or a leopard, which will swallow her with one gulp. In that case, haven't you harmed her life?"

"Indeed!" said Tripitaka. "It's a good thing you saw things this way. What shall we do?"

"Lift her up and let her ride with you," said Pilgrim. "How can I ride with her?" asked Tripitaka, and he fell into silent thought.

"How can she proceed?" pressed Pilgrim. "Let Eight Rules carry her on his back," said Tripitaka. Laughing, Pilgrim said, "Idiot's getting lucky!"

"'A long distance has no light load!'" said Eight Rules. "How can I be getting lucky if I'm asked to carry someone on my back?"

"But you've such a long snout," said Pilgrim, "long enough, in fact, to stick it behind you to flirt with her once she is on your back.

Don't you have an advantage there?" When Eight Rules heard this, he pounded his chest and jumped up and down. "That's no good! That's no good!" he bellowed. "If Master wants to beat me a few times, I'm willing to take the pain, but it'll be quite messy for me if I put her on my back. All his life, Elder Brother has loved to set people up by planting false evidence. I can't carry her!"

"All right, all right!" said Tripitaka. "I can still manage to walk a few steps. Let me get down and walk slowly with her. Eight Rules can lead the horse."

Breaking into loud guffaws, Pilgrim said, "Idiot is really getting the business. Master's looking after you by asking you to lead the horse!"

"This ape-head is mouthing absurdity again!" said Tripitaka. "The ancients said, 'Though a horse can travel a thousand miles, it can't get there without human guidance.' If I walk slowly on the road, would you like to leave me behind, too? If I move slowly, you must also move slowly; we can certainly walk down the mountain with this lady bodhisattva. When we arrive at some human household, we can leave her there, and that will have completed our task of rescuing her."

"What Master says is quite reasonable," said Pilgrim. "Please proceed quickly."

As Tripitaka walked forward, Sha Monk toted the luggage, Eight Rules led the horse and the girl, and Pilgrim held up his iron rod. They had not covered more than twenty or thirty miles when it was getting late, and there came into their view again a towered building with ornate roof carvings. "Disciples," said Tripitaka, "that must be either a monastery or temple. Let's ask for one night's lodging, and we can proceed tomorrow."

"You spoke well, Master," said Pilgrim. "Let's move along, all of us."

As soon as they reached the gate, Tripitaka gave them this instruction:

"Stand away from the door, all of you, and let me go ask for lodging. If it's convenient, someone will come to call you."

All of them stood beneath the shade of some willow trees, but Pilgrim, gripping his iron rod, stood guard over the girl.

The elder strode forward and saw that the temple gate was so badly rotted that it was all crooked and bent. When he pushed it open to have another look, he was filled with grief, for he found

The long corridors quiet,
An old temple desolate.
Mosses filled the courtyard
And weeds choked the path.
Only the fireflies served as lanterns,
And frog-croaks acted for water clocks.

All at once the elder could not hold back his tears. Truly

The walls were unused and collapsing;
The chambers, forlorn and crumbling.
Over ten piles of broken bricks and tiles
There all bent pillars and snapped beams.
Green grasses grew both front and back;
Dust buried the incense alcove.
The bell tower stood in ruin, the drum had no skin;
The crystal chalice was cracked and chipped.
Buddha's gold frame lacked luster;
Arhats lay prone east and west.
Guanyin, rain-soaked, was reduced to clay,
Her willow vase fallen to earth.
No priests would enter during the day;
Only foxes rested here by night.
You heard only the wind's thunderous roar
In this hiding place of all tigers and leopards.
Walls on all four sides had collapsed,
Without doors to fence in the house.

We have also a testimonial poem that says:

A very old temple in disrepair:
Decayed, declining—no one seems to care.
fierce wind fractures the guardians' faces,
And heavy rain the buddha-heads defaces.
The arhats have fallen, they're strewn about;
Homeless, a local spirit sleeps without.
Two sorry sights for one to look upon:
The bronze bell's grounded for the belfry's gone.

Forcing himself to be bold, Tripitaka walked through the second-level door and found that the belfry and the drum tower had both collapsed. All there was left was a huge bronze bell standing on the ground: the upper half was white as snow and the lower half was blue-green like indigo. It had been there for many years, you see: rain had whitened the upper part of the bell and the dampness of the earth had coated the lower part with copperas. Rubbing the bell with his hand, Tripitaka cried out:

"O bell! You used to

Make thunderous peal, on a tow'r hung high,
Or boom carved-beam tones to the distant sky,
Or ring in the dawn when the roosters crow,
Or send off the twilight when the sun dropp'd low.
The bronze-melter, I wonder where he is,
And whether the smith who forged you still exists.
These two, I think, are now for Hades bound:
They have no traces and you have no sound!"

As the elder loudly lamented in this manner, he unwittingly disturbed a temple worker who was in charge of incense and fire. When he heard someone speaking, he scrambled up, picked up a piece of broken brick, and tossed it at the bell. The loud clang so scared the elder that he fell to the ground; he struggled up and tried to flee, only to

trip over the root of a tree and stumble a second time. Lying on the ground, the elder said, "O bell!

While this humble cleric laments your state,
A loud clang suddenly reaches my ears.
No one takes the road to Western Heav'n, I fear,
And thus you've become a spirit o'er the years."

The temple worker rushed forward and raised him up, saying, "Please rise, Venerable Father. The bell has not turned into a spirit. I struck it, and that is why it clanged." When he raised his head and saw how ugly and dark the worker looked, he said, "Could you be some sort of goblin or fiend? I'm no ordinary human, but someone from the Great Tang. Under my command are disciples who can subdue the dragon and tame the tiger. If you run into them, it won't be easy to preserve your life!"

Going to his knees, the temple worker said, "Don't be afraid, Venerable Father. I'm no fiend, only a temple worker in care of the fire and incense in this monastery. When I heard your virtuous lament just now, I was about to step out and receive you. Then I was afraid you might be some kind of perverse demon knocking at our door, so I picked up a piece of brick to toss at the bell—just to calm my own fears before I dared come out. Venerable Father, please rise." Only then did the Tang Monk collect his wits and say, "Keeper, you nearly frightened me to death! Please take me in."

The worker led the Tang Monk straight through the third-level door, the inside of which he found to be quite different from the outside. He saw

Walls of cloud-patterns built by bluish bricks,
And a main hall roofed in green glazed tiles.
Yellow gold trimmed the saintly forms;
White jade slabs made up the steps.
Green light danced on the Great Hero Hall;
Zealous airs rose from the Pure Alcove.
On Mañjuśrī Hall
Colorful designs soared like clouds;
On the Transmigration Hall
Painted flowers heaped up elegance.
A pointed vase tipped the triple-layered eave;
A brocade top lined the Five- Blessings Tower.
A thousand bamboos rocked the priestly beds;
Ten thousand green pines lit up the Buddhist gate.
Golden light shone within the Jade- Cloud Palace;
Auspicious hues fluttered in the purple mists.
With dawn a fragrant breeze blew to all four quarters;
By dusk the painted drum rolled from a tall mountain.
If one could face the sun to mend a cloak,
Would he not by moonlight finish the Book?
They saw, too, lamplight glowing on half the backyard wall
And scented mists flooding the whole of central mall.

When Tripitaka saw all this, he dared not enter. "Worker," he called out, "from the front, your place looks so run down, but it's so nicely maintained back here. How can this be?" With a laugh the worker said, "Venerable Father, there are many perverse fiends and bandits in this mountain. In fair weather they used to rob and plunder all over

the region, but they would seek shelter in this monastery when the skies were grey. They took down holy images and used them for seat cushions, and they pulled up shrubbery and plants for starting fires. As the monks in our monastery are too weak to contend with them, the ruined buildings up front have been turned over to the bandits as their resting place. New patrons were found to build another monastery in the back, so that the pure and the profane could remain distinct. That's how things are in the West!"

"I see!" replied Tripitaka.

As they walked inside, Tripitaka saw on top of the monastery gate these five words written large:

Sea-Pacifying Chan Grove Monastery. Hardly had they crossed the threshold when they saw a monk approaching. How did he look, you ask?

He wore a cap of wool-silk pinned to the left;
A pair of copper rings dangled from his ears.
He had on himself a robe of Persian wool;
Like silver his two eyes were white and clear.
His hand waving a rattle from Pamirs,
He chanted some scripture barbaric and queer.
Tripitaka could in no way recognize
This lama cleric of the Western sphere.

Coming through the door, the lama priest saw what lovely, refined features Tripitaka possessed: broad forehead and a flat top, shoulder-length ears, hands that reached beyond the knees—so handsome, in fact, that he seemed verily an incarnate arhat. Walking forward to take hold of him, the lama priest, full of smiles, gave Tripitaka's hand and leg a couple of pinches; he also rubbed Tripitaka's nose and pulled at his ear to express his cordial sentiments.

After taking Tripitaka into the abbot's chamber and greeting him, he asked, "Where did the venerable master come from?"

"This disciple," replied Tripitaka, "is someone sent by imperial commission of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go to the Great Thunderclap Monastery of India in the West to seek scriptures from the Buddha. As we arrive in your precious region at this late hour of the day, I come especially to ask for one night's lodging in your noble temple. Tomorrow we'll set out once more. I beg you to grant us this request."

"Blasphemy! Blasphemy!" said the priest, laughing. "People like you and me didn't leave the family with noble intentions. It's usually because the times of our births happened to have offended the Floriate Canopy.

Our families were too poor to rear us, and that gave us the resolve to leave home. Since we have all become the followers of Buddha, we should never speak fraudulent words."

"But mine were honest words!" replied Tripitaka.

"What a distance it is to travel from the Land of the East to the Western Heaven!" said the priest. "There are mountains on the road, there are caves in the mountains, and there are monsters in the caves. You are all by yourself and you seem so young and gentle. You don't look like a scripture seeker!"

"The abbot's perception is quite correct," said Tripitaka. "How could this poor cleric reach this place all by himself? I have three other disciples who are able to open up a road in the mountains and build a bridge across the waters. It is their protection that has enabled me to reach your noble temple."

"Where are your three worthy disciples?" asked the priest.

"Waiting outside the monastery gate," replied Tripitaka.

"Master," said the priest, growing alarmed, "you probably have no idea that there are tigers and wolves, fiendish thieves, and weird goblins out to harm people in this region. Even in daytime we dare not travel very far, and we shut our doors before it gets dark. How could you leave people outside at this hour? Disciples, ask them to come in quickly!"

Two young lamas ran out, but at the sight of Pilgrim they immediately fell down in fright; when they saw Eight Rules, they stumbled again. Scrambling to their feet, they dashed to the rear, crying, "Holy Father, you've rotten luck! Your disciples have disappeared.

There are just three or four fiends standing outside the gate."

"What do they look like?" asked Tripitaka. One of the young priests said, "One had a thundergod beak, another a pestlelike snout, and a third had a blue-green face with fangs. By their side there was a girl, rather heavily made up."

"You could not possibly know that those three ugly creatures happen to be my disciples," said Tripitaka, smiling. "The girl, however, is someone whose life I saved back in a pine forest."

"O Holy Father!" cried the young priest. "Such a handsome master like yourself, why did you find such ugly disciples?"

"They may be ugly," replied Tripitaka, "but they are all useful. You'd better hurry and invite them inside. If you wait a while longer, that one with the thundergod beak, being no human offspring, loves to cause trouble and he may want to fight his way in."

The young priest hurried out, trembling all over, fell to his knees, and said, "Venerable Fathers, Father Tang asks you to enter."

"O Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, giggling, "all he has to do is to invite us to enter. Why is he shaking so hard?"

"Because he's afraid," replied Pilgrim, "seeing how ugly we are."

"How absurd!" said Eight Rules. "We were born like this! We don't look ugly just for the fun of it!"

"Let's try to fix up the ugliness somewhat," said Pilgrim. Our Idiot indeed lowered his head to hide his snout in his bosom; while he led the horse and Sha Monk toted the luggage, Pilgrim herded the girl with his rod in the rear as all of them walked inside. Going through the ruined buildings and three levels of doors, they reached the inside, where they tethered the horse and set the luggage on the ground before entering the abbot's chamber to greet the lama priest. When they had taken their proper seats, the priest led out some seventy young lamas who also greeted the pilgrims. Then they began preparing a vegetarian meal to entertain the guests. Truly

Merit must start with a merciful thought;

A priest lauds a monk when Buddhism thrives.

We do not know how they will leave the monastery; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-ONE

At Sea-Pacifying Monastery Mind Monkey knows the fiend
In the black pine forest three pupils search for their master

We were telling you how Tripitaka and his disciples arrived at the Sea-Pacifying Chan Grove Monastery, where they had a vegetarian meal prepared by the local monks. After the four had eaten, and the girl too had received some nourishment, it was getting late and lamps were lit in the abbot's chamber. Because they wanted to ask the Tang Monk the reason for seeking scriptures, and because they coveted a glimpse of the girl, the various monks all crowded into the chamber and stood in rows beneath the lamps. Tripitaka said to the lama he had met earlier, "Abbot, when we leave your treasure temple tomorrow, what's the rest of the journey to the West like?"

At once the priest went to his knees, so startling the elder that he hurriedly tried to raise him, saying, "Please rise, abbot. I am asking you about the journey. Why are you performing ceremony instead?"

"Your journey tomorrow, Master," replied the priest, "should proceed along a smooth and level path, and you need not worry. But at this very moment there is a small but rather embarrassing matter. I wanted to tell you the moment you entered our gate, but I feared that I might offend you. Only after we have served you a meal do I make so bold as to tell you. Since the venerable master has come from such a long way in the East, you must be tired, and it is perfectly all right that you should rest tonight in the room of this humble cleric. But it will not be convenient for this lady bodhisattva, and I wonder where I should send her to sleep."

"Abbot," said Tripitaka, "you needn't suspect that we master and disciples are harboring some perverse intentions. We passed through a black pine forest earlier and found this girl bound to a tree. Sun Wukong, my disciple, refused to rescue her, but I was moved by my Buddhist compassion to have her released and brought here. Wherever the abbot now wishes to send her to sleep is all right with me."

"Since the master is so kind and generous," said the priest gratefully, "I'll just ask her to go to the Devarāja Hall. I'll make a bed of straw behind Holy Father Devarāja, and she can sleep there."

"Very good! Very good!" said Tripitaka. Thereupon the young priests led the girl to go to sleep at the back of the hall.

After the elder had bidden the other priests good night, everyone left. "You all must be tired," said Tripitaka to Wukong. "Let's rest now so that we may rise early."

All of them thus slept in the same place, for they wanted to guard their master and dared not leave his side. Gradually the night deepened. Truly

All sounds had ceased as the moon rose high;
The temple grew silent for no one walked by.
The silver stream glistened with astral showers
When tower-drums hastened the change of hours.

Leaving them to rest through the night, we tell you now about Pilgrim, who rose by dawn and at once told Eight Rules and Sha Monk to pack and ready the horse, so that

they might ask their master to set out again. The elder, however, was still sleeping at that moment.

Pilgrim walked up to him and called out, "Master."

The master raised his head slightly but did not answer. "Master," asked Pilgrim, "what's the matter with you?"

"I don't know why," replied the elder with a groan, "but my head seems light, my eyes feel puffy, and I ache all over!" On hearing this, Eight Rules touched him and found him feverish. "I know," said Idiot, giggling. "You saw last night that the rice was free, and you ate one bowl too many and then went to sleep with a blanket over your head. You've got indigestion!"

"Rubbish!" snapped Pilgrim. "Let me find out from master what is the true reason."

"I got up in the middle of the night to relieve myself, and I forgot to put on my cap," said Tripitaka. "I must have been chilled by the wind."

"That's more like it," replied Pilgrim. "Can you travel at all?"

"I can't even sit up," said Tripitaka. "How could I mount the horse? But then, I don't want to delay our journey either!"

"You shouldn't speak like that, Master!" said Pilgrim. "As the proverb says,

Once a teacher,
Always a father.

Since we have become your disciples, we are like your sons. The proverb also says:

You need not rear your children with silver and gold;
That they treat you kindly is good to behold.

If you don't feel well, you needn't mention anything about delaying our journey. Stay here for a few days. What's wrong with that?"

Thus the brothers all ministered to their master, hardly realizing that

dawn passed, the noon came, and dusk set in;
The good night withdrew at the break of day.

Time went by swiftly, and two days had passed before the master sat up on the third day and called out, "Wukong, I was so sick these last two days that I did not think of asking you: that lady bodhisattva who got back her life, did anyone send her some rice to eat?"

"Why worry about her?" said Pilgrim with a laugh. "You should be concerned with your own illness."

"Indeed! Indeed!" said Tripitaka. "Please help me get up, and bring out my paper, brush, and ink. Go and borrow an inkstand from the monastery."

"What for?" asked Pilgrim.

"I want to write a letter," said the elder, "in which I'll also enclose the travel rescript. You may take that up to Chang'an and ask for an audience with Emperor Taizong."

"That's easy," said Pilgrim. "Old Monkey may not be very able in other matters, but I'm the best postman in the whole wide world.

When you finish your letter, I'll send it to Chang'an and hand-deliver it to the Tang emperor with one somersault. Then I'll come back here with another somersault—before your brush and inkstand are dry! But why do you want to send a letter? Tell me a little of its contents, and then you may write." Shedding tears, the elder said, "This is what I intend to write:

Three times your priestly subject bows his head
To greet my sage ruler, long may he live!
By lords civil and martial let this be read,
Let four hundred nobles hear what is said:
When I left the East that year by decree,
Buddha on Spirit Mount I had hoped to see.
I did not such ordeals anticipate
Or in midway such afflictions foresee.
This monk, now gravely ill, cannot proceed,
And Buddha's gate seems far as Heaven's gate.
I've no life for scriptures, my toil is vain;
Some other seeker I beg you ordain."

When Pilgrim heard these words, he could not refrain from breaking into uproarious laughter. "Master," he said, "you're just too weak! A little illness, and you already entertain such thoughts! If you get any worse, if it truly becomes a matter of life and death, all you need is to ask me. Old Monkey has ability enough to pose the following questions:

'Which Yama king dares make this decision? Which judge of Hell has the gall to issue the summons? And which ghostly summoner would come near to take you away?' If I'm the least bit annoyed, I may well bring out that temperament that greatly disturbed the Celestial Palace and, with my rod flying, fight my way into the Region of Darkness. Once I catch hold of the Ten Yama Kings, I'll pull their tendons one by one, and even then I'll not spare them!"

"O Disciple!" said Tripitaka. "I *am* gravely ill! Please don't talk so big!" Walking up to them, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, Master says the situation is not good, and you insist that it is. That's awfully embarrassing! We should make plans early to sell the horse and hock the luggage so that we can buy a coffin for his funeral before we scatter."

"You're babbling again, Idiot!" said Pilgrim. "You don't realize that Master was the second disciple of our Buddha Tathāgata, and originally he was called Elder Gold Cicada. Because he slighted the Law, he was fated to experience this great ordeal."

"O Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "even if Master did slight the Law, he had already been banished back to the Land of the East where he took on human form in the field of slander and the sea of strife. After he made his vow to worship Buddha and seek scriptures in the Western Heaven, he was bound whenever he ran into monster-spirits and he was hung high whenever he met up with demons. Hasn't he suffered enough? Why must he endure sickness as well?"

"You wouldn't know about this," replied Pilgrim. "Our old master fell asleep while listening to Buddha expounding the Law. As he slumped to one side, his left foot

kicked down one grain of rice. That is why he is fated to suffer three days' illness after he has arrived at the Region Below."

Horrified, Eight Rules said, "The way old Hog sprays and splatters things all over when he eats, I wonder how many *years* of illness I'd have to go through!"

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "you have no idea either that the Buddha is not that concerned with you and other creatures. But as people say:

Rice stalks planted in noonday sun
Take root as perspiration runs.
Who knows of this food from the soil
Each grain requires most bitter toil?

Master still has one more day to go, but he'll be better by tomorrow."

Tripitaka said, "I feel quite different from yesterday, for I'm terribly thirsty. Could you find me some cool water to drink?"

"That's good!" remarked Pilgrim. "When Master wants to drink, it's a sign that he's getting better. Let me go fetch some water."

Taking out the almsbowl, he went immediately to the incense kitchen at the rear of the monastery to fetch water. There, however, he came upon many priests who were sobbing, their eyes all red-rimmed, though they dared not weep aloud. "How could you priests be so petty?" asked Pilgrim. "We stay here for a few days, but we fully intend to thank you and pay you back for the rice and firewood when we leave. Why do you behave in such a low-class manner?"

Greatly flustered, the priests knelt down to say, "We dare not! We dare not!"

"What do you mean by you dare not?" said Pilgrim. "I suppose the big appetite of the priest with a long snout has hurt your assets."

"Venerable Father," replied one of the priests. "Even in this desolate temple of ours, there are altogether over a hundred monks, old and young. If one of us were to feed one of you for one day, we could still manage to take care of all of you for over a hundred days.

Would we dare be so niggardly and particular about your upkeep?"

"If not," asked Pilgrim, "why are you crying?"

"Venerable Father," said another priest, "we don't know what sort of perverse fiend has invaded this monastery of ours. Two nights ago two young priests were sent to toll the bell and beat the drum, but they never came back. When we searched for them in the morning, we found their caps and sandals abandoned in the rear garden; their skeletons remained, but their flesh was eaten. You have all stayed in our monastery for three days and we have lost six priests. That is why we brothers cannot help fretting and grieving. Since your venerable master is indisposed, however, we dare not make this known to you, though we can't refrain from shedding tears in secret." On hearing this, Pilgrim was both startled and delighted, saying, "No need to say any more. There must be a fiendish demon here causing harm to people. Let me exterminate it for you."

"Venerable Father," said a priest, "the monster who is not a spirit will not possess spiritual powers. But those who are will undoubtedly have the ability to soar on the cloud and fog and to penetrate and leave the Region of Darkness. The ancients have put the matter quite well:

Don't believe the honesty of the honest;
Be wary of the unkindness of the kind.

Venerable Father, please forgive me for what I'm about to say: if you could catch this monster for us and rid our desolate temple of this root of calamity, it would indeed be our greatest fortune. But if you cannot catch him, there'll be quite a few inconveniences."

"What do you mean by quite a few inconveniences?" asked Pilgrim.

"To tell you the truth, Venerable Father," replied the priest, "though there are some one hundred monks in our rustic temple, they all left their homes in childhood.

find knives to cut hair grown long;
They patch often their unlined garments.
Once they rise at dawn and wash their faces,
They bow with pressed palms
To embrace the Great Way;
At night they take pains to burn incense,
Sincere and earnest,
To chant Buddha's name.
Raising their heads to gaze at Buddha's form
On the ninth-grade lotus,
The Triyāna means,
And the vessel of mercy afloat on the dharmamega,
The world-honored Śākya of Jetavana they vow to see.
Lowering their heads to search their hearts.
Having received the five prohibitions,
Having transcended the world,
Amid the myriad creatures and phenomena
The stubborn void and formless form they would perceive.
When the dānapatis are present,
The old and the young,
The tall and the short,
The fat and the thin—
Each one will beat the wooden fish
And strike the golden stone,
Hustling and bustling,
To chant two scrolls of the Lotus Sūtra
Or a book of the Water Litany of King Liang.
When the dānapatis are absent,
The new and the old,
The unfamiliar and the familiar,
The rustic and the urbane—
Each one will press his palms together
And close his eyes,
In silence and darkness,
To meditate on the rush mat
And bolt the gate beneath the moon.
We leave those orioles and birds to chatter and bicker by themselves:
They don't belong in our convenient, merciful Mahāyāna.

That is why
We are not able to tame tigers,
Nor are we able to subdue dragons;
We have no knowledge of fiends,
can we recognize spirits.
If you, Venerable Father, manage to annoy that fiendish demon,
He may find a hundred of us priests barely sufficient for one meal.
Then we'll all fall upon the Wheel of Transmigration;
Second, our Chan grove and old temple will be destroyed;
And third, at Tathāgata's assembly
We'll not enjoy even half a mite of glory.

These are some of those inconveniences!" When Pilgrim heard the priest delivering a speech like that,

Anger flared up from his heart,
And wrath sprouted by his bladder.

"How stupid can you monks be?" he shouted. "All you know is about the monster-spirit. Haven't you any idea of old Monkey's exploits?"

"In truth we do not," replied the priests softly.

"I'll give you only a brief summary today," said Pilgrim. "Listen to me, all of you!

I did tame tigers and subdue dragons on Mount Flower- Fruit;
I did ascend to Heaven's Palace to cause great havoc.
In hunger I picked up Lord Lao's elixir
And chewed up—not many—just two or three pellets!
In thirst I took up the Jade Emperor's wine
And drank—so lightly—six or seven cups!
When my gold-pupil eyes, not black or white, flare wide open,
The sky will pale
And the moon darken;
When I hold up one golden-hooped rod, not too long or short,
I'll come and go
Without a trace.
Why mention big spirits or small fiends!
Who's afraid of their hex or devilry!
The moment when I give chase,
The fleeing will flee,
The shaking will shake,
The hiding will hide,
And the fearful will fear;
The moment when I catch them,
They will be sawed,
They will be burned,
They will be ground,
And they will be pounded.
Something like Eight Immortals crossing the sea,
Each revealing magic ability.

Monks and priests,
I'll seize this monster-spirit for you to see.
Only then will you realize I'm old Monkey!"

When those various monks heard this, they all nodded and said to themselves, "There has to be some basis for this burglar bonze to open his big mouth and utter these big words!"

Each of them, therefore, responded to Pilgrim agreeably, but the lama priest spoke up:

"Wait a moment! Since your master is indisposed, you shouldn't feel so eager to catch this monster-spirit. As the proverb says,

A prince at a banquet
Will either be drunk or fed;
A hero on the field
Will either be hurt or dead.

If the two of you engage in battle, you may well involve your master in some difficulty, and that's not too appropriate."

"Right you are!" replied Pilgrim. "Let me take some cold water to my master first and then I'll return." Picking up the almsbowl and filling it with water, he left the incense kitchen and went directly back to the abbot's chamber. "Master," he cried, "drink some cold water." Racked by thirst, Tripitaka raised his head, held the water to his mouth, and took a mighty draught. Truly

In thirst one drop of liquid's like sweet dew;
The true cure arrives and the illness heals.

When Pilgrim saw that the elder was gradually regaining his strength and that his features seemed to brighten, he asked, "Master, can you take some rice soup?"

"This cold water," replied Tripitaka, "is so much like an efficacious elixir that at least half of my illness is gone. If there is any rice soup, I can eat some."

At once Pilgrim shouted repeatedly, "My master's well. He wants some soup and rice."

His cries sent those monks scampering to wash the rice, cook it, make noodles, bake biscuits, steam breads, and make rice-noodle soup. They brought in, in fact, four or five tables of food, but the Tang Monk could take only half a bowl of rice soup. Pilgrim and Sha Monk managed to finish one tableful, while the rest all went into Eight Rules's stomach. After they had cleared away the utensils and lighted the lamps, the monks retired.

"How many days have we stayed here?" asked Tripitaka.

Pilgrim said, "Three whole days. By dusk tomorrow, it'll be the fourth day."

"How much have we fallen behind in our journey?" asked Tripitaka again. "Master," said Pilgrim, "you can't make that sort of calculation. Let's leave tomorrow."

"Exactly," said Tripitaka. "Even if I'm still not quite well, I'd better get going."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "I'd better catch a monster-spirit tonight."

"What sort of monster-spirit do you want to catch this time?" asked Tripitaka, growing alarmed.

"There's a monster-spirit in this monastery," said Pilgrim. "Let old Monkey catch it for them."

"O Disciple!" said the Tang Monk. "I'm not even recovered yet, and you want to start something like this already! Suppose that fiend has great magic powers and you can't catch it. Wouldn't you put me in jeopardy?"

"You do love to put me down!" said Pilgrim. "As old Monkey goes about subduing fiends everywhere, have you ever seen him an underdog? I may not move my hands, but the moment I do, I'll win."

Tugging at him, Tripitaka said, "Disciple, the proverb puts the matter well:

Do someone a favor when you have that favor;
Spare a person when you can afford to spare.
Can restiveness compare with contentedness?
Is tolerance nobler than belligerence?"

When the Great Sage Sun heard his master pleading so passionately with him, refusing to let him subdue a fiend, he had little choice but to tell the truth, saying, "Master, I don't want to hide this from you, but the fiend has devoured humans at this place."

Horrified, the Tang Monk asked, "What humans has the fiend devoured?"

"We have stayed in this monastery for three days," replied Pilgrim, "and six young priests of the monastery have been devoured."

The elder said, "'When a hare dies, the fox grieves; for a creature will mourn its own kind.' If a fiend has devoured the priests of this monastery, I, too, am a priest. I'll let you go, but you must be careful."

"No need to tell me that," said Pilgrim. "Old Monkey will eliminate it the moment he raises his hands." Look at him! In the lamplight he gave instructions for Eight Rules and Sha Monk to guard their master, and then leaped out of the abbot's chamber jubilantly. When he reached the main Buddha hall to look around, he found that there were stars in the sky though the moon had not yet risen. The hall was completely dark, so he exhaled some immortal fire from within himself to light the crystal chalice; then he went to strike the bell on the east and toll the bell on the west. Thereafter with one shake of his body he changed into a young priest no more than twelve or thirteen years of age. Draped in a clerical robe of yellow silk and wearing a white cloth shirt, he chanted scriptures as his hand struck a wooden fish. He waited there in the hall till about the hour of the first watch and nothing happened. By the hour of the second watch, when the waning moon had just risen, he heard all at once a loud roar of the wind.

Marvelous wind!

Its black fog blotted out the sky;
Its somber clouds bedimmed the earth.
All four quarters seemed splashed with ink
Or coated with some indigo paint.
At first it lifted up dust and sprayed dirt;
Afterwards it toppled trees and felled forests.
Though stars glistened through lifted dust and sprayed dirt,
The moon paled as trees toppled and forests fell.

It blew till Chang'e tightly hugged the suoluo *tree,*
The jade hare spinning searched for its dish of herbs;
Nine Star Officials all shut their doors,
Dragon Kings of Four Seas all closed their gates;
City gods looked for young demons in their shrines,
But midair divines could not soar on clouds.
Yama of Hades sought to find horse-faces,
As judges dashed madly to run down their wraps.
It rocked the boulders on Kunlun summit
And churned up the waves in rivers and lakes.

When the wind subsided, he immediately felt the fragrance of orchids and perfumes and he heard the tinkling of girdle jade. He rose slightly and raised his head to look. Ah! It was a beautiful young girl, walking straight up the hall.

"Oo-li, oo-la!" chanted Pilgrim, pretending to recite scriptures. The girl walked up to him and hugged him, saying, "Little elder, what sort of scriptures are you chanting?"

"What I vowed to chant!" replied Pilgrim. "Everyone's enjoying his sleep," said the girl.

"Why are you still chanting?"

"I made a vow!" replied Pilgrim. "How could I not do so?"

Hugging him once more, the girl kissed him and said, "Let's go out back and play."

Turning his face aside deliberately, Pilgrim said, "You are kind of dumb!"

"Do you know physiognomy?" asked the girl.

"A little," replied Pilgrim. "Read my face," said the girl, "and see what sort of a person I am."

"I can see," said Pilgrim, "that you are somewhat of a slut or debauchee driven out by your in-laws!"

"You haven't seen a thing!" exclaimed the girl. "You haven't seen a thing!

am no slut or debauchee
Whom my in-laws compelled to flee.
By my former life's poor fate
I was given too young a mate,
Who knew nothing of marriage rite
And drove me to leave him this night.

But the stars and the moon, so luminous this evening, have created the affinity for you and me to meet. Let's go into the rear garden and make love." On hearing this, Pilgrim nodded and said to himself, "So those several stupid monks all succumbed to lust and that was how they lost their lives. Now she's trying to fool even *me*!"

He said to her, "Lady, this priest is still very young, and he doesn't know much about lovemaking."

"Follow me," said the girl, "and I'll teach you." Pilgrim smiled and said to himself, "All right! I'll follow her and see what she wants to do with me."

They put their arms around each other's shoulders, and, hand in hand, the two of them left the hall to walk to the rear garden.

Immediately tripping Pilgrim up with her leg so that he fell to the ground, the fiend began crying "Sweetheart" madly as she tried to pinch his stinky root.

"My dear child!" exclaimed Pilgrim. "You do want to devour old Monkey!"

He caught her hand and, using a little tumbling technique, flipped the fiend on to the ground. Even then, the fiend cried out, "Sweetheart, you certainly know how to make your old lady fall!" Pilgrim thought to himself, "If I don't move against her now, what am I waiting for? As the saying goes,

Strike first and you're the stronger;
Delay and you won't live longer!"

Hands on his hips, he snapped his torso erect and leaped up to change into the magic appearance of his true form. Wielding his goldenhooped iron rod, he struck at the girl's head.

The fiend, too, was somewhat startled, thinking to herself, "This young priest is quite formidable!" She opened her eyes wide to take a careful look and found that her opponent was in fact the disciple of Elder Tang, the one with the surname of Sun. She was, however, not the least intimidated. What kind of spirit was she, you ask? She has

A nose of gold
And fur like snow.
She dwells in tunnels underground
Where every part's both safe and sound.
A breath she nourished three hundred years before
Had sent her a few times to Mount Spirit's shore.
candles and flowers once she ate her fill,
She was banished by Tathāgata's will
To be Pagoda- Bearer's cherished child;
Prince Naṭa took her as his sister mild.
She's no mythic, sea-filling bird of the air
Nor a turtle that a sacred mountain bears.
Of Lei Huan's magic sword she has no fear;
To her, Lü Qian's cutlass cannot go near.
Scurrying here and there,
She defies the River Han or Yangzi's breadth and length;
Scampering up and down
The heights of Mount Tai or Heng is her special strength.
When you behold her looks seductive and sweet,
Who'd think that she's a rodent-spirit in heat?

Proud of her own vast magic powers, she casually picked up a pair of swords and began to parry left and right, to slash east and west, causing loud janglings and clangings. Though Pilgrim was somewhat stronger, he could not quite overtake her. A cold gust rose everywhere, and the waning moon had now lost its light. Look at the two of them engaged in this marvelous battle in the rear garden!

A cold wind rose from the ground;
The waning moon released faint light.
Quiet was the Buddhist palace

And forlorn the spirit porch.
But the rear garden was some battlefield!
Great Master Sun,
A sage from Heav'n,
And the furry girl,
A queen of women,
They took up a contest in magic powers.
One hardened a woman's heart to scold this black bonze;
One widened his eyes of wisdom to glower at a girl.
When the swords in both hands flew,
Who'd recognize a "lady bodhisattva"?
When the single rod attacked,
He was more vicious than a live vajra-guardian.
The golden-hooped crackled like thunderbolts;
The white steel flashed forth like luminous stars.
Kingfishers dropped from jade towers;
Mandarin ducks broke on the golden hall.
wailed as the Szechwan moon dimmed;
Wild geese called from the vast southern sky.
The eighteen arhats
All shouted bravos in secret;
The thirty-two devas
All became terror-stricken.

As the Great Sage Sun became more and more energetic, the blows of his rod hardly ever slackening, the monster-spirit suspected that she would not be able to withstand him much longer. All at once her knitted brows gave her a plan, and she turned to flee.

"Lawless wench!" shouted Pilgrim. "Where are you going? Surrender instantly!"

But the monster-spirit refused to answer and kept retreating. She waited until Pilgrim was about to catch up with her and then ripped off her flower slipper from her left foot. Reciting a spell and blowing a mouthful of magic breath on it, she cried "Change!" and it changed into her appearance, both hands wielding the swords to attack. Her true self in a flash turned into a clear gust and disappeared. Alas! Is she not once more the star of calamity for Tripitaka? She swept into the abbot's chamber and immediately abducted Tripitaka Tang. Silently and invisibly they rose straight to the clouds, and in a twinkling of an eye they reached Mount Void-Entrapping. After they entered the Bottomless Cave, she asked her little ones to prepare a vegetarian wedding feast, and there we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about Pilgrim, who fought on anxiously till he found an opening and struck down the monster-spirit with one blow of the rod. Only then did he discover that it was merely a flower slipper. Realizing that he had been duped, Pilgrim rushed back to see his master, but he was nowhere to be found. Only Idiot and Sha Monk were there, chattering noisily about something. Maddened, Pilgrim lost all regard for good or ill as he raised high his rod and screamed, "I'm going to slaughter both of you! I'm going to slaughter both of you!" Our Idiot was so terrified that he did not know where to flee. Sha Monk, however, was a general from Mount Spirit after all. When he saw that things had become complicated, he turned gentle and mild as he walked forward and went to his knees. "Elder Brother," he said, "I think I know what

the matter is. You want to strike both of us dead so that you can go home and not go rescue Master."

"I'll slaughter both of you," replied Pilgrim, "and then I'll go rescue him by myself."

"Elder Brother, how can you speak like that?" said Sha Monk with a smile. "Without the two of us, you'll be reduced to the condition of the proverb:

Silk fiber is no thread;
A single hand cannot clap.

O Elder Brother! Who's going to look after the luggage and the horse for you?

Better that we emulate Guan and Bao dividing their gold
Than to imitate Sun and Pang in their matching of wits.

As the ancients said,

To fight the tiger you need brothers of the same blood;
To go to war requires a troop of fathers and sons.

I beg you to spare us from this beating. By morning we'll unite with you in mind and effort to go search for Master."

Though Pilgrim had vast magic powers, he was also a most sensible person. When he saw Sha Monk pleading like that, he at once relented, saying, "Eight Rules, Sha Monk, get up, both of you. We have to exert ourselves tomorrow to find Master." When Idiot learned that he was spared, he was ready to promise Pilgrim half of the sky! "O Elder Brother," he said, "let old Hog take care of everything!" With so much on their minds the three brothers, of course, could hardly sleep. How they wished that

One nod of their heads would bring forth the rising sun,
One blow of their breaths would scatter all the stars!

Sitting up till dawn, the three of them immediately prepared to leave. Some of the monks in the monastery soon appeared, asking, "Where are the venerable fathers going?"

"It's hard for me to say this!" replied Pilgrim, chuckling. "I boasted yesterday that I would catch the monster-spirit for you. I haven't succeeded, but I have lost our master instead. We're about to go find him."

Growing fearful, the monks said, "Venerable Father, such a small matter of ours has now caused your master trouble. Where do you plan to go to look for him?"

"There'll be a place for us to look," replied Pilgrim.

"In that case," said one of the monks quickly, "there's no need to hurry. Please have some breakfast first."

Thereupon they brought in several bowls of rice soup, and Eight Rules finished them all. "Good monks!" he cried. "After we have found our master, we'll return for some more fun!"

"So you still want to come back here to eat!" said Pilgrim. "Why don't you go to the Devarāja Hall instead and see if that girl is still around?"

"No, she isn't, she isn't!" said another priest hurriedly. "She stayed there for one night, but she vanished the next day." In great delight Pilgrim at once took leave of the monks and asked Eight Rules and Sha Monk to tote the luggage and lead the horse to

head for the east. “You’ve made a mistake, Elder Brother,” said Eight Rules. “Why do you want to head for the east instead?”

“How could you know?” asked Pilgrim. “That girl who was tied up in the black pine forest the other day—these fiery eyes and diamond pupils of old Monkey have long seen through her. All of you thought that she was such a fine person! It was she who devoured the monks, and it was she who abducted Master. You rescued a fine lady Bodhisattva indeed! Now that Master is taken, we have to search for him on the road we came from.”

“Very good! Very good!” said the two of them, sighing with admiration. “Truly there’s finesse in your roughness! Let’s go! Let’s go!”

The three of them hurried back to the forest, and all they saw were

Endless clouds,
Boundless fog,
Layered rocks,
Winding path;
Criss-crossing tracks of foxes and hare;
Tigers, wolves, and leopards crowding there.
Of the fiend in the woods there was no trace,
Where Tripitaka was they knew not the place.

Growing more anxious, Pilgrim whipped out his rod and, with one shake of his body, changed into that appearance that had greatly disturbed the Celestial Palace: with three heads and six arms wielding three rods, he delivered blows madly all over the forest.

When he saw that, Eight Rules said, “Sha Monk, Elder Brother has gone berserk. Unable to locate Master, he’s having a fit of anger!” Pilgrim’s rampage, however, managed to turn up two old men; one was the mountain god, and the other the local spirit. “Great Sage,” they said as they went to their knees, “the mountain god and the local spirit have come to see you.”

“What a miraculous stick!” exclaimed Eight Rules. “He waved it around and beat out both this mountain god and this local spirit. If he beat it around some more, he might even get himself Jupiter!”

“Mountain god, local spirit,” said Pilgrim as he began his interrogation. “How ill-behaved you are! You have persisted in making bandits your allies in this place, and when they succeed, they undoubtedly sacrifice livestock in your honor. Now you even band together with a monster-spirit and join her in abducting my master. Where have you hidden him? Confess at once, and I’ll spare you a beating!”

Horrified, the two deities said, “The Great Sage has wrongly blamed us. That monster-spirit is not in this mountain, nor is she subject to our dominion. But these minor deities do happen to know a little about the source of the wind last night.”

“If you know,” said Pilgrim, “tell it all!”

The local spirit said, “That monster-spirit has abducted your master to a place about one thousand miles due south of here. There is a mountain there by the name of Void-Entrapping, in which there is a cave called Bottomless. The mistress of the cave is the monsterspirit who took your master.” Startled by what he heard, Pilgrim dismissed

the deities and retrieved his magic appearance. In his true form he said to Eight Rules and Sha Monk, “Master is very far away.”

“If he’s very far,” said Eight Rules, “let’s soar on the clouds to get there.”

Dear Idiot! He mounted a violent gust to rise first, followed by Sha Monk astride the clouds. Since the white horse was originally a dragon prince, he too trod on the wind and fog with the luggage on his back. Then the Great Sage also mounted his cloud somersault, and they all headed straight for the south. In a little while they saw a huge mountain blocking their path. Pulling back the horse, the three of them stopped their clouds to find that the mountain had

A peak rubbing the blue sky,
A top joining the green void.
Divers trees by the thousands grew all around;
Birds and fowl, cacophonous, flew here and there.
Tigers, leopards walked in bands;
Deer, antelope moved in herds.
Where it faced the sun,
Rare flowers and plants grew fragrant;
On the shady parts
The ice and snow stayed stubborn.
The rugged summits;
Steep precipices;
A tall peak erect;
A deep winding brook.
Dark pine trees
And scaly rocks—
A sight that struck fear in a traveler’s heart!
No shadow of one woodsman was ever seen,
Nor a trace of an herb-gathering youth.
Wild beasts before you could raise the fog
As foxes all around called up the wind.

Eight Rules said, “O Elder Brother! Such a rugged mountain must harbor fiends!”

“That goes without saying!” replied Pilgrim. “For as the proverb puts it,

tall mountain will always have fiends.
Could rugged peaks be without spirits?

Sha Monk, you and I will remain here, and Eight Rules can go down to the mountain fold to see which is the better road to take. He should also find out whether there is in fact a cave, and whether its doors are open, and after he has made a thorough investigation, we can then go find Master and rescue him.”

“Old Hog’s so unlucky!” said Eight Rules. “You always put me up to something first!” Pilgrim said, “You said last night that you would take care of everything. How could you go back on your word now?”

“No need to start a quarrel!” said Eight Rules. “I’ll go.” Putting down his muckrake, Idiot shook loose his clothes and leaped down the mountain empty-handed. As he left, we do not know whether good or ill would befall him; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-TWO

The fair girl seeks the yang
Primal spirit guards the Way

We were telling you about Eight Rules, who, having bounded down the mountain, discovered a narrow path, which he followed for some five or six miles. Suddenly he caught sight of two female fiends bailing water from a well. How did he know so readily, you ask, that they were female fiends? Because he saw that each of them had a chignon on her head about fifteen inches tall and adorned with tiny bamboo strips. It was a most unfashionable style! Our Idiot walked up to them and cried, "Monstrous fiends!" Infuriated by what they heard, the fiends said to each other, "This monk is such a rogue! We don't know him, nor have we ever tittletattled with him. How can he address us as monstrous fiends just like that?"

Greatly annoyed, the fiends picked up the poles they had brought along for carrying water and brought them down on Eight Rules's head.

Since Idiot had no weapons to ward off the blows, they succeeded in whacking him quite a few times. Holding his head, he ran back up the mountain, crying, "O Elder Brother, let's go back! Those fiends are fierce!"

"How fierce?" asked Pilgrim. Eight Rules replied, "In the mountain valley there were two female monster-spirits bailing water from a well. I called them once and they beat me several times with poles."

"What did you call them?" asked Pilgrim. "I called them monstrous fiends," answered Eight Rules.

"That," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "was too small a beating!"

"Thanks for looking after me!" said Eight Rules. "My head's swollen, and you claim that it's too small a beating!" Pilgrim said, "Haven't you heard of the proverb?

Gentility gets through the world;
Obduracy takes you nowhere.

They are monsters of this region, but we are monks who came from afar. Even if you possessed arms all over your body, you would still have to be more tactful. You walk up to them and immediately call them monstrous fiends! Would they overlook you and want to hit me instead? 'A human person must put propriety and music first.'" "I'm even more ignorant of that!" said Eight Rules.

Pilgrim said, "When you were devouring humans in the mountain during your youth, did you have any knowledge of two kinds of wood?"

"No, what are they?" asked Eight Rules. "One is poplar, and the other's rosewood," said Pilgrim. "Poplar is quite pliant by nature, and it is used by craftsmen for carving holy images or making Tathāgatas. The wood is dressed in gold and painted; it is decorated with jade and other ornaments. Tens of thousands of people burn incense before it in their worship, and it enjoys countless blessings. Rosewood, on the other hand, is hardy and tough by nature. Oil factories, therefore, harvest it to make caskets: they bind the planks with iron rings, and then they hammer them with mallets. The wood's toughness, you see, is what causes it to suffer like that."

"O Elder Brother!" said Eight Rules. "If you had told me a story like that a bit sooner, I would have been spared their beating."

"You must go back and question them further," said Pilgrim. "But they'll recognize me," protested Eight Rules. "You may go in transformation," Pilgrim answered. Eight Rules asked, "Even if I go in transformation, Elder Brother, how should I question them?" Pilgrim replied, "After you have transformed yourself, walk up to them and give them a proper greeting. See how old they are. If they're about the same age as we are, address them as Ladies. If they are somewhat older, then call them Mesdames."

"What poppycock!" said Eight Rules, chuckling. "This place is so far from home. Why bother to be so intimate?"

"It's not a matter of intimacy," said Pilgrim, "but of getting information from them. If they had indeed abducted Master, we could move against them immediately. If not, we certainly don't want to be delayed from going elsewhere to finish our business, do we?"

"You're right," said Eight Rules, "I'll go back."

Dear Idiot! Stuffing the rake inside the sash around his waist, he walked down to the mountain valley, where with one shake of his body he changed into a dark, stoutish priest. He swaggered up to the fiends and bowed deeply, saying, "Mesdames, this humble cleric salutes you."

Delighted, the two of them said to each other, "Now this priest is quite nice! He knows how to bow, and he knows how to greet people properly."

"Elder," asked one of them, "Where did you come from?"

"Where did I come from," said Eight Rules.

"Where are you going to?" she asked again.

"Where am I going to," he replied again.

"What is your name?" she asked a third time.

"What is my name," he replied a third time.

Laughing, the fiend said, "This priest is nice all right, but he doesn't seem to know anything, not even his own history, except to repeat what people say."

"Mesdames," asked Eight Rules, "why are you bailing water?"

The fiend said, "You may not know this, priest, but last night the mistress of our house abducted a Tang Monk into our cave whom she wanted to entertain. Since the water in our cave is not clean enough, she sent the two of us here to fetch fine water that is a product of yin-yang copulation.

She is also having a vegetarian banquet prepared for the Tang Monk, for she wants to marry him this evening." When he heard this, our Idiot turned quickly to race up the mountain, crying, "Sha Monk, bring out the luggage quickly and let's divide it up!"

"Second Elder Brother," asked Sha Monk, "why do you want to divide it up again?"

"After we've divided it up," replied Eight Rules, "you may return to the River of Flowing Sand to devour humans, and I'll go back to the Gao Village to see my in-laws.

Big Brother can go to Mount Flower-Fruit to call himself a sage, while the white horse can return to the ocean to become a dragon.

Master, you see, has already married the monster-spirit in the cave. We should all scatter to pursue our own livelihood." Pilgrim said, "This Idiot is babbling again!"

"Only your son's babbling!" replied Eight Rules. "Just now, those two monster-spirits bailing water told me that they were preparing a vegetarian banquet for the Tang Monk. After he has been fed, they will be married."

"That monster-spirit may have Master imprisoned in the cave," said Pilgrim, "but he must be waiting with bulging eyes for us to go rescue him. And you are speaking in this manner!"

"How are we going to rescue him?" asked Eight Rules. Pilgrim said, "The two of you can lead the horse and pole the luggage while we follow those two female fiends. We'll let them lead us up to their door, and then we'll begin the attack together." Our Idiot had little choice but to comply. From a great distance Pilgrim trained his eyes on those two fiends, who walked deep into the mountain for some twenty miles and then vanished from sight. "Master must have been seized by daytime ghosts!" exclaimed a startled Eight Rules.

"What fine perception!" said Pilgrim. "How could you tell their true forms so readily?"

Eight Rules said, "Those fiends were carrying their water as they walked along, and then they suddenly disappeared. Aren't they daytime ghosts?"

"I think they have crawled inside a cave instead," said Pilgrim. "Let me take a look."

Dear Great Sage! He opened wide his fiery eyes and diamond pupils to scan the entire mountain, but he saw no movement whatsoever. Below a sheer cliff, however, there was a small terrace with elegant openwork carvings decorated with floral patterns of five colors and a towered gate with triple eaves and white banners. When he walked up to the terrace with Eight Rules and Sha Monk to look, he saw these large words inscribed on the gate:

Mount Void-Entrapping, Bottomless Cave.

"Brothers," said Pilgrim, "that monster-spirit has erected this edifice here, but I wonder where she has put the door."

"It can't be very far," said Sha Monk. "Let's make a careful search."

As they turned to look around, they discovered a huge boulder, the surface area of which had to be over ten square miles, beneath the towered gate at the foot of the mountain. In the center of this boulder there was an opening to a cave, roughly the size of a large earthen vat, which had been crawled over so frequently that the surface of the entrance had grown shiny and smooth.

"O Elder Brother!" said Eight Rules. "This is the entrance through which the monster-spirit goes in and out." When he looked at it, Pilgrim said, "How strange! Both of you know that old Monkey has captured quite a few monster-spirits since he became a guardian of the Tang Monk. But I have never seen a cave-dwelling quite like this.

Eight Rules, you go down first and see how deep it is. Then I can go in and try to rescue Master." Shaking his head, Eight Rules said, "This is hard! Very hard! Old Hog is quite ponderous. If I trip and fall in, I wonder if I can reach bottom after two or three years!"

"Is it that deep?" asked Pilgrim. "Just look!" said Eight Rules.

The Great Sage prostrated himself at the rim of the cave opening and peered downward. Egads! It was deep! All around it had to be more than three hundred miles. "Brothers," he said, turning around, "it's very deep indeed!"

"You may as well go back!" said Eight Rules. "You can't rescue Master!"

"How can you talk like that!" replied Pilgrim. "You must not be lazy, nor should you be slothful. Let's put the luggage down and tether the horse to the pillar of the towered gate. Use your rake and Sha Monk can use his staff to bar the entrance. I'll go in to investigate. If Master is indeed inside, I'll use my iron rod to attack the monster-spirit and chase her out. When she reaches the entrance up here, you two can cut off her escape route. That's cooperation from within and without. Only after we have slaughtered the spirits in this way can we hope to rescue Master."

The two of them obeyed. With a bound, Pilgrim leaped into the cave, as

Ten thousand colored clouds rose beneath his feet;
Auspicious air, in layers, veiled his side.

In a little while, he reached the depths of the cave, which, however, he found to be bright and clear. Like the outside world, this place had sunlight, the rustle of wind, flowers, fruits, and trees. Delighted, Pilgrim said to himself, "What a marvelous place! It makes me think of the Water-Curtain Cave, which Heaven bestowed on old Monkey when he came into the world. But this place is also a cave- Heaven, a blessed region!"

As he looked about, he saw also a double-eaved towered gate surrounded by pines and bamboos. Inside the gate there were many buildings, and he thought to himself again, "This has to be the residence of the monster-spirit. Let me go in and do a little detection.

But wait! If I enter like this, she'd recognize me. I'll go in transformation." Making the magic sign and shaking himself, he changed at once into a fly and flew silently up to the towered gate to spy on the monster-spirit. There he could see that the fiend was sitting in the center of a thatched pavilion. She appeared vastly different from the way she looked at the time when she was rescued in the pine forest or when Pilgrim fought with her in the monastery. Her makeup was lovelier than ever:

Her tresses piled high in a crow-nest bun,
She wore a flow'ry jacket of green wool.
A pair of tiny feet like lily hooks;
Her ten fingers looked like spring's tender shoots.
Her round, powdered face was a silver disc;
Smooth like a cherry were her lips of rouge.
Solemn and proper seemed her beauteous form,
More delightful than Chang'e's of the moon.
This day she caught the scripture-seeking monk,
With whom at once she would share her bed.

Pilgrim did not make any noise so that he could hear what she had to say.

After a little while, she parted her cherry lips and called out in a most amiable manner: “Little ones, prepare the vegetarian feast quickly! After Brother Tang Monk has been fed, he and I will be married.”

“So, she means business!” said Pilgrim, smiling to himself. “I thought that Eight Rules was talking nonsense, just for fun. I’ll fly in there and search around for Master. I wonder how stable his mind is at this time. If he has been moved by this fiend, I’ll leave him here.”

He spread his wings at once and flew in; there beyond the east corridor, in a room shuttered with red, translucent paper on top and opaque ones at the bottom, the Tang Monk was seated.

Crashing headfirst right through the papered trellis, Pilgrim darted onto the bald head of the Tang Monk and cried, “Master!”

Tripitaka recognized his voice immediately and said, “Disciple, save me!”

“I can’t do that, Master!” replied Pilgrim. “That monster-spirit is preparing a banquet for you, after which she plans to marry you. If she bears you a boy or a girl, that will be your priestly posterity. Why are you so sad?” On hearing this, the elder spoke through clenched teeth:

“Disciple, after I left Chang’an, I took you in at the Mountain of the Two Frontiers. Since we began our journey westward, when did I ever use meat? On which day did I ever harbor a perverse thought? Now I am caught by this monster-spirit who wants me as her mate. If I lose my true yang, let me fall upon the Wheel of Transmigration and be banished to the rear of the Mountain of Darkness! Let me never find release!”

“Don’t swear!” said Pilgrim, chuckling. “If you truly desire to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven, old Monkey will take you there.”

“But I have quite forgotten the way we came in,” said Tripitaka.

Pilgrim said, “Don’t tell me that *you* have quite forgotten the way! This cave of hers is not a place where you can walk in and out casually. It’s a cave you crawl in from above; after I rescue you, we must crawl back out from below. If we’re lucky, we’ll find the mouth of the cave and get out. If we’re unlucky, we may not find the entrance and we may suffocate.”

“If it’s so difficult, what are we going to do?” asked Tripitaka, his eyes brimming with tears.

“That’s nothing! That’s nothing!” said Pilgrim. “The monster-spirit wants to drink with you, and you have no choice but to comply. But when you pour for her, do it rather quickly so that there will be bubbles. I’ll change into a mole cricket and fly into the wine bubbles. When she swallows me inside her stomach, I’ll squeeze through her heart and tear her guts apart. After I kill the monsterspirit like that, you’ll be able to get out.”

“Disciple,” said Tripitaka, “what you tell me is rather inhuman.”

“If all you want to practice is virtue,” said Pilgrim, “your life will be finished. A monster spirit is the very cause of harm for humans. How can you pity her?”

“All right! All right!” said Tripitaka. “But you must stay close to me.”

Truly

That Great Sage Sun firmly guarded Tripitaka Tang;
The scripture monk relied solely on Handsome Monkey King.

Hardly had the master and disciple finished their discussion than the monster-spirit, having completed her preparations, walked near the east corridor and opened the locked door. "Elder," she called out, but the Tang Monk dared not reply. She called him again, but he still did not dare reply.

Why is it that he dared not reply, you ask? Because he thought of the proverb:

The mouth parts, and energy disperses;
The tongue moves, and strife comes to birth.

Then he reflected further on the fact that if he absolutely refused to open his mouth, she might grow violent and instantly end his life.

Truly it was that

Caught between two ills, his mind asked his mouth;
Patient, thinking hard, his mouth asked his mind.

As he pondered his dilemma, she called out to him once more, "Elder!"

The Tang Monk had little choice but to answer her, saying, "Lady, I'm here." When the elder gave a reply like that, he felt as if his flesh had been drawn down to Hell by the weight of a thousand pounds! Now, everyone has been saying that the Tang Monk was a priest wholly sincere in his determination to go worship Buddha and seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. How could he answer a monster like that? Well, you who ask such a question must not realize that this was a moment of the gravest danger, a time of life and death. He did this because he simply had no alternative. Though he gave such a reply on the outside, he was not in any way swayed by lust within.

When the monster-spirit heard such a reply from the elder, however, she pushed open the door and raised up the Tang Monk with her hands. She then held his hand and put her arm around his back, nuzzling him with her head and whispering into his ear. Look at her! She put on a thousand kinds of coy looks and romantic airs, hardly realizing that Tripitaka was filled up to his neck with annoyance! Smiling secretly to himself, Pilgrim said, "I wonder if Master will be swayed by such seductive behavior of hers!" Truly

The true monk meets beauty, for he's demon-chased.
This lissome fiend is most worthily praised!
Like willow leaves part her faintly drawn brows;
Her pink cheeks match peach-blossoms on the boughs.
Two tiny feet her embroidered shoes half show;
Chignons, on both sides, rise like nests of crow.
When she, all smiles, takes up the master's hand,
The cassock's perfumed by sweet orchid-gland.

The monster-spirit led Tripitaka near the thatched pavilion and said, "Elder, I've prepared a cup of wine which I'd like to drink with you."

"Lady," replied the Tang Monk, "this humble cleric keeps a special diet."

"I know that," said the monster-spirit. "Since the water in our cave is unclean, I have sent specially for the pure water from the summit, a product of the copulation of yin and yang. I have also ordered a vegetarian banquet for your enjoyment." The Tang Monk stepped inside the pavilion with her to look around. Indeed he saw

Beneath the door
Drapes of colorful silk,
And filling the court
Incense from golden beasts.
Laid out there were black enameled tables
And black lacquered bamboo trays.
the black enameled tables
Were many fine dainties;
The bamboo trays
Had rare vegetarian goods.
Crabapples, olives, lotus meat, and grapes;
Muskberries, hazelnuts, lychees, and lungans;
Chestnuts, water chestnuts, dates, and persimmons;
Walnuts, almonds, kumquats, and oranges;
The fruits of one whole mountain,
And vegetables most in season.
Bean curds, wheat glutens, wood ears,
Fresh bamboo shoots, butt on mushrooms,
Flat mushrooms, mountain herbs,
Yellow Sperms, white and yellow-flowered
Vegetables sauteed in clear oil;
Flat and round string beans
Mixed in mellow sauces;
Cucumbers, calabashes,
Gingko nuts, and rape-turnips.
Skinned eggplants made like partridges,
And winter melons carved like fangdan.
Taros cooked till soft and sugar-coated,
And white turnips boiled with vinegar.
Hot peppers and gingers, best of every kind;
The salty and plain well balanced one will find.

Revealing her slender, jadelike fingers and holding high a shiny gold cup, she filled it with fine wine and handed it to the Tang Monk, saying, “Brother Elder, you wonderful man, please drink this cup of love!”

Terribly embarrassed, Tripitaka took the wine, sprayed a few drops of it toward the air with his fingers, and said this silent prayer:

“Those various guardian devas, the Guardians of Five Quarters, the Four Sentinels, hear me. This disciple, Chen Xuanzang, since leaving the Land of the East, has been indebted to the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin for sending you deities to give me secret protection so that I may bow at Thunderclap and seek scriptures from the Buddha. Now I’m caught on the way by a monster-spirit who wants to force me to marry her. She’s handing me this cup of wine to drink. If this wine is indeed fit to drink by someone keeping a vegetarian diet, your disciple will make an effort to drink it, in hopes that he will still be able to see Buddha and achieve his merit. If it is unfit to drink, if the wine indeed causes this disciple to transgress his commandment, may he fall into eternal perdition!”

The Great Sage Sun, however, had taken on a delicate transformation, and at that critical moment he was whispering into his master's ear. His words, of course, could be heard only by Tripitaka and no one else. Since he knew that his master was rather fond of dietary wine made of grapes, he told him now to drink it. Having no choice but to follow his disciple's prompting, the master drank it and hurriedly poured another cup to present to the fiend. Indeed, he poured it so quickly that there were some bubbles. Pilgrim changed at once into a tiny mole cricket and flew right into the bubbles.

The monster-spirit, however, took the cup in her hand and, instead of drinking immediately, bowed a couple of times to the Tang Monk. Only after she had bashfully said a few words of love to him did she raise the cup. By now the bubbles had already dissipated and the insect was fully visible. Not able to recognize that it was a transformation of Pilgrim, the monster-spirit thought that it was a mere insect and immediately scooped it up with her little finger and tried to throw it away. When Pilgrim saw that things were not turning out as he had hoped, he knew that it would be difficult to get inside her stomach. At once he changed into a hungry old hawk.

Truly he has

Jade claws, golden eyes, and iron quills;
A brave, fierce form for battling the clouds.
The sly fox, the wily hare on seeing him
Will swiftly flee to farthest land.
Hungry, he hunts birds in the wind;
Sated, he soars to Heaven's gate.
His old fists, most deadly, are hard as steel;
E'en the sky he finds too low in flight.

He darted up and stretched out his jadelike claws; with a loud crash he overturned the banquet tables and smashed to pieces all those fruits and vegetables, all those saucers and cups. Then he flew out of the place, abandoning the Tang Monk.

The heart and bladder of the monster-spirit almost burst with fear, and the bones and flesh of the Tang Monk too turned numb.

Trembling all over, the monster-spirit embraced him and said, "Brother Elder, where did this creature come from?"

"Your poor monk has no idea," replied Tripitaka.

"I have taken great pains," said the fiend, "to prepare this vegetarian banquet for your enjoyment. But I wonder where this wretched hairy beast came from to smash up all my utensils?"

"Mistress," said the various little fiends, "smashing the utensils is not half as bad as spilling all those dietary foods on the ground.

How can they be used now that they are defiled?"

Tripitaka, of course, knew that this was the power of Pilgrim, but he dared not reveal it.

That monster-spirit said, "Little ones, I know. It must be that Heaven and Earth are displeased by my seizure of the Tang Monk and they send down this creature. Take away the broken utensils and prepare some other wine and food. It doesn't matter whether they are dietary or not. I'll ask Heaven to be the marriage go-between and Earth to be the witness. Then the Tang Monk and I will be married."

Thereupon they sent the elder back to the room in the east corridor, and we shall leave him there for the moment.

We tell you now about Pilgrim, who flew up out of the place and changed into his true form as he reached the entrance of the cave.

"Open up," he cried. Eight Rules laughed and said, "Sha Monk, Elder Brother's here."

The two of them lowered their weapons for Pilgrim to jump out.

Eight Rules walked forward to tug at him, saying, "Is there a monster-spirit? Is our master there?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" replied Pilgrim.

"Master must be suffering in there," said Eight Rules. "Is he tied up or is he trussed up? Do they want to steam him or boil him?"

"Nothing of that sort," said Pilgrim. "She only wants to prepare a vegetarian banquet so that she can do that thing with him."

"Lucky you! Lucky you!" said Eight Rules. "You must have drunk some wedding wine!"

"O Idiot!" said Pilgrim. "Master's life is in danger! What wedding wine have I drunk?"

"Why did you come back then?" asked Eight Rules.

Pilgrim gave a thorough account of how he found the Tang Monk and how he went into transformation. Then he said, "Brothers, no more of these foolish thoughts. Master *is* here. When old Monkey goes back this time, he will certainly rescue him."

At once he entered the cave again and changed into a fly to alight on the towered gate. There he heard the fiend panting hard and giving the following instruction:

"Little ones, just bring me some food for the offering. I don't care whether it's vegetarian or not. I'll entreat Heaven and Earth to be my go-between and witness, for I am determined to marry that priest." On hearing this, Pilgrim smiled and said to himself, "This monster-spirit is completely shameless! She has a priest locked up at home in broad daylight for fun and games! But let's not rush things. Let old Monkey go inside to have a look first." With a buzz he flew to the east corridor, where he saw his master sitting in the room with clear teardrops rolling down his cheeks.

Pilgrim crawled in there and landed on his bald head, crying, "Master!" Recognizing his voice, the elder jumped up all at once and said spitefully through clenched teeth, "Wretched ape! Any other person who has the gall to do something, at least the gall is wrapped inside the person's body. But in your case, it's your gall that has you wrapped inside! How much could those utensils that you smashed by flaunting your magic transformation be worth? But if you provoke the monster-spirit and arouse her lechery, she won't bother about dietary laws and will insist on copulating with me. What am I to do then?"

"Master," said Pilgrim softly, trying to placate him, "please don't be offended. I have a plan to rescue you."

"How will you rescue me?" asked the Tang Monk.

"When I flew up just now," replied Pilgrim, "I noticed that she has a garden in the rear. Trick her to go play with you in the garden.

I'll rescue you then."

"How will you rescue me in the garden?" asked the Tang Monk once more.

Pilgrim said, "When you get to the garden with her, you should stop walking once you reach the peach trees. Let me fly up to one of the branches and change into a red peach. You pretend that you want to eat a fruit and pluck off the red one that I change into.

Undoubtedly she will want to pluck one off also. Insist on giving yours to her. The moment she takes a bite, I'll enter her stomach.

Then I'll punch through her belly and tear her guts apart. When she's dead, you'll be free."

"If you have the ability," said Tripitaka, "all you need is to fight with her. Why must you want to get inside her belly?"

"Master, you're just not too sensible!" said Pilgrim. "If this cave of hers were easy to get into and out of, then I could fight with her.

But it is not; in fact, the crooked paths here are exceedingly hard to negotiate. If I move against her, the whole nest of them, old and young, may have me bogged down. What shall I do then? I have to use this underhanded method to mop things up!" Nodding his head in belief, Tripitaka said only, "You must stay close to me."

"I know! I know!" said Pilgrim. "I'm on your head!"

After master and disciple had formulated their plan, Tripitaka got up and, supporting himself on the shutters, called out:

"Lady! Lady!" When the monster-spirit heard him, she ran near to him and said, giggling, "Dear Wonderful Man, what do you want?"

"Lady," said Tripitaka, "Since I left Chang'an to journey westward, there was not a day when I did not have to climb a mountain or ford a river. When I stayed at the Sea-Pacifying Monastery the other day, I caught a bad cold. Only today has my condition improved somewhat, for I have been perspiring. I am grateful to you for bringing me to your immortal residence, but having sat here all day I feel sickly again. Is there a place where you can take me for some relaxation?"

Highly pleased, the fiend said, "If dear Wonderful Man shows this kind of interest, I'll be delighted to take you strolling in the garden." She then cried out:

"Little ones, bring me the key to open the garden. Sweep out the path." Pushing open the shutters, this monster-spirit led the Tang Monk out by the hand. Look at those many little fiends of hers, all with oiled hair and powdered faces, all sinuous and lissome! They surged around the Tang Monk and headed straight for the garden.

Marvelous monk!

He found no ease in this troop of satin and silk;
He played deaf and dumb in such brocaded grove.
He only could face Buddha, who had an iron mind and heart;
No mortal fond of wine and sex would succeed in scripture-fetching.

When they reached the entrance of the garden, the monster-spirit whispered lovingly to him, saying, “Dear Wonderful Man, enjoy yourself here. You may truly relax and unwind.” Walking hand in hand with her into the garden, the Tang Monk raised his head to look around. It was indeed a lovely place. What he saw were

Paths twisting and turning,
Profusely coated with specks of green moss;
Handsome silk-gauze windows,
Each faintly enclosed by embroidered screens.
When a gentle breeze rises,
Western silk and eastern damask spread out fluttering;
When a fine rain recedes,
Ice-flesh and jade-substance appear seductive.
The sun warms fresh apricots,
Red like the skirts that immortals hang out to dry;
The moon illumes the plantain,
Green like feathered fans whirled by a goddess.
By the painted walls on four sides
Orioles sing amid ten thousand willows;
Around the leisure cottage
Butterflies swirl through the yard’s cherry-apples.
Look further at the fragrance-holding alcove,
The green-moth alcove,
The wine-dispelling alcove,
And the romance alcove,
One on top of the other where
The rolled-up red curtains
Are drawn by hooks like shrimp-whiskers.
Look also at the grief-relieving kiosk,
purity-draped kiosk,
The brow-painting kiosk,
And the four rains kiosk,
Each a noble edifice
With floriate plaques
Inscribed with seal scripts.
Look at the crane-bathing pool,
The goblet-washing pool,
The moon-pleasing pool,
And the tassel-cleansing pool,
Where golden scales glisten among green lilies and reeds;
There are, too, the ink-flower arbor,
The strange-chest arbor,
The proper-weal arbor,
And the cloud-adoring arbor,
Where mellow wine floats within jade flasks and cups.
Beyond and before the pools and kiosks
There are rocks from Lake Tai,
Purple-blooming rocks,
Parrot-falling rocks,

And rocks of Sichuan rivers,
Around which the green tiger-whisker rush are planted.
East and west of the alcoves and arbors,
There are false wooden hills,
Kingfisher-screen hills,
Wind-whistling hills,
Jade-agaric hills,
On each grow thickets of phoenix-tail bamboos.
props
And the cinnamon rose props
Near the stand of swing,
They all seem like brocade curtains and silk drapes.
The pine-and-cypress kiosk,
The magnolia kiosk,
Facing the rose bush kiosk,
Both resemble a green city's embroidered veils.
The shaoyao rails,
The peony groves,
Their flowers vie for denseness in purple and red;
terrace,
The white jasmine fence,
Both bring forth grace and glamor year after year.
magnolia adorned with drops of dew
Should be sketched or drawn;
The hibiscus blazing red toward the sky
Should be hymned or sung.
Speaking of scenery,
Let's not boast of Langyuan or Penglai;
To compare such beauty
One need not count Yao's yellow or Wei's purple.
In late spring when one fences with grass,
This garden lacks only divine blooms of jade.

The elder, walking hand in hand with the fiend to enjoy the garden, could hardly look at all the rare flowers and exotic plants. After going past many arbors and kiosks and entering gradually, as it were, the lovely scenery, he saw all at once that they had arrived in front of the peach orchard. Pilgrim gave his master's head a pinch and the elder knew immediately what he meant.

Flying up to one of the branches, Pilgrim with one shake of his body changed into a peach, a lovely red one. The elder said to the monster-spirit, "Lady, you have here

Fragrant blooms in the yard,
Ripened fruits on the boughs—
Fragrant blooms in the yard that bees vie to sip;
Ripened fruits on the boughs that birds fight to pluck.

But why is it that on this particular peach tree the peaches are both red and green?" With a giggle the monster-spirit said, "When Heaven is lacking in yin and yang, the sun and the moon will not shine; when the Earth is lacking in yin and yang, male and female cannot be distinguished. The same principle applies to the fruits of this

peach tree. Those on the sunny side are ripened first by the warmth, and that's why they are red; those on the shady side will grow but without the benefit of the sun, and that's why they are still green. This is the principle of yin and yang."

"I thank my lady for the instruction," said Tripitaka, "for this humble cleric indeed had no idea this was so."

He immediately reached forward and plucked a red peach, and the monster-spirit too went and plucked a green one. Bowing, Tripitaka presented the red peach to the fiend, saying, "Lady, you are fond of colors, so please take this red peach. Give me the green one to eat."

The monster-spirit indeed exchanged it with him, saying in secret delight to herself, "Dear monk! A true man indeed! We aren't husband and wife even for one day, and he's already so affectionate!"

Her delight, in fact, caused her to behave more cordially than ever to the Tang Monk. When he took the green peach and began eating it at once, the monster-spirit was only too pleased to keep him company. Opening her cherry lips to reveal her silvery teeth, she was about to take a bite. But Pilgrim Sun had always been impetuous.

Before she could sink her teeth into the fruit, he immediately rolled inside her mouth and somersaulted through her throat down to her stomach. Terribly frightened, the monster-spirit said to Tripitaka, "O Elder, this fruit is really something! How could it roll down there before I even bit it?"

"Lady," said Tripitaka, "a newly ripened fruit is most edible. That's why it goes quickly."

"But I haven't even spat out the pit," said the monster-spirit, "and it has gone down already."

"When you're in such an excellent mood, Lady," replied Tripitaka, "you have a good appetite. That's why it goes down even before you manage to spit out the pit." In her stomach, Pilgrim changed back to his true form and cried, "Master, don't banter with her. Old Monkey has already scored!"

"Disciple, do try not to be too harsh," replied Tripitaka. Hearing that, the monster-spirit said, "Whom are you talking to?"

"To my disciple, Sun Wukong," replied Tripitaka.

"Where is Sun Wukong?" asked the monster-spirit.

"In your stomach, of course!" replied Tripitaka. "Isn't he the red peach you just ate?"

Horrified, the monster-spirit said, "Finished! Finished! If this ape-head has crawled inside my belly, I'm as good as dead! Pilgrim Sun, what do you plan to do after using all your schemes and plots to get inside my belly?"

"Not much!" replied Pilgrim spitefully inside her. "I'll just devour

Your six loaves of liver and lung,
Your triple-haired and seven-holed heart.
All five viscera I'll clean out,
One rattling spirit you'll become!"

On hearing this, the monster-spirit was scared out of her wits. Trembling all over, she embraced the Tang Monk to say, "O Elder! I thought we were

Fated to be by one scarlet thread bound,
Two hearts as one like fish in water found.
Who knows birds of love will thus be parted,
That spouses will sever brokenhearted?
Our affair fails for Blue Bridge tide is high;
Our meeting's vain as temple incense dies.
to each other we must now disperse.
Which year will I once more with you converse?"

Inside her belly Pilgrim heard her speaking in this manner, and he was afraid that the compassionate elder might be deceived again. At once he began to wave his fists and stamp his feet, to assume boxing postures and do gymnastic exercises with his four limbs, nearly punching through her leather bag in the process. Unable to endure the pain, the monster-spirit dropped to the ground and dared not speak for a long time.

When Pilgrim found that she was silent, he thought that she might be dead and decided to ease up somewhat. Catching her breath, she cried, "Little ones, where are you?" When those little fiends, you see, entered the garden, they all knew how to behave. Instead of congregating in one place, they scattered to play—plucking flowers or fencing with grasses—so as to allow the monster-spirit to flirt freely with the Tang Monk. When they suddenly heard the summons, they ran to the spot and found the monster-spirit fallen to the ground, pale and groaning, hardly able even to crawl. Hurriedly they tried to raise her as they crowded around, all asking, "Mistress, what's wrong? Are you having a heart attack?"

"No! No!" replied the monster-spirit. "Don't ask, but I have someone in my stomach! Just get this monk out, quickly, so that my life may be preserved."

Those little fiends indeed went forward and tried to pull the elder out.

"Don't any of you dare raise your hand!" yelled Pilgrim inside her belly. "If you want to, you yourself must present my master to the outside world. When we get there, I'll spare you."

The monster-spirit, of course, had no other motivation than pity for her own life. Struggling to her feet, she swiftly placed the Tang Monk on her back and strode toward the outside. Running after her, the little fiends asked, "Mistress, where are you going?"

The monster-spirit said, "Let's get this fellow outside!

If we the moon above the five lakes retain,
There's always a spot to drop the hook again!

Let me find someone else instead."

Dear monster-spirit! She mounted the cloudy luminosity and immediately reached the entrance of the cave, where a loud clangor of arms could be heard. "Disciple," said Tripitaka, "I can hear the sound of weapons outside." Pilgrim said, "It has to be Eight Rules wielding his muckrake. Call him."

Tripitaka at once called out:

"Eight Rules!"

Eight Rules heard him and said, "Sha Monk, Master has come out!"

The two of them removed the rake and the staff, and the monster-spirit carried the Tang Monk outside. Aha! Truly it is that

Mind Monkey, responding within, subdues a fiend;
Wood and Earth guarding the door receive a sage monk.

We do not know whether the monster-spirit will preserve her life; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-THREE

Mind Monkey knows the elixir source
Fair girl returns to her true nature

We were telling you about Tripitaka, who was escorted out of the cave by the monster-spirit. Sha Monk drew near and asked, "Master, you've come out, but where's Elder Brother?"

"He's calculating enough," said Eight Rules, "so he must have accompanied Master out here somehow." Pointing at the monster-spirit, Tripitaka said, "Your Elder Brother is in her belly."

"How dirty and smelly!" said Eight Rules with a giggle. "What's he doing in her belly? Come out!" Pilgrim cried out from within:

"Open wide your mouth and let me come out!"

The fiend opened her mouth as bidden. Pilgrim reduced his size and crawled up to her throat; he was about to go out, but fearing that she might bite him, he took out the iron rod and blew his immortal breath onto it, crying, "Change!" It changed into a small nail, which propped up the roof of her mouth. With a bound he leaped clear of her mouth, taking along with him the iron rod as he jumped. One stretch of his torso helped him to assume his characteristic appearance, as he struck with uplifted rod. The monster-spirit also picked up her pair of treasure swords and blocked his blow with a loud clang. The two of them thus began a fierce battle on the top of the mountain:

Double swords flying that slash at the face;
A golden-hooped rod that aims at the head.
One is a Heav'n-born ape with a mind-monkey frame;
One is an Earth-born spirit with a fair-girl form.
The two of them
Are full of hate;
Gladness breeds rancor, causing a mighty bout.
That one desires primal yang to be her mate;
This one fights pure yin to form the holy babe.
The upraised rod fills the sky with chilly fog;
The sword goes forth, the land roils with black dirt.
Because the elder's
In quest of Buddha,
They strive bitterly, showing great power.
Water wars with fire to hurt the basic way; yang cannot unite, each drifting free.
The two engage in such a lengthy brawl
That mountain and earth quake as forests sprawl.

When Eight Rules saw them battling in this manner, he began to murmur against Pilgrim. Turning to Sha Monk, he said, "Brother, Elder Brother's twiddling! When he was in her just now, he could have sent her a belly-full-of-red with his fists and crawled out by punching through her stomach. That way he would have had done with her, wouldn't he? Why did he have to come out through her mouth and fight with her, allowing her to be so insolent?"

"You're quite right," replied Sha Monk, "but Elder Brother, after all, has worked very hard to have Master rescued from a deep cave.

Now that he has to fight some more with the monster-spirit, I think Master should sit by himself while you and I go with our weapons to lend some assistance to Elder Brother. Let's go and knock down that monster-spirit."

"No! No! No!" said Eight Rules, waving his hand. "He has magic powers, but we're quite useless."

"What are you saying?" asked Sha Monk. "That's something that will benefit everyone. We may be useless, but even our fart can add to the wind!"

That Idiot did become aroused for the moment; whipping out his rake, he cried, "Let's go then!"

Abandoning their master, they both mounted the wind and rushed forward to battle, madly delivering blows to the monster-spirit with their rake and staff. The monster-spirit was already having difficulty withstanding Pilgrim by herself; when she saw the two of them, she knew that defeat was certain. Twirling around, she tried to flee.

"Brothers, catch her!" snapped Pilgrim. When the monster-spirit saw that they were pressing, she yanked off the flower slipper from her right foot and blew her immortal breath on it, crying, "Change!" It at once took on her appearance, attacking her pursuers with two swords. She herself, with one shake of her body, changed into a clear gust of wind and sped away. Now, you may think that we were only speaking of her defeat and of her retreat out of regard for her own life. How could you know that *this* had to be the turn of events? It must be that the star of calamity had not withdrawn its influence over Tripitaka. As the monster-spirit sped by the cave entrance, she saw Tripitaka sitting all alone beneath the towered gate. Rushing up to him, she snatched him and the luggage as well and bit through the reins; she succeeded in abducting both person and horse into the cave, where we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about Eight Rules, who found an opening and struck down the monster-spirit with one blow of his rake. Then he discovered that it was only a flower slipper. "You two idiots!" said Pilgrim. "It's enough for you to look after Master. Who asked you to come and help?"

"There you are, Sha Monk!" said Eight Rules. "Didn't I tell you not to come? This monkey's sick in his brains! We help him to subdue the fiend, but he blames us instead!"

"Where on earth did you subdue a fiend?" Pilgrim said. "When she fought with me yesterday, that fiend tricked me by this ploy of dropping her slipper. I wonder how Master is faring now that you two have left his side. Let's hurry back and look!"

The three of them hurried back, but their master indeed had vanished. There was not even a trace of the luggage or the white horse.

So astonished was Eight Rules that he dashed back and forth in confusion, while Sha Monk searched hither and yon. The Great Sage Sun too was racked by anxiety as he looked everywhere, and then he saw half a rein lying by the side of the road. Picking it up, he could not stop the tears flowing from his eyes. "O Master!" he cried aloud. "When I left I took leave of both man and horse; when I returned I could see only this rope!"

Thus it was that

Seeing the saddle he recalled the horse;
Shedding tears he thought of his kin.

When Eight Rules saw him shedding tears, however, he broke into loud guffaws with face raised toward the sky.

"You coolie!" scolded Pilgrim. "You want to disband again!"

"O Elder Brother!" said Eight Rules, still laughing. "It's not like that. Master must have been abducted into the cave once more by the monster-spirit. As the proverb says, 'Success comes only with a third try.' You have entered the cave twice. Now go in a third time, and I'm sure that you'll be able to bring out Master." Wiping away his tears, Pilgrim replied, "All right! Since things are this way, I have little choice but to go in again. Now that you don't even have to worry about the luggage and the horse, you must take care to guard the entrance."

Dear Great Sage! He turned and leaped into the cave; not undergoing transformation, he merely retained his characteristic appearance. Truly

Of strange-looking cheeks and a valiant mind,
He grew up a fiend with great magic strength.
His face like a saddle curved up and down;
His eyes flashed gold beams that blazed like fire.
Hard like needles were his whole body's furs;
His tiger-skin kilt jingled with loud floral bells.
In Heav'n he crashed through ten thousand clouds;
rod in the sea lifted mountainous waves.
That day his might beat up the devarājas
And repelled one hundred and eight thousand foes.
Appointed Great Sage, the Handsome Monkey Sprite,
He used, by custom, a golden-hooped rod.
In the West today displaying his might,
To save Tripitaka he enters the cave.

Look at him! He stopped the cloudy luminosity after he reached the residence of the monster-spirit, where he found the towered gates were all shut. Without regard for good or ill, he broke through with one blow of his rod and barged in. It was completely quiet and not a trace of the inhabitants could be found. The Tang Monk was no longer seen by the east corridor; the furniture in the pavilion and the various utensils had all disappeared.

There were, you see, some three hundred miles of living space inside the cave, and the monster-spirit had many residences. When she had brought the Tang Monk to this particular spot the time before, Pilgrim had found them. Now that she had abducted the Tang Monk again, she feared that Pilgrim would return to the same place, and so she immediately moved somewhere else. Our Pilgrim was so exasperated that he pounded his chest and stamped his feet, crying, "O Master! You are a misfortune-begotten Tripitaka Tang, a scripture monk forged by calamity! Alas! This road is familiar enough to me. Why aren't you here? Where should old Monkey look for you?"

As he was shouting like this in great annoyance, his nose suddenly caught a whiff of scented breeze. Calming down all at once, he said to himself, "This incense drifted out from the rear. They must be back there."

Gripping the iron rod, he strode in but found no movement whatever—only three small chambers. At the back of one of these chambers was a lacquered sacrificial table with openmouthed dragons carved on both sides. On the table was a huge incense urn of melted gold from which fragrant incense smoke curled upward. Above the urn was hung a large plaque with the following inscription in gold letters:

The Tablet of Honored Father, Devarāja Li. Slightly below it to one side was another inscription:

The Tablet of Honored Brother Naṭa, the Third Prince. Filled with delight by what he saw, Pilgrim immediately abandoned his search for the fiend or the Tang Monk. He gave his iron rod a squeeze to change it back into an embroidery needle, which he could store in his ear. Stretching forth his hands, he took the plaque and the urn and trod on his cloudy luminosity to go back out to the entrance of the cave, hee-hawing in continuous laughter on the way.

When Eight Rules and Sha Monk heard him, they stepped aside to meet him, saying, "Elder Brother, you must have succeeded in rescuing Master, and that's why you're so happy."

"No need for us to go rescue Master," said Pilgrim, still guffawing, "just make our demand known to this plaque." O Elder Brother!" said Eight Rules. "This plaque is no monster-spirit, nor does it know how to speak. Why should we make our demand known to it?"

"Take a look, both of you," said Pilgrim as he placed the plaque on the ground. Sha Monk approached and saw the inscriptions:

The Tablet of Honored Father Devarāja Li, and The Tablet of Honored Brother Naṭa, the Third Prince. "What's the meaning of this?" he asked.

"It's something to which the monster-spirit makes offerings," replied Pilgrim. "When I broke into her residence, I found that both persons and things had disappeared. There was only this plaque. She has to be the daughter of Devarāja Li, the younger sister of the third prince, who has descended to the Region Below out of profane longings. Disguised as a fiend, she has abducted our master. If we don't demand of the persons whose names appear on this plaque, whom should we ask? While the two of you stand guard here, let old Monkey take the plaque and go up to Heaven to file charges before the Jade Emperor. That'll make Devarāja Li and his son return our master."

"O Elder Brother!" said Eight Rules. "As the proverb says, 'To charge someone with a mortal offense is itself a mortal offense.' You can't do it unless your cause is just. Besides, do you think that filing charges before the throne is an easy thing? You'd better tell me how you plan to go about it."

"I have my way," said Pilgrim with a laugh. "This plaque and this urn I shall use as evidence. In addition, I shall file a formal, written complaint."

"What are you going to put in that complaint?" asked Eight Rules. "Let's hear it." Pilgrim said, "This is what I plan to say:

The plaintiff Sun Wukong, whose age and birthday are recorded here in the document, is the disciple of the priest, Tripitaka Tang, who has been sent by the Tang Court in the Land of the East to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. The complaint I lodge concerns the crime of abetting a monster in kidnapping a human. I hereby accuse Li Jing, the Pagoda-Bearer Devarāja, along with Prince Naṭa, his son, of gross negligence in domestic affairs, which caused his own daughter to become a runaway. At the Region

Below she had assumed the form of monstrous perversity in the Bottomless Cave of Mount Void-Entrapping, bringing vexation and harm to countless humans. She has, at the moment, abducted my master into the crooked recesses of her habitation, where he cannot be found at all. I have no choice but to charge father and son with an act of great atrocity, for allowing the daughter to become a spirit and to harm people. I beg you, therefore, to sustain in your great mercy my complaint and arrest the culprits, so that perversity may be brought to submission, my master may be rescued, and the guilt of the offenders may be clearly established. In anticipation of your kind assistance, I hereby submit my complaint.

On hearing these words, Eight Rules and Sha Monk were terribly pleased, both saying, "O Elder Brother, your complaint is most reasonable! You will undoubtedly win the case. You'd better go there at once, for we fear that a little delay may result in the monsterspirit's taking our master's life."

"I'll hurry! I'll hurry!" said Pilgrim. "It'll take me no more than the time needed for boiling tea, or at most for rice to be cooked, to get back here."

Dear Great Sage! Holding the plaque and the urn, he leaped up to mount the auspicious cloud and went straight before the South Heaven Gate. When Devarājas Powerful and Dhṛtarāṣṭra, who were standing guard at the gate, saw him, both bent low to bow to him and dared not bar his way. He was permitted to go straight up to the Hall of Perfect Light, where he was greeted by Zhang, Ge, Xu, and Qiu, the four Celestial Masters. "Why has the Great Sage come?" they asked.

"I have a document here," replied Pilgrim, "which I intend to file as a formal complaint."

"This caster of blame!" said one of the astonished masters. "I wonder whom he plans to accuse."

They had no choice but to lead him into the Hall of Divine Mists to announce his arrival. He was then summoned into the presence of the Jade Emperor.

After putting down the plaque and the urn and paying homage to the throne, he presented his plaint, which the Immortal Ge received and spread out on the imperial desk. When the Jade Emperor had read its content from beginning to end, he signed the document and endorsed it as an imperial decree. Then he commanded Gold Star Venus, Longevity of the West, to take the decree and go to the Cloud- Tower Palace to summon Devarāja Li, the Pagoda-Bearer, to appear before the throne.

"I beg the Heaven Lord to punish him properly," said Pilgrim, walking forward, "or else he may start some other trouble."

The Jade Emperor gave this order also:

"Let the plaintiff go along."

"Should old Monkey really go along?" asked Pilgrim.

"Since His Majesty has already issued the decree," said one of the Celestial Masters, "you may go with the Gold Star." Pilgrim indeed mounted the clouds with the Gold Star to reach the Cloud-Tower Palace, which was, you see, the residence of the devarāja. There was a divine youth standing in front of the gate who recognized the Gold Star. He went inside at once and announced, "The Holy Father Gold Star Venus has arrived."

The devarāja went out to meet his guest; when he saw that the Gold Star was bearing an imperial decree, he asked immediately for incense to be lighted. Then he caught sight of Pilgrim following the Gold Star in, and the devarāja stirred with anger.

Why was he angered, you ask? During the time when Pilgrim caused great disturbance at the Celestial Palace, the Jade Emperor once appointed the devarāja as the Demon-Subduing Grand Marshal and Prince Naṭa as the God of the Three Charities Grand Assembly. They were to lead the Heaven hosts against Pilgrim, but they could not prevail even after several engagements. The defeat of five hundred years ago, you see, still rankled him, and that was why he became angry. Unable to restrain himself, he asked, "Old Longevity, what's that decree you're bearing?"

"It happens to be a complaint," replied the Gold Star, "lodged against you by the Great Sage Sun."

The devarāja was already sorely annoyed; when he heard this, he became enraged, saying, "What's he accusing me of?"

"The crime of abetting a monster in kidnapping a human," replied the Gold Star. "After you've lit the incense, you may read it for yourself." Panting hard, the devarāja hurriedly set out the incense table; after he had expressed his gratitude toward the sky and kowtowed, he spread out the decree. A careful reading of the document, however, sent him into such a rage that he gripped the table with both hands and said, "This ape-head! He has so wrongly accused me!"

The Gold Star said, "Don't get so mad! He happens to have a plaque and an urn for evidence before the throne, and he claims that all those objects point to your own daughter."

"But I have only three sons and a daughter," said the devarāja. "The eldest is Suvarnaṭa, who serves Tathāgata as the vanguard of the Law. My second son is Mokṣa, who is the disciple of Guanshiyin at South Sea. My third son Naṭa is with me and attends court night and day as an imperial guardsman. My only daughter, named Zhenying, happens to be only seven years old. She doesn't even know much of human affairs. How could she be a monster-spirit? If you don't believe me, let me carry her out for you to see. This ape-head is mighty insolent! Let's not say that I am a marshal in Heaven, who has received such a high appointment that I'm permitted to execute someone first before memorializing to the throne. Even if I were one of the common people in the Region Below, I should not be falsely accused. The Law says, 'A false accusation should receive a thrice-heavy penalty.'"

He turned to his subordinates with the order:

"Tie up this ape-head with the fiend-binding rope!"

The Mighty-Spirit God, General Fish-Belly, and Marshal Vajrayakṣa, who were standing in a row down at the courtyard, immediately surged forward and tied up Pilgrim. "Devarāja Li," said the Gold Star, "you'd better not start any trouble! He is one of the two persons decreed by the throne to come here to summon you. That rope of yours is quite heavy. If you hurt him in any way, you'll be the loser!"

"O Gold Star!" said the devarāja. "How could you allow him to file false charges and disturb the peace like that? Please be seated, while I cut off this ape-head with the fiend-hacking scimitar. Then I'll return with you to see the throne." When the Gold Star learned that he was about to raise the scimitar, his heart quivered and his bladder shook as he said to Pilgrim, "You've made a mistake! Filing charges before the throne is no light thing! Why didn't you try to ascertain the truth first? All your foolish doings now may cause you to lose your life. What'll you do?" Not frightened in the

least, Pilgrim said, full of smiles, “Relax, old Minister, it’s nothing! Old Monkey has to do his own business this way: he must lose first, and then he’ll win.”

Hardly had he finished speaking when the devarāja wielded his scimitar and brought it down hard on Pilgrim’s head. All at once the third prince rushed forward and parried the blow with the fiend-hacking sword, crying, “Father King, please calm your anger!”

The devarāja turned pale with alarm.

Ah! When the father saw the son parrying the scimitar with his own sword, he should have commanded the son to turn back. Why should he turn pale with alarm? This is the reason, you see:

When this child was born to the devarāja, he had on his left hand the word Na, and on his right the word Ṭa, and that was why he was named Naṭa. On the third morning after he was born, this prince already decided to bathe in the ocean and caused a great disaster.

He overturned the water-crystal palace and wanted to pull out the tendons of one of the dragons to use them for a belt. When the devarāja learned of the incident, he feared that his son might prove to be a calamity afterward and sought to have him killed. Naṭa became enraged; knife in hand, he cut off his own flesh to give it back to his mother and carved up his bones to give them back to his father. After he had, as it were, repaid his father’s sperm and his mother’s blood, his soul went to the region of ultimate bliss in the West to complain to Buddha.

Buddha at the time was lecturing to the various bodhisattvas when he heard someone on the sacred banners and parasol calling, “Save me!” One look with his eyes of wisdom and Buddha knew it was the soul of Naṭa. Using the root of the lotus for bones and its leaves for garment, he recited the magic words of revivification and restored Naṭa to life. With his newfound divine strength, Naṭa succeeded in subduing the fiendish demons of ninety-six caves. His magic powers were so great that he later wanted to kill the devarāja in order to exact vengeance for self-immolation.

The devarāja had little choice but to plead with Tathāgata, who, of course, was an advocate of peace. He therefore bestowed on the devarāja a compliant, yellow-gold treasure pagoda of the finest openwork carving and filled with śārī-relics; the pagoda, in fact, symbolized Buddha on each level, and the entire edifice was bathed in luminosity. The sight of the pagoda thus would remind Naṭa of Buddha, who was to be revered as the prince’s true father, and that is how the enmity was dissolved. This is the reason also for Li Jing to be named the Devarāja Pagoda-Bearer.

Since he was at home today, at leisure, the devarāja had not been carrying his pagoda, and he thought that Naṭa had been seized by the desire for vengeance again. That was the reason he paled with fear. Immediately reaching for the gold treasure pagoda on the stand and holding it high, he asked Naṭa, “Son, you’ve parried my scimitar with your sword. What do you want to say to me?”

Abandoning his sword and kowtowing, Naṭa replied, “Father King, you do have a daughter at the Region Below.”

“Son,” said the devarāja, “I have had only the four of you. What other daughter do I have?”

"You have quite forgotten, Father King," said Naṭa. "That other daughter was originally a monster-spirit. Some three hundred years ago she became a fiend who stole and devoured the fragrant flowers and treasure candles of Tathāgata at Spirit Mountain. Tathāgata sent us, father and son, to lead an expedition against her. When she was caught, she should have been beaten to death, but Tathāgata gave us this instruction:

For fishes reared in the ponds you never fish;
For deer fed in the mountains long life's your wish.

At that time, therefore, we spared her life, and in gratitude she took you as her father and your child as her elder brother. She was to set up our tablets down below, to which she would offer perpetual incense fires. Who would have expected her to become a spirit again and conspire to harm the Tang Monk? When Pilgrim Sun searched through her lair, the tablets were found and charges were thus filed before the throne. This is your daughter by the bond of grace, not a sister of mine by blood."

Astounded by what he heard, the devarāja said, "My child, I have indeed forgotten the whole matter. What's her name?"

"She has three of them," replied the prince. "At her birthplace she was originally called the Golden-Nosed White-Haired Rodent- Spirit. Because she had stolen the fragrant flowers and treasure candles, her name was changed to Bisected Guanyin. When she was spared and sent to the Region Below, she changed her name again to Mistress Ground-Rushing." Only then did the devarāja realize what had happened. Immediately he wanted to untie Pilgrim with his own hands, but Pilgrim had turned rowdy. "Who dares untie me?" he cried. "You can take me in ropes to see the throne! Old Monkey will then win his litigation!"

The hands of the devarāja turned numb with fear, the prince became speechless, and the various subordinate officers retreated shamefacedly.

Rolling all over the place in a tantrum, the Great Sage insisted that the devarāja appear before the throne with him. Having no alternative, the devarāja could only plead pitifully with the Gold Star to speak on his behalf. The Gold Star said, "As the ancients put the matter, 'One should be lenient in all things.' The way you do things, however, is rather hasty! You've bound him, and you even wanted to kill him. This monkey happens to be notorious in casting blame. Now what do you want me to do? According to what your son has told us, she is not your daughter by blood but only by bond. Nonetheless, that is still an important tie of kinship. No matter how you dispute the matter, you are somewhat guilty."

The devarāja said, "If the venerable Star would speak on my behalf, then my guilt will be absolved."

"I would like indeed to pacify you both," said the Gold Star, "but I don't quite know how to plead for you."

"Why don't you," said the devarāja, "just mention the former incident, when you went to him on your mission of pacification and gave him his appointment?"

The Gold Star did indeed go forward to touch Pilgrim and said, "Great Sage, for my sake let us untie you so that we may all go see the throne."

"Old Minister," said Pilgrim, "you needn't untie me. I know how to roll, and I'll roll my way there!"

"Monkey, you're quite unfeeling!" said the Gold Star, chuckling. "I was, after all, rather kind to you in times past. Now you refuse me even in a trivial matter like this."

"What sort of kindness have you shown me?" asked Pilgrim.

The Gold Star said, "In those years when you were a fiend in Mount Flower-Fruit, when you tamed tigers and subdued dragons, when you abolished the register of death by force, and when you assembled various monsters to perpetrate your delinquency, Heaven above wanted to arrest you. It was this old man who boldly memorialized to the throne to issue a decree of pacification and have you summoned to the Celestial Palace and appointed you a Ban-Horse-Plague. After you had drunk the immortal wine of the Jade Emperor and needed pacification once more, it was this old man's bold memorial also that got you the appointment of Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. But you did not behave and went on to steal peaches, filch wine, and rifle elixir from Lord Lao. Only after this and that did you attain a state of birthlessness and deathlessness. But if it hadn't been for me, would you have reached this day?" Pilgrim said, "The ancients truly had put the matter well: even in death you should not share a grave with an old man! Like it or not, he knows how to carp! What's so big that I did? I merely disturbed the Celestial Palace as Ban-Horse-Plague. All right! All right! For your sake, Venerable Sir, I'll relent, but he himself must untie me." Only then did the devarāja dare approach and untie the rope.

Pilgrim was then invited to tidy his clothes and take the honored seat, after which the various deities went forward one by one to pay their respects.

Facing the Gold Star, Pilgrim said, "Old Minister, how about it? Didn't I tell you that I would lose first, and then win? That's how one should do business! Let's urge him to go see the throne quickly, lest my master is harmed."

"Let's not rush things," said the Gold Star. "Having squandered all this time already, let's have a cup of tea first."

"If you drink his tea," said Pilgrim, "you're in fact accepting his bribe. What sort of crime should you be charged with, when you free the felon on a bribe and slight the imperial decree?"

"I won't drink his tea! I won't drink his tea!" exclaimed the Gold Star. "Now you're even casting blame on me! Devarāja Li, go quickly! Go quickly!"

But the devarāja, of course, dared not go with Pilgrim to see the Throne, for he was terribly afraid that the ape might turn rowdy once more. If he were to mouth all kinds of accusations before the Jade Emperor, how could the devarāja hope to refute them? He had no choice but again to plead with the Gold Star to speak up for him.

At length the Gold Star said to Pilgrim, "I have just one word for you! Will you agree to it?"

"I have already overlooked for *your* sake the affront of being bound and hacked by the scimitar," said Pilgrim. "Do you have anything more to say? Speak up! Speak up! If it's good, I'll listen; if not, don't blame me!"

The Gold Star said, "Remember the proverb, 'One day's litigation will take ten days to settle.' You file a charge before the throne, claiming that the monster-spirit is the daughter of the devarāja, and he denies it. The two of you can argue this matter back and forth before the Jade Emperor. Meanwhile, let me remind you that one day in

Heaven is equivalent to one year in the Region Below. For this whole year the monster-spirit has had your master imprisoned in the cave. Let's not mention a wedding ceremony. Even if it's a makeshift affair, by now she must have produced a little monk for him! Hasn't your delay upset the great enterprise?" Lowering his head, Pilgrim thought to himself, "Yes, indeed! When I left Eight Rules and Sha Monk, I told them that I would return after a time no longer than it takes tea to boil, or at most for rice to be cooked. I've messed around here all this while. Am I too late?"

He said thereby to the Gold Star, "Old Minister, how should we return this imperial decree?"

"Let's ask Devarāja Li to summon his troops to go down with you to subdue the fiend," replied the Gold Star. "I'll return the decree."

"What will you say as your report?" asked Pilgrim.

"That the plaintiff has fled," said the Gold Star, "and that the defendant has been dismissed from the case."

"How nice!" said Pilgrim with a laugh. "For *your* sake I'm dropping my charges, and you claim instead that *I* have fled! Tell him to call up the troops and wait for me outside the South Heaven Gate. I'll go with you to return the decree."

Growing alarmed once more, the devarāja said, "If he starts talking once he gets inside the palace, I may end up with the crime of treason."

"What sort of person do you take old Monkey for?" said Pilgrim. "I, too, am a true man! 'Once my word is given, horses can't retrieve it.' You think I would smear you with slander?"

The devarāja then thanked Pilgrim, who left with the Gold Star to return the decree. The devarāja at once called up the troops under his command and had them stationed outside the South Heaven Gate. Going before the throne with Pilgrim, the Gold Star said to the Jade Emperor, "The person who has imprisoned the Tang Monk happens to be a gold-nosed, white-furred rodent which has become a spirit. She is also the one who has set up the tablets of Devarāja Li and his son. Since learning of this, the devarāja has already called up his troops for an expedition against the fiend. I beg the Celestial-Honored One to pardon him." Since the Jade Emperor had already known of this, he at once extended his Heaven grace and pardon. Pilgrim turned back his cloudy luminosity to go out of the South Heaven Gate, where he found the devarāja, the prince, and the Heaven hosts waiting in smart formation. Behold! Those divine warriors, in churning wind and fog, received the Great Sage and then lowered their clouds to descend to Mount Void-Entrapping. Eight Rules and Sha Monk, with bulging eyes, were waiting on the mountain when they saw Pilgrim arriving with the Heaven hosts. Bowing to the devarāja, Idiot said to him, "We've troubled you!"

"Marshal Heaven Reeds," said the devarāja, "we have something to tell you: we, father and son, may have enjoyed one stick of her incense, but the monster-spirit has thereby grown audacious enough to have your master imprisoned. Please don't blame us for this tardy arrival. Is this Mount Void- Entrapping? I wonder which direction the entrance of her cave faces."

"I'm familiar enough with the way in," said Pilgrim. "Her cave here is named the Bottomless Cave, and its inside is about three hundred miles in circumference. The monster-spirit actually must have many lairs. Previously she had my master detained

within a double-eaved towered gate. Now it's so quiet there that you won't see even the shadow of a ghost! I have no idea where she has moved to."

The devarāja said, "No matter.

Let her maneuver in a thousand ways;
She'll n'er escape the net of Heav'n and Earth.

Let's approach the entrance first, and then we'll decide what to do."

All of them immediately proceeded. Ah! After some ten miles they reached the big boulder. Pointing to the entrance about the size of a huge barrel, Pilgrim said, "That's it."

"'Without entering the tiger's lair,'" said the devarāja, "'how could one capture the tiger cubs?' Who dares lead the way?"

"I do," said Pilgrim.

"Since I'm to subdue a fiend by imperial decree," said the prince, "I'll lead the way."

At that moment our Idiot became even more impetuous. "Old Hog will be the one to lead the way!" he shouted.

"No need to make so much noise!" said the devarāja. "Let me give the order: the Great Sage Sun and the prince will lead the troops down there. We three will stand guard up here at the entrance. We shall coordinate our efforts within and without, so that she will have no route to flee to Heaven and no door to enter Earth. Only then will we truly show our power."

All of them responded with a resounding "Yes!" Look at Pilgrim and the prince! Leading the captains and troops, they slid inside the cave and immediately mounted the cloudy luminosity. As they looked about, it was a fine cave indeed!

The sun and moon's familiar orbs
Shine on the same mountains and streams;
Pearly deeps, jade wells warmed and sheathed in mist,
And e'en many more lovely sights.
Red painted towers in layers,
Scarlet walls and green fields endless.
Late autumn lotus and willows of spring—
Such a cave-heaven's rarely seen.

In a moment, they stopped their cloudy luminosity right before the old residence of the monster-spirit. Noisily the celestial warriors began a door-to-door search; they looked everywhere, spreading out through all those three hundred miles, but neither a single monster-spirit nor a Tripitaka could be seen at all.

"This cursed beast," said the warriors, "must have left the cave and removed herself far away." Little did they know that there was another small cave at the dark southeast corner; there was a tiny door in the cave and a house built rather low, surrounded by a few pots of flowers and several stalks of bamboo. It was a place shrouded in darkness and faint fragrance. Here the old fiend had brought Tripitaka and wanted to force him to marry her, thinking that Pilgrim would never be able to find them. She did not realize, of course, that her fate was about to overtake her. As those little fiends crowded together inside, you see, one of the more courageous ones stuck out his head to take a peek outside, and he ran directly into the celestial warriors.

"They're here!" they cried, and Pilgrim became so aroused that he went crashing in, his hand gripping the golden-hooped rod. The whole nest of monster-spirits was packed in that small and narrow place. When the prince and his troops surged forward, where could any of the fiends run to hide? Pilgrim soon located the Tang Monk, the luggage, and the dragon horse. When the old fiend realized that there was no way for her to flee, she faced Prince Naṭa and kowtowed repeatedly, begging for her life. The prince said, "Our expedition here to arrest you is decreed by the Jade Emperor, and it's no small thing. We, father and son, by enjoying one stick of your incense, nearly brought on ourselves colossal calamity!"

Thereupon he bellowed:

"Celestial soldiers, take out the fiend-binding ropes and tie up all those monsterspirits!"

The old fiend, you see, could not avoid a little suffering.

The company then turned around their cloudy luminosity and went outside the cave, with Pilgrim chortling loudly all the way. The devarāja left his post at the entrance to meet Pilgrim, saying, "This time you've seen your master!"

"Thank you! Thank you!" replied Pilgrim, and at once led Tripitaka to bow to thank the devarāja and the prince. Sha Monk and Eight Rules would have liked very much to hack the old spirit into tiny pieces, but the devarāja said, "Since she was arrested by imperial decree, she should not be easily disposed of. We have yet to return to make a report to the throne." So the devarāja and the third prince led the divine warriors and celestial soldiers to guard the monster-spirit and take her back to face judgment before Heaven's tribunal. Meanwhile Pilgrim and Sha Monk scurried around the Tang Monk to pack as Eight Rules steadied the horse for him to mount. They headed for the main road together. Thus it is that

The silk threads are sundered to dry the golden sea;
The jade lock's broken and he leaves the bird-cage.

We do not know what happens as they journey forth; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-FOUR

"Priests are hard to destroy" completes great awakening
The Dharma-king attains the right, his body's naturalized

We were telling you about how Tripitaka Tang had safeguarded his primal yang and escaped the bitter ordeal of the fair sex. As he followed Pilgrim to head for the West, it was soon again the time of summer, when warm breezes freshly stirred, and rain of the plum season drizzled down in fine strands. Marvelous scenery, it is:

Lush and dense is the green shade;
In light breeze young swallows parade.
New lilies unfold on the ponds;
Old bamboos spread slowly their fronds.
The sky joins the meadows in green;
Mountain blooms o'er the ground are seen.
Swordlike, rushes stand by the brook;
Pomegranates redden this sketchbook.

Master and diciples, the four of them, had to endure the heat, of course.

As they proceeded, they came upon two rows of tall willows flanking the road; from within the willow shade an old woman suddenly walked out, leading a young child by the hand. "Priest," she cried aloud to the Tang Monk, "you must stop right now! Turn your horse around and return to the East quickly! The road to the West leads only to death!" So startled was Tripitaka that he leaped down from the horse and bowed to her, saying, "Old Bodhisattva, as the ancients have said,

The ocean is wide so fishes may leap;
The sky is empty so birds may fly.

How could it be that a road to the West is lacking?" Pointing westward with her finger, the old woman said, "About five or six miles from here is the Dharma-Destroying Kingdom. In some previous incarnation somewhere the king must have contracted evil karma so that in this life he sins without cause. Two years ago he made a stupendous vow that he would kill ten thousand Buddhist priests. Until now he has succeeded in slaughtering nine thousand, nine hundred, and ninety-six nameless monks. All he is waiting for now are four more monks, preferably with names, and the perfect score of ten thousand will be reached. If you people arrive at his city, you will all become life-giving king bodhisattvas!"

Terror-stricken by these words, Tripitaka said, trembling all over, "Old Bodhisattva, I'm profoundly grateful for your kindness, and I can't thank you enough. May I ask whether there is another road that conveniently bypasses the city? This poor monk will gladly take such a road and proceed." With a giggle, the old woman replied, "You can't bypass the city! You simply can't! You might do so only if you could fly!"

At once Eight Rules began to wag his tongue and said, "Mama, don't speak such scary words! We're all able to fly!" With his fiery eyes and diamond pupils, however, Pilgrim was the only one who could discern the truth: the old woman and the child were actually the Bodhisattva Guanyin and the Boy Skilled in Wealth. So alarmed was he that he went to his knees immediately and cried, "Bodhisattva, pardon your disciples for failing to meet you!"

Gently the bodhisattva rose on a petal of pink cloud, so astounding the elder Tang that he did not quite know where to stand. All he could do was to fall on his knees to kowtow, and Eight Rules and Sha Monk too went hurriedly to their knees to bow to the sky. In a moment, the auspicious cloud drifted away to return to South Sea. Pilgrim got up and raised his master, saying, "Please rise, the bodhisattva has returned to her treasure mountain."

As he got up, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, if you had recognized the bodhisattva, why didn't you tell us sooner?"

"You couldn't stop asking questions," replied Pilgrim, laughing, "whereas I immediately went to my knees. Wasn't that soon enough?"

Eight Rules and Sha Monk then said to Pilgrim, "Thanks to the bodhisattva's revelation, what lies before us has to be the Dharma-Destroying Kingdom. What are we all going to do when there's this determination to kill monks?"

"Idiot, don't be afraid!" said Pilgrim. "We have met quite a few vicious demons and savage fiends, and we have gone through tiger lairs and dragon lagoons, but we have never been hurt. What we have to face here is a kingdom of common people. Why should we fear them? Our only trouble right now is that this is no place to stay. Besides, it's getting late, and if any villagers returning from business in the city catch sight of us priests and begin to spread the news, that won't be very convenient. Let's lead Master away from the main road and find a more secluded spot. We can then make further plans."

Tripitaka indeed followed his suggestion; all of them left the main road and went over to a small ditch, in which they sat down.

"Brothers," said Pilgrim, "the two of you stay here and guard Master. Let old Monkey go in transformation to look over the city.

Perhaps I can find a road that's out of the way, which will take us through the region this very night."

"O Disciple!" urged the Tang Monk. "Don't take this lightly, for you're going against the law of a king. Do be careful!"

"Relax! Relax!" replied Pilgrim with a smile. "Old Monkey will manage!"

Dear Great Sage! When he finished speaking, he leaped into the air with a loud whistle. How fantastic!

Neither pulled from above by strings,
Nor supported below by cranes,
Like us all, two parents he owns,
But only he has lighter bones.

Standing at the edge of the clouds, he peered below and saw that the city was flooded by airs of gladness and auspicious luminosity.

"What a lovely place!" Pilgrim said. "Why does it want to destroy the dharma?"

As he stared at the place, it gradually grew dark. He saw that

At letter-ten crossings lamps flared brightly;
At nine-tiered halls incense rose and bells tolled.
Seven glowing stars lit up the blue sky;
In eight quarters travelers dropped their gear.

From the six-corps camps
The painted bugles just faintly sounded;
In the five-watch tower,
By drop the copper pot began dripping.
On four sides night fog thickened;
At three marts chilly mist spread out.
Spouses, in twos, entered the silken drapes,
When one bright moon ascended the east.

He thought to himself:

"I would like to go down to the business districts to look over the roadways, but with a face like mine, people will undoubtedly holler that I'm a priest if they see me. I'll transform myself." Making the magic sign and reciting a spell, he changed with one shake of his body into a moth:

A small shape with light, agile wings,
He dives to snuff candles and lamps.
By metamorphosis he gains his true form,
Most active midst rotted grasses.
He strikes flames for love of hot light,
Flying, circling without ceasing.
Purple-robed, fragrant-winged, chasing the fireflies,
He likes most the deep windless night.

You see him soaring and turning as he flew toward those six boulevards and three marts, passing eaves and rafters. As he proceeded, he suddenly caught sight of a row of houses at the corner of the street ahead, each house having a lantern hung above its door.

"These families," he thought to himself, "must be celebrating the annual Lantern Feast. Why would they have lighted lanterns by the row?" Stiffening his wings, he flew near and looked carefully. The house in the very middle had a square lantern, on which these words were written:

Rest for the Traveling Merchant. Below there were also the words:

Steward Wang's Inn. Pilgrim knew therefore that it was a hotel.

When he stretched out his neck to look further, he saw that there were some eight or nine people, who had all finished their dinner.

Having loosened their clothes, taken off their head wraps, and washed their hands and feet, they had taken to their beds to sleep.

Secretly pleased, Pilgrim said, "Master may pass through, after all!"

How did he know so readily that his master might pass through, you ask? He was about to follow a wicked scheme: waiting until those people were asleep, he would steal their clothes and wraps so that master and disciples could disguise themselves as secular folks to enter the city.

Alas! There had to be this disagreeable development! As he was deliberating by himself, the steward went forward and gave this instruction to his guests:

"Sirs, do be careful, for our place caters to both gentlemen and rogues. I'd like to ask each of you to take care of your clothing and luggage."

Think of it! People doing business abroad, would they not be careful with everything? When they heard such instruction from the innkeeper, they became more cautious than ever. Hastening to their feet, they said, "The proprietor is quite right. Those of us fatigued by travel may not easily wake up once we're asleep. If we lose our things, what are we going to do? Please take our clothes, our head wraps, and our money bags inside. When we get up in the morning, you may return them to us." Steward Wang accordingly took all of their clothes and belongings into his own residence.

By nature impulsive, Pilgrim at once spread his wings to fly there also and alighted on one of the head-wrap stands. Then he saw Steward Wang going to the front door to take down the lantern, lower the cloth curtain, and close the door and windows. Only then did Wang return to his room to take off his own clothes and lie down. The steward, however, also had a wife sleeping with two children, and they were still making so much noise that none of them could go to sleep right away. The wife, too, was patching some garment and refused to retire.

"If I wait until this woman sleeps," thought Pilgrim to himself, "won't Master be delayed?"

Fearing also that the city gates might be closed later in the night, he could no longer refrain from flying down there and threw himself on the taper. Truly

risked his life to dive into flames;
He scorched his brow to tempt his fate.

The taper immediately went out. With one shake of his body he changed again into a rat. After a squeak or two he leaped down, took the garments and head wraps, and began to drag them out. Panic-stricken, the woman said, "Old man, things are bad! A rat has turned into a spirit!" On hearing this, Pilgrim flaunted his abilities some more. Stopping at the door, he cried out in a loud voice, "Steward Wang, don't listen to the babblings of your woman. I'm no rodent-spirit. Since a man of light does not engage in shady dealings, I must tell you that I'm the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who has descended to earth to accompany the Tang Monk on his way to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. Because your king is without principles, I've come especially to borrow these caps and gowns to adorn my master.

Once we've passed through the city, I'll return them."

Hearing that, Steward Wang scrambled up at once. It was, of course, pitch black, and he was in a hurry besides. He grabbed his pants, thinking he had his shirt; but no matter how hard he tried, slipping them on this way and that, he could not put them on.

Using his magic of abduction, the Great Sage had already mounted the clouds to leave the city and return to the ditch by the road. In the bright light of the stars and moon, Tripitaka was standing there staring when he saw Pilgrim approaching. "Disciple," he asked, "can we go through the Dharma-Destroying Kingdom?" Walking forward and putting down the garments, Pilgrim said, "Master, if you want to go through the Dharma-Destroying Kingdom, you can't remain a priest."

"Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "whom are you trying to fool? It's easy not to remain a priest: just don't shave your head for half a year, and you hair will grow."

"We can't wait for half a year!" said Pilgrim. "We must become laymen right now!"

Horrified, our Idiot said, “The way you talk is most unreasonable, as always! We are all priests, and you want us to become laymen this instant! How could we even wear a head wrap? Even if we tighten the edges, we have nothing on our heads to tie the strings with!”

“Stop the wisecracks!” snapped Tripitaka. “Let’s do what’s proper! Wukong, what *is* your plan?”

“Master,” said Pilgrim, “I have inspected the city here. Though the king is unprincipled enough to slaughter monks, he is nevertheless a genuine son of Heaven, for his city is filled with joyful and auspicious air. I can recognize the streets in the city, andI can converse in the local dialect. A moment ago I borrowed several garments and head wraps from a hotel. We must disguise ourselves as laymen and enter the city to ask for lodging. At the fourth watch we should rise and ask the innkeeper to prepare us a meal— vegetarian, of course. By about the hour of the fifth watch, we will walk close to the wall of the city-gate and find the main road to the West. If we run into anyone who tries to detain us, we can still give the explanation that we have been commissioned by the court of a superior state. The Dharma-Destroying King would not dare hinder us. He’ll let us go.” Sha Monk said, “Elder Brother’s plan is most proper. Let’s do as he tells us.” Indeed, the elder had little choice but to shed his monk’s robe and his clerical cap and to put on the garment and head wrap of a layman. Sha Monk too changed his clothes. Eight Rules, however, had such a huge head that he could not wear the wrap as it was.

Pilgrim had to rip open two wraps and sew them together with needle and thread to make one wrap and drape it over his head. A larger garment was selected for him to put on, after which Pilgrim himself also changed into a different set of clothing. “Once we get moving,” he said, “you all must put away the words ‘master and disciples.’” “Without these terms,” said Eight Rules, “how shall we address ourselves?” Pilgrim said, “We should do so as if we were in a fraternal order:

Master shall be called Grand Master Tang, you shall be Third Master Zhu, Sha Monk shall be called Fourth Master Sha, and I shall be called Second Master Sun. When we reach the hotel, however, none of you should talk; let me do all the talking. If they ask us what sort of business we’re in, I’ll say that we’re horse traders, using this white horse of ours as a sample. I’ll tell them that there are altogether ten of us in this fraternal order, but the four of us have come first to rent a room in the hotel and sell our horse. The innkeeper will certainly take care of us. If we receive his hospitality, I’ll pick up by the time we leave some bits or pieces of broken tiles and change them into silver to thank him. Then we’ll get on with our journey.”

The elder had no alternative but to comply reluctantly.

The four of them, leading the horse and toting the luggage, hurried into the city. It was fortunate that this happened to be a peaceful region, so that the city gates had not yet been closed even as the time of the night watch began. When they reached the door of the Steward Wang’s Hotel, they heard noises from inside, crying, “I’ve lost my head wrap!”

Another person cried, “I’ve lost my clothes.”

Feigning ignorance, Pilgrim led them to another hotel, catercorner from this one. Since that hotel had not yet even taken down its lantern, Pilgrim walked up to the door and called out:

"Innkeeper, do you have a room for us to stay in?" Some woman inside replied at once, "Yes! Yes! Yes! Let the masters go up to the second floor." She had hardly finished speaking when a man arrived to take the horse, which Pilgrim handed over to him. He himself led his master behind the lamplight and up to the door of the second floor, where lounge tables and chairs had been placed. He pushed open the shutters, and moonlight streamed in as they took their seats. Someone came up with lighted lamps, but Pilgrim barred the door and blew out the lamps with one breath. "We don't need lamps when the moon's so bright," he said.

After the person with the lamps had been sent away, another maid brought up four bowls of pure tea, which Pilgrim accepted. From below, a woman about fifty-seven or fifty-eight years old came straight up to the second floor. Standing to one side, she asked, "Gentlemen, where have you come from? What treasure merchandise do you have?"

"We came from the north," replied Pilgrim, "and we have a few ordinary horses to sell."

"Well," said the woman, "we haven't seen many guests who sell horses."

"This one is Grand Master Tang," said Pilgrim, "this one is Third Master Zhu, and this one is Fourth Master Sha. Your humble student here is Second Master Sun."

"All different surnames," said the woman with a giggle.

"Indeed, all different surnames but living together," said Pilgrim. "There are altogether ten of us in our fraternal order; we four have come first to seek lodging at your hotel, and the six others are resting outside the city. With a herd of horses, they don't dare enter the city at such an hour. When we have located the proper place for them to stay, they'll come in tomorrow morning. Once we have sold the horses, we'll leave."

"How many horses are there in your herd?" asked the woman.

"Big and small, there are over a hundred," said Pilgrim, "all very much like the horse we have here. Only their colors vary."

Giggling some more, the woman said, "Second Master Sun is indeed a merchant in every way! It's a good thing that you've come to our place, for any other household would not dare receive you. We happen to have a large courtyard here, complete with stalls and stocked with feed. Even if you had several hundred horses, we can take care of them. You should be aware, too, that our hotel has been here for years and has gained quite a reputation. My late husband, who unfortunately died long ago, had the surname of Zhao, and that's why this hotel is named Widow Zhao's Inn. We have three classes of accommodation here. If you will kindly allow impoliteness to precede courtesy, I will discuss the room rates with you, so I'll know what to charge you."

"What you say is quite right," said Pilgrim. "What three classes of accommodation do you have in your hotel? As the saying goes,

High, medium, and low, are three prices of goods,
Guests, far and near, are not treated the same.

Tell me a little of your three classes of accommodation." Widow Zhao said, "What we have here are the superior, moderate, and inferior classes of accommodation. For the superior, we will prepare a banquet of five kinds of fruits and five courses, topped by lion-head puddings and peck-candies. There will be two persons per table,

and young hostesses will be invited to drink and rest with you. The charge per person is five coins of silver, and this includes the room."

"What a bargain!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "Where I came from, five coins of silver won't even pay for the young ladies!"

"For the moderate," said the widow again, "all of you will share one table, and you'll get only fruits and hot wine. You yourselves may establish your drinking rules and play your finger-guessing games, but no young hostesses will be present. For this, we charge two coins of silver per person."

"That's even more of a bargain," said Pilgrim. "What's the inferior class like?"

"I dare not describe that in front of honored guests," replied the woman.

"You may tell us," said Pilgrim. "We'll find our bargain and do our thing."

The woman said, "In the inferior class there's no one to serve you. You may eat whatever rice there is in the pot, and when you've had your fill, you can get some straw and make yourself a bed on the ground. Find yourself a place to sleep, and in the morning you may give us a few pennies for the rice. We won't haggle with you." On hearing this, Eight Rules said, "Lucky! Lucky! That's old Hog's kind of bargain! Let me stand in front of the pot and stuff myself with rice. Then I'll have a nice damn snooze in front of the hearth!"

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "what are you saying? You and I, after all, have managed to earn a few ounces of silver here and there in the world, haven't we? Give us the superior class!"

Filled with delight, the woman cried, "Bring some fine tea! Tell the chefs to start their preparations." She dashed downstairs and shouted some more:

"Slaughter some chickens and geese. Have them cooked or cured to go with the rice. Slaughter a pig and a lamb too; even if we can't use them today, we may use them tomorrow. Get the good wine. Cook white-grain rice, and take bleached flour to make biscuits." When he heard her from upstairs, Tripitaka said, "Second Master Sun, what shall we do? She is planning to slaughter chickens, geese, a pig, and a lamb. When she brings these things up, which one of us, keepers of a perpetual vegetarian diet that we are, dare take one bite?"

"I know what to do," replied Pilgrim, and he went to the head of the stairs and tapped the floor with his foot. "Mama Zhao, please come up here," he said. The mama came up and said, "What instructions do you have for me, Second Master?"

"Don't slaughter anything today," said Pilgrim, "for we're keeping a vegetarian diet."

Astonished, the widow asked, "Do the masters keep a perpetual diet or a monthly diet?"

"Neither," replied Pilgrim, "for ours is named the *gengshen* diet. Since the cyclical combination for today is, in fact, *gengshen*, we must keep the diet. Once the hour of the third watch is past, it will be the day of *xinyou*, and we'll be able to eat meat. You may do the slaughtering tomorrow. Please go now and prepare us some vegetarian dishes. We'll pay you the price of the superior class just the same."

The woman was more delighted than ever. She dashed downstairs to say, "Don't slaughter anything! Don't slaughter anything! Take some wood ears, Fujian bamboo-

shoots, bean curds, wheat glutens, and pull some greens from our garden to make vermicelli soup. Let the dough rise so that we can steam some rolls. We can cook the white-grain rice and brew fragrant tea also."

Aha! Those chefs in the kitchen, accustomed to do this every day, finished their preparations in no time at all. The food was brought upstairs, along with readymade lion-puddings and candied fruits, so that the four could enjoy themselves to their hearts' content.

"Do you take dietary wine?" the woman asked again. Pilgrim said, "Only Grand Master Tang doesn't drink, but the rest of us can use a few cups."

The widow then brought up a bottle of hot wine.

Hardly had the three of them finished pouring when they heard loud hangings on the floor down below.

"Mama," said Pilgrim, "did something fall downstairs?"

"No," replied the widow. "A few hired hands from our humble village who arrived rather late tonight with their monthly payment of rice were told to sleep downstairs. Since you masters have come, and we haven't enough help right now, I've asked them to take the carriages to go fetch the young hostesses here to keep you company. The poles on the carriages must have accidentally backed into the boards of the staircase."

"It's a good thing that you mention this," said Pilgrim. "Quickly tell them not to go. For one thing we're still keeping the diet, and for another our brothers have not yet arrived. Wait till they come in tomorrow, then we'll invite some call girls for the whole order to have some fun right here. After we've sold our horses, we'll leave."

"Good man! Good man!" said the widow. "You've not destroyed the peace, but you've saved your own energy at the same time!" She called out, "Bring back the carriages. No need to fetch the girls."

After the four had finished the wine and rice, the utensils were taken away, and the attendants left.

Tripitaka whispered behind Pilgrim's ear, "Where shall we sleep?"

"Up here," replied Pilgrim. "It's not quite safe," said Tripitaka.

"All of us are rather tired. When we're asleep, if someone from this household chances to come by to fix things up and notices our bald heads if our caps roll off, they will see that we're monks. What shall we do if they begin yelling?"

"Indeed!" replied Pilgim. He went again to the head of the stairs to tap his foot, and the widow came up once more to ask, "What does Master Sun want?"

"Where shall we sleep?" asked Pilgrim. "Why, up here, of course!" said the woman. "There are no mosquitoes. You may open wide the windows, and with a nice southerly breeze, it's perfect for you to sleep."

"No, we can't," said Pilgrim. "Our Third Master Zhu here is somewhat allergic to dampness, and Fourth Master Sha has arthritic shoulders. Big Brother Tang can only sleep in the dark, and I, too, am rather sensitive to light. This is no place to sleep."

The mama walked downstairs and, leaning on the counter, began to sigh. A daughter of hers, carrying a child, approached and said, "Mother, as the proverb says,

For ten days you sit on the shore;
In one day you may pass nine beaches.

Since this is the hot season, we haven't much business, but by the time of the fall, business may increase so much that we can't even cope with it. Why are you sighing?"

"Child," replied the woman, "I'm not worrying about lack of business, for at dusk today I was ready to close shop. But at the hour when the night watch began, four horse traders came to rent a room. Since they wanted the superior-class accommodation, I was hoping to make a few pennies' profit from them. But they keep a vegetarian diet, and that completely dashes my hopes. That's why I'm sighing."

Her daughter said, "If they have eaten our rice, they can't leave and go to another household. Tomorrow we can prepare meat and wine for them. Why can't we make our profit then?"

"But they are all sick," said the woman again, "afraid of draft, sensitive to light; they all want to sleep in a dark place. Come to think of it, all the buildings in our household are covered by single-tiered transparent tiles. Where are we going to find a dark enough place for them? I think we'd better consider donating the meal to them and ask them to go someplace else."

"Mother," said her daughter, "there's a dark place in my building, and it has no draft. It's perfect!"

"Where is that?" asked the woman. The daughter said, "When father was alive, he made a huge wardrobe trunk about four feet wide, seven feet long, and at least three feet deep. Six or seven people can probably sleep in it. Tell them to go inside the wardrobe and sleep there."

"I wonder if it's acceptable," said the woman. "Let me ask them. Hey, Master Sun, our humble dwelling is terribly small, and there is no dark place. We have only a huge wardrobe trunk which neither wind nor light can get through. How about sleeping in that?"

"Fine! Fine! Fine!" replied Pilgrim. Several of the hired hands were asked at once to haul out the wardrobe and remove the door before they were told to go downstairs. With Pilgrim leading his master and Sha Monk picking up the pole of luggage, they walked behind the lamplight to the wardrobe. Without regard for good or ill, Eight Rules immediately crawled in. After handing him the luggage, Sha Monk helped the Tang Monk in before entering himself.

"Where's our horse?" asked Pilgrim. One of the attendants on the side replied, "It's tethered at the rear of the house and feeding."

"Bring it, along with the feed," said Pilgrim, "and tether it tightly beside the wardrobe." Only then did he himself enter the wardrobe. He cried, "Mama Zhao, put on the door, stick in the bolt and lock it up. Then take a look for us and see whether there are any holes anywhere that light may get through. Paste them up with paper. Tomorrow, come early and open the wardrobe."

"You're much too careful!" said the widow. Thereafter everyone left to close the doors and sleep, and we shall leave those people for the moment.

We tell you now about the four of them inside the wardrobe. How pitiful! For one thing, it was the first time they had ever worn head wraps; for another, the weather

was hot. Moreover, it was very stuffy because no breeze could get in. They all took off their wraps and their clothes, but without fans they could only wave their monk caps a little. Crowding and leaning on one another, they all began to doze by about the hour of the second watch.

Pilgrim, however, was determined to be mischievous! As he was the only one who could not sleep, he stretched out his hand and gave Eight Rules's leg a pinch. Pulling back his leg, our Idiot mumbled, "Go to sleep! Look how miserable we are! And you still find it interesting to pinch people's arms and legs for fun?"

As a lark, Pilgrim began to say, "We originally had five thousand taels of silver.

We sold some horses previously for three thousand taels, and right now, there are still four thousand taels left in the money bags. We can also sell our present herd of horses for three thousand taels, and we'll have both capital and profit. That's enough! That's enough!"

Eight Rules, of course, was a man intent on sleeping, and he refused to answer him.

Little did they know that the waiters, the water haulers, and the fire tenders of this hotel had always been part of a band of thieves.

When they heard Pilgrim speaking of so much silver, some of them slipped out at once and called up some twenty other thieves, who arrived with torches and staffs to rob the horse traders. As they rushed in, Widow Zhao and her daughter were so terrified that they slammed shut the door of their own building and let the thieves do what they pleased. Those bandits, you see, did not want anything from the hotel; all they desired was to find the guests. When they saw no trace of them upstairs, they searched everywhere with torches and came upon the huge wardrobe in the courtyard. To one of the legs a white horse was tethered. The wardrobe was tightly locked, and they could not pry open the door.

The thieves said, "Worldly people like us have to be observant! If this wardrobe is so heavy, there must be luggage and riches locked inside. What if we steal the horse, haul the wardrobe outside the city, break it up, and divide the contents among ourselves—wouldn't that be nice?" Indeed, those thieves did find some ropes and poles, with which they proceeded to haul the wardrobe out of the hotel. As they walked, the load swayed from side to side.

Waking up with a start, Eight Rules said, "O Elder Brother, please go to sleep! Why are you shaking us?"

"Don't talk!" said Pilgrim.

"No one's shaking you."

Tripitaka and Sha Monk also woke up and cried, "Who is carrying us?"

"Don't shout! Don't shout!" said Pilgrim. "Let them carry us. If they haul us all the way to the Western Heaven, it'll save us some walking!" When those thieves succeeded in getting away from the hotel, they did not head for the West; instead, they hauled the chest toward the east of the city, where they broke out after killing some of the guards at the city gate. That disturbance, of course, alerted people in the six boulevards and three marts, the firemen and guards living in various stations. The reports went quickly to the Regional Patrol Commander and the East City Warden's office. Since this was an affair for which they had to assume responsibility, the

commander and the warden at once summoned the cavalry and archers to pursue the thieves out of the city. When the thieves saw how strong the government troops were, they dared not contend with them. Putting down the huge wardrobe and abandoning the white horse, they fled in every direction. The government troops did not manage even to catch half a thief, but they did take the wardrobe and caught the horse, and they returned in triumph. As he looked at the horse beneath the lights, the commander saw that it was a fine creature indeed:

Its mane parts like silver threads;
Its tail dangles as strips of jade.
Why mention the Eight Noble Dragon Steeds?
This one surpasses Suxiang's slow trotting.
Its bones would fetch a thousand gold,
This wind-chaser through ten thousand miles.
He climbs mountains oft to join the green clouds,
Neighs at the moon, and fuses with white snow.
Truly a dragon that has left the isles,
A jade unicorn that man loves to own!

The commander, instead of riding his own horse, mounted this white horse to lead his troops back into the city. The wardrobe was hauled into his official residence, where it was then sealed with an official tape issued jointly by him and the warden. Soldiers were to guard it until dawn, when they could memorialize to the king to see about its disposal. As the other troops retired, we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about the elder Tang inside the wardrobe, who complained to Pilgrim saying, "You ape-head! You've just about put me to death! If we had stayed outside and been caught and sent before the king of the Dharma-Destroying Kingdom, we could still argue with him. Now we are locked up in a wardrobe, abducted by thieves, and then recovered by government troops. When we see the king tomorrow, we'll be ready-made victims for him to complete his number of ten thousand!" Pilgrim said, "There are people outside right now! If they open the wardrobe and take us out, we'll either be bound or hanged! Do try to be more patient, so that we don't have to face the ropes. When we see that befuddled king tomorrow, old Monkey has his own way of answering him. I promise you that you'll not be harmed one whit. Now relax and sleep."

By about the hour of the third watch, Pilgrim exercised his ability and eased his rod out. Blowing his immortal breath on it, he cried, "Change!" and it changed into a three-pointed drill. He drilled along the bottom edge of the wardrobe two or three times and made a small hole. Retrieving the drill, he changed with one shake of his body into an ant and crawled out. Then he changed back into his original form to soar on the clouds into the royal palace. The king at that moment was sleeping soundly.

Using the Grand Magic of Body-Division in the Assembly of Gods, Pilgrim ripped off all the hairs on his left arm. He blew his immortal breath on them, crying, "Change!"

They all changed into tiny Pilgrims. From his right arm he pulled off all the hairs, too, and blew his immortal breath on them, crying, "Change!"

They changed into sleep-inducing insects. Then he recited another magic spell, which began with the letter *Oṃ*, to summon the local spirits of the region into his presence. They were told to lead the small Pilgrims so that they could scatter throughout the royal palace, the Five Military Commissions, the Six Ministries, and the residences

of officials high and low. Anyone with rank and appointment would be given a sleep-inducing insect, so that he would sleep soundly without even turning over.

Pilgrim also took up his golden-hooped rod; with a sqeeze and a wave, he cried, "Treasure, change!" It changed at once into hundreds and thousands of razor blades. He took one of them, and he told the tiny Pilgrims each to take one, so that they could go into the palace, the commissions, and the ministries to shave heads. Ah! This is how it was:

King would the boundless dhartna destroy,
Which fills the world and reaches the great Way.
All dharma-causes are of substance one;
wondrous forms are all the same.
The jade cupboard's drilled through, the truth is known;
Gold hairs are scattered and blindness is removed.
Dharma-king will surely the right fruit attain:
Birthless and deathless, in the void he'll remain.

The shaving activities that went on for half the night were completely successful. Thereafter Pilgrim recited his spell to dismiss the local spirits. With one shake of his body he retrieved the hairs of both his arms. The razor blades he squeezed back into their true and original form—one golden-hooped rod—which he then reduced in size to store in his ear once more. He next assumed the form of an ant to crawl back into the wardrobe before changing into his original appearance to accompany the Tang Monk in his confinement.

There we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about those palace maidens and harem girls in the inner chambers of the royal palace, who rose before dawn to wash and do their hair. Everyone of them had lost her hair. The hair of all the palace eunuchs, young and old, had also vanished. They crowded outside the palatial bedchambers to start the music for waking the royal couple, all fighting hard to hold back their tears and not daring to report their mishap.

In a little while, the queen of the three palaces awoke, and she too found that her hair was gone. Hurriedly she moved a lamp to glance at the dragon bed: there in the midst of the silk coverlets a monk was sleeping!

Unable to contain herself, the queen began to speak and her words awoke the king. When the king opened his eyes, all he saw was the bald head of the queen. Sitting bolt upright, he said, "My queen, why do you look like this?"

"But my lord is also like this!" replied the queen. One touch of his own head sent the king into sheer panic, crying, "What has become of us?" In that moment of desperation, the consorts of six halls, the palace maidens, and the eunuchs young and old all entered with bald heads. They knelt down and said, "Our lord, we have all become Buddhist priests!" When the king saw them, tears fell from his eyes. "It must be the result of our slaughtering the monks," he said. Whereupon he gave this decree:

"You are forbidden, all of you, to mention your loss of hair, for we fear that the civil and military officials would criticize the unrighteousness of the state. Let's prepare to hold court at the main hall." We tell you now about all those officials, high and low, in the Five Commissions and Six Ministries, who were about to have an audience with the throne at dawn. As each one of them, you see, had also lost his hair during the night,

they were all busily preparing memorials to report the incident. Thus you could hear that

Three times the whip struck as they faced the king:
The cause of their shorn hair they would make known.

We do not know what has happened to the stolen goods recovered by the commander of the government troops; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-FIVE

Mind Monkey envies Wood Mother
The demon lord plots to devour Chan

We were telling you about the morning court of the king, during which many civil and military officials presented their memorials, saying, "Our Lord, please pardon your subjects for being remiss in their manners."

"Our worthy ministers have not departed from their customary good deportment," replied the king. "What is remiss in your manners?"

"O Our Lord!" said the various ministers; "we do not know the reason, but during the night all your subjects lost their hair."

Clutching those memorials that complained of loss of hair, the king descended from his dragon couch to say to his subjects, "Indeed we do not know the reason either, but we and the other members of the royal palace, high and low, also lost all our hair."

As tears gushed from their eyes, ruler and subjects said to one another, "From now on, we wouldn't dare slaughter monks!"

Then the king ascended his dragon couch once more as the officials returned to standing in ranks. The king said, "Let those who have any business leave their ranks to present their memorials; if there is no further business, let the screen be rolled up so that the court may retire."

From the ranks of military officials the city patrol commander stepped out, and from the ranks of the civil officials the east city warden walked forward. Both came up to the steps to kowtow and say, "By your sage decree your subjects were on patrol last night, and we succeeded in recovering the stolen goods of one cupboard and one white horse. Your lowly subjects dare not dispose of these by our own authority, and we beg you to render a decision."

Highly pleased, the king said, "Bring us both horse and cupboard."

As soon as the two officials went back to their offices, they immediately summoned their troops to haul out the cupboard. Locked inside, Tripitaka became so terrified that his soul was about to leave his body. "Disciples," he said, "what do we say once we appear before the king?" Laughing, Pilgrim said, "Stop fussing! I have made the proper arrangements! When they open the cupboard, they'll bow to us as their teachers. Just tell Eight Rules not to wrangle over seniority!"

"To be spared from execution," said Eight Rules, "is already boundless blessing! You think I dare wrangle?"

Hardly had they finished talking when the cupboard was hauled to the court; the soldiers carried it inside the Five-Phoenix Tower and placed it before the vermilion steps.

When the subjects asked the king to inspect the cupboard, he immediately commanded that it be opened. The moment the cover was lifted, however, Zhu Eight Rules could not refrain from leaping out, so terrifying the various officials that they were all struck dumb.

Then they saw the Tang Monk emerging, supported by Pilgrim Sun, while Sha Monk brought out the luggage. When Eight Rules caught sight of the commander holding the horse, he rushed forward and bellowed, "The horse is ours! Give it to me!"

The commander was so scared that he fell backward head over heels.

As the four of them stood on the steps, the king noticed that they were all Buddhist priests. Hurrying down from his dragon couch, the king asked all his consorts of the three palaces to join his subjects in descending from the Treasure Hall of Golden Chimes and bowing with him to the clerics. "Where did the elders come from?" the king asked.

Tripitaka said, "We are those sent by the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go to India's Great Thunderclap Monastery in the West to seek true scriptures from the living Buddha."

"If the Venerable Master had come from such a great distance," said the king, "for what reason did you choose to rest in a cupboard?"

"Your humble cleric," replied Tripitaka, "had learned of Your Majesty's vow to slaughter monks. We therefore dared not approach your superior state openly. Disguising ourselves as laymen, we came by night to an inn in your treasure region to ask for lodging. As we were afraid that people might still recognize our true identity, we chose to sleep in the cupboard, which unfortunately was stolen by thieves. It was then recovered by the commander and brought here. Now that I am privileged to behold the dragon countenance of Your Majesty, I feel as if I had caught sight of the sun after the clouds had parted. I beg Your Majesty to extend your grace and favor wide as the sea to pardon and release this humble cleric."

"The Venerable Master is a noble priest from the heavenly court of a superior state," replied the king, "and it is we who have been remiss in our welcome. The reason for our vow to slaughter monks stems from the fact that we were slandered by certain priests in years past. We therefore vowed to Heaven to kill ten thousand monks as a figure of perfection. Little did we anticipate that we would be forced to become monks instead, for all of us—ruler and subjects, king and consorts—now have had our hair shorn off. We, in turn, beg the Venerable Master not to be sparing in your great virtue and accept us as your disciples." When Eight Rules heard these words, he roared with laughter, saying, "If you want to be our disciples, what sort of presentation gifts do you have for us?"

"If the Master is willing," said the king, "we would be prepared to offer you the treasures and wealth of the state."

"Don't mention treasures and wealth," said Pilgrim, "for we are the sort of monks who keep to our principles. Only certify our travel rescript and escort us out of the city. We promise you that your kingdom will be secure forever, and you will be endowed with blessings and long life in abundance." When the king heard that, he at once ordered the Court of Imperial Entertainments to prepare a huge banquet. Ruler and subjects, meanwhile, prostrated themselves to return to the One. The travel rescript was certified immediately, and then the king requested the masters to change the name of his kingdom. "Your Majesty," said Pilgrim, "the name of Dharma Kingdom is an excellent one; it's only the word 'Destroying' that's inadequate. Since we have passed through this region, you may change its name to Dharma-Honoring Kingdom. I promise that you will

Prosper a thousand years in calm rivers and seas,

With rain and wind in season and in all quarters peace."

After thanking Pilgrim, the king asked for the imperial cortege and the entire court to escort master and disciples out of the city so they could leave for the West. Then ruler and subjects held fast to virtue to return to the truth, and we shall speak no more of them.

We tell you now about the elder, who took leave of the king of the Dharma-Honoring Kingdom. As he rode along, he said in great delight, "Wukong, you've employed an excellent method this time, and you've achieved a great merit."

"O Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "where did you find so many barbers to shave off so many heads during the night?"

Thereupon Pilgrim gave a thorough account of how he underwent transformations and exercised magic powers. Master and disciples laughed so hard they could hardly get their mouths shut. In that very moment of gaiety, they suddenly saw a tall mountain blocking their path.

Reining in his horse, the Tang Monk said, "Disciples, look how rugged that mountain is. We must be careful!"

"Relax! Relax!" said Pilgrim with a laugh. "I guarantee you there's nothing to be afraid of!"

"Stop saying there's nothing!" replied Tripitaka. "I can see how precipitous the mountain peak is, and even from a great distance there appear to be violent vapors and savage clouds soaring up from it. I'm getting more and more apprehensive; my whole body's turning numb, and I'm filled with troubled thoughts." Still laughing, Pilgrim said, "And you've long forgotten the Heart Sūtra of the Crow's Nest Zen Master."

"I do remember it," said Tripitaka. "You may remember the sūtra," said Pilgrim, "but there are four lines of gāthā which you have forgotten."

"Which four lines?" asked Tripitaka. Pilgrim said,

not afar for Buddha on Spirit Mount;
Mount Spirit lives only inside your mind.
There's in each man a Spirit Mount stūpa;
Beneath this stūpa you must be refined.

"Disciple," said Tripitaka, "you think I don't know this? According to these four lines, the lesson of all scriptures concerns only the cultivation of the mind."

"Of course, that goes without saying," said Pilgrim. "For when the mind is pure, it shines forth as a solitary lamp, and when the mind is secure, the entire phenomenal world becomes clarified. The tiniest error, however, makes for the way to slothfulness, and then you'll never succeed even in ten thousand years. Maintain your vigilance with the utmost sincerity, and Thunderclap will be right before your eyes. But when you afflict yourself like that with fears and troubled thoughts, then the Great Way and, indeed, Thunderclap seem far away. Let's stop all these wild guesses. Follow me." When the elder heard these words, his mind and spirit immediately cheered up as all worries subsided.

The four of them proceeded, and a few steps brought them into the mountain. This was what met their eyes:

The mountain's truly a good mountain.
Look closely, it's mixed colors show!

On top the clouds wander and drift;
Tree shades are cool before the cliff.
Birds screechy and shrill;
Beasts savage and fierce.
A thousand pines in the forest;
A few bamboos on the summit.
Those snarling are grey wolves fighting for food;
Those growling are tigers struggling for feed.
Wild apes wail long as they search for fresh fruits;
The deer climb o'er flowers to reach the peak.
A soughing breeze
And gurgling stream,
Where oft you hear the coos of birds unseen.
In a few places creepers pull and tug;
By the brook orchids mix with fine grasses.
Strange rocks sharply etched;
Hanging cliffs sheer and straight.
Foxes and raccoons dash by in packs;
Badgers and gibbons frolic in bands.
traveler, troubled by such ruggedness,
Can do little with an old path's curviness!

Wary and cautious, master and disciples walked along, and all at once they heard the howling of a strong gust. Becoming fearful, Tripitaka said, "A wind has risen!" Pilgrim said, "Spring has a temperate wind, summer a warm one. Autumn has a west wind, and winter has a north wind. There are winds in all four seasons. Why fear a gust of wind now?"

"But this wind has blown up so quickly," replied Tripitaka, "that it cannot possibly be a natural wind."

"From ancient times," said Pilgrim, "wind has risen from the ground and clouds have emerged from mountains. How could there be such a thing as a natural wind?"

Hardly had he finished speaking when they also saw fog rising. That fog truly

Spreads out to make the sky opaque
As darkness the earth overtakes.
The sun wholly loses its light;
All singing birds vanish from sight.
It seems like Chaos returning,
Like dust both flying and churning.
When summit trees all disappear,
Could one an herb-picker go near?

Becoming more alarmed than ever, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, the wind has hardly subsided. Why is there such fog rising?"

"Let's not jump to any conclusion," replied Pilgrim. "Let our master dismount, and the two brothers can stand guard here. I'll go see whether the situation is evil or auspicious."

Dear Great Sage! One snap of his torso shot him up to midair: shading his brows with his hand, he opened wide his fiery eyes to peer downward and at once discovered that there was, indeed, a monster-spirit sitting by a hanging cliff. Look how he appears:

A burly body swathed in colored hues,
Stalwart and tall, he seems most spirited.
His fangs push through his mouth like drills of steel;
His nose in the center's a hook of jade.
His golden eyes flaring, fowl and beasts take fright.
His silver beard bristling, god and ghosts grow sad.
Perched firmly by the ledge he flaunts his might;
By belching wind and fog he plies his wiles.

Standing in rows to the left and right of him were some thirty or forty little fiends, all watching his magic exercise as he belched out wind and spat out fog.

Chuckling to himself, Pilgrim said, "My master does have a little prescience! He said it was no natural wind, and indeed it was a stunt of this monster's that brought it forth. If old Monkey uses his iron rod now to deliver a blow downward, it will be nothing but a 'Garlic Pounder.' I'll strike him dead, but it'll also ruin old Monkey's reputation." Valiant all his life, Pilgrim never quite knew how to stab people in the back. He said to himself instead, "I'll go back and give some business to Zhu Eight Rules. Let him come first to do battle with this monster-spirit. If Eight Rules is capable of defeating this monster, it'll be his good fortune. If he's not strong enough and gets himself captured, then I'll go rescue him. That's the proper way to enlarge my fame. But wait! Usually he's quite lazy and refuses to take the initiative in anything. Nonetheless he's hoggish and loves to eat. Let me trick him a little and see what he'll say." Instantly dropping down from the clouds, he went before Tripitaka, who asked, "Wukong, how's the situation in the wind and fog?"

"It seems to have cleared up right now," replied Pilgrim, "for there's hardly any wind or fog."

"Yes," said Tripitaka, "they do seem to have subsided."

"Master," said Pilgrim with a chuckle, "my eyesight is usually quite good, but this time I've made a mistake. I had thought that there might be a monster in the wind and fog, but there wasn't."

"What is it then?" asked Tripitaka.

"There's a village not too far ahead," said Pilgrim, "and the families there are quite devoted to good works. They are steaming white-grain rice and bleached-flour buns to feed the monks. The fog, I suppose, could have been the steam coming from their steamers, a sure sign of their good works." When Eight Rules heard this, he thought it was the truth. Pulling Pilgrim aside, he said softly, "Elder Brother, did you take a meal with them before you came back?"

"I didn't eat much," said Pilgrim, "for the vegetable dishes were a bit too salty for my taste."

"Bah!" exclaimed Eight Rules. "No matter how salty they might be, I would have eaten until my stomach was filled. If I'm too thirsty, I'll come back and drink water."

"Do you want to eat?" asked Pilgrim.

"Of course," replied Eight Rules, "because I'm just feeling a little hungry! I would like very much to go and eat something. What do you think?"

"Brother," said Pilgrim, "you shouldn't mention this. An ancient book said, 'When the father is present, the son should not act on his own.'

If Master remains here, who dares go there first?"

"If you don't speak up," said Eight Rules, giggling, "I'll be able to go."

"I won't," said Pilgrim. "I'd like to see how you manage to get away."

That Idiot, you see, was peculiarly endowed with gluttonish intelligence. Walking forward, he bowed deeply and said, "Master, just now Elder Brother told us that there are families in the village ahead who are feeding the monks. Our horse here, however, is bound to bother people once we get there. Won't it be a nuisance when we have to find feed or hay for him? It's a good thing that the sky is now cleared of wind and fog. Why don't you sit here for a while and let me go find some nice, tender grass to feed the horse? Then we may proceed to beg for our meal from those households."

"Marvelous!" said a delighted Tang Monk. "How is it that you're so industrious today? Go, and return quickly!"

Chuckling to himself, that Idiot left at once, only to be pulled back by Pilgrim, saying, "Brother, those families there will feed only handsome monks, not ugly ones."

"If you put it that way," said Eight Rules, "it means I have to undergo transformation again."

"Exactly," said Pilgrim, "you'd better change a little."

Dear Idiot! He too had the ability of thirty-six transformations. After he walked into the fold of the mountain, he made the magic sign and recited a spell; with one shake of his body he changed into a rather thin and short priest. His hand striking a wooden fish, he began to mutter something as he walked. He knew nothing of chanting scriptures, of course, and all he could mumble was "Noble Eminence!" We tell you now about that fiend who, after he had retrieved the wind and fog, ordered the various fiends to form a circle at the entrance of the main road and wait for the travelers. Our Idiot had the misfortune to walk right into the circle. The various fiends at once had him surrounded; some tugged at his clothes while others pulled at his sash. As they surged around him, Eight Rules said, "Stop pulling! I'll eat from you, house by house!"

"Monk," said the fiends, "what do you want to eat?"

"You people want to feed the monks," said Eight Rules, "and I have come to take my meal."

"So, you think we're feeding the monks," said one of the monsters. "You don't know that we specialize in eating monks here. Since we are monstrous immortals who have attained the Way in the mountain, we are particularly fond of catching monks and bringing them into our house to have them steamed in steamers. And you want to eat our meals instead!" On hearing this, Eight Rules was so horrified that he began to castigate Pilgrim, saying, "This Ban-Horse-Plague is such a rogue! He lied to me about the feeding of monks in this village. What village is there, and what feeding of monks? These are monster-spirits!"

Exasperated by their pulling, our Idiot at once changed back into his original form and took out his muckrake from his waist. A few wild blows sent those little monsters retreating. They dashed back, in fact, to report to the old fiend:

"Great King, disaster!"

"What sort of disaster?" asked the old fiend. One of the little monsters said, "From the front of the mountain arrived a monk who looked quite neat. I said that we should take him home to be steamed, and if we couldn't finish him immediately, we could have parts of him cured and left for bad weather. I didn't expect him to know how to change."

"What did he change into?" asked the old monster.

"Nothing that looks human!" said the little monster. "Long snout, huge ears, and a tuft of hair behind his head. Wielding a muckrake with both his hands, he delivered blows madly at us. We were so scared that we ran back to report to the great king."

"Don't be afraid," said the old fiend. "Let me go look."

He held up an iron club and walked forward, only to discover that Idiot was ugly indeed. This was how he appeared:

A snout, pestlelike, over three feet long
And teeth protruding like silver prongs.
Bright like lightning a pair of eyeballs round,
Two ears that whip the wind in hu-hu *sound.*
Arrowlike hairs behind his head are seen;
His whole body's skin is both coarse and green.
His hands hold up a thing bizarre and queer:
A muckrake of nine prongs which all men fear.

Forcing himself to be bold, the monster-spirit shouted:

"Where did you come from? What is your name? Tell me quickly, and I'll spare your life!" With a chuckle Eight Rules said, "My child, so you don't recognize your Ancestor Zhu! Come up here and I'll recite for you:

With huge mouth and fangs I've great magic might.
Emperor Jade made me Marshal Heavenly Reeds.
The boss of Heaven's eighty-thousand marines,
Comforts and joys I had in the halls of light.
Because I mocked Chang'e when I was drunk
And flaunted my strength at a wrongful hour—
One shove of my snout toppled Tushita;
Queen Mother's divine herbs I then devoured—
Emperor Jade pounded me two thousand times
And banished me from the Three Heavens realm.
Though told to nourish my primal spirit,
I became again a monster down below.
About to marry at the Village Gao,
I met Brother Sun—'twas my wretched fate!
defeated by his golden-hooped rod,
I had to bow and take the Buddhist vow:
A coolie who bears luggage and leads the horse,

Who owes, in former life, the Tang Monk a debt!
This iron-legged Heavenly Reed's name is Zhu;
And my religious name is Zhu Eight Rules."

On hearing these words, the monster-spirit snapped, "So you're the disciple of the Tang Monk. I've always heard that the flesh of the Tang Monk is most edible. Now that you've barged in here, you think I'll spare you? Don't run away! Watch my club!"

"Cursed beast!" said Eight Rules. "So you used to be a Doctor in Dyeing!"

"Why was I a Doctor in Dyeing?" asked the monster-spirit.

"If you weren't," replied Eight Rules, "how would you know the use of a stirring club?"

The fiend, of course, did not permit any further chatter; he drew near and struck madly. The two of them thus began quite a furious battle in the fold of the mountain:

The nine-pronged muckrake,
One single iron club—
The rake in motion churned like violent wind;
The club used deftly flew like sudden rain.
One was a nameless, vile fiend blocking the mountain path;
One was sinful Heavenly Reeds helping Nature's lord.
With Nature righted, why fear demons or fiends?
On tall mountains, earth would not beget gold.
That one's club parried like a serpent bolting from the deep;
This one's rake came like a dragon breaking from the banks.
Their shouts, thunderous, rocked mountains and streams;
Their cries, heroic, stirred the depths of earth.
Two valiant fighters each showing his power
To wage a life-risking contest of might.

Summoning his own powers, Eight Rules engaged the monster-spirit, who also shouted for the little fiends to have his opponent encircled.

We shall leave them for the moment and tell you instead about Pilgrim, who, standing behind the Tang Monk, burst out laughing all of a sudden. "Elder Brother," asked Sha Monk, "why are you snickering?"

"Zhu Eight Rules is truly idiotic!" said Pilgrim. "When he heard that people were feeding monks, he was deceived into leaving immediately and still hasn't returned after all this time. If his rake managed to beat back a monster-spirit, you would be able to watch him come back in triumph and clamor for merit. But if he could not withstand him and got himself captured, then that would be my misfortune also, for I don't know how many times, backward and forward, he would castigate me as Ban-Horse-Plague. Wujing, stop talking to me for a while. Let me go see what's happening."

Dear Great Sage! Without letting the elder know, he quietly pulled a hair from the back of his head and blew his immortal breath on it, crying, "Change!" It changed into his appearance to accompany both Sha Monk and the elder. His true body left with his spirit to shoot up into the air and look: he soon discovered that Idiot, surrounded by the fiends, was gradually losing ground, the movements of his muckrake slackening.

Pilgrim could no longer restrain himself; lowering his cloud, he cried out in a loud voice, "Don't worry Eight Rules! Old Monkey's here!" When that Idiot heard

Pilgrim's voice, he was stirred to greater strength than ever as he attacked madly with his rake. Unable to withstand him, the monster-spirit said, "A moment ago this monk was beginning to weaken. Why is it that he has turned more ferocious all at once?"

"My child," said Eight Rules, "you shouldn't try to oppress me! A family member of mine has arrived!"

Ever more fiercely he delivered blows at his opponent's head and face, until the monster-spirit could hardly parry his blows and led the other monsters to retreat in defeat. When Pilgrim saw the monster-spirit flee, however, he did not draw near. Turning his cloud around, he went back to where he had been, and with one shake retrieved his hair. Being of fleshly eyes and mortal stock, the elder did not perceive what had taken place.

In a little while, Idiot also returned; though he was the winner, he had been so exercised that he was sniveling from the nose and foaming at the mouth. Panting hard, he walked near to call out, "Master!"

Astonished by the sight of him, the elder said, "Eight Rules, you went to cut some grass for the horse. How is it that you're returning in such terrible shape? Could it be that people on the mountain are guarding the grass and refuse to let you cut it?" Putting down his rake, Idiot began to slap his head and stamp his feet, saying, "Master, don't ask! If I told you, I'd be embarrassed to death!"

"Why?" asked the elder.

Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother tricked me! He said at first that there was no monster-spirit in the wind and fog, that there was no evil omen. It was, he said, a village, and its families were devoted to virtue. They were steaming white-grain rice and bleached-flour buns to feed the monks. Since I thought it was the truth and was feeling so hungry, I wanted to get there and beg some first, on the excuse that I was cutting grass for the horse. Little did I expect that there would be quite a few fiends, who had me surrounded. I have been fighting bitterly with them all this time. If it hadn't been for the assistance lent by Elder Brother's mourning staff, I would have never escaped the net and come back here." On one side Pilgrim began to laugh, saying, "This Idiot's babbling! The moment you become a thief, you like to shift the blame on a whole bunch of people. I was watching Master right here. Since when did I leave his side?"

"That's right!" said the elder. "Wukong hasn't left me at all." Jumping up and down, Eight Rules screamed, "Master, you just don't know. He has an alibi!"

The elder said, "Wukong, are there really fiends?" Knowing that he could no longer fool him, Pilgrim bowed and said, chuckling, "There are a few small ones, but they don't dare bother us. Eight Rules, come over here. I want to entrust you with something truly worthwhile. When we escort Master through this rugged mountain road, we should act as if we were on military maneuvers."

"What would we do if we were?" asked Eight Rules.

"You can be the path-finding general and open up the road in front," replied Pilgrim. "You needn't do anything if the monster-spirit doesn't show up, but if he appears, you fight with him. If you prevail, it will be regarded as your meritorious fruit."

Eight Rules calculated that the monster-spirit's abilities were about the same as his, and so he said, "I don't mind dying at his hands! Let me lead the way!"

"This Idiot!" said Pilgrim with a chuckle, "If he mouths such unlucky words first, how can he make any progress?"

Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, do you know the proverb?

A prince at a banquet
Will either be drunk or fed;
A fighter on the field
Will either be hurt or dead.

I want to say something amiss first, and then I may prove to be the stronger afterward."

Delighted, Pilgrim saddled the horse at once and asked the master to mount. With Sha Monk toting the luggage, they all followed Eight Rules into the mountain, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about that monster-spirit, who led those several defeated little fiends back to their own cave. Taking a seat high on a rocky edge, he fell completely silent. Many of the little fiends who had remained behind as household guards crowded around him to ask, "Great King, when you go out, you frequently return in a happy mood. Why are you so troubled today?"

"Little ones," replied the old monster, "normally when I go out to patrol the mountain, I grab a few humans or beasts—regardless of where they are from—to take back home for you to feast on. Today my luck's rather poor, for I ran into an adversary."

"What adversary?" asked the little monsters.

"He happens to be a monk," replied the old monster, "a disciple of the scripture-seeker Tang Monk from the Land of the East, whose name is Zhu Eight Rules. I was defeated by blows from his muckrake. I'm damn mad! For years I've heard people say that the Tang Monk is an arhat who has practiced austerities in ten incarnations. If someone eats a piece of his flesh, his age will be lengthened, and he'll attain longevity. Little did I expect him to arrive this day at our mountain. I wanted so badly to seize him and have him steamed for food, but I didn't know he had a disciple like that under him."

He had hardly finished speaking when a little monster stepped forward from the ranks. Facing the old monster above, he sobbed three times aloud and then he laughed three times. "Why are you weeping and crying?" snapped the old monster. The little monster knelt down to say, "Just now the great king says that he wants to eat the Tang Monk, but I would like to tell you that this monk's flesh is impossible to eat."

The old monster said, "People everywhere claim that one piece of his flesh will enable one to live long without growing old, to acquire an age as lasting as Heaven's. Why do you say that it's impossible to eat?"

"If it were possible," replied the little monster, "he wouldn't have made it here, for he would have been devoured by monster-spirits elsewhere. He has three disciples under him, you see."

"Do you know which three?" asked the old monster. "His eldest disciple is Pilgrim Sun," said the little monster, "and his third disciple is Sha Monk. This Zhu Eight Rules is his second disciple."

"How strong is Sha Monk when compared with Zhu Eight Rules?" asked the old monster.

"About the same," replied the little monster.

"What about that Pilgrim Sun? How does he compare with Zhu?" Sticking out his tongue, the little monster said, "I dare not speak! That Pilgrim Sun has vast magic powers and knows many ways of transformation! Five hundred years ago, he caused great disturbance at the Celestial Palace. Those Twenty-eight Constellations from the Region Above, the Nine Luminaries, the Twelve Horary Branches, the Five Nobles and Four Ministers, the Stars of East and West, the Gods of North and South, the Deities of the Five Mountains and the Four Rivers, and the divine warriors of entire Heaven could not tangle successfully with him. How could you have the nerve to want to eat the Tang Monk?"

"How do you know so much about him?" asked the old monster.

The little monster said, "I used to live with the great kings of the Lion-Camel Cave at the Lion-Camel Ridge.

Those great kings, not knowing anything better, wanted to devour the Tang Monk. When Pilgrim Sun used his golden-hooped rod to fight inside our door, alas, he reduced us to the condition like the title of a domino combination:

Minus One, Abolish Six! I was intelligent enough, fortunately, to slip out the back door and come here to be received by the great king. That's how I found out about his abilities!" When the old monster heard these words, he paled with fright, for as the saying goes, "Even a great general is afraid of augury." When he heard a member of his own household speaking like that, how could he not be frightened? At that anxious moment, another little monster went forward to say, "Great King, don't be upset, and don't be frightened. The proverb tells us that 'Success comes step-by-step.' If you desire to devour the Tang Monk, let me offer you a plan to seize him."

"What sort of plan do you have?" asked the old monster.

"One called 'The Plan of Plum Blossoms with Parted Petals,'" answered the little monster. "What do you mean by that?" asked the old monster.

The little monster said, "Take a roll call of all the monsters in the cave, young and old; select a hundred out of the thousands, ten out of the hundred, and finally three out of those ten. These three must all have abilities and the capacity for transformation. They will all change into the great king's appearance, wearing his armor and holding his club, and then be placed in ambush. The first one will engage Zhu Eight Rules in battle; the next, Pilgrim Sun; and the third, Sha Monk. We shall risk these three little monsters to induce those three brothers to leave their master. Then the great king will be able to stretch forth his hand from midair to seize the Tang Monk like 'Fetching Things from One's Pocket,' like 'Squeezing a Fly in the Fish Bowl.' That's not too difficult, is it?" On hearing this the old monster was filled with delight. "This is a most marvelous plan!" said he. "When we set out, I won't do anything if we can't catch the Tang Monk. But if we do catch him, I'll not treat you lightly. I'll appoint you as our vanguard officer."

The little monster kowtowed to thank him before giving the order for the roll call. When all the monster-spirits of the cave, young and old, were summoned into their presence, three able little monsters were indeed selected. All of them were told to

change into the form of the old monster; each holding the iron club, they were placed in ambuscade to wait for the Tang Monk, and we shall leave them there for the moment.

We tell you now about our Elder Tang who, free of cares and worries, followed Eight Rules up the main road. After they had proceeded for a long time, a loud pop from the side of the road suddenly brought out a little monster, who rushed forward and attempted to seize the elder. "Eight Rules," cried Pilgrim Sun, "the monster-spirit is here! Why don't you do something?" Without bothering to distinguish one from the other, our Idiot whipped out his muckrake and dashed forward to attack madly the monster-spirit, who met his blows with an iron club. Back and forth, the two of them fought beneath the mountain slope, when another fiend leaped out from some bushes with a pop and headed straight for the Tang Monk.

"Master, things are going wrong!" cried Pilgrim. "Eight Rules is so blind that he has allowed the monster-spirit to slip by him to come here to grab you. Let old Monkey go beat him off!"

Hurriedly he wielded his rod and rushed forward, bellowing, "Where are you going? Watch my rod!" Without uttering a word, the monster-spirit lifted his club to meet him. Beneath the grassy knoll the two of them thus rushed together, and as they fought, another monster-spirit leaped out from behind the mountain to the howling of a strong gust and headed straight for the Tang Monk.

When Sha Monk saw him, he was horrified. "Master!" he cried. "Both Big Brother and Second Elder Brother must be so dim of sight that they allowed the monster-spirit to slip past them and come to grab you! Sit here on the horse, and let old Sand go capture him!"

This monk, without distinguishing between good and ill either, immediately wielded the staff to block the iron club of the monster-spirit. They strove together most bitterly, shouting and screaming at each other as they gradually drifted away. When the old fiend, flying through the air, discovered the Tang Monk sitting all alone on the horse, he reached down with his five steellike claws; with one grasp he lifted the master away from the horse and stirrup. The monster-spirit then took him away in a gust of wind. How pitiful! This is why it's hard for

Chan-nature, demon-plagued, can't bear right fruit.
River Float meets again his Ill-luck Star!

Lowering the wind, the old monster brought the Tang Monk into the cave, shouting, "Vanguard!"

The little fiend who planned all this ran forward to kneel down, saying, "I dare not accept the title! I dare not accept the title!"

"Why do you say this?" asked the old monster. "When a great general gives his word, it's as if the white has been dyed black! Just now I told you that I wouldn't do anything if we couldn't catch the Tang Monk, but if we did, you would be appointed vanguard of our forces. Today your marvelous plan indeed succeeded. How could I betray you? You may bring the Tang Monk over here, and ask the little ones to fetch water and scrub the pan, to haul in the wood and start a fire. Steam him a bit, so you and I can eat a piece of his flesh to lengthen our age."

"Great King," said the vanguard, "let's not eat him just yet."

The old fiend said, "We've captured him. Why shouldn't we eat him?"

The vanguard replied, “Of course the great king may eat him, and if you do, both Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk even may be persuaded that they should overlook the matter. But that bossy Pilgrim Sun, I fear, may let loose his viciousness once he learns that we have devoured his master. He doesn’t even have to come fight with us. All he needs do is plunge that golden-hooped rod of his into the midriff of our mountain; it’ll create such a gaping hole that the mountain itself will topple over. Then we won’t even have a place to stay.”

“Vanguard,” said the old fiend, “what sort of noble opinion do you have?”

“As I see the matter,” replied the vanguard, “you should send the Tang Monk into the back garden and tie him to a tree. Don’t feed him any rice for two or three days. That’ll clean up his inside, for one thing, and for another, it should give us the time we need until his three disciples stop searching for him at our door. When we know for certain that they have left, we’ll then take him out and enjoy him at our leisure. Isn’t that better?”

“It is, it is!” said the old fiend, laughing. “What the vanguard says makes perfect sense!”

The order was immediately given that the Tang Monk would be brought into the back garden, where he was bound to a tree with a rope. Then the little fiends all went back to the front to wait on the old monster.

Look at that elder! Enduring most bitterly the tight fetter and the restraint of ropes, he could not stop the tears from rolling down his cheeks. “O disciples!” he cried. “In which mountain are you trying to capture fiends, and on what road are you chasing monsters? I have been brought by a brazen demon to suffer here. When will we ever meet again? The pain’s killing me!”

As tears streamed from both his eyes, he heard someone calling from a tree opposite him, saying, “Elder, so you, too, have entered here!”

Calming down, the elder said, “Who are you?”

The man said, “I’m a woodcutter from this mountain who was captured by that mountain lord and brought here. I have been bound for three days, and I imagine that they want to eat me.”

“O woodcutter!” said the elder, as tears began to flow once more. “If you die, you are all by yourself and you don’t have any worries. I, however, cannot die in such a carefree manner.”

“Elder,” said the woodcutter, “you are someone who has left home. You have neither parents above you nor wife and children below you. If you die, you die. What cares or concerns do you have?”

The elder said, “I am someone sent by the Land of the East to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. By the decree of Emperor Taizong of the Tang court, I am to bow to the living Buddha and acquire from him the true scriptures, which will be used for the redemption of those orphaned lost souls in the Region of Darkness. If I lose my life here, would that not have dashed the expectation of the emperor and the high hopes of his ministers? Would that not grievously disappoint those countless mistreated souls in the City of Wrongful Death? They would never be redeemed, and all this attempt at meritorious fruit would be reduced to wind and dust! How could I die carefree and without concern?” When the woodcutter heard these words, he too began to shed tears

as he said, “Elder, if you must die in this manner, then my death is even more grievous. I lost my father in childhood, and I have lived all my life with my widowed mother. We have no other livelihood except my gathering fire-wood. My old mother is now eighty-three and I’m her sole support. If I lose my life, who will take care of her or bury her? O misery! O misery! This pain is killing me.” On hearing this, the elder wailed aloud, crying, “How pitiful! How pitiful!

If mountain rustics still long for their kin,
This poor monk’s been trained to chant sūtras in vain.

To serve the ruler or to serve one’s parents follows the same principle. You live by the kindness of your parents, and I do by the kindness of my ruler.”

Truly it is that

The tearful eye beholds a tearful eye;
A broken heart escorts a broken heart!

We shall leave for the moment Tripitaka in suffering and confinement. We tell you instead about Pilgrim Sun, who, having defeated the little monster beneath the grassy knoll, hurried back to the side of the main road. His master had vanished; only the white horse and the luggage remained. He was so horrified that he began searching toward the summit at once, leading the horse and poling the luggage.

Alas! This is how

Woe-beset River Float keeps meeting more woes!
The demon-routing Great Sage is by demons plagued!

We do not know whether he finally succeeds in locating his master; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-SIX

Wood Mother, lending power, conquers the fiendish creature Metal Squire, using his magic, extirpates the deviates

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun who, as he led the horse and toted the luggage, was searching and calling for his master all over the summit. It was then that he saw Zhu Eight Rules run up to him, panting hard and saying, "Elder Brother, why are you hollering?"

"Master has disappeared," replied Pilgrim. "Have you seen him?"

"Originally," said Eight Rules, "I followed the Tang Monk to be a priest. But you have to make fun of me again, telling me to play the general! I took enormous risk to fight with that monster-spirit for quite some time before I came back here with my life. You and Sha Monk, however, were supposed to be guarding Master. How is it that you're asking me instead?" Pilgrim said, "Brother, I'm not blaming you. Perhaps you were a little dazed and didn't realize that you had allowed the monsterspirit to slip back here to seize Master. I went to strike at the monster-spirit, relying on Sha Monk to guard Master. Now even Sha Monk has disappeared!"

"Sha Monk," said Eight Rules with a giggle, "must have taken Master somewhere to drop his load!"

Hardly had he finished speaking when Sha Monk appeared. "Sha Monk," asked Pilgrim, "where has Master gone?"

"Both of you must have been seeing double," said Sha Monk, "and that's why you allowed the monster-spirit to slip back here to try to seize Master. Old Sand took off to fight with him, but Master should be sitting by himself on the horse."

All at once Pilgrim became so enraged that he jumped up and down as he cried, "We've fallen for their plan! We've fallen for their plan!"

"What sort of a plan?" asked Sha Monk.

"This," replied Pilgrim, "is called 'The Plan of Plum Blossoms with Parted Petals,' which they used to split us brothers apart before they dashed right into our midst to haul Master away. Heavens! Heavens! Heavens! What shall we do?"

As he spoke, he could hardly hold back the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Don't cry!" said Eight Rules. "Once you cry, you turn into a namby-pamby! He can't be very far, for he has to be somewhere in this mountain. Let's go search for him." With no better alternative, the three of them had to enter the mountain to begin their search. After they had journeyed some twenty miles, they reached a cave-dwelling beneath a hanging cliff, with

summits half appearing,
And strange rocks so rugged;
Rare blossoms and plants most fragrant,
Red apricots, green peaches most luscious.
The old tree before the ledge,
Its skin, forty spans, is frost-white and rain-resistant;
The hoary pine beyond the door,
Its jade-green hues rise skyward two thousand feet.

Wild cranes in pairs
Come oft before the cave to dance in the breeze;
Mountain fowl in twos
Would perch on the boughs to sing in the sun.
Clusters of yellow vines like hanging ropes;
Rows of misty willows like dripping gold.
A square pond storing up water—
A deep cave close to the mountain—
A square pond storing up water
Conceals an aged dragon which has yet to change;
In a deep cave close to the mountain
Lives one man-eating old fiend of many years.
In truth no less than an immortal's lair,
This place that gathers in the wind and air.

On seeing the cave-dwelling, Pilgrim in two or three steps bounded right up to the door to examine it more closely. The stone door was tightly closed, but across the top of the door was a slab of stone bearing this inscription in large letters:

The Mist-Concealing Mountain; the Broken-Peak, Joined-Ring Cave.

"Eight Rules," said Pilgrim, "let's move! This is where the monster-spirit lives, and Master has to be in the house." Strengthened by the presence of his companions, our Idiot unleashed his violence and delivered as hard a blow as he could on the stone door, making a huge, gaping hole in it. "Fiend," he cried, "send my master out quickly, lest this muckrake tear down the door and finish off your entire household!"

Those little monsters guarding the door hurried inside to report:

"Great King, we've brought on a disaster!"

"What disaster?" asked the old fiend.

"Someone has broken through our front door," replied one of the little monsters, "yelling for his master."

Astounded, the old fiend said, "I wonder whoever could have found his way here."

"Don't be afraid!" said the vanguard. "Let me go out and have a look."

This little fiend dashed up to the front door and stuck his head out sideways through the hole to look around. When he saw the huge snout and large ears, he at once turned back and called out, "Great King, don't be afraid of him! This is Zhu Eight Rules, who has not much ability and won't dare be unruly. If he does, we'll open our door and take him in here to be prepared and steamed. The only person we need fear is the monk with a hairy face and a thundergod beak." When he heard this through the door, Eight Rules said, "O Elder Brother! He's not afraid of me but only of you. Master has to be in his house. You go forward quickly."

"Lawless cursed beast!" shouted Pilgrim. "Your Grandpa Sun is here! Send out my master and I'll spare your life!"

"Great King," said the vanguard, "it's bad! Pilgrim Sun has found his way here!"

The old fiend began to reprehend him, saying, “It’s all because of that so-called ‘Parted Petals’ plan of yours that disaster has descended on our door! How will this end?”

“Please relax, Great King,” said the vanguard, “and don’t find fault with me. I recall that Pilgrim Sun happens to be a kind and forbearing ape. Though he may possess vast magic powers, he also loves flattery. Let us take out a fake human head to deceive him a little, and flatter him a little, too, with a few words. Just tell him that we have devoured his master. If we can deceive him, the Tang Monk will be ours for enjoyment. If we can’t, we’ll try something else.”

“Where shall we find a fake human head?” asked the old fiend. The vanguard said, “Let’s see if I could make one.” Marvelous fiend! Using a steel ax, he cut off a lump of willow root, shaped it into a skull, and threw some human blood on it. In this gory fashion the head was taken out to the door on a lacquered tray by a small fiend, who called out:

“Holy Father Great Sage, please calm your anger and allow me to report to you.” Pilgrim Sun was indeed susceptible to flattery; when he heard the ‘Holy Father Great Sage,’ he stopped Eight Rules, saying, “Let’s not move yet and see what they have to say.”

“After your master had been taken into the cave by our Great King,” said the little fiend holding the tray, “those uncouth young fiends of ours did not know any better than to try to swallow him at once. Some tore at him, while others gnawed at him. Your master was thus devoured, and all we have left here is his head.”

“It’s all right if he’s been devoured,” said Pilgrim, “but show me the head and let me see if it’s real.”

The little fiend threw out the head through the hole in the door. The moment Zhu Eight Rules saw it, he began to weep, saying, “How pitiful! We had one kind of master entering through this door, but now we have this kind of master coming out.”

“Idiot,” said Pilgrim, “why don’t you try to determine whether this is a real human head before you start weeping?”

“Aren’t you ashamed of yourself?” said Eight Rules. “Could there be a false human head?”

“*This* happens to be a false one,” replied Pilgrim. “How can you tell?” asked Eight Rules. “If you threw down a real human head,” said Pilgrim, “it would fall on the ground with a dull thud, whereas a false head would make a loud rattle. If you don’t believe me, let me throw it down for you to hear.”

He took it up and hurled it against a boulder, and it produced a loud clang.

“Elder Brother,” said Sha Monk, “it rattles, all right.”

“If it rattles,” said Pilgrim, “it’s a false one. Let me bring out its true form.” Whipping out his golden-hooped rod, he cracked it open with one blow. Eight Rules looked more closely and discovered that it was only a lump of willow root. Unable to contain himself, Eight Rules began to utter a string of abuses, crying, “You bunch of hairy clods! You have already hidden my master in the cave, and yet you dare use a lump of willow root to deceive your Ancestor Hog! Could my master have been a willow spirit?”

The little fiend who held the tray was so horrified that he shook all over as he ran back to report:

"Hard! Hard! Hard! Hard! Hard! Hard!"

"Why so many hards?" asked the old fiend.

The little fiend said, "Both Zhu Eight Rules and Sha Monk were deceived, but Pilgrim Sun happens to be an antique dealer who knows his stuff! He recognized the fact that it was a false human head. If you could find a real head for him, you might be able to send him away."

"Where could I find one?" said the old fiend. "Ah, I know! In our skinning pavilion we still have several human heads that haven't been eaten yet. Go pick one out for us."

A few of the fiends went immediately to the pavilion and selected a fresh head, which they then gnawed at until it was slick and smooth. The little fiend carried it out to the front again on a tray, crying, "Holy Father Great Sage, the previous one was indeed a false head. This one, however, is the true head of Father Tang. Our Great King has kept it as a talisman for the house, but we're presenting it to you now." With a thud, the head was thrown out through the hole in the door, and it rolled all over, still dripping blood.

When Pilgrim Sun saw that it was a real human head, he had no choice but to weep. Eight Rules and Sha Monk, too, joined in the loud wailing. As he tried to hold back his tears, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother, let's not cry just yet. The weather isn't so good right now, and I fear that it may stink. Let me take it somewhere to have it buried while it's still fresh. Then we can cry some more."

"You're quite right," replied Pilgrim.

Not revolted, our Idiot hugged the head to his bosom and ran up the mountain ledge. Having found a spot facing the sun where the wind and air would be collected, he used his rake to dig a hole to try to bury the head. Then he built a grave mound, and called out to Sha Monk, "You and Elder Brother can stay here and weep. Let me go find something to use for offering."

Going over to the side of the brook, he selected several large twigs of willow and picked up some egg-shaped pebbles, which he brought back to the graveside.

The willow twigs were planted on both sides, and the pebbles were placed in a pile in front.

"What do you mean by this?" asked Pilgrim.

"We can pretend that these twigs are pines and cypresses," replied Eight Rules, "so that Master will have a bit of shade on top. The pebbles may be taken as pastries, so that Master will enjoy a small offering."

"Coolie!" snapped Pilgrim. "The man's dead! And you still want to offer him pebbles?"

Eight Rules said,

Mere sentiment of the living
To show our filial feeling.

"Let's stop this horseplay!" said Pilgrim. "Sha Monk can remain here to guard the grave, the horse, and the luggage. You and I will go and tear down the cave-dwelling. When we capture the fiendish demon, we'll cut him into ten thousand pieces to avenge our master."

"What Elder Brother says is perfectly right," said Sha Monk, still shedding tears. "The two of you should put your hearts to this. I'll stand guard here." Marvelous Eight Rules! He took off his black silk shirt and tightened his undergarment before lifting his rake high to follow Pilgrim.

Striding forward, the two of them, without waiting for further discussion, smashed down the stone door. "Give us back a living Tang Monk!" they thundered so loudly that the heavens shook.

Those various fiends inside the cave, old and young, were so terrified that they all cast their blame on the vanguard as the old fiend asked him, "These monks have smashed their way inside our door. What shall we do?"

The vanguard replied, "The ancients have put the matter well:

Put your hand in the fish basket
And you can't avoid the stink!

Never retreat once you start something! Let's call up the left and right commanders to lead our soldiers out to slaughter those monks!"

As he had no better plan than what he heard, the old fiend thereupon gave the order:

"Little ones, be of one mind and pick up your best weapons. Follow me out to battle." With a roar, they stormed out of the cave.

Our Great Sage and Eight Rules quickly retreated a few steps down to a level spot in the mountain. As they faced the various fiends, they shouted, "Who is the leader who has a name? Who is the fiend who has captured our master?"

The various fiends pitched camp immediately and unfurled an embroidered floral banner. Grasping an iron club, the old fiend answered the call in a loud voice, saying, "Brazen monk, don't you recognize me? I am the Great King of South Mountain, and I have held this place in my sway for several centuries. I've captured and devoured your Tang Monk. What do you propose to do about that?"

"You audacious hairy clod!" scolded Pilgrim. "How many years have you lived that you dare assume the title, South Mountain? Old Lord Li happens to be the patriarch of creation, but he still sits to the right of Supreme Purity. The Buddha Tathāgata is the honored one who governs the world, and yet he still sits beneath the great roc. Kong the Sage is the founder of Confucianism, but he assumes the mere title of Master. And you, a cursed beast, dare call yourself some Great King of South Mountain, holding this place in your sway! Don't try to escape! Have a taste of your Grandfather's rod!" Stepping aside to dodge the blow, the monster-spirit wielded his club to parry the iron rod and said, his eyes glowering, "Your features are those of an ape, and yet you dare insult me with so many words! What abilities do you have that you dare behave in such a rowdy manner in front of my door?"

"You nameless cursed beast!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "Of course, you don't know anything of old Monkey! Stand still, be brave, and listen to my recital:

At Pūrvavideha, my ancestral home,

Through thousands of years conceived of Heav'n and Earth
One stone egg immortal on Mount Flower- Fruit
Did break and beget me, its progeny.
By birth I thus was not of mortal stock,
For sun and moon did this sage body forge.
Myself, cultivated, was no small thing—
Alert and keen, a great elixir source.
Named the Great Sage, I lived among the clouds
And fought the stars, relying on my power.
Ten thousand gods could not approach me even;
T'was easy to beat all planets of Heaven.
My fame was known in the world's every part;
My wiles left a trail through the universe.
By luck I've now embraced the Buddhist faith
To help an elder on his westward way.
No one blocks the path I open on the mount
Though fiends worry when I build a bridge.
I'll seize the forest tigers with my might;
My hands will tame leopards before the cliff .
East's Right Fruit is coming to the West:
Which monstrous deviate dares show his head?
Since you, cursed beast, dare my master devour,
Your life will surely perish within this hour."

Alarmed and angered by these words, the fiend clenched his teeth, leaped forward, and struck out at Pilgrim with his iron club.

Casually parrying the blow with his rod, Pilgrim wanted to talk some more with him, but our Eight Rules could not hold back any longer. He lifted his rake and madly attacked the vanguard of the fiend, who met him head-on with the other monsters. This was some brawl on the mountain meadow, truly a marvelous battle:

A priest from an eastern superior state
Went seeking true scriptures from the blissful West.
The South Mount's great leopard belched wind and mist
And blocked the path; showing alone his might,
With a clever plan
And a wily scheme,
He bagged in ignorance the Great Tang Monk.
He met then the Pilgrim of vast magic power
And Eight Rules also of great renown.
When fiends on the mountain meadow fought,
Dust and dirt flew up to bedim the sky.
Little fiends shouted over there,
Madly raising their swords and spears;
Divine monks bellowed over here,
Lifting up both rake and rod.
The Great Sage was a hero without match;
Wuneng was both stalwart and strong in years.
The South Mountain old fiend

And his subject, the vanguard,
All because of the Tang Monk's one piece of flesh,
Had quite forgotten the fear of life or death.
These two turned hostile for their master's sake;
Those two grew violent, desiring the Tang Monk.
Back and forth they battled for quite a while;
Clashing and bumping, they fought to a draw.

When the Great Sage Sun saw how ferocious those little fiends were, how they refused to step back even when they were repeatedly attacked, he resorted to his Magic of Body-Division. Ripping out a bunch of his own hairs, he chewed them to pieces before spitting them out, crying, "Change!"

At once they all assumed his appearance, each wielding a golden-hooped rod, and began to push in from the front line of the battle. Those one or two hundred little fiends found it difficult, of course, to look after both their front and their rear. Parrying the blows from the left, they could not attend to those coming from their right, and so all of them fled for their lives and retreated to the cave. As our Pilgrim and Eight Rules also fought their way out from the center of the battle, pity those monster-spirits who did not know any better: those running into the rake received nine bleeding holes, while those hugged by the rod had their bones and flesh turned into putt y. That Great King of South Mountain was so terrified that he fled for his life by mounting fog and wind. The vanguard, however, could not transform, and he was struck down by one blow of Pilgrim's rod. His original form emerged as an ironbacked gray wolf. Dragging him closer and flipping him over for another look, Eight Rules said, "I wonder how many piglets and lambkins this fellow has stolen from people and eaten since his youth!" With one shake of his body Pilgrim retrieved his hair, saying, "Idiot, we must not delay! Let's chase down the old fiend quickly and ask him to pay for Master's life." When he turned his head and did not see those little Pilgrims, Eight Rules said, "The magic forms of Elder Brother have all disappeared?"

"I've retrieved them," said Pilgrim.

"Marvelous! Marvelous!" said Eight Rules, and the two of them returned in delight and triumph.

We tell you now about that old fiend, who, when he fled back into his cave with his life, ordered the little fiends to move boulders and pole mud to the front door. Trembling all over, those fiends who managed to save their lives did indeed barricade the door and dared not show their heads at all. When our Pilgrim led Eight Rules to chase up to the front door, their shouts brought no answer from within, and when Eight Rules used his rake to strike at the barrier of mud, he could not budge it one whit. Realizing what had happened, Pilgrim said, "Eight Rules, don't waste your strength. They have barricaded the door."

"In that case," said Eight Rules, "how shall we avenge our master?"

"Let's go back to the grave to see how Sha Monk's doing," said Pilgrim.

The two of them went back to the site and found Sha Monk still weeping. Ever more grief-stricken, Eight Rules abandoned his rake and flung himself on the grave. As he pounded the dirt with his hands, he wailed, "O ill-fated Master! O far-removed Master! Where shall I ever get to see you again?"

"Brother, please calm your sorrow," said Pilgrim. "If this monster-spirit has his front door stopped up, there must be a back door for him to go in and out. The two of you remain here, and let me go back to have another look around."

"O Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, shedding tears. "Do be careful! If they manage to grab even you, it'll be difficult for us to weep. A sob for Master and a sob for Elder Brother—we'll be all confused!"

"Don't worry!" replied Pilgrim. "I'll be able to take care of myself."

Dear Great Sage! Putting away his rod and tightening his skirt, he went past the mountain slope and immediately heard the sound of gurgling water. He saw, turning his head, that it came from a brook tumbling down from the peak. Then he discovered a little entrance on the other side of the brook, to the left of which there seemed to be a drainage sewer. "It goes without saying," he thought to himself, "that this must be the back door. If I present my face like this, some little fiends opening the door might recognize me. I'll change into a little water snake to get through—but wait! If the ghost of Master knew that I'd changed into a snake, he would blame me because a serpentine creature would ill become a priest. Why not a little crab then? That's no good either, for Master'll blame me for being a busybody priest."

Finally he changed into a water rat and, with a whoosh, darted across the brook. Through the drainage sewer he crawled into the courtyard and looked around: at the spot facing the sun were several little fiends hanging up, piece by piece, slabs of human flesh to be dried.

"O my dear children!" said Pilgrim to himself. "That has to be Master's flesh! They couldn't finish all of him, and so they want to cure some strips for inclement weather. I would like to reveal my true form, rush up there, and slaughter them all with one stroke of my rod, but that'll only show that I have courage but little wisdom. I'll change again and go inside to find the old fiend to see what's happening."

He leaped out of the sewer and with one shake of his body changed into a tiny, winged ant. Truly

His name's Dark Horse, a small and feeble thing,
But long cultivation has formed his wings.
In idle moments by a bridge he'd flit
Or roam beneath a bed to test his wit.
He seals his hole, knowing when rain would come;
Weighed down by dust he would ashes become.
So airy and agile he can quickly soar
A few times, unknown, past the firewood door.

Stretching his wings, without a shadow or sound, he flew directly into the center hall, where he found the old fiend sitting dejectedly.

From behind him a small monster leaped out to say, "Great King, ten thousand delights attend you!"

"Where do these delights come from?" asked the old monster.

The little monster said, "Just now I was doing a bit of intelligence work by the brook at our rear entrance, and I heard someone wailing. When I climbed up the peak to take a further look, I found that it was Zhu Eight Rules, Pilgrim Sun, and Sha Monk who were mourning before a grave. They must have believed that human head was the

Tang Monk's and buried it. Now they are weeping beside the grave they dug." When Pilgrim heard this, he was secretly pleased, saying to himself, "If he could say this, my master must still be hidden here somewhere. He hasn't been devoured. Let me go search further to find out indeed whether Master is dead or alive before I discuss the matter with these monsters."

Dear Great Sage! Soaring high in the center hall, he looked this way and that and discovered to one side a little door, which was tightly shut. Crawling through a crack in the door, he found a large garden inside, from the center of which faint sounds of grief could be heard. When he flew deep into the garden, he came upon a clump of tall trees, beneath which two persons were tied: one of them was none other than the Tang Monk. Pilgrim was so excited by the sight that he could not refrain from changing back into his original form and approaching to say, "Master." Recognizing him, the elder said, as his tears fell, "Wukong, so you've come! Save me quickly! Wukong! Wukong!"

"Stop calling my name, Master!" said Pilgrim. "There are still people up front, and I fear that they may get wind of this. As long as you're still alive, I can save you. That fiend told us that you had been devoured, using a false human head to deceive us. We have already fought bitterly with him. Please relax, Master. Just bear with me a bit longer. When I've knocked down that monster-spirit, I'll be able to come back here to free you." Reciting a spell, the Great Sage at once changed back into an ant to return to the center hall and alight on the main beam. A crowd of those little monsters who had not lost their lives were milling about noisily. From their midst one little monster suddenly dashed out to say, "Great King, when they see that the door is barricaded and that they cannot break it open, they must also give up all hopes of recovering the Tang Monk. After all, the false human head has been turned into a grave. They'll mourn for a day today and for another tomorrow. By the day after tomorrow, they should have fulfilled the obligation of three-day mourning and they will leave. When we have made sure that they have scattered, we can then bring out the Tang Monk and have him finely diced. Pan-fry him with some star anise and Sichuan pepper, and we can enjoy a nice fragrant piece to lengthen our lives."

"Stop talking like that!" said another little monster, clapping his hands. "He'll taste much better if we steam him."

"But not as economical as plain boiling," said another. "At least we can save some firewood that way."

"He is, after all, a rare thing," another spoke up. "We really should cure him with salt, so that we may enjoy him much longer." When he heard this, perched on the beam, Pilgrim was filled with rage, saying to himself, "What sort of enmity do you have against my master that you should make such elaborate plans to devour him?" Pulling out a bunch of his own hairs and chewing them to pieces, he spat them out lightly and recited in silence a magic spell. The hairs all changed into sleep-inducing insects, which he threw onto the faces of the monsters. As the insects crawled into their noses one by one, the little monsters gradually dropped off until, in no time at all, they had all fallen fast asleep. Only the old monster, however, remained restless as he continued to scratch his head and rub his face with both hands. He was sneezing repeatedly so that he kept pinching his nose.

"Could it be that he has found out something?" said Pilgrim. "Let's give him a double-wick lamp!" Pulling off another piece of hair, he fashioned another creature like the ones before and threw it onto his face. Now he had two insects, one entering through his left nostril and the other through his right. Struggling up for a moment, the old

monster stretched and yawned a couple of times, and then he too fell into a snoring slumber. Delighted, Pilgrim leaped down and changed back into his original form. Taking out his rod from his ear, he waved it once and it attained the thickness of a duck egg. With a loud clang he smashed the side door to pieces and ran into the rear garden, shouting, "Master!"

"Disciple, untie me quickly," said the elder, "for I'm about to be ruined!"

"Don't hurry, Master," Pilgrim said. "Let me slay the monster-spirit first before I come rescue you."

He turned and dashed back into the center hall. As he was about to strike with upraised rod, he stopped and said, "No good! Let me untie Master first before I strike at him."

He rushed back into the garden, only to think to himself, "I'll slay him first before the rescue."

He went back and forth like this two or three times before finally dancing his way into the garden. This sight of him gave the elder some delight even in his sorrow.

"Monkey," he said, "it must be that you are overjoyed by the sight of my being still alive, and that is why you are dancing in this manner." Pilgrim then walked up to him to untie his ropes. As he led his master away, they heard the person tied to another tree facing them call out, "Venerable Father, please exercise your great mercy and save my life, too!" Standing still, the elder said, "Wukong, please untie that person also."

"Who is he?" asked Pilgrim. "He's a woodcutter," replied the elder, "who had been captured a day before I was seized. He told me that he has an aged mother, whom he thinks of constantly. He's a most filial person, and we might as well rescue him, too." Pilgrim agreed and untied the man's ropes also; they went out through the rear entrance together and ascended the cliff to cross the swift-flowing brook. "Worthy disciple," said the elder, "I thank you for saving his life and mine! Wuneng and Wujing, where are they?"

"The two of them are mourning you," replied Pilgrim. "You may call out to them now."

And the elder cried out in a loud voice:

"Eight Rules! Eight Rules!"

As he had been weeping till he was half dazed, our Idiot wiped his snout and eyes and said, "Sha Monk, Master must have come home to reveal his soul! Isn't it he who's calling us from somewhere?" Rushing forward, Pilgrim shouted, "Coolie! Who's revealing his soul? Isn't this Master who has returned?" When Sha Monk lifted his head and saw them, he fell to his knees and said, "Master, how you must have suffered! How did Elder Brother manage to rescue you?" Whereupon Pilgrim gave a thorough account of what had taken place.

When he heard this, Eight Rules grew so infuriated that he raised his rake, clenched his teeth, and hacked away the grave mound.

Digging out the head, he pounded it to pieces. "Why did you beat it up?" asked the Tang Monk.

"O Master!" said Eight Rules. "I don't know which family this outcast belongs to, but he has caused me to weep for him for a long time."

"You should thank him instead for saving my life," said the Tang Monk. "When you brothers fought your way to their door and demanded my return, the monsters used him as a substitute to ward you off. If it hadn't been for him, I would have been killed. You should have him buried, simply as an expression of our priestly gratitude." When he heard these words of the elder, our Idiot indeed packed up the mess of flesh and bones and buried it again by digging another grave.

With a chuckle Pilgrim said, "Master, please sit here for a moment, and let me go and finish them off."

He leaped down from the cliff and crossed the brook to return to the cave. Taking into the center hall the ropes that had been used to tie the Tang Monk and the woodcutter, he found the old monster still sleeping. After having hog-tied him, Pilgrim used his golden-hooped rod to lift the bundle up and carried it on his shoulder to leave by the rear entrance. When Eight Rules caught sight of them from a distance, he said, "Elder Brother just loves this lopsided business! Wouldn't it be better if he had found another monster to give him a balanced load?" Pilgrim drew near and dropped down the old monster, and Eight Rules was about to strike with his rake. "Wait a moment!" said Pilgrim. "We haven't seized the little monsters in the cave yet."

"O Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "lead me to them so I can hit them!"

"Hitting them is such a waste of energy," said Pilgrim. "It's better to find some firewood and finish them off that way." On hearing this, the wood-cutter immediately led Eight Rules to the eastern valley to find some broken bamboos, leafless pines, hollow willows, snapped-off vines, yellow artemisia, old reeds, rushes, and parched mulberry. After they had hauled bundles of these into the rear entrance, Pilgrim lit a fire while Eight Rules fanned up a breeze with his ears. As he leaped out of the cave, our Great Sage shook his body once to retrieve his hairs. By the time those little monsters awoke, both smoke and fire were pouring out. Alas! Not even half a monster managed to escape, for the cave-dwelling was completely burned out.

When the disciples returned to their master, the elder saw that the old monster was stirring, and he called out:

"Disciples, the monster-spirit is awake."

Going forward, Eight Rules slew the old fiend with one blow of his rake; its original form appeared to be that of a spotted leopard. "This sort of spotted leopard," said Pilgrim, "can even devour a tiger. Now it has managed to assume human form.

Putting it to death will prevent it from causing any further trouble."

The elder thanked them over and over again before climbing once more into the saddle.

"Venerable Father," said the woodcutter, "toward the southwest not far from here is my humble abode. I would like to invite you there to meet my mother, so that she may bow to thank you all for saving my life. Then we will escort you to the main road."

Delighted, the elder dismounted and headed southwest with the wood-cutter and the three disciples. After a short distance they came upon

A path of flagstones moss-lined
And wood gates wistaria-entwined.
On four sides are mountains lambent

And trees filled with birdsong strident.
Pines and bamboos join in thick green;
Profusive rare blossoms are seen.
Deep in the clouds and out of the way
Is a bamboo-fenced thatched hut to stay.

From a long way away they caught sight of an old woman, leaning on the wooden gate and weeping bitterly, crying out for her son all the while. When the woodcutter saw his own mother, he abandoned the elder and rushed up to the wooden gate. As he went to his knees, he cried, "Mother, your son's here!"

Embracing him, the old woman said, "O my child! When you did not return home these last few days, I supposed that you were seized by the mountain lord and killed, and the very thought of it gave me unbearable pain. If you weren't harmed, why did you wait till today before returning? Where are your ropes, your pole, and your ax?"

The woodcutter kowtowed before replying, "Mother, your son indeed was taken away by the mountain lord and tied to a tree. It would have been truly difficult to preserve my life if it hadn't been for these several venerable fathers. That one happens to be an arhat sent by the Tang court of the Land of the East to go seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. He too was captured by the mountain lord and bound to a tree. His three disciples, however, possess vast magic powers. They succeeded in slaying the mountain lord, who turned out to be the spirit of a spotted leopard. Then they burned to death a great number of the little monsters. When they freed and rescued that old venerable father, they rescued your child as well. Their kindness to me is high as Heaven and thick as Earth! If it hadn't been for them, your child would certainly have perished. Now the mountain is quite safe, and even if your child journeys through the night, there'll be no danger." When the old woman heard these words, she bowed with each step she took to receive the elder and the three disciples into her thatched cottage. After they were seated, mother and son kowtowed repeatedly to thank them before rushing into the kitchen to prepare a vegetarian meal.

"Brother woodcutter," said Eight Rules, "I realize that yours is a humble livelihood. You may feed us a simple meal, but please don't go to the trouble of making any elaborate preparation."

"To tell you the truth, Venerable Father," replied the woodcutter, "ours indeed is a lowly abode in the mountains. There are no large black mushrooms, butt on mushrooms, Szechwan peppers, or star anise. We have only a few items of wild vegetation to present to you all as a mere token of our gratitude."

"Sorry to have caused you such inconvenience!" said Eight Rules, chuckling. "Just make it snappy, for we're getting awfully hungry!"

"In a moment! In a moment!" said the woodcutter. Indeed, in a moment the tables and chairs were spread out and wiped clean, and several dishes of wild vegetation were brought out. What you see are the

Yellow cabbage lightly blanched
And white beans pickled and minced.
Water polygonum and purslane,
Shepherd's purse and Wild-goose-intestine.
The Swallow-not-coming both fragrant and tender;
Bean sprouts with small buds both crisp and green.
Horse-blue roots cooked till soft;

Dog-footprints plainly toasted.
Cat's-ears dropped in the wilds.
The Ashen-stalk, cooked very soft, is esculent.
The Scissors'-handle
And Cow's-pool-profit,
The Hollow-snail upturned and filled, the broomlike shepherd's purse.
*The broken-rice-*qi,
Wocaiqi —
These few items are both fragrant and smooth.
flowers fried in oil
And most praiseworthy water-chestnuts.
Rushes' stems and tender watercress—
Four aqueous plants truly rich and pure.
The Wheat-wearing-lady
Is coy and good;
The Torn-worn-cassock,
No need to wear it;
Below the bitter hemp are bamboo props.
The Little-bird's-cotton-coat
And the Monkey's-footprints
Are so oily when fried that you have to eat them.
The Slanted hao, the Green hao, and the Mother-hugging hao;
Some tiny moths have flown atop the flat buckwheat.
To bare Goat-ears
Gouqi *roots*
You add but Black-blue and there's no need for oil.
These wild vegetations and a meal of rice
The woodman truly offers as gifts of thanks.

After master and disciples had eaten their fill, they at once made preparation to leave. Not daring to detain them for long, the woodcutter asked his mother to come out to thank and bow to their visitors once more while he kowtowed repeatedly. Having tidied his clothes, the woodcutter then took up a staff made from the trunk of a date tree to escort the pilgrims out the door. While Sha Monk led the horse, Eight Rules toted the luggage, and Pilgrim followed closely to one side, the elder, riding the horse, folded his hands before his chest and said, "Brother woodcutter, please lead the way. We shall take proper leave of you when we reach the main road."

They then descended from the heights and headed for the slope, following the turns of the brook. Musing as he rode, the elder said, "O disciples!

Since leaving my lord to go to the West,
I've walked the path of an unending quest.
In mountains and streams disasters await;
My life has been the fiends' and monsters' bait.
Tripitaka's the sole thought on my mind;
The Ninefold Heaven's all I hope to find.
When will I from such toil my respite earn
And, merit done, to the Tang court return?"

On hearing this, the woodcutter said, “Venerable Father, please cast aside your worries. In less than a thousand miles on this main road to the West will be the Kingdom of India, the home of ultimate bliss.” When he heard this, the elder at once dismounted and said, “We’ve caused you inconvenience to come this far. If that is the main road before us, let me urge you to return to your house, brother woodcutter, and do thank your honored mother for us for that sumptuous vegetarian repast. This humble cleric has few tokens of gratitude to offer except the promise of reciting scriptures morning and evening on your behalf, so that both of you, mother and son, will be blessed with peace and long life of a hundred years.”

The woodcutter respectfully agreed and walked back, while master and disciples headed straight for the West. Truly,

The fiend subdued, they leave their hard ordeal;
The kindness received, they journey with zeal.

We do not know how many more days it will take them to reach the Western Heaven; let’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-SEVEN

The Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture offends Heaven and suffers drought
The Great Sage Sun advocates virtue and provides rain

The Great Way's hidden and deep—
How it waxes and wanes,
Once told, will astonish both gods and spirits:
Enfolding the universe,
Cutting through one's native light,
It grants the world true, matchless bliss.
Before the Spirit Vulture Peak,
The treasure pearl, when taken out,
Will blaze forth five kinds of radiance
To illumine all life in the cosmos;
Those who know live long as mountains and seas.

We were telling you about Tripitaka and his three disciples, who took leave of the woodcutter and descended the Mist-Concealing Mountain to proceed on the main road. After traveling for several days, they found themselves approaching a city.

"Wukong," said Tripitaka, "can you see whether the city ahead of us is the Kingdom of India?"

"No! No!" replied Pilgrim, waving his hands. "Though the place of Tathāgata is named Ultimate Bliss, there is no city as such, only a large mountain in which there are terraces and towered buildings. The name there is the Great Thunderclap Monastery of the Spirit Mountain. Even if we have arrived at the Kingdom of India, it doesn't mean that that's where Tathāgata lives. Heaven knows how great a distance there is between the kingdom and the Spirit Mountain! The city over there, I suppose, must be some sort of outer prefecture of India, but we'll know more once we get near it." In a little while they reached the outside of the city. Dismounting, Tripitaka and his disciples walked through the triple gates. Inside they found little human activity, and the streets seemed rather desolate. When they reached the edge of the market, they saw many people wearing blue robes standing in rows left and right; a few who had on official caps and belts were standing beneath the eaves of a building. The four pilgrims proceeded along the street, but the people would not step aside for them at all. As Zhu Eight Rules had always been a country bumpkin, he stuck out his long snout and yelled, "Get out of the way! Get out of the way!" When those people raised their heads and caught sight of a shape like that, they turned numb with fear and fell all over the place. "A monster-spirit's here! A monster-spirit's here!" they yelled. Trembling all over, those with official caps and belts bowed and said, "Where are you people from?"

Fearing that his disciples might cause trouble, Tripitaka immediately went to the front to answer the question. "This humble priest," he said, "is the subject of the Great Tang in the Land of the East and has been sent to the Great Thunderclap Monastery in the Kingdom of India to seek scriptures from the Buddhist Patriarch. As we pass through your treasure region, we have yet to learn of your country's name and seek shelter from a household. Having just entered the city, we fail to give right of way to others, and I beg you various officials to pardon us." One of the officials returned the greetings and said, "This is the outer prefecture of India, and the name of the region is

Phoenix- Immortal. Because we have had a severe drought for several years, the prefect ordered us to put up here a public notice seeking a priest to pray for rain and save the people." On hearing this, Pilgrim said, "Where's your notice?"

"Right here," replied the officials. "We've been sweeping clean the wall and the eave just now, and we have yet to hang it up."

"Bring it here and let me have a look," said Pilgrim, and the various officials rolled out the notice at once and hung it beneath the eave. As Pilgrim and his companions drew near, this was the notice they found:

The Prefect Shangguan of the Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture in the Great Kingdom of India hereby promulgates a public notice to seek an enlightened master for the performance of a mighty religious deed. Though the territory of our prefecture is spacious, and though both our military and civilians have been affluent, we have suffered drought and famine for several consecutive years. The fields of the people are unplowed, and the military lands are infertile; the rivers have receded and the ditches have dried out. There is neither water in the wells nor liquid in the streams. The wealthy can barely subsist, but the poor can hardly remain alive. A bushel of grain costs a hundred gold, while five ounces of silver is the price of one bundle of wood. A ten-year-old girl is given in exchange for three pints of rice, while a five-year-old boy is taken away at will. Those fearful of the law in the city would pawn their clothes and possessions to preserve themselves, but those abusing the public in the countryside will rob and plunder to save their lives. For this reason we have promulgated this notice to plead with the worthy and wise of all quarters to pray for rain and save the people. Such kindness will be heavily rewarded with the payment of a thousand gold, and this is a sure promise.

After he had read it, Pilgrim asked the various officials, "What does the Prefect Shangguan mean?"

"Shangguan happens to be his surname, and it's also the name of our prefecture," they replied. "But that's quite a rare name," said Pilgrim, chuckling.

"So Elder Brother hasn't gone to school, after all!"

Eight Rules said. "Don't you know that toward the end of *The Book of a*

Hundred Family Names there is the phrase, Shangguan Ouyang?"

"Disciples,"

Tripitaka said, "let's stop this idle chatter. Whichever one of you knows how to pray for rain should do so on their behalf in order to bring relief to the populace. This is a most virtuous deed. If you cannot, we should leave and not delay our journey."

"What's so difficult about praying for rain?" said Pilgrim. "Old Monkey can overturn rivers and seas, alter the course of the planets, topple Heaven and upturn a well, belch out fog and cloud, chase down the moon while carrying a mountain, call up the wind and the rain. Which one of these things, in fact, has not been the sport of my youth? There's nothing to marvel at!" When the various officials heard what he said, two of them quickly went to the prefectural office to report, "Venerable Father, ten thousand happinesses have arrived!"

The prefect was just in the midst of uttering a silent prayer before stalks of lighted incense. When he heard the announcement, he asked, "What happinesses?" One of the officials replied, "Having received the public notice today, we were about to mount it at the entrance of the market when four monks arrived. They claimed to be pilgrims sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to seek scriptures from Buddha in the Great Thunderclap Monastery of the Kingdom of India. When they saw the notice, they also told us of their ability to pray for rain, and that is why we came especially to report to you."

The prefect immediately tidied his clothing and began walking toward the market, not even waiting for carriage or horses to be summoned, in order that he might solicit with great courtesy the help of these priests. When someone on the street announced, "The Venerable Father Prefect has arrived," the crowd stepped aside. As soon as he caught sight of the Tang Monk, the prefect started bowing low in the middle of the street, not intimidated at all by the hideous appearances of the monk's disciples. "Your lowly official named Shangguan," he said, "is the prefect of the Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture. With burned incense, and having ritually cleansed myself, I bow to implore the master to pray for rain and save the people. I beg the master to dispense widely his mercy, exercise his magic potency, and answer our needs!" Returning his salutation, Tripitaka said, "This is hardly the place for conversation. Allow this humble cleric to reach a monastery or temple, where it'll be easier for us to do what we must do."

"Let the master come to our humble residence," said the prefect. "There will be an unsullied area for you to stay." Master and disciples thereupon led the horse and toted the luggage to the official residence. After he had greeted each one of them, the prefect at once ordered tea and a vegetarian meal to be served. When the food arrived in a little while, our Eight Rules ate with abandon like a hungry tiger, so terrifying those holding dishes and trays that their hearts quivered and their gallbladders shook. Back and forth they scurried about to fetch more soup and rice, moving like revolving lanterns. They could barely keep up with the demand, but they did not stop until the pilgrims had satisfied themselves. After the meal, the Tang Monk expressed his thanks and then asked, "Sir Prefect, for how long has your noble region been afflicted with drought?"

The prefect said,

At India's Kingdom, this, our nation great,
Of Phoenix- Immortal I'm the magistrate.
For three long years a drought has laid us low:
The five grains perished—not even grass would grow!
Commerce is hard for households big and small;
Ten doors or nine portals are tearful all.
Two-thirds of us have been by hunger slain,
While one-third like a wind-blown torch remains.
When I this public notice promulgate,
It's our luck that true monks have reached our state.
If you with one inch of rain the people bless,
A thousand gold I'll give for such kindness.

On hearing this, Pilgrim showed great delight and said, with a roar of laughter, "Don't say that! Don't say that! If you mention a thousand gold as repayment, you'll not receive even half a drop of rain. But if you wish to accumulate merit and virtue, old Monkey will present you with a torrential shower."

That prefect, you see, was indeed an upright and honest official who had great love for his people. He immediately asked Pilgrim to take the honored seat; he bowed low and said, "Master, if you would indeed extend your mercy, this lowly official will never dare turn my back on virtue."

"Let's not talk anymore," said Pilgrim, "and please rise. May I trouble you to take good care of my master, so that old Monkey can act?"

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "how will you act?"

"You and Eight Rules come over here," replied Pilgrim. "Stand at the foot of the steps of the hall there and serve as my ritual assistants. Let old Monkey summon the dragon here to make rain."

Eight Rules and Sha Monk obeyed; when the three of them all stood at the foot of the steps of the hall, the prefect burned incense and worshipped, while Tripitaka sat and recited a sūtra.

As Pilgrim recited a magic spell, immediately a dark cloud arose from the east and gradually drifted down to the courtyard in front of the hall; it was actually Aoguang, the old Dragon King of the Eastern Ocean. After the cloud had been retrieved, Aoguang took on human form and walked forward to bow and salute Pilgrim, saying, "In what capacity may this humble dragon serve the Great Sage who has summoned me?"

"Please rise," said Pilgrim. "I've troubled you to come from a great distance only for one purpose, and that is to ask you why you have not provided rain to relieve a drought of several years here at the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal."

"Let me humbly inform the Great Sage," said the old dragon. "Though I may be able to make rain, I am subject to the will of Heaven. If Heaven above has not authorized me, how could I dare come here to make rain?" Pilgrim said, "Because I passed through this region and saw how the people suffered from such a prolonged drought, I asked you especially to come and bring relief. Why are you making excuses?"

"Would I dare do that?" said the dragon king. "When the Great Sage recited his magic spell, I would never dare not show up. But I have not been authorized by Heaven in the first place, and, second, I have not brought along the divine warriors in charge of making rain. How could I start anything? If the Great Sage indeed has such eleemosynary intentions, allow this little dragon to return to the sea and summon his troops. Meanwhile, let the Great Sage make a memorial at the Celestial Palace and ask for an imperial decree authorizing the descent of rain. Request the aquatic officials to let loose the dragons, and then I'll be able to make rain according to the amount specified by the decree."

As Pilgrim could not quite controvert this proper argument that the old dragon offered, he had to let him return to the sea. He himself then jumped out of the star-treading pattern to give the Tang Monk a thorough account of what had happened. "In that case," said the Tang Monk, "you may go and do your duty, but you must not utter even a word of falsehood." Pilgrim at once gave this injunction to Eight Rules and Sha Monk:

"Guard the master, for I'm going up to the Celestial Palace."

Dear Great Sage! He said he was leaving and at once vanished from sight. Quaking with fear, the prefect asked, "Where has Venerable Father Sun gone to?"

"He mounted the clouds to ascend to Heaven," said Eight Rules, chuckling. The prefect became more respectful than ever. An order was hurriedly dispatched to the broad boulevards and narrow alleys, asking all the people—whether they be nobles or plebeians, civilian or military—to set up a placard for the dragon king in front of each household. Clean water jars with willow twigs stuck inside were to be placed by the doors, and incense was to be burned so that all could worship Heaven. Here we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about Pilgrim, who reached the West Heaven Gate with a single cloud somersault. The Devarāja Dhṛtarāṣṭra led a group of celestial soldiers and *vīra* to greet him with the question:

"Great Sage, have you completed the enterprise of scripture seeking?"

"The end can't be too far off," replied Pilgrim. "We have reached the border of the Kingdom of India, where there is an outer prefecture by the name of Phoenix-Immortal. That place has not had rain for three years, and the people are in terrible straits. Old Monkey wanted to pray for rain to bring relief, but when I summoned the dragon king there, he claimed that he dared not do it on his own authority. I have come here, therefore, to request a decree from the Jade Emperor."

"I am quite sure that rain is forbidden at that particular place," said the devarāja, "for I have heard that the prefect, because of some mischief, has offended Heaven and Earth. As a punishment, the Jade Emperor established a rice mountain, a noodle mountain, and a huge square lock of gold. Until these three things are overturned, there will be no rain for the region." Not knowing, however, what the devarāja was speaking of, Pilgrim insisted on an audience with the Jade Emperor. The devarāja dared not bar his way, and he was permitted to go inside till he reached the Hall of Perfect Light. He was then met by the Four Celestial Masters, who asked, "What is the Great Sage doing here?"

"While escorting the Tang Monk," said Pilgrim, "I arrived at the border of the Kingdom of India. Because of a severe drought at the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal, the prefect sought magicians to make rain. When old Monkey managed to summon the dragon king and ask him to make rain, he said that he dared not do it without the explicit decree of the Jade Emperor. Hence I've come to request a decree to relieve the people's suffering."

"But it should not rain at that region," said the Celestial Masters.

With a laugh, Pilgrim said, "Whether it should or not, please announce my presence and see whether old Monkey can win this favor."

The Immortal Ge said, "As the proverb has it, 'A fly wraps around a net—what a large countenance!'"

"Stop this babbling!" said Xu Jingyang. "Let's take him inside."

Thereupon Qiu Hongzhi, Zhang Daoling, Ge, and Xu—these four realized immortals—led the visitor into the Hall of Divine Mists to memorialize, saying, "Your Majesty, we have here Sun Wukong, who is passing through the Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture of the Kingdom of India. Wishing rain for the people, he has come especially to seek your decree."

"On the twenty-fifth day of the twelfth month three years ago," said the Jade Emperor, "we were out on tour to inspect the myriad heavens and float through the Three Realms. When we arrived at that particular region, we had occasion to witness that Shangguan right in the midst of his wickedness. He pushed over the sacrificial maigre intended for offering to Heaven and fed it to dogs instead.

Furthermore, he even made obscene utterances and committed the sin of blasphemy. For this reason, we established three things in the Fragrance-Draping Hall, to which all of you should lead Sun Wukong to see. If these things have been

overturned, we shall grant him a decree; if not, he should be told to mind his own business."

The four Celestial Masters at once led Pilgrim to the hall to look around. There they came upon a mountain of rice, about one hundred feet tall, and a mountain of noodles, about two hundred feet in height. At the side of the rice mountain was a chicken no larger than a human fist, which was pecking at the rice at a rather irregular pace—now speeding up, now slowing down. Over at the noodle mountain was a golden-haired puppy, a Peking pug, which, with an occasional flick of his tongue, was lapping up some of the noodles.

On the left side of the hall, moreover, there was an iron rack with a large square lock, at least fifteen inches in length, hanging from it.

Beneath the key of the lock, no thicker than a human finger, was a small lamp, its tiny flame barely touching the key.

Not knowing what to make of the sight, Pilgrim turned to ask the Celestial Masters, "What does this mean?" One of them replied, "Because that fellow has offended Heaven, the Jade Emperor established these three things. Not until the chicken has finished pecking the rice, the dog has lapped up all the noodles, and the lamp has burned through the key of the lock will there be rain in that region." When he heard these words, Pilgrim was so taken aback that he paled with fright. Not daring to present another memorial to the Emperor, he walked out of the hall, visibly embarrassed. "The Great Sage need not be overly perplexed," said one of the preceptors.

"This affair can only be resolved by virtue, for if there is a single thought of kindness and mercy to stir up Heaven above, the rice and noodle mountains will topple immediately, and the lock key too will snap at once. You must go and persuade that prefect to do good, and blessing will be on its way." Pilgrim agreed.

Not taking leave of the Jade Emperor at Divine Mists,
He went straightaway below to answer a mortal man.

In a moment he arrived at the West Heaven Gate, where he saw Devarāja Dhṛtarāṣṭra again. "Did you succeed in getting a decree?" asked the devarāja. Having given an account of the matter of the rice mountain, the noodle mountain, and the golden lock, Pilgrim said, "He did refuse to grant me a decree, as you told me he would. But when the Celestial Masters sent me off just now, they also instructed me to persuade that fellow to return to virtue, and blessing would come to him as before."

Thus they parted, and Pilgrim descended on a cloud to the Region Below.

When he arrived, the prefect, Tripitaka, Eight Rules, Sha Monk, and all the officials, great and small, crowded around him to question him about his journey. Pilgrim singled out the prefect and bellowed at him, "Because you offended Heaven and Earth three years ago, on the twenty-fifth day of the twelfth month, you brought a great ordeal on your people, for Heaven now refuses to grant you rain."

These words so astonished the prefect that he fell prostrate on the ground, asking, "How did the master learn of the incident three years ago?"

"How could you," said Pilgrim, "push down sacrificial maigre intended for offering to Heaven and feed it to dogs? You'd better give us an honest account!" Not daring to conceal anything, the prefect said, "On the twenty-fifth day of the twelfth month three years ago, we indeed offered sacrificial maigre to Heaven in our residence. Because of my wife's ill behavior—she taunted me, in fact, with some nasty words—I

was momentarily blinded by anger and pushed down the votive table, spilling all the vegetarian food. At that point I did in fact get the dogs to come and eat it up. Since then this incident has lingered in my memory and often driven me to distraction, but I know of no way to present an explanation. I hadn't realized that Heaven above took offense and brought harm to the people on my account. Now that the master has descended again to this region, I beg you to reveal to me how Heaven intends to reckon with me." Pilgrim said, "That day happened to be the epiphany of the Jade Emperor to the Region Below. When he saw you feeding the sacrificial maigre to dogs and mouthing obscene words, he at once set up three things as reminders of your transgression."

"What three things?" asked Eight Rules.

"At the Fragrance-Draping Hall," replied Pilgrim, "a rice mountain approximately one hundred feet tall and a noodle mountain about two hundred feet in height were set up. By the rice mountain there was a chicken no larger than a fist, pecking away rather leisurely at the rice. At the noodle mountain there was a golden-haired Peking pug, lapping up some of the noodles with an occasional flick of his tongue. On the left side of the hall, moreover, there was an iron rack with a huge lock made of yellow gold hanging from it, its key as thick as a finger. Below the key is a lamp, but the flame is barely touching the key. Not until the chicken has finished pecking the rice, the dog lapping up the noodles, and the lamp burning through the key is there to be rain in this region."

Chuckling, Eight Rules said, "No problem! No problem! If Elder Brother is willing to take me there, I'll undergo magical transformation and finish off all that rice and noodle in a single meal. We'll break the key, too, and there'll be rain."

"Stop babbling, Idiot!" said Pilgrim. "This happens to be a device of Heaven. How could you undo it?"

"In that case," said Tripitaka, "what shall we do?"

"It's not too difficult! It's not too difficult!" said Pilgrim. "When I was about to come back, the Four Celestial Masters told me that this matter could be resolved only by doing good." Prostrating himself on the ground, the prefect pleaded, "I beg the master to inform me. This lowly official will obey all your instructions."

"If you indeed repent and return to virtue," said Pilgrim, "and make it your early practice to worship Buddha and read scriptures, I shall see what I can do for you. But if you refuse to change, even I cannot undo your miseries. Before long Heaven will decree your execution, and your life will not be spared."

Touching his head to the ground, the prefect vowed that he would submit to religion. At once he gave the order for Buddhist and Daoist clerics of his region to begin performing services for three days, about which they had to write up detailed documents, burn them, and send them to Heaven above. The prefect himself personally led his subjects in worship and in the presentation of incense in order to appease Heaven and Earth and do penance. Tripitaka, too, also recited sūtras for him. In the meantime, another order was dispatched with all speed to every household within and without the city: each man and woman was to burn incense and chant the name of Buddha. From that moment on the sound of good works could be heard everywhere.

Highly pleased by what he saw and heard, Pilgrim said to Eight Rules and Sha Monk, "The two of you should take care to guard our master. Let old Monkey make another trip for him."

"Elder Brother," asked Eight Rules, "where do you want to go this time?"

"Since this prefect has believed the words of old Monkey," replied Pilgrim, "and has received indeed our teachings, and since he is now chanting the name of Buddha with due reverence, compassion, and sincerity, I will go again to memorialize to the Jade Emperor and beg some rain for him."

"If you wish to go, Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "you need not hesitate so that our journey will not be delayed. Do finish this rain service for them in order that our right fruit, too, may be perfected."

Dear Great Sage! Mounting the clouds, he reached the Heaven Gate, where he was greeted by the question of Devarāja Dhṛtarāṣṭra, "Why are you here again?"

"That prefect," replied Pilgrim, "has already returned to virtue."

The devarāja, too, was delighted. As they conversed, they saw the Messenger of Direct Talismans arrive, holding Daoist documents and Buddhist rescripts to be sent through the Heaven Gate. When the messenger saw Pilgrim, he saluted him, saying, "This is the merit of the Great Sage in his evangelical work."

"Where are you sending these documents?" asked Pilgrim.

"To the Hall of Perfect Light," replied the messenger, "so that the Celestial Masters may present them before the Jade Emperor, the Great Celestial Honored One."

"In that case," Pilgrim said, "you walk ahead, and I'll follow you."

As the talismans messenger entered the gate, Devarāja Dhṛtarāṣṭra said, "Great Sage, there's no need for you to have an audience with the Jade Emperor. You need only to go to the Bureau of Appointed Seasons of the Ninefold Heaven and ask for the thunder deities. When you have started the thunder and lightning, rain will be on its way." Indeed Pilgrim followed his advice; after entering the Heaven Gate, he did not proceed to seek another decree at the Hall of Divine Mists. Instead, turning his step on the clouds, he went straight to the Bureau of Appointed Seasons of the Ninefold Heaven. He was met by the Thunder Gate Messenger, the Recorder of Collective Registry, and the Recorder of the Provincial Judicial Commission, who saluted him and asked, "To what do we owe this visit, Great Sage?"

"There's something," replied Pilgrim, "for which I must have an audience with the Celestial Worthy."

The three messengers at once went in to make the announcement, and the Celestial Worthy walked out from behind the royal cinnabar screen adorned with nine phoenixes. After having tidied his attire, he met his visitor. When they had finished their exchange of greetings, Pilgrim said, "I've come with a special request."

"What is it?" asked the Celestial Worthy. Pilgrim said, "I escorted the Tang Monk to the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal. When he saw how severe a drought they have been having, I promised the people that I would seek rain on their behalf. Now I've come specially to request the assistance of your officers to go there and provide thunder."

"I happen to know that the prefect has offended Heaven," said the Celestial Worthy, "as a result of which three conditions have been established. I wonder if it should rain in that region." Pilgrim said, "Yesterday I went to request a decree from the Jade Emperor, and he told the Celestial Masters to lead me to the Fragrance-Draping Hall to look at those three conditions. They were actually a rice mountain, a noodle

mountain, and a golden lock. The condition was that only when the mountains topple and the key snaps would there be rain. I was deeply troubled by the difficulty of meeting these conditions, but the Celestial Masters instructed me to go and persuade the prefect and his subjects to do good. Their idea was that

When man has a virtuous thought,
Heaven will grant him support.

They assured me, in fact, that the works of virtue would alter the Mind of Heaven and bring deliverance to the people's suffering. Now that a virtuous thought has indeed sprung up in the prefect and that the sound of virtue can be heard everywhere in that region, the Messenger of Direct Talismans has already reported to the Jade Emperor with documents recording such deeds of repentance and penance. That is the reason old Monkey has come to your honored residence to request the assistance of your thunder officials."

"In that case," said the Celestial Worthy, "I'll send the Squires of Thunder—Deng, Xin, Zhang, and Tao—who will lead the Mother of Lightning to follow the Great Sage to the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal to sound the thunder." In a little while, the four warriors, on arriving at the region of Phoenix-Immortal with the Great Sage, immediately began to exercise their magic in midair. All you could hear were powerful peals of thunder, and all you could see were blinding flashes of lightning. Truly

Electric flash like purple-gold snake,
And thunder like all creatures aroused.
Ablaze are the flying flames;
The cracks topple mountain caves.
The lightning lights up the heavens;
The tumult unhinges the earth.
One scarlet gold flash the seedlings quickens;
A whole, large empire is rocked and shaken.

For three full years the people at the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal, regardless of whether they were civilians or military personnel, or whether they lived inside or outside of the city, had not heard the sound of thunder. When they encountered both thunder and lightning this day, all of them fell to their knees. Some of them held up incense braziers on their heads, while others picked up willow twigs; all of them chanted, "Namo Amitābha! Namo Amitābha!" Such a cry of virtue indeed alerted Heaven above, just as the ancient poem said:

One wish born in the heart of man
Is known throughout Heaven and Earth.
vice or virtue lacks reward,
Unjust must be the universe.

Let us leave the Great Sage for a moment, as he directed the deities who were producing thunder and lightning at the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal. We tell you instead of the Messenger of Direct Talismans in the Region Above, who escorted the documents of both Buddhists and Daoists up to the Hall of Perfect Light. They were then taken by the Four Celestial Masters to present to the Jade Emperor. The Emperor said, "If those fellows down there have turned their thoughts to good, we should take a look at the three conditions."

Even as he was speaking, a guard from the Fragrance-Draping Hall arrived to make this report:

"Not only have the rice and noodle mountains toppled, but all the rice and noodles have vanished in an instant. The key to the lock is also broken." No sooner had he finished this memorial when a celestial court attendant arrived, leading the local spirit, the city deity, and the spirits of land and grain at the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal. All the gods bowed to the Jade Emperor and memorialized, "The prefect and the entire population of our region have repented. There is not a single household, indeed not a single person, which has not embraced the fruit of virtue by worshipping Buddha and revering Heaven. We beg you now, therefore, to extend your mercy and let the sweet dew descend to succor the people."

Filled with delight by what he heard, the Jade Emperor at once issued this decree:

"Let the Bureau of Wind, the Bureau of Clouds, and the Bureau of Rain follow our instruction to go to the Region Below. Within the territory of the Prefecture of Phoenix-Immortal at this day and hour, let them sound the thunder, deploy the clouds, and lower three feet and forty-two drops of rain."

The Four Celestial Masters transmitted this decree to the various bureaus, the deities of which all roused themselves to exercise their divine power in the world below.

Pilgrim and the thunder gods, meanwhile, were telling the Mother of Lightning to ply her tricks in midair when they were joined by the other arriving deities. In no time at all, clouds and wind came together and sweet rain descended in torrents. Marvelous rain!

Endless dense clouds,
Boundless black fog,
Thunder cracking,
Lightning flashing,
Violent wind churning,
Sudden rain pouring.
This is how one thought could move Heaven
all people realize their hopes.
Since the Great Sage has caused decisive change,
The empire grows dark for ten thousand miles—
A good rain likes seas and rivers upturned,
Obscuring land and sky.
A cascade hangs before the eaves,
And chimes resound beyond the screens.
In every door people chant the Buddha's name,
And water runs wild through six streets and marts.
Rivers, east and west, are filled to the brim;
Streams are flowing freely both north and south.
Shriveled sprouts are moistened;
Withered woods now revive.
In the fields hemp and wheat flourish;
In the village grains and beans increase.
The traders find joy in commerce;
The farmers once more love their plowing.
From henceforth millet and grain will prosper,
Their tillage yield naturally rich harvests.

With rain and wind in season the people rest
And in calm seas and rivers enjoy peace.

In a single day there descended the full measure of three feet and forty-two drops of rain. As the various deities gradually halted their activities, the Great Sage cried out in a loud voice:

"Let the deities of the Four Bureaus temporarily stay their cloudy attendants. Allow old Monkey to go ask the prefect to make his proper expression of thanks. All of you can then sweep aside the mist and cloud to reveal your true forms. When these common mortals have seen you with their own eyes, they will then believe and sacrifice to you with constancy." On hearing this, the gods had no choice but to remain in midair.

Lowering the direction of his cloud, Pilgrim went to the prefecture, where he was met by Tripitaka, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk. The prefect made a bow with each step he took to express his gratitude. "You shouldn't thank me," said Pilgrim, "but I have managed to detain the deities of the Four Bureaus here for the moment. Assemble many of your people quickly and thank them, so that they will return in the future to grant you rain."

The prefect accordingly sent out an immediate dispatch to all the people that they should hold lighted incense and bow to the sky. When the mist and clouds moved apart, what the people saw were the revealed true forms of the deities of the Four Bureaus, these being the Rain Bureau, the Thunder Bureau, the Cloud Bureau, and the Wind Bureau. This was what they saw:

dragon king's revealed form,
The thundergod's exposed body.
The Cloud- Boy's appearance,
The Earl of Wind's true image.
The dragon king's revealed form:
Such silver beard and hoary face matchless in the world.
The thundergod's exposed body:
Such incomparable hooked mouth and forceful mien.
The Cloud- Boy's appearance:
Who could rival his jadelike face and head of gold?
The Earl of Wind's true image:
Who resembles his round eyes and bushy brows?
Jointly they emerge in the blue heavens,
Each showing in turn his holy presence.
Phoenix- Immortal people then believe;
Worship with incense, and their evils leave.
Once they have seen Heaven's warriors this day,
They cleanse their hearts and virtue now obey.

The various deities lingered for an hour, and the people did not cease in their worship. Pilgrim Sun rose again into the air to salute them, saying, "We've troubled you! We've troubled you! Please return to your bureaus, all of you. Old Monkey will make certain that the households in this prefecture are faithful in their offerings and make oblation in due season to thank you. From now on, please return every fifth day to give the people wind, and every tenth day to give them rain. Do come back, all of you, and vouchsafe your salvation to them."

The deities agreed, and they all returned to their bureaus, where we shall leave them.

We tell you instead about the Great Sage, who dropped down from the clouds and said to Tripitaka, "Our affair's concluded, and the people are safe. We can pack and move on." On hearing this, the prefect quickly saluted them, saying, "How could you say that, Venerable Father Sun? What you have accomplished here are kindness and merit without limits. This lowly official has already asked for a small banquet to be prepared as a token of our gratitude for your great kindness. We intend also to buy some land from the people so that we may build a monastery, in truth, to establish a living shrine to you. Your names will be inscribed on steles so that you may enjoy our offerings in all four seasons. But even if I were to engrave your deed on my bones and carve it on my heart, I could not repay a fraction of your kindness. How can you say, then, that you want to leave?"

"Though you may find it appropriate to say what you said, Your Excellency," said Tripitaka, "you must realize also that we are but mendicants journeying to the West. We dare not stay long. In a day or two we shall certainly leave."

The prefect, of course, would not let them go. He gave the order that preparations for the banquet be made immediately, and also that work begin that very night for the building of the shrine.

The next day a grand banquet was given, in which the Tang Monk was asked to take the honored seat. The Great Sage Sun, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk all had their own tables, while the prefect and his subordinates, high and low officials, all took turns to present food and drinks to the accompaniment of fine music. The entertainment lasted one whole day, and it was a delightful occasion indeed, for which we have a testimonial poem:

After a long drought the fields meet sweet rain.
Commerce and rivers freely flow again.
We have to thank the divine monks' advent
And the Great Sage who to Heav'n's Palace went.
Three things of former evil now undone,
One thought contrite has fruits of virtue won.
Henceforth may it e'er be like Yao- Shun times:
Rich harvests and rains due in all four climes.

There was a party one day, and there was a banquet the next—it went on like that for almost half a month, during which time they were also waiting for the monastery to be built and the living shrine to be finished.

One day the prefect asked the four pilgrims to go look at the building. "It's an enormous labor," said an astonished Tang Monk.

"How can you get it finished so quickly?"

"This lowly official," replied the prefect, "has ordered the laborers to work night and day in order that they might complete their task speedily. Now I'm inviting the Venerable Fathers especially to go see it."

"You're indeed a worthy prefect," said Pilgrim with a smile, "one who has not only virtue but ability as well!"

They thus went to the new monastery. When they saw the towering edifices and the magnificent gates, they were full of praise.

Pilgrim then requested his master to name the monastery, and Tripitaka said, "Yes, let us call it the Monastery of Salvific Rain."

"Very good! Very good!" exclaimed the prefect. Brushed gold notices were then set up to recruit qualified priests to attend the fires and incense. On the left of the main hall, living shrines were erected to the four pilgrims, at which offerings would be made in all four seasons. There were plans also to build shrines to the thunder deities and dragon deities as tokens of gratitude for their divine works.

After witnessing all of this, the pilgrims decided to leave.

Knowing that their benefactors could no longer be detained, the populace of the entire prefecture came with gifts and cash, but not even a penny was accepted. Thereupon the officials and the civilians of the entire region formed a huge entourage, with the waving of banners and the beating of drums, to escort the pilgrims out of the city. Even after some thirty miles they could not quite bring themselves to part with the pilgrims, whom they escorted yet another distance with tearful eyes. Only when the pilgrims disappeared from sight did the people turn back. Thus it is that

A virtuous divine monk leaves Salvation behind;
The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, spreads his kindness wide.

We do not know how many days must pass before they get to see Tathāgata; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-EIGHT

Reaching Jade-Flower, Chan convenes an assembly
Mind Monkey, Wood, and Earth instruct disciples

We were telling you about the Tang Monk, who took leave of the prefect. Riding along, he spoke most amiably to Pilgrim:

"Worthy disciple, your virtuous fruit this time far surpasses even that of the occasion when you rescued the children of the Bhikṣu Kingdom.

This is entirely your merit!"

"At the Bhikṣu Kingdom," said Sha Monk, "only one thousand, one hundred and eleven young boys were saved. How can that compare with this torrential rain, which provided moisture everywhere and revived hundreds and thousands of lives? This disciple, too, has been secretly admiring Elder Brother for his great magic strength which can move Heaven and for his compassion which covers the Earth." With a giggle, Eight Rules said, "Yes, Elder Brother has kindness, and he has virtue! Unfortunately, he practices benevolence and righteousness only on the outside, and he harbors malicious designs within. Whenever he walks with old Hog, he steps on people!"

"When did I ever step on you?" asked Pilgrim.

"Enough! Enough!" said Eight Rules. "Frequently you took care to see that I was bound, that I was hung up, that I was cooked, that I was steamed! Since you have extended your kindness and mercy to hundreds and thousands of people at the Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture, you should have stayed there at least half a year. That way I would have been able to enjoy a few leisurely meals, eating my fill. But all you did was hurry us on our way!" On hearing this, the elder snapped at him, "This Idiot! All you can think of is something to stuff down your throat! Get moving quickly, and don't you dare talk back!" Not daring to utter a word, Eight Rules pouted a little; he toted the luggage and guffawed a few times as master and disciples headed down the main road. Time went by like a weaver's shuttle, and soon it was late autumn. You see

Water lines recede,
Mountain rocks turn bare.
Red leaves flutter about,
A time of yellow blossoms.
The frost glows, you feel the night lengthen;
The white moon pierces the paper screens.
and smoke in all households, the twilight's long;
The lake surfaces a cold gleam every where.
Fragrant white duckweeds,
And dense red smartweeds.
Oranges yellow and green,
Droopy willows and handsome grains.
The wild geese drop by a hamlet midst rush like snow;
Soy beans are reaped as the inn's roosters crow.

After the four of them had journeyed for a long time, they again saw the shadow of city walls looming. Lifting his crop to point toward the distance, the elder called out:

"Wukong, look! There's another city over there. I wonder what sort of a place it is?"

"You and I haven't even reached it," said Pilgrim. "How could we know? Let's go up there and ask some people." Just as he finished speaking, an old man walked out from a clump of trees. Holding a bamboo staff in his hands, he wore a light garment on his body, a pair of coir sandals on his feet, and a thin belt around his waist. The Tang Monk was so startled that he rolled down from his saddle at once, walked up to him, and saluted him. Leaning on his staff, the old man returned his greetings and asked, "Where have you come from, Elder?" Pressing his palms together in front of him, the Tang Monk said, "This humble cleric is someone sent by the Tang court in the Land of the East to Thunderclap to seek scriptures from Buddha. Arriving at your treasure region, I see a rampart ahead of us. Since I do not know what place it is, I ask the old patron especially for instruction." On hearing this, the old man exclaimed, "A Chan Master who possesses the Way! Our humble region here happens to be the lower prefecture of the Kingdom of India. The name of this place is the Jade-Flower District. As the county magistrate is a member of the royal household of the King of India, he has been appointed the Jade-Flower Prince. He is a most virtuous ruler, one who pays special reverence to Buddhists and Daoists and loves the common people dearly. If the old Chan Master goes to have an audience with him, he will undoubtedly grant you special honor."

Tripitaka thanked him, and the old man left by walking through the forest.

Then Tripitaka turned to give a thorough account to his three disciples, who were all delighted and tried to help their master to mount. "It's not too far," said Tripitaka. "I need not ride the horse."

The four of them, therefore, walked up to the city streets to look around. Most of the households over there, you see, were busily engaged in buying and selling. The place seemed to be densely populated, and business too seemed to be flourishing. Listen to their voices and look at their features: they seem no different from those of China. "Disciples," admonished Tripitaka, "do be careful and don't be rowdy."

Eight Rules at once lowered his head and Sha Monk put a hand over his face. Pilgrim, however, took his master's arm to give him support, and soon people on both sides began to crowd them, vying to take a look at these strange travelers. "We have here noble priests who can tame dragons and subdue tigers," they cried, "but we have never seen such hog-taming and monkey-subduing monks!" Unable to contain himself, Eight Rules stuck out his snout and said, "Have you ever seen a hog-taming king of a priest?"

He so frightened those people on the street that they stumbled and fell, scattering right and left. "Idiot," said Pilgrim, laughing, "hide your snout quickly. Stop being so histrionic, and watch your steps. You're about to cross a bridge." Lowering his head, our Idiot kept giggling as they crossed the drawbridge to enter the city gates. On the big boulevards they could see many wine shops and song houses, all prospering and bustling in activities. It was indeed a capital city right out of China, for which we have a testimonial poem.

The poem says:

A royal city and fortress ever strong
Where all things seem fresh near hills and rivers long.
The marts with a hundred goods the lake-boats ply;

To sell wine a thousand shops their banners fly.
On each tower and terrace the people bustle;
In every street and lane the traders hustle.
This scene's as lovely as that of Chang'an's fame:
Roosters crow, dogs bark—they all sound the same.

Secretly delighted, Tripitaka thought to himself, "I have heard people speaking of the various barbarians in the Western Territories, but I have never been here. When I look carefully at the place, however, I find that it's no different from our Great Tang. It certainly lives up to its name of Ultimate Bliss!"

He overheard, moreover, that a picul of white rice cost no more than four mace of silver, and that a mere penny would fetch a catty of sesame oil. It was truly a region blessed with bountiful harvests of the five grains.

They walked for a long time before they reached the residence of the Jade-Flower Prince. On both sides of the residence, there were also the residence of the Administrator of a Princely Establishment, the Investigative Hall, the Refectory, and the Guest Hostel.

"Disciples," said Tripitaka, "this is the royal residence. Let me go in to have an audience with the prince and have our rescript certified."

"If Master is going inside," said Eight Rules, "should we stand in front of this official residence?"

"Don't you see the sign on the door here?" replied Tripitaka. "It says 'Guest Hostel.' You may enter and take a seat inside. Find some hay to feed our horse. After I have seen the prince, and if he bestows some food on us, I'll call you to share it with me."

"You may go in without worry, Master," said Pilgrim. "Old Monkey will take care of things." Sha Monk then toted the luggage into the hostel. When the attendants inside saw how hideous they looked, they dared not question the visitors, nor were they bold enough to ask them to leave. They had, in fact, to permit the pilgrims to sit down, and there we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about the old master, who changed his attire, took up the travel rescript, and went to the royal residence. He was met by a protocol officer, who asked, "Where has the elder come from?"

Tripitaka answered, "I'm a priest sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to seek scriptures from the Buddhist Patriarch at the Great Thunderclap. Having arrived at your treasure region, I would like to have my travel rescript certified, and that is why I have come especially to have an audience with His Highness."

The protocol officer immediately announced his arrival.

The prince, who was indeed an upright and knowledgeable person, at once asked his visitor to enter. After Tripitaka had saluted him at the foot of the steps to the main hall, the prince invited him to take a seat inside. Tripitaka then presented the rescript. When the prince read it and noticed the seals of various kingdoms and their rulers' signatures, he too applied the treasure seal amiably and affixed his own signature. Folding it up again and placing it on the desk, the prince asked, "Elder National Preceptor, I see you have gone through many nations. Exactly how far is it from your Great Tang to this place?"

"This humble cleric does not quite remember the exact distance," replied Tripitaka. "Years ago, however, the Bodhisattva Guanyin revealed herself to our emperor and left his line of the *gātha*:

'The way: a hundred and eight thousand miles.'

On his journey, this humble cleric has already gone through fourteen summers and winters."

"That means fourteen years!" said the prince with a smile. "You must have had some delays on the way, I suppose."

"I can't even give you a brief account of them—those ten thousand beasts and a thousand demons!" replied Tripitaka. "You have no idea, Your Highness, how much I have suffered before reaching your treasure region."

Highly pleased, the prince immediately asked the royal chef to prepare a vegetarian meal for his visitor.

"Your Highness," said Tripitaka again. "This humble cleric has three disciples waiting outside. I dare not receive the maigre, for I fear that our journey might be delayed."

The prince said to the court attendant, "Go quickly to invite the three disciples of the elder to come in and have a meal."

The officer went out with the invitation, but he was greeted by the remark:

"We haven't see them! We haven't seen them!"

Then one of the followers said, "There are three ugly priests sitting in the Guest Hostel. They must be the ones."

The court attendant went with his followers to the hostel and asked the official in charge, "Which ones are the noble disciples of the scripture-seeking priest of the Great Tang? Our lord has commanded that they be invited for a meal."

Eight Rules was just seated there, dozing. The moment he heard the word *meal* he could not refrain from leaping up and replying, "We're the ones! We're the ones!"

The sight of him so terrified the court attendant that he screamed, shaking all over, "It's a hogdemon! A hog-demon!" When Pilgrim heard the commotion, he tugged at Eight Rules and said, "Brother, try to be a little more civilized, and stop being such a village brute!" When those officials saw Pilgrim, they cried, "It's a monkey-spirit! A monkey-spirit!"

Folding his hands in his sleeve before his chest, Sha Monk said, "Please do not be frightened, all of you! We three are all disciples of the Tang Monk." On seeing him, the various officials all cried, "The god of the hearth! The god of the hearth!" Pilgrim Sun then asked Eight Rules to lead the horse and Sha Monk to tote the luggage so that they could all enter the Jade-Flower Royal Residence. The court attendant meanwhile went ahead to announce their arrival. When the prince's eyes beheld such ugliness, he, too, became quite frightened. Pressing his palms together, Tripitaka said, "Please have no fear, Your Highness. Though my disciples look ugly, they are all goodhearted."

Eight Rules walked forward and bowed, saying, "This humble cleric salutes you!"

The prince grew even more apprehensive.

"My disciples,"

Tripitaka said again, "were all recruited from the wilds. They are untutored in proper etiquette, and I beg you to forgive them." Suppressing his fear, the prince told the royal chef to take the monks to the Gauze-Drying Pavilion for the vegetarian meal. After thanking him, Tripitaka left the prince and went with his disciples to the pavilion, where he immediately scolded Eight Rules. "You coolie!" he said. "You have no manners at all! You should have kept your mouth shut, and that would have been all right.

How could you be so rude! One word, and you nearly knocked down the T'ai Mountain!"

"It's a good thing I neither spoke nor bowed," said Pilgrim, chuckling. "I've managed to save some energy!"

"He should have waited for us to bow together," said Sha Monk. "Instead, he went ahead and started hollering with his snout jutting!"

"What a fuss! What a fuss!" said Eight Rules. "You told me some days ago, Master, that I should bow and make a salutation when I met someone. I did that today, and you say now that it's no good. What am I supposed to do?"

"I told you to bow and greet people," said Tripitaka, "but I didn't tell you to fool with the prince! As the proverb says,

There are different kinds of things
And different grades of people.

How could you not distinguish between the noble and the lowly?"

As they spoke, the royal chef led the servants to spread out tables and chairs and serve the maigre. Master and disciples stopped talking as each ate his meal.

We tell you instead about the prince, who left the main hall and went inside the palace. When his three young princes saw how pale he looked, they asked, "Why does Father King seem so frightened today?"

The prince said, "Just now there was a priest sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to seek scriptures from Buddha. He came to have his travel rescript certified, and he seemed a rather comely person. When I asked him to stay for a meal, he told me that he had disciples waiting in front of our residence. I ordered them invited also, but when they came in after a little while, they did not pay me the respect of performing the grand ceremony. All they did was bow, and I was already displeased. But when I managed to take a look at them, each one was ugly as a monstrous demon. I grew quite frightened, and that's why I look pale." Now those three young princes, you see, were quite different from other people, for each of them was fond of martial arts. So they rolled up their sleeves at once and clenched their fists, saying, "Could these be monster-spirits from the mountain who have assumed human forms? Let us take our weapons out and have a look!"

Dear princes! The eldest took up a rod tall as his eyebrows; the second wielded a nine-pronged rake; and the third picked up a staff coated with black enamel. In big heroic strides, they walked out of the palace and shouted, "Who are the monks seeking scriptures? Where are they?"

The chef and other officials all went to their knees and said, "Young princes, they are having their vegetarian meal at the Gauze-Drying Pavilion." Without regard for good or ill, the young princes barged right in and bellowed:

"Are you fiends or humans? Speak up quickly, and we'll spare your lives."

Tripitaka was so terrified that he paled with fright. Abandoning his rice bowl, he stood bowing and said, "Your humble cleric is someone sent by the Tang court to seek scriptures. I'm a human, not a fiend."

"You seem like a human all right," said one of the princes, "but those three hideous ones have to be fiends!"

Eight Rules kept right on gorging himself with rice and refused to pay them any attention. Sha Monk and Pilgrim, however, rose slightly and said, "We too are humans. Our features may seem ugly, but our hearts are good; our bodies may seem cumbersome but our natures are kind. Where have you three come from? Why are you so brash with your words?"

The royal chef, standing at their side, said, "These three are our prince's heirs."

Dropping down his bowl, Eight Rules said, "Your Highnesses, why are you each holding your weapon? Could it be that you want to fight with us?"

The second prince strode forward and raised his rake with both hands, about to strike Eight Rules. "That rake of yours," said Eight Rules, giggling loudly, "only deserves to be the grandson of *my* rake!"

He at once lifted up his garment and took out his own rake from his waist. One wave of it and there were ten thousand shafts of golden light; he moved it a few times and there were a thousand strands of auspicious air. The prince was so terrified that his hands weakened and his tendons turned numb; he did not dare wield his own weapon any further.

When Pilgrim saw the eldest using a rod and hopping about, he took out from his ear the golden-hooped rod. One wave of it and it had the thickness of a rice bowl and the length of about thirteen feet. He gave the ground a stab with it and it went in about three feet.

As it stood there, Pilgrim said with a chuckle, "Allow me to present you with this rod of mine!" When he heard that, the prince threw away his own rod and went to take hold of the other. He used all his strength to try to pull it out of the ground, but he could not move it one whit. He then tried to give it a shove and a shake, but it remained there as if it had taken root.

Growing impatient, the third prince attacked with his black-enameled staff, only to be brushed aside with one hand by Sha Monk.

With his other, Sha Monk took out his fiend-routing staff, and with a little twirl it created luminous colors and radiant mists. The royal chef and other officials were struck dumb and numb with fright, while the three young princes all knelt down and said, "Divine masters! Divine masters! Being mortals we did not recognize you. We beg you to show us your abilities, so that we may honor you as our teachers." Walking forward, Pilgrim lifted up his own rod with no effort at all and said, "It's too cramped here. I can't stretch my hands. Let me leap into the air and show you a little of how the rod should be used." Marvelous Great Sage! With a loud whistle he somersaulted right up into midair, his two feet treading the auspicious cloud of five colors. At about three

hundred paces above ground, he let loose his rod to make Sprinkling Flowers over the Top and the Yellow Dragon Entwining the Body. Up and down he moved, circling left and right. In the beginning his person and the rod so complemented each other that they seemed, as the adage had it, like flowers added to brocade. By and by even the person disappeared, and all one could see was a sky full of twirling rods! Shouting a "Bravo!" down below, Eight Rules could not contain himself any longer. "Let old Hog go and sport a little too!" he cried.

Dear Idiot! Mounting on a gust of wind, he rose also to midair and let loose his rake: three strokes up and four down, five strokes left and six strokes right, seven strokes in front and eight behind. All these bodily movements made one hear only a loud continuous swish.

When the performance reached its most exciting moment, Sha Monk said to the elder, "Master, let old Sand go also and exercise!"

Dear Monk! With one leap he, too, rose into the air and wielded his staff. Now an ardent fighter swathed in golden radiance, he used both hands to make with his staff the Scarlet Phoenix Facing the Sun and the Hungry Tiger Leaping on its Prey. A tight parry and a slow block were followed by swift turns and quick lunges. The three brothers thus made a tremendous display of their magic potency, showing off their prowess and martial ability in midair. Thus it is that

The image of true Chan's no common view:
The Great Way's causes the cosmos imbue.
In power Gold and Wood fill the dharma-sphere;
Tossing Spatula and Ubiquity cohere.
At all times divine arms can their might lay bare;
Elixir vessels are honored every where.
Though India's lofty, one must nature coerce;
Jade- Flower princes all to the Mean reverse.

So astounded were the three young princes that they went to their knees in the dust. Those officials, of high rank or low, around the Gauze-Drying Pavilion, the old prince in the royal residence, and the entire population of the city—whether military or civilian, male or female, Buddhist monks or nuns, Daoist clergy or laymen—all began chanting the name of Buddha and kowtowing. Each household, moreover, took up lighted incense and worshipped. Truly,

Images seen redeem monks to the real,
To bless the human world with peace and weal.
Henceforth the fruit ripens on Bodhi's way
Where all honor Chan and Buddha obey.

After the three disciples had made a thorough display of their heroic ability, they lowered their auspicious clouds and put away their weapons. Going before the Tang Monk, they bowed and thanked their master for permission before taking their seats again. There we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about those three young princes, who hurried back to the palace to report to the old prince, saying, "Father King, ten thousand happinesses have come upon you! Unsurpassable merit may be ours this very moment! Have you seen the display in midair?"

"I only saw colorful mists in the sky," replied the old prince, "and immediately your mother and I burned incense to worship along with the rest of the residents of the palace. We have no idea what immortals have come down and congregated at this place."

"They weren't immortals from anywhere," said one of the young princes. "They were just those very ugly disciples of the scriptureseeking priest. One of them used a golden-hooped iron rod, one a nine-pronged muckrake, and the third a fiend-routing treasure staff.

Though the weapons we three use may resemble theirs, ours can in no way be compared with those three weapons. We asked them to exercise for us, and they told us that it was too cramped for them to perform on the ground. They wanted to rise to the air to give us an exhibition. When they mounted the clouds, the sky was filled with auspicious clouds meandering and hallowed air circling. They finally dropped down only a moment ago to take their seats once more in the Gauze-Drying Pavilion. Your sons are so delighted that they would like very much to honor them as teachers. If we could learn their ability to protect our nation, this would be indeed our unsurpassable merit. We wonder what our Father King thinks of this?"

The aged prince at once gave his consent to what he heard.

And so father and sons, the four of them, did not ask for the royal carriage or the imperial panoply. Instead, they walked to the Gauze-Drying Pavilion, where they found the four pilgrims packing their belongings and just about to enter the royal palace to give thanks for the meal. No sooner had the Jade-Flower and his sons entered the pavilion than they all bowed low, so startling the elder that he, too, hugged the earth to return the salutation. Pilgrim and his two brothers, however, stepped to one side and only gave a slight smile. After the bows, the prince invited the four priests to enter the main hall to take a seat, and the four amiably agreed. Then the old prince stood up and said, "Old Master Tang, we have a request to make. Do you think that your noble disciples will grant it?"

"Please tell us, Your Highness," said Tripitaka. "My humble disciples would not dare refuse you."

"When we first met you," said the old prince, "we thought that you were merely mendicants from the distant Tang court. In fact, our eyes of flesh and our mortal disposition prevented us from recognizing you, and we might have greatly offended you. Just now when we beheld how Master Sun, Master Zhu, and Master Sha performed in the air, we realized that you are immortals and buddhas. As our three unworthy sons have always been fond of martial arts, they are now most eager to become disciples in order to learn the art well.

We, therefore, beg the masters to open their hearts wide as Heaven and Earth. Spread afar your vessels of mercy and transmit your mysteries to our humble offspring. We shall thank you with the wealth of our entire city." On hearing this, Pilgrim could not refrain from laughing uproariously. "Your Highness!" he said. "You're so benighted! We are people who have left the family, and we're only too anxious to take on a few disciples. If your sons have the desire to follow virtue, you think we'd turn them down? Just don't bother with even the merest hint of payment or profit. Treat us with kindness—that shall be our sufficient reward."

The prince was delighted by Pilgrim's words, and he immediately gave the order for a huge banquet to be laid out right there in the main hall of his residence. Behold! No sooner had the decree been issued than it was carried out. You see

Colors aflutter,
Curls of fragrant smoke,
And gold inlaid tables festooned in bright silk
To dazzle one's eyes.
Gay lacquered chairs with brocade spread out
Add stylishness to the seats.
Fresh fruits from the trees
And aromatic teas.
Four or five dishes of pastries so light and sweet;
One or two panfuls of breads both rich and neat.
More marvelous are those steamed crispies and honey-glazed;
The oily-dips and sugar-roasted are truly great!
A few bottles of fragrant glutinous rice wine
Which, when poured,
Surpasses the juice of jade;
Several cups of Yangxian divine tea offered,
Once held in hand,
Its scent o'erpowers the cassia.
There's food of every variety—
Each item is extraordinary!

During this time the court entertainers were ordered to sing, to dance, and to play their woodwind and string instruments. Master and disciples spent a happy day together with the prince and his princes.

When night fell, the food and wine were taken away and bedding was laid out at the Gauze-Drying Pavilion for the pilgrims to rest.

By morning, the prince said, the young princes would burn incense and return with all sincerity to receive instruction in martial arts.

As each person obeyed the royal command, scented liquid was prepared for the masters to bathe in before retiring. At this time

The birds rest aloft and all seems at peace;
He leaves the couch, the poet's chantings cease.
The Milky Way shines as the heavens brighten;
The wild path's forlorn where grasses heighten.
Washing flails jangle in a yard nearby;
Dark, distant hills where homeward longings lie.
To know one's feelings the cold cricket seems:
Its loud plaint by bedside would pierce your dreams!

The night went by, and early in the morning, the old prince and his sons arrived once more to visit. When they were received by the elder, they greeted the priests as their teachers, even though they themselves had been honored as royalty the day before. Thus the young princes kowtowed to Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk as they made this request:

"We beg the honorable teachers to take out their weapons and allow their disciples to look at them once more." On hearing this, Eight Rules took out amiably his muckrake and laid it on the ground, while Sha Monk leaned his treasure staff against a wall. The second and third princes leaped up at once and tried to pick up the weapons. It was, however, as if dragonflies were pummeling pillars of rock! Though both princes struggled till their heads reddened and their faces turned scarlet, they could not budge the weapons one whit. When the eldest prince saw this, he called out:

"Brothers, stop wasting your energy! You should know that the masters' are all divine weapons, but I wonder how heavy they are." With a chuckle, Eight Rules said, "My rake's not too heavy! No more, in fact, than the weight of a single canon.

Including the handle, it weighs five thousand and forty-eight pounds."

Turning to Sha Monk, the third prince asked, "Master, how heavy is your treasure staff?"

"It's also five thousand and forty-eight pounds," replied Sha Monk. The eldest prince then asked Pilgrim to show him his goldenhooped rod. Pilgrim at once took out a tiny needle from his ear; one wave of it in the wind and it acquired the thickness of a rice bowl.

As it stood there erect before their eyes, all the princes were frightened and all the officials grew apprehensive. Bowing, the three young princes said, "The weapons of Master Zhu and Master Sha are all carried on their persons and are taken out from beneath their clothes. Why is it that only Master Sun takes out his from his ear? Why does it grow the moment it's exposed to the wind?" Smiling, Pilgrim said, "You don't seem to realize that my rod isn't just something you can pick up anywhere in this mortal world.

This happens to be

An iron rod forged at Creation's dawn
By Great Yu himself, the god-man of old.
The depths of all oceans, rivers, and lakes
Were fathomed and fixed by this very rod.
Having bored through mountains and conquered floods,
It stayed in East Ocean and ruled the seas,
Where after long years it turned luminous,
Able to grow or shrink or radiate.
To call it my own was old Monkey's fate,
To make it change in any way I wish.
I want it big, it'll fill the universe;
I want it small, it'll be a tiny pin.
Its name's Compliant, its style, Golden-hooped—
In Heaven and Earth something quite unique!
Its weight, thirteen thousand and five hundred pounds,
It can grow thick or thin, can wane or wax.
It helped me to havoc the House of Heav'n;
It followed me to crush the halls of Earth.
It tames tigers and dragons every where;
It smelts at all places demons and fiends.
One jab upward will make the sun grow dim

And daunt the gods and ghosts of Heav'n and Earth.
A treasure handed down from Chaos' time:
No worldly iron is this rod sublime!"

When those princes heard this declaration, every one of them bowed again and again and begged with all sincerity for instruction.

"What sort of martial arts do you three want to learn?" asked Pilgrim.

One of the princes said, "The one used to wielding a rod will study the rod. The one accustomed to using a rake will study the rake, and the one fond of using the staff will study the staff."

"It's easy enough to give instruction," said Pilgrim with a smile, "but none of you has any strength, and you can't wield our weapons. I fear that you will not be able to attain mastery, and then the result will be something like, 'A poorly drawn tiger that looks like a dog!' As the ancients aptly put it,

Instruction lacking sternness is the teacher's sloth;
Learning without accomplishment is the student's fault.

If the three of you are indeed sincere about the matter, you may burn some incense to worship Heaven and Earth. Let me then transmit some divine strength to you first, and only thereafter can we teach you the martial arts."

Filled with delight by these words, the three young princes went to find an incense table and carried it back themselves. Having purified their hands and lighted sticks of incense, they bowed deeply to Heaven. After the ceremony, they then asked for instruction from their masters. Turning around, Pilgrim saluted the Tang Monk in turn and said, "Let me inform the honored master and ask for his pardon. Since I was delivered by your great virtue that year in the Mountain of Two Frontiers, and since I embraced the faith of Buddhism, I have followed you in your westward journey. Though I have yet to repay all the kindness of my master, I have nonetheless served you with all my heart and all my strength. Now that we have arrived at a region in Buddha's kingdom, we have the good fortune of meeting three worthy princes who have made submission to us and are desirous of learning the martial arts. If they become our disciples, they will be the grand-disciples of my master. I want to make this special report to you before I begin instruction."

Tripitaka was exceedingly pleased.

When Eight Rules and Sha Monk saw Pilgrim saluting their master, they, too, went to their knees and kowtowed to Tripitaka, saying, "Master, we are foolish persons, slow of speech and dull-witted, and we don't know how to speak. We simply beg you to take the lofty seat of dharma and allow also the two of us the pleasure of taking disciples. They'll add to our remembrance of the journey to the West." In delight Tripitaka gave his consent.

In a secluded room behind the Gauze-Drying Pavilion, Pilgrim traced out on the ground a diagram of the Big Dipper. Then he asked the three princes to prostrate themselves inside the diagram and, with eyes closed, exercise the utmost concentration. Behind them he himself recited in silence the true sayings of realized immortality and intoned the words of *Dhāraṇī* as he blew divine breaths into their visceral cavities. Their primordial spirits were thus restored to their original abodes.

Then he transmitted secret oral formulas to them so that each of the princes received the strength of a thousand arms. He next helped them to circulate and build up

the fire-phases, as if they themselves were carrying out the technique for shedding the mortal embryo and changing the bones. Only when the circulation of the vital force had gone through all the circuits of their bodies (modeled on planetary movements) did the young princes regain consciousness. When they jumped to their feet and gave their own faces a wipe, they felt more energetic than ever. Each of them, in fact, had become so sturdy in his bones and so strong in his ligaments that the eldest prince could handle the golden-hooped rod, the second prince could wield the nine-pronged muckrake, and the third prince could lift the fiend-routing staff.

When the old prince saw this, he could not have been more pleased, and another vegetarian banquet was laid out to thank the master and his three disciples. Right before the banquet tables, however, they began their instruction. The one studying the rod performed with the rod; the one studying the rake performed with the rake; and the one studying the staff performed with the staff. The princes thus succeeded in making a few turns and several movements, but they were, after all, mortals, and they found the goings rather strenuous.

After exercising for a while, they began to pant heavily. Indeed, they could not last long, though their weapons might have the ability to undergo transformation. In their advances and retreats, their attacks and offenses, the princes simply could not attain the wonder of natural transformation. Later that day the banquet came to an end.

The next day the three princes came again to thank their masters and to say:

"We thank the divine master for endowing us with strength in our arms. Though we are now able to hold the weapons of our masters, however, we find it difficult to wield and turn them.

We propose, therefore, that artisans be asked to duplicate the three weapons. They will use your weapons as models but take some of the weight off. Would the masters grant us permission?"

"Fine! Fine! Fine!" said Eight Rules. "That's a remarkable proposal! You really can't use our weapons in the first place, and besides, we need them for the protection of the Law and the subjugation of demons. You should indeed make three other weapons."

The young princes immediately ordered the ironsmiths to purchase ten thousand pounds of raw iron. A tent was pitched in the front courtyard of the royal residence to serve as a temporary factory, and furnace and forge were set up. First, the iron was refined into steel in one day; the next day they asked Pilgrim and his two brothers to place the golden-hooped rod, the nine-pronged rake, and the fiend-routing staff in the tent so that the smiths could make copies of them. The weapons were thus left there day and night.

Alas! These weapons originally were treasures meant to be carried by the pilgrims on their persons and inseparable from them for one moment. Even when concealed by the pilgrims' bodies, they would exude great radiance to protect their owners. Now that they had been placed in the tent factory for several days, the myriad shafts of luminous mist and auspicious air emitted by these weapons flooded the sky and covered the earth. One night, a monster-spirit sat up in his abode, which happened to be some seventy miles away from the city, in a mountain called Leopard's Head and a cave named Tiger's-Mouth. When he suddenly caught sight of the luminous mist and auspicious air, he mounted the clouds to investigate and found that the radiance was coming from the royal palace. Lowering his cloud to draw near, the monster-spirit discovered the three weapons and was moved to delight and desire. "Marvelous

treasures! Marvelous treasures!" he exclaimed. "I wonder who uses them, and why they are placed here? Hmmmmm! This has to be my affinity! Let's take them away! Let's take them away!"

As his affection grew, he at once summoned a powerful gust and swept away all three weapons and returned to his own cave. Thus it is that

Dao can't be left for a moment;
What can be left is not the Dao.
When weapons divine are stolen,
The seekers have labored in vain.

In the end we don't know how those weapons will be found; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

EIGHTY-NINE

The yellow lion-spirit in vain gives the Muckrake Feast
Gold, Wood, and Earth disturb with a scheme Mount Leopard's Head

We were telling you about those several ironsmiths, who had been hard at work for several days and therefore slept soundly at night.

By morning, when they rose to resume their heating and hammering, they discovered that the three weapons in the tent had vanished.

Dumbfounded and panic-stricken, they searched all over the place and ran into the three young princes, who were walking out from the palace to inspect the work. The ironsmiths all kowtowed and said, "O young lords! We do not know where the weapons of the divine masters have gone!" Shaken by the words, the young princes said, "Perhaps the masters themselves put the weapons away at night."

They dashed over to the Gauze-Drying Pavilion and saw that the white horse was still tethered at the corridor. Unable to contain themselves, they cried, "Masters, are you still sleeping?"

"We're up," replied Sha Monk as he opened the door to let the princes in. When they looked around and did not see the weapons, one of them asked nervously, "Did the masters take back their weapons?"

"No, we didn't!" said Pilgrim, jumping up.

"Those three weapons of yours," said another prince, "all vanished during the night." Scrambling up hurriedly, Eight Rules asked, "Is my rake there?"

Another young prince said, "When we three came out just now, we saw people searching all over but they couldn't find them. Your disciples suspect that the weapons may already have been taken back by the masters, and that's why we've come to ask you. Since the treasures of our teachers can grow or shrink, I wonder if you haven't concealed them on your bodies again, just to make fun of your disciples."

"Really, we have not taken them back," said Pilgrim. "Let's all go look for them."

They all went to the tent in the courtyard, but there was no trace of the weapons.

"Those ironsmiths must have stolen them!" said Eight Rules. "Bring out the weapons quickly! A moment's delay and you'll be beaten to death! Beaten to death!"

Horrified, the ironsmiths kowtowed and shed tears, saying, "Holy Fathers! We have been working so hard these last few days that we all slept through the night. By morning when we got up, the weapons were gone. We are all mortal men. How could we even have moved them? We beg you, Holy Father, to spare our lives! Please spare our lives!" Pilgrim said nothing in reply. Greatly annoyed, he muttered to himself, "This is our fault! Once they had copied the forms, we should have taken the weapons back. Why did we leave them here like that? Those treasures generate tremendous radiance and luminous colors. That must have disturbed some wicked person, who came and stole them during the night."

"What are you saying, Elder Brother?" asked Eight Rules, refusing to believe him. "It's such a peaceful region here! This is no hollow mountain on the rustic countryside! How could there be any wicked people? It has to be the greed of those ironsmiths. When they saw the radiance of our weapons, they knew that these were treasures. They must have left the palace during the night and banded together with others. They must have dragged and hauled our weapons away. Let's seize them now! Let's beat them!"

The ironsmiths could only kowtow and swear their denial.

In the midst of all this commotion the old prince came out. When he learned what had taken place, his face, too, was drained of color. He brooded for a long time and then said, "The weapons of the divine masters are not like those of common mortals. Scores or even hundreds of men could not unlodge them or move them. Moreover, we have governed this city for almost five generations already. Not that we wish to brag or boast, but we do enjoy quite a virtuous reputation beyond these palace walls. The people of this city, be they civilians, soldiers, or artisans, do have respect for the laws of ours. They'd never dare be so unscrupulous. I beg the divine masters to reexamine the matter."

"There's no need to reexamine anything!" replied Pilgrim, laughing. "Nor need we persist in putting the blame on the ironsmiths.

Let me ask Your Highness, are there any mountain forests and monstrous fiends around this city of yours?"

"This question of the divine master is most reasonable," said the prince. "There is a Leopard's Head Mountain north of our city, and there is also a Tiger's-Mouth Cave in it. People have frequently claimed that there are immortals in the cave, but some say also that tigers, wolves, and monstrous fiends live there. We have not been able to determine exactly what creatures there are."

"No need to say any more," said Pilgrim, chuckling. "It must be some wicked creatures there who, having discovered our treasures, stole them during the night."

He then called out:

"Eight Rules, Sha Monk, stay here to guard Master and protect the city. Let old Monkey go and look for our weapons."

He also instructed the ironsmiths not to put out the fire in the furnace so that they could continue to forge the princes' weapons.

Dear Monkey King! After taking leave of Tripitaka, he vanished completely from sight. Instantly he was standing on the Leopard's- Head Mountain, for it was, you see, no more than thirty miles from the city. When he looked around on the peak, he saw that indeed there was a certain aura of monsters. Truly

A lengthy dragon pulse,
A region vast and wide;
Pointed peaks, erect, that puncture the sky;
Sloping streams, dark and deep, that swiftly flow.
Before the mount's a carpet of jade grass;
Behind the mount's the brocade of rare blooms.
Aged pines and cypresses;
Ancient trees and bamboos.

Crows and magpies in confusion fly and cry;
Wild apes and cranes all screech and squall.
Below the hanging ledge,
Pairs and pairs of deer;
Before the sheer cliff,
Badgers and foxes in twos.
The dragon approaching rises and falls;
With nine turns and nine bends comes the earth pulse.
Jade- Flower District is where the ranges meet,
A place that prospers in ten thousand years.

As Pilgrim stared at the scenery, he suddenly heard someone speaking from behind the mountain. Turning quickly to look, he found two wolf-headed fiends walking toward the northwest, chatting loudly.

"These have to be fiendish creatures out patrolling the mountain," mused Pilgrim. "Let old Monkey follow them and hear what they have to say." Making the magic sign with his fingers, he recited a spell and, with one shake of his torso, changed into a little butterfly.

With outstretched wings he soared and turned to catch up with them. In truth it was quite a model of transformation!

Two wings gossamery,
Twin feelers silvery.
Aloft the wind he darts away
Or dances slowly through the day.
The waters and walls so nimbly he'll skirt;
With fragrant catkins his delight's to flirt.
Scents of fresh flowers his airy self most please;
His graceful form unfolds with greatest ease.

Wings aflutter, he alighted on the head of one of the monster-spirits to eavesdrop on them. All of a sudden, the monster said, "Second Elder Brother, our Great King has had several pieces of good luck. Last month he got himself a beautiful lady, who has been giving him a good time in the cave. Then last night he acquired these three weapons, and they're truly priceless treasures. Tomorrow he plans to give a banquet at this so-called Muckrake Festival. All of us are going to enjoy ourselves."

"We're quite lucky, too!" said the other one. "We have these twenty taels of silver to take to buy hogs and sheep. When we reach the Northwest Market, let's have a few bottles of wine first. Let's skim two or three taels off the top so that we can buy a cotton jacket for winter. Won't that be nice?"

The two fiends thus chatted and giggled as they sped along the main road.

When Pilgrim heard that there was to be a Muckrake Festival, he was secretly pleased. He would have slain the fiends, but he had no weapon, and in any case he felt that they were not responsible for the theft. Flying ahead of them, therefore, he resumed his original form and stood still by the road. He waited until those two fiends had almost reached him and then suddenly spat a mouthful of magic saliva onto them, crying, "*Oṃ Hūm Ṭa Li*!"

At once this magic of immobilization rendered those two wolf-headed spirits completely motionless: eyes unblinking, they could not even open the mouths; body

upright, their two legs stood absolutely still. Then Pilgrim pushed both of them over, searched through their clothes, and did indeed find the twenty taels of silver wrapped in a little bag tied to the belt around one of their waists. Each of them also had a white lacquered tablet hanging on his belt; on one was the inscription Shifty-and-Freaky, and on the other, Freaky-and-Shifty.

Dear Great Sage! He took their silver and untied their tablets, then strode back to the city. When he arrived at the royal residence, he gave a thorough account to the prince, the Tang Monk, the various officials, and the artisans. "It must be," said Eight Rules, chuckling, "old Hog's treasure that is emitting such great radiance that they have to buy hogs and sheep to feast and celebrate. Now how are we going to get it back?" Pilgrim said, "All three of us brothers ought to go there. The silver should be given to our own artisans as a reward. Let's ask His Highness for a few sheep and hogs. Eight Rules, you change into the form of Shifty-and-Freaky, and I'll change into the form of Freaky-and-Shifty. Sha Monk can disguise himself as a trader of sheep and hogs. We'll enter the Tiger's-Mouth Cave that way. When we have the chance, each of us will grab our own weapon and finish off those monstrous deviates. Then we can be on our way."

"Marvelous! Marvelous! Marvelous!" laughed Sha Monk. "We shouldn't delay! Let's go!"

The old prince indeed agreed to his scheme and asked one of his stewards to purchase about seven hogs and four or five sheep.

The three brothers took leave of their master and went out of the city to exercise their magic powers. "Elder Brother," said Eight Rules, "since I have never laid eyes on that Shifty-and-Freaky, how could I change into his form?"

"That fiend has been rendered motionless by old Monkey's magic of immobilization," said Pilgrim, "and he won't come out of it until this time tomorrow. But I remember how he looks. Stand still, and let me show you what to change into. Like this . . . and this . . .

and you'll look like him." Instantly he was transformed into an exact image of Shifty-and-Freaky. The fiend's tablet was then hung on his waist. Pilgrim also changed into the form of Freaky-and-Shifty with the proper tablet hanging on his waist. Sha Monk then disguised himself as a trader; herding the hogs and sheep, the three of them took the main road heading straight for the mountain. In a little while they entered the fold of the mountain and again ran into a little monster. He had some vicious features indeed! Look at those

Two round, rolling eyes
Like lamps aglow;
And red, bristling hair
Like flames ablaze.
Bottled nose,
Gaping mouth,
And sharp teeth protruding;
Biforked ears,
Caved-in brow,
And puffed up blue face.
He wore a light yellow garment
And trod a pair of rush sandals—
Strong and sturdy like a savage god,

Brash and hasty like a wicked demon.

With a colored lacquered box for invitations tucked under his left arm, the fiend yelled at Pilgrim, "Freaky-and-Shifty, have you two returned? How many animals did you buy?"

"Just look at what we're herding," replied Pilgrim.

"And who is this?" asked the fiend, facing Sha Monk. "He's an animal trader," said Pilgrim. "We still owe him a few taels of silver, and we're taking him home so that he can be paid. Where are you going?"

The fiend said, "I'm heading for the Bamboo-Knot Mountain to invite the venerable great king to attend a festival tomorrow."

Following the drift of the conversation, Pilgrim immediately asked him, "How many people are invited altogether?"

"The venerable great king will head the table, of course," said the fiend. "Including our great king and the captains of our mountain, there'll be some forty persons."

They were conversing like that when Eight Rules spoke up, "Let's get going! The animals have scattered!"

"You round them up," said Pilgrim, "while I ask him for the invitation so I can have a look."

Because he thought that Pilgrim was a member of their own family, the fiend opened the box and took out the invitation card to hand over to Pilgrim. Pilgrim unfolded it and found this message written on it:

Tomorrow morning a banquet will be reverently prepared for you so that we may celebrate the Fine Festival of the Muckrake. I pray that you will visit our mountain with your chariot and attendants. It will be our good fortune if you do not refuse. With profound gratitude I submit this invitation to my Venerable Grandmaster, the Ninefold-Numina Primal Sage. Your grand-disciple, Yellow Lion, kowtows a hundred times.

After reading it, Pilgrim handed the card back to the fiend, who put it back in the box and took off toward the southeast.

"Elder Brother," asked Sha Monk, "what does the card say?"

"It's an invitation to celebrate a festival of the muckrake. The sender identifies himself as such:

'Your granddisciple, Yellow Lion, kowtows a hundred times.' The one to whom the invitation is addressed happens to be the grandmaster, one 'Ninefold Numina Primal Sage.'" On hearing this, Eight Rules laughed and said, "This has to be old Hog's property!"

"How can you tell that it's your property?" asked Pilgrim.

Eight Rules said, "The ancients have a saying that 'A scabby sow is the special foe of the golden-haired lion.' That's why I say that this is old Hog's property."

As the three of them chatted and laughed, they herded the hogs and sheep along. Soon they caught sight of the Tiger's-Mouth Cave.

Outside the door this was the scenery they saw:

Emerald mountains all around

Like cities in one row bound.
Green creepers the crags entwine;
From tall cliffs hang purple vines.
Birdsongs the woods invade;
Flowers the cave's entrance shade.
A Peach Blossom Cave no less,
Such that hermits would possess.

When they approached the cave, they found a motley crew of monster-spirits, old and young, cavorting beneath the blossoms and trees. The "Ho! Ho!" snortings of Eight Rules as he herded the animals caught their attention, and they all came forward to meet members of their own household. As they went after the hogs and sheep and began trussing them, the commotion alerted the monsterking inside, who led a dozen little monsters to come out and asked, "So, you two have returned? How many hogs and sheep did you buy?"

"Eight hogs and seven sheep," replied Pilgrim, "altogether fifteen animals. The price of hogs should be sixteen taels of silver, the price of sheep, nine taels. We received twenty taels before. Now we still owe five taels. This is the trader, who came along to get his money." On hearing this, the monster-king gave the order:

"Little ones, fetch five taels of silver and send the man off." Pilgrim said, "This trader didn't just come for his money. He wanted to observe the festival too."

Enraged, the monster-king rebuked him, saying, "What a rogue you are, Freaky Child! You were supposed just to make the purchase. Why did you have to mention the festival to anyone?"

Eight Rules drew near and said, "My lord, the treasures you acquired are indeed rare in the world. What's wrong with letting him take a look at them?"

"You're a pest, too, Shifty Child!" snapped the monster. "I got my treasures from the city in the Jade-Flower District. If this trader sees them and spreads the news in the district, the prince may hear about it. If he then comes here to look, what am I going to do?"

"My Lord," said Pilgrim, "this trader comes from behind the Northwest Market. He's not a resident of the city. How could he go there and spread the word? Besides, he's a little hungry, and neither of us has eaten. If there's any wine and food in the house, please give him some, and then send him off."

He had hardly finished speaking when a little monster handed over five taels of silver to him.

Passing the silver to Sha Monk, Pilgrim said, "Trader, take the silver. I'll take you to the back to have some food."

Forcing himself to be bold, Sha Monk went inside the cave with Eight Rules and Pilgrim. When they reached the second-level hall, they found a votive table set up in the center, on which the nine-pronged muckrake was laid, its colorful radiance truly blinding.

Leaning on the east wall was the golden-hooped rod, and on the west a fiend-routing staff. The monster-king, who had followed them in, said, "Trader, the luminous thing in the center is the muckrake. You may look at it, but don't ever mention this to anyone after you leave." Sha Monk nodded and thanked him. Alas!

When someone sees his property,
He will go for it certainly.

For his entire life that Eight Rules had been an impetuous person. When he saw the muckrake, he was not about to engage in anymore small talk. Running up to the table and seizing it with both hands, he changed back into his true form and struck at the face of the monster-spirit. Our Pilgrim and Sha Monk, too, dashed to both walls to grab their own weapons and change back into their true forms.

As the three brothers began to attack madly, the fiendish king retreated hastily to the back, where he picked up a four-lights shovel with a long handle and a sharp blade. Rushing back out into the courtyard, he blocked the three weapons and shouted, "Who are you that you dare use a trick to wangle my treasures from me?"

"You larcenous hairy lump!" scolded Pilgrim. "So you don't recognize us! We are the disciples of Tripitaka Tang, a sage monk from the Land of the East. When we had our travel rescripts certified at the Jade-Flower District, the noble prince there asked his three sons to submit to us as teachers and learn martial arts from us. Because our treasures were to serve as models for their weapons, which were being forged, we left them in the yard, and they were stolen by you larcenous hairy lump during the night. And you say instead that we use a trick to wangle your treasures! Don't run away! Have a taste of what our three weapons can dish up for you!"

The monster-spirit immediately raised his shovel to oppose him. Thus began a battle that moved from the courtyard to beyond the front door. Look at those three monks crowding one fiend. A marvelous fight it was!

The rod swishes like the wind;
The rake descends like the rain.
The staff lifts up to fill the sky with mist;
The shovel extends to color the clouds.
Like three gods refining great cinnabar—
The flames, the colors would awe ghosts and gods.
Pilgrim's most able to exert his pow'r.
The monster stole treasures, how insolent!
Eight Rules, Heavenly Reeds, now shows his might;
Sha Monk, the great warrior, is good and strong.
Brothers, united, use their smart device
And stir up a fight in Tiger's- Mouth Cave.
That fiend is tough and he exploits his wiles:
Four sturdy heroes thus have quite a match.
They brawl this time till the sun's heading west,
When the monster grows weak and fails to stand.

After they fought for a long time on the Leopard's Head Mountain, the monster-spirit could no longer withstand his opponents. He shouted at Sha Monk, "Watch my shovel!" and, as Sha Monk stepped aside to dodge the blow, he escaped through the hole thus created. Mounting the wind, he sped toward the southeast. Eight Rules was about to give chase when Pilgrim said, "Let him go. As the ancient proverb has it, 'The desperate bandit should not be pursued.' Let's cut off his way of retreat instead."

Eight Rules agreed.

Going up to the entrance of the cave, the three of them slaughtered all of those hundred-odd monster-spirits, old and young alike.

They were actually tigers, wolves, leopards, horses, deer, and mountain goats. Then the Great Sage used his magic to haul up all the valuable belongings from the cave, the carcasses of the slain monsters, and the hogs and sheep that had been herded there. With dried wood Sha Monk started a fire, and Eight Rules wagged his ears to fan up a strong gust. The entire lair was thus gutted; after which, they took the stuff brought out of the cave and returned to the city.

At that time the city gates had not been closed for people had not yet retired. The old prince and his sons were waiting with the Tang Monk at the Gauze-Drying Pavilion when they suddenly found the courtyard littered with dead beasts, live hogs and sheep, and some fine jewels and clothing thrown down from midair. Then they heard the cry, "Master, we have returned in triumph!"

The prince gave thanks immediately, and Elder Tang was filled with delight. When the three young princes went to their knees, Sha Monk raised them and said, "Don't thank us yet. Let's take a look at what we have here."

"Where do they all come from?" asked the old prince.

"Those tigers, wolves, leopards, horses, deer, and mountain goats," said Pilgrim with a smile, "happen to be spirits who have become fiends. We succeeded in recovering our weapons and fought our way out of their door. The old monster is actually a goldenhaired lion. Using a four-lights shovel, he fought with us till dusk before fleeing for his life toward the southeast. Instead of giving him pursuit, we eliminated his way of retreat by slaughtering all the rest of the fiends and bringing back these valuable belongings of his."

The old prince was both delighted and alarmed by what he heard: he was delighted by the victory, but he was also alarmed by the possibility that the monster might return to exact vengeance.

"Please do not worry, Your Highness," said Pilgrim. "I have considered the matter also, and I will take appropriate action. We will certainly clean up the whole affair for you before we depart, so that no harm will come to you afterward. When we went there this noon, we ran into a red-haired, blue-faced little monster on his way to deliver an invitation. This was what I saw written on the card:

Tomorrow morning a banquet will be reverently prepared for you so that we may celebrate the Fine Festival of the Muckrake. I pray that you will visit our mountain with your chariot and attendants. It will be our good fortune if you do not refuse. With profound gratitude I submit this invitation to my Venerable Grandmaster, the Ninefold-Numina Primal Sage.

The sender was identified as 'Your granddisciple, Yellow Lion.' When that monster-spirit fled in defeat just now, he must have gone to his grandfather's place to talk. Tomorrow they will certainly come looking for us to exact vengeance. We will then make a clean sweep of these monsters for you."

The old prince thanked him and asked for the evening maigre to be served. After master and disciples had eaten, they retired, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you instead about the monster-spirit, who headed southeast and did indeed flee to the Bamboo-Knot Mountain. In that mountain was a cave-dwelling with the name of Nine-Bends Curvate Cave. The Ninefold-Numina Primal Sage living there was the grandfather of the monster-spirit, whose legs that night never descended from

the wind. By the time of the fifth watch, he arrived at the entrance of the cave and was admitted after knocking on the door. One little monster said to him, "Great King, Little Blue Face arrived last night to deliver your invitation, and Venerable Father asked him to stay till this morning, so that he could go with him to attend your muckrake festival. How is it that you also have come at such an early hour to deliver another invitation in person?"

"I don't know what to say," replied the monster-spirit, "but there isn't going to be any festival!"

As he spoke, Little Blue Face came out and said, "Great King, why are you here? Once Venerable Father Great King gets up, he'll go with me to attend your festival."

The monster-spirit, however, could only wave his hand nervously without uttering a word.

In a little while, the old monster arose and summoned his visitor in. As the monster-spirit abandoned his weapon and went to his knees, he could not stop the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Worthy grandchild," said the old monster, "you sent me an invitation yesterday, and I was about to go attend your festival this morning. Now you have even come in person. But why are you so sad and troubled?" Kowtowing, the monster-spirit said, "Your granddisciple was taking a leisurely stroll the other night in the moonlight when he saw radiance flooding the sky over the Jade-Flower District. When I hastened to investigate, I found three luminous weapons in the courtyard of the royal residence: a muckrake with nine prongs dipped in gold, a treasure staff, and a golden-hooped rod. After your granddisciple brought them back with magic, he wanted to have a Fine Festival of the Muckrake. The little ones were told to purchase hogs, sheep, and various fruits to prepare a banquet for celebration and for the enjoyment of our grandfather. After I sent off Blue Face yesterday to deliver the invitation to you, Child Freaky, whom I asked to go buy the hogs and sheep, returned herding a few animals.

He brought a trader along, who came to collect some money we owed him and insisted on being an observer of the festival. At first your granddisciple refused, for I feared that he might spread the news to the wrong person outside. Then he claimed he was hungry and asked for food. So I told him to go inside to eat. When they walked in and saw the weapons, they claimed they were theirs. Each of them, in fact, seized one of the weapons and then changed into his original form: one was a priest with a hairy face and a thunder-god beak, one was a priest with a long snout and huge ears, and one was a priest with dark, gloomy complexion. Without regard for good or ill, they all shouted madly that they wanted to fight. Your humble grandson took up the four-lights shovel quickly to oppose them, trying at the same time to find out who they were that they dared used such deception. They claimed that they were disciples of the Tang Monk, who had been sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to go to the Western Heaven. They were passing through the city and having their rescript certified when they were detained by the young princes, who wanted to learn martial arts from them.

Their three weapons were placed in the yard as models to be copied, and I stole them. That was the explanation for their angry attack on me. But I don't know the names of those three priests, who all seem very able. Your grandson alone could not withstand the three of them. So I fled in defeat to my grandfather, in hopes that you would take up arms to assist me and seize those monks to exact vengeance. That would

be a great token of your love for your grandson." On hearing these words, the old monster reflected in silence for a while. With a chuckle, he said, "So, it's they! My worthy grandchild, you made a mistake when you got *them* involved!"

"Do you know who they are, grandmaster?" asked the monster-spirit.

"The one with a long snout and huge ears," said the old monster, "happens to be Zhu Eight Rules, and the one with dark, gloomy complexion is Sha Monk. These two are still all right. But the one who has a hairy face and a thundergod beak goes by the name of Pilgrim Sun. This person truly has vast magic powers. When he caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago, not even a hundred thousand warriors from Heaven could capture him. Moreover, he devotes himself to mischief-making.

Whether it's ransacking a mountain or overturning an ocean, breaking down a cave or besieging a city, he's a real champion at creating troubles! How could you provoke *him*? All right, I'll go with you. I'll capture that fellow and those princes of Jade-Flower as well, just to relieve your feelings."

The monster-spirit kowtowed to give thanks.

Immediately the old monster summoned into his presence his various grandsons:

Gibbon-Lion,

Snow Lion, Suanyi,

Baize,

Wildcat, and Elephant-Baiter. Led by Yellow Lion, each of them took up a sharp weapon and mounted a gust of violent wind to reach the Leopard's Head Mountain. There they encountered the powerful odor of fire and smoke and heard the sound of weeping. When they looked more carefully, they found Freaky and Shifty sobbing and crying for their lord.

"Are you the real Freaky Child or the false Freaky Child?" snapped the monster-spirit as he walked up to them.

The two fiends fell on their knees. As they kowtowed and tried to hold back their tears, the two fiends said, "How could we be false? Yesterday we took the money to go purchase hogs and sheep. When we got to the main road west of the mountain, we ran into a priest with a hairy face and a thundergod beak. He spat on us once and immediately our legs grew weak and our mouths clamped shut. We could neither talk nor walk. He pushed us over and searched out our silver. He took our tablets, too. Neither of us snapped out of our stupor until just now. When we got home, the smoke and fire had not yet died but all our buildings had been burned out. Because we couldn't see our lord or any of the captains and officers, we stayed here and wept. How did this fire start anyway?" When he heard this, the monster-spirit could not stop the tears gushing from his eyes. As he stamped the ground with both feet, he railed spitefully, "Baldie! You're so wicked! How could you do such a vicious thing? You have gutted my cave-dwelling, burned my pretty lady to death, and robbed me of all my family and belongings! I'm so mad I could die! I'm so mad I could die!"

The old monster asked Gibbon-Lion to drag him over and said to him, "Worthy grandchild, when things have reached this stage, getting mad won't do you any good. Let's conserve our vitality instead so that we may go seize those monks in the prefectural city." Refusing to stop his wailing, the monster-spirit said, "Venerable

Father! That mountain home of mine wasn't built in a day! Now it's completely wrecked by that baldpate! What do I have to live for?"

He struggled up and would have rammed his head against a boulder to kill himself had not Snow Lion and Gibbon-Lion stopped him with their earnest pleadings. After a while, they left the mountain and headed for the city.

When their churning wind and looming fog drew near, the people outside all parts of the capital were so terrified that men and women alike fled into the city with scant regard for their homes or possessions. After they had entered, the gates were shut tightly; meanwhile, someone had sped to the palace to cry, "Disaster! Disaster!"

The princes and the Tang Monk were just enjoying breakfast in the Gauze-Drying Pavilion when they heard this report. When they stepped out to inquire, the people said, "A large band of monsterspirits are approaching the city, kicking up sand and stone and belching wind and fog."

"What shall we do?" exclaimed the old prince, horrified.

"Relax, all of you!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "This must be the monster-spirit from the Tiger's-Mouth Cave who fled in defeat yesterday toward the southeast. Now he has banded together with that so-called Ninefold-Numina Primal Sage to come here. Let us brothers go out to meet them. Order the four gates closed and call up men to guard the city."

The prince indeed gave the order for the city gates to be closed and armed men were summoned to ascend the rampart. On the city tower the prince, together with his three sons and the Tang Monk, made the roll call. Amid fluttering banners that blotted out the sun and cannon fire that filled the sky, Pilgrim and his two brothers left the city midway between cloud and fog to face their enemies. Thus it was that

Affinity's lack had caused wise weapons' loss
ed up the demons, their perverse foes.

We do not know how this battle will turn out; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY

Masters and lions, teachers and pupils, all return to the One
Thieves and the Dao, snares and Buddhism, quiet Ninefold-Numina

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who went out of the city with Eight Rules and Sha Monk. When they met the monsterspirits face to face, they found them to be a bunch of lions of various colors:

Yellow Lion Spirit led in front, with Suanyi Lion and Elephant-Baiter on his left, Baize Lion and Wildcat on his right, and Gibbon-Lion and Snow Lion at the back. In the middle of the group was a nine-headed lion, and by his side was the fiend, Child Blue Face, holding a brocade pennant with raised floral patterns.

Child Shifty-and-Freaky and Child Freaky-and-Shifty held high two red banners as they all stood in an orderly fashion to the north.

Eight Rules, always foolhardy, walked up to them and began to abuse them, saying, "You larcenous fiend! Where did you go to collect these several hairy lumps to come here?"

"You lawless and vicious bonze!" cried the Yellow Lion Spirit, baring his teeth. "Yesterday three of you attacked one of me, and I was defeated. Wasn't that enough that you had the upper hand? Why did you have to be so cruel as to burn down my cave-dwelling, ruin my mountain home, and harm all my relatives? My animosity toward you is deep as the sea! Don't run away! Have a taste of your venerable father's shovel."

Dear Eight Rules! He met the lion with upraised rake.

The two of them had just come together, and no decision could yet be reached when the Gibbon-Lion, wielding an iron caltrop, and the Snow Lion Spirit, using a three-cornered club, also advanced to attack. "Welcome!" shouted Eight Rules, and on his side, Sha Monk quickly took out his fiend-routing staff to lend his assistance. Then Suanyi Spirit, Baize Spirit, Elephant-Baiter, and Wildcat all surged forward, and they were met by the Great Sage Sun grasping his golden-hooped rod. Suanyi used a cudgel, Baize a bronze mallet, Elephant-Baiter a steel lance, and Wildcat a battle ax. Those seven lion-spirits and these three savage priests thus had quite a battle!

Mallet, cudgel, lance, and three-cornered club,
Four-lights shovel, iron caltrop, and an ax—
Seven lions with seven weapons sharp
Encircle three priests as they roar and shout.
Vicious is the Great Sage's iron rod
rare among men, Sha Monk's treasure staff.
Eight Rules, as if plague-ridden, sallies forth
With a radiant muckrake that terrifies.
Back and front they parry as they ply their might;
Left and right they charge for they're fearless all.
Princes on the rampart now lend their strength
By beating gongs and drums to rouse their hearts.
Pressing back and forth they use magic power
And fight till Heaven and Earth grow obscure.

Those monster-spirits fought for half a day with the Great Sage and his two companions, and it became late. Eight Rules was foaming at the mouth, and his legs were gradually weakening. With a last halfhearted wave of his rake, he turned to flee.

"Where are you off to? Watch out!" cried Snow Lion and Gibbon-Lion. Our Idiot did not dodge quickly enough and received a blow to his spine from the club. As he lay flat on the ground, all he could mumble was "Finished! Finished!" Seizing him by the bristles and the tail, the two spirits hauled Eight Rules away to show him to the nine-headed lion, saying, "Grandmaster, we've caught one."

They had hardly finished speaking when Sha Monk and Pilgrim, too, were defeated. As the various monster-spirits gave chase together, however, Pilgrim pulled off a bunch of hairs, chewed them to pieces, and spat them out, crying, "Change!"

They changed at once to hundreds of little Pilgrims who had Baize, Suanyi, Elephant-Baiter, Wildcat, and the golden-haired lion-fiend completely surrounded. Sha Monk and Pilgrim then returned and also plunged into the fray. When night fell, they captured Suanyi and Baize, though Wildcat, Elephant-Baiter, and Golden Hair managed to escape. When the old fiend learned from his grandsons that two lions were lost, he gave this instruction:

"Tie up Zhu Eight Rules, but don't take his life. Wait till they return our two lions, and we'll give Eight Rules back to them. If they're foolish enough to harm our two lions, we'll make Eight Rules pay with his life."

That night the various monsters rested outside the city, and there we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about the Great Sage Sun, who had the two lion-spirits hauled near the city. When the old prince saw them, he ordered the city gates open and sent out some thirty guards with ropes to truss up the lion-spirits and take them inside. After he had retrieved his magic hairs, the Great Sage Sun went with Sha Monk up to the city tower to see the Tang Monk.

"That was quite a fierce battle!" said the Tang Monk. "You think Wuneng will live?"

"Relax!" replied Pilgrim. "Since we've caught these two monster-spirits, they will never dare harm him. Let's have these two spirits firmly bound, so that they may be exchanged for Eight Rules tomorrow." Kowtowing to Pilgrim, the three young princes said, "When our master first went into battle, we saw only one of you. But when you feigned defeat later, over a hundred of you suddenly appeared. By the time you had the monster-spirits captured and returned to the side of the city, you became a single person once more. What sort of magic was that?"

"On my body," replied Pilgrim with a chuckle, "there are eighty-four thousand hairs. One of them can change into ten of me, and the ten can also change into one hundred. In fact, the transformation can grow to millions and billions. This is the magic of the body beyond the body." One after another, the princes touched their heads to the ground to show their reverence, after which, food was brought up to the tower for them to dine right there. At each crenel on the battlement were set up lanterns and flags, watch rattles, gongs, and drums. The soldiers were told to be diligent in announcing the watches, sending communication arrows, firing cannons, and shouting battle cries.

Soon it was dawn. The old fiend summoned the Yellow Lion Spirit into his presence to give him this plan:

"All of you today should exert yourselves and try to capture Pilgrim and Sha Monk. Let me secretly soar through the air to ascend the city and seize their master along with the old prince and his sons. After that, I'll go back first to the Nine-bends Curvate Cave to wait for your triumphal return."

Accepting the plan, Yellow Lion led Gibbon-Lion, Snow Lion, Elephant-Baiter, and Wildcat, each grasping his weapon, and approached the city to provoke battle, in the midst of churning wind and roiling mist. On this side Pilgrim and Sha Monk leaped down from the parapet and shouted, "Lawless fiends! Return our brother Eight Rules quickly, and we'll spare your lives! Otherwise, we'll pulverize you!"

Those monster-spirits, of course, did not permit further conversation. As they rushed forward, our Great Sage and his companion both exercised their intelligence to oppose those five lions. This battle was quite different from that of yesterday:

A vicious, howling wind that scrubs the earth,
A dark, heavy fog that blots out the sky.
Flying dirt and stone dismay ghosts and gods;
Toppling trees and woods alarm tigers and wolves.
The lance is cruel, the ax, luminous;
Caltrop, club, and shovel are all ruthless.
How they wish they could swallow Pilgrim whole!
Or capture alive that puny Sha Monk!
This one compliant rod of our Great Sage
thrust, turn, toss, and twist most cleverly.
That fiend-routing staff of bold Sha Monk
Has great fame beyond the Divine Mists Hall.
Their action this time has great magic powers
To sweep away the spirits of the West.

When that battle between those five lion-spirits with coats of more than one color and Sha Monk and Pilgrim reached its most feverish moment, the old fiend mounted a dark cloud to ascend the city tower. All he had to do was to give his heads a shake, and those on the rampart—the various officials and the guards—became so terrified that they all tumbled down from the battlement. He sped inside the tower, and with wide-open mouths, caught hold of Tripitaka, the old prince, and his sons. He then went back to the spot at the north and seized Eight Rules with another mouth. He had, you see, altogether nine heads, and he therefore had nine mouths. One mouth held the Tang Monk, the second one Eight Rules, the third one the old prince, the fourth one the eldest young prince, the fifth one the second young prince, and the sixth one the third young prince. With six persons in six mouths, he still had three empty ones! "I'm leaving first!" he roared. When these five young lion-spirits saw the triumph of their grandmaster, they became more aggressive than ever.

Pilgrim, too, heard the commotion on the rampart, and he knew at once that he had fallen for their scheme. Quickly admonishing Sha Monk to be careful, he ripped off all his hairs from both arms and chewed them to pieces before spitting them out: they changed instantly into hundreds and thousands of little Pilgrims. As they surged forward to attack, they dragged down the Gibbon-Lion, captured live Snow Lion, caught hold of Elephant-Baiter, overturned Wildcat, and beat to death Yellow Lion. From this wild melee, however, Child Blue Face, Shifty-and-Freaky, and Freaky-and-Shifty managed to escape.

When the officials on the rampart saw what was happening, they opened the city gates once more and brought out ropes to tie up the five lion-spirits. After they had been dragged inside and before they had even been disposed of, a tearful queen came to bow to Pilgrim, saying, "O divine master! Our Royal Highness, his sons, and your master may have lost their lives! What is to become of this deserted city?"

"Worthy Queen, please do not grieve," said the Great Sage, bowing to her as he retrieved his magic hairs. "Because I have caught these seven lion-spirits, I don't think that my master or His Highness and his heirs will be harmed, even though they have been abducted by the magic of the old monster. Early next morning, we two brothers will go to that mountain. We promise you that we shall capture the old monster and return four princes to you." When the queen and other court ladies heard this, all of them kowtowed to Pilgrim and said, "We pray earnestly that the lives of His Highness and his heirs be preserved and that his royal dominion be established forever!"

After their bows, each of them returned to the palace, struggling to hold back her tears.

Pilgrim gave this instruction to the various officials:

"Skin that Yellow Lion Spirit that we have beaten to death, and lock up the rest of the six living ones. Bring us some vegetarian food so that we may take a rest after the meal. You can all relax, for I promise you nothing serious will occur." On the following day, the Great Sage led Sha Monk to mount the auspicious cloud, and in a little while, they arrived at the summit of the Bamboo-Knot Mountain. As they lowered the direction of their cloud to look around, they saw a marvelous tall mountain indeed, with

A row of peaks rugged
And summits most jagged.
Deep in the stream flows a gurgling torrent;
Below the cliff blooms the ornate fragrance.
Winding ranges one after one
And ancient paths encircling.
Truly the cranes arrive to squire the pines,
But the clouds depart to make the rocks forlorn.
The apes face the sunlight to search for fruits,
And deer enjoy the warmth to find their flowers.
The bluebird's reedy songs,
The oriole's murmurous notes.
Spring peaches and plums vie for glamour;
Summer elms and willows both prosper;
Autumn spreads brocades of yellow flowers;
Winter comes with white snow aflutter.
A splendid scene in all four seasons,
As good as the immortal Isle Yingzhou.

As they enjoyed the scenery on the summit, they suddenly caught sight of that Child Blue Face dashing out of a little valley down below, his hand gripping a small cudgel.

"Where do you think you're going?" bellowed Pilgrim. "Old Monkey's here!"

The little monster was so terrified that he tumbled down the slope, while the two brothers eagerly gave chase. In a moment, however, Blue Face disappeared. A few steps

more brought them to the front of a cave-dwelling, where they found tightly shut two doors of veined rocks. Across the top of the door was a stone placard, with the following inscription in clerkly script:

Myriad-Numina Bamboo-Knot Mountain, Nine-Bends Curvate Cave.

The little monster, you see, had dashed in and closed the doors, and had gone to the center of the cave to say to the old monster, "Venerable Father, there are two monks outside again."

The old monster said, "Did your great king and the rest return—Gibbon-Lion, Snow Lion, Elephant-Baiter, and Wildcat?"

"I haven't seen any of them! I haven't seen any of them!" replied the little monster. "Only two monks high on the peak scanning the region. When I saw them, I turned and ran. They chased me back here, and I quickly bolted the door." On hearing this, the old monster fell silent for a long time; then all at once he shed a few tears. "Woe!" he cried. "My Yellow Lion grand-disciple is dead, and the others have all been taken captive into the city by those priests. How am I to avenge myself?" Lying on one side, a melancholy Eight Rules, who had been trussed up along with the Tang Monk, the old prince, and his sons and left there to suffer, was gladdened by this statement of the old monster about his grandsons. "Master, don't be afraid!" he whispered.

"And Your Highness, don't worry! My elder brother has won a victory and caught several monsters. He'll soon find his way here to rescue us."

He finished speaking, and then he heard the old monster say, "Little ones, stand guard here. Let me go out and capture those two monks and bring them in here also for punishment." Look at him! With neither armor on his body nor weapons in his hands, he walked in big strides up to the front, where he could hear the shoutings of Pilgrim Sun. Flinging wide the doors, he did not wait for the exchange of even one word before heading straight for Pilgrim. As Pilgrim wielded his iron rod to meet him, Sha Monk brandished his treasure staff and struck. All the old monster did was to give his head one shake, and eight other heads with open mouths appeared, four on each side. Ever so gently they caught Pilgrim and Sha Monk and brought them inside the cave. "Bring me some ropes!" he cried.

Shifty-and-Freaky, Freaky-and-Shifty, and Child Blue Face were the three who had escaped with their lives the night before. Taking out two ropes, they bound up the priests firmly.

"You wretched ape!" said the old monster. "You've taken my seven grandsons, but I've caught four of you priests and four princes.

That should be a fair exchange for my grandsons' lives! Little ones, select some thorny willow canes. Let's give this monkey-head a flogging, so that my Yellow Lion granddisciple may be avenged."

Each picking up a willow cane, those three little monsters began to rain blows on Pilgrim. Pilgrim's body, however, was one that had undergone prolonged cultivation and refinement. The effect of those willow canes on him was no more severe than scratching an itch! No matter how hard they flogged him, he neither showed concern nor made a sound. Eight Rules, the Tang Monk, and the princes, however, were petrified at the sight. After a little while, even the canes broke from the flogging and had to be replaced.

It went on like this until evening. The blows Pilgrim received were numberless. When Sha Monk saw how long Pilgrim had been beaten, he felt guilty and said, “Let me take a hundred strokes or so for him!”

“Don’t be so impatient!” said the old monster. “You’ll be beaten tomorrow! Each of you will have your turn!”

Horrified, Eight Rules said, “Then the day after tomorrow will be old Hog’s turn!”

The flogging continued for yet another while until it grew dark. “Little ones, let’s stop!” cried the old monster. “Light the lamps, and take some food and drink, all of you. I’m going to my brocade den to take a nap. All three of you have suffered before in the hands of these monks, and you should therefore guard them carefully. Wait till tomorrow before we flog them some more.” Moving the lamps over, the three little monsters took up the willow canes and began beating Pilgrim’s skull: tick-tick-tock, tocktock- tick, now fast, now slow, it sounded as if they were beating a rattle. As the night deepened, however, the monsters all fell sound asleep.

Immediately Pilgrim exercised his magic of Passage. He shrank his body and climbed out of the ropes. Having shaken loose his fur and straightened out his clothes, he whipped out his rod from his ear. One wave of it and it acquired the thickness of a bucket and the length of twenty feet. “You cursed beasts!” he said to the three little monsters. “You have beaten your Venerable Father umpteen times, but he hasn’t changed a bit. Let your Venerable Father drop this rod on you a little, and see what happens!”

Ever so lightly he dropped the rod on those three little fiends, and at once they turned into three meat patties.

Then Pilgrim pulled up the wick in a lamp and began to untie Sha Monk. As he had been hurting from the ropes, Eight Rules could not refrain from saying in a loud voice, “Elder Brother, my hands and feet are swollen! Why can’t you untie me first?”

This one yell of Idiot’s aroused the old monster, who scrambled up immediately, saying, “Who’s untying . . . ?” When he heard that, Pilgrim blew out the lamp immediately and abandoned Sha Monk. With his iron rod he punched through several doors and escaped. The old monster went out to the center hall and called out:

“Little ones, why are the lights out? Has someone escaped?”

He shouted like that once, but no one answered him. He cried again, but still there was no answer. By the time he lit a lamp himself, the first thing he saw were three bloody meat patties on the ground. Then he saw that the old prince, his sons, the Tang Monk and Eight Rules were still there; only Pilgrim and Sha Monk had disappeared. With a lighted torch, he rushed to the back and front to search for them, and he found Sha Monk sidling along a wall in one of the porches. The old monster grabbed him, threw him on the ground, and tied him up as before. Then he continued to search for Pilgrim. When he saw that several of the doors had been smashed, he knew that Pilgrim had managed to escape. Instead of giving chase, he tried to patch up and repair the doors to guard his property. There we shall leave him for the moment.

We tell you instead about the Great Sage Sun who, having emerged from the Nine-Bends Curvate Cave, went straight back to the Jade-Flower County astride the auspicious cloud. In the air above the city he was met by several local spirits of the region and the tutelary deities of the city, all bowing.

"Why did you all wait until now to come to see me?" asked Pilgrim.

"These humble deities," replied the city god, "knew already that the Great Sage had descended upon the Jade-Flower County. Since you have been entertained by a worthy prince, we dared not intrude upon you. Now we have learned that the princes encountered fiends and that the Great Sage is in the process of subduing demons. We have therefore come especially to bow to receive you." Pilgrim was still annoyed and was beginning to berate them when the Golden-Headed Guardian, the Six Gods of Darkness, and the Six Gods of Light appeared with another local spirit in their custody. As they knelt down, they said, "Great Sage, we have captured this devil-in-the-earth and brought him here."

"Why aren't you all protecting my master at the Bamboo-Knot Mountain?" snapped Pilgrim. "Why are you milling about at this place?" One of the Gods of Darkness and Light said, "Great Sage, after you had escaped, the monster-spirit captured again the Curtain- Raising General and had him tied up once more. When we saw how powerful his magic was, we rounded up the local spirit of the Bamboo-Knot Mountain and marched him here. He should know the origin of this monster-spirit. Let the Great Sage question him, so that he may devise the proper means to rescue the sage monk and deliver the worthy prince from his suffering." Pilgrim was delighted by what he heard. Trembling all over, the local spirit kowtowed and said, "The year before last that old monster descended upon the Bamboo-Knot Mountain. The Nine-Bends Curvate Cave was originally a den for six lions. Since the old monster's arrival, however, the six lions all honored him as their grandsire, who is actually a nine-headed lion. He styles himself the Nine-Numina Primal Sage. If you want to vanquish him, you must go to the Wondrous-Cliff Palace at the East Pole and fetch his master. Only that person and no one else has the power to subdue him." When he heard this, Pilgrim thought for quite some time, musing to himself:

"The Wondrous-Cliff Palace at the East Pole, that's the Salvific Celestial Worthy of the Great Monad. His beast of burden is precisely a nine-headed lion. In that case . . ."

He at once gave this instruction:

"Let the Guardian and the Gods of Darkness and Light return with the local spirit to their proper stations to provide secret protection for my master, my brothers, and the princes of the district. The city deities should take up their post to guard the city."

The various deities obeyed and left.

Mounting the cloud somersault, our Great Sage journeyed through the night. By about the hour of the Tiger, he arrived at the East Heaven Gate, where he ran into Devarāja Virūpākṣa and an entourage of celestial guards and vīra. They all stopped and, folding their hands in their sleeves to salute him, asked, "Where are you going, Great Sage?"

After returning their salutation, Pilgrim said, "Making a trip to Wondrous-Cliff Palace."

"Why aren't you on your way to the Western Heaven?" asked the devarāja. "Why have you come to the Eastern Heaven?"

"When we arrived at the Jade-Flower County," replied Pilgrim, "we were royally entertained by the prince. His three sons, in fact, took us three brothers in and

honored us as teachers of martial arts. Little did we expect that we would end up with a bunch of lionfiends.

I've just found out that the Salvific Celestial Worthy of the Great Monad at the Wondrous-Cliff Palace is the lion master, and I would like to ask him to subdue the fiend and rescue my master."

"It's precisely because you desired to act as someone's teacher," said the devarāja, "that you got into trouble with a den of lions."

"No doubt that's the reason! No doubt that's the reason!" chuckled Pilgrim. All the soldiers and *vīra* saluted him again with folded hands and stepped aside to let him pass. After the Great Sage entered the East Heavenly Gate, he reached in a little while the Wondrous-Cliff Palace. He saw

Colored clouds in tiers,
Billows of purple mist,
Tiles shimmering in golden flames,
Doors guarded by rows of jade-beasts.
Flowers fill a double arch swathed in red mist;
Tall trees, sun-drenched, are encased in green dew.
Truly myriad gods surround the place
Where all sages flourish.
The buildings are layers of brocade,
All joined through windows and porches,
Watched by an old dragon circling in light
Divine and charged with thick, auspicious air.
is the realm of everlasting bliss,
The Palace of Wondrous- Cliff.

Inside the gate of the palace stood a divine lad wearing a garment of rainbow hues. When he caught sight of the Great Sage Sun, he went inside to announce, "Holy Father, the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, who caused great havoc in the Celestial Palace, has arrived."

The Salvific Celestial Worthy of the Great Monad at once asked his guards and attendants to usher his visitor in. When they entered the palace, the Celestial Worthy left his lofty lotus throne of nine colors enshrouded in countless beams of auspicious radiance to greet them. Pilgrim bowed low, and the Celestial Worthy returned his salutation, saying, "Great Sage, we haven't seen you these few years. I heard some time ago that you left the Dao to embrace Buddha in order to escort the Tang Monk to acquire scriptures in the Western Heaven. Your merit and work must have been accomplished."

"Not quite," replied Pilgrim, "but they are near completion. At this moment, however, my accompaniment of the Tang Monk has taken us to the Jade-Flower County, where the local prince was kind enough to have his three sons take old Monkey and his brothers as teachers of martial arts. New weapons were being forged, using ours as models, but they were stolen by a thief at night. When we looked for them in the morning, we learned that the thief was a golden-haired lion-spirit residing in the Tiger's-Mouth Cave on the Leopard's Head Mountain north of the city. A ploy of old Monkey got back our weapons, but that spirit banded together with a considerable number of other lion-spirits to brawl with me. In their midst was a nine-headed lion who possessed vast magic powers.

He caught with his mouths my master, Eight Rules, and the four princes and took them to the Nine-Bends Curvate Cave of the Bamboo-Knot Mountain. The next day old Monkey and Sha Monk followed them there, and we too were captured. Old Monkey was bound and beaten by him countless times, but I was fortunate enough to have escaped, using my magic. They are still suffering at that place. Not until I questioned the local spirit of the region did I find out that the Celestial Worthy happens to be his master. I've come especially to ask you to subdue the monster and grant deliverance." On hearing this, the Celestial Worthy immediately ordered his subordinates to fetch the lion page from the lion den and bring him forward for interrogation. The page, however, was sleeping soundly and did not wake up until some of the gods had given him a few shakes. They dragged him up to the center hall, and the Celestial Worthy asked, "Where's the lion?" Shedding tears and kowtowing, the page boy could only mutter, "Spare me! Spare me!"

"In the Great Sage Sun's presence you will not be beaten," said the Celestial Worthy. "But you'd better confess quickly how you carelessly allowed the nine-headed lion to run away."

"Holy Father," said the page, "the day before yesterday I came upon a bottle of wine in the Hall of Universal Sweet Dew. Not knowing any better, I stole it and drank it, and I fell fast asleep. I must not have locked up the beast properly, and that's why he escaped."

The Celestial Worthy said, "That wine happened to be a gift of Laozi called Jade Liquid of Transmigration. If you drank it, you'd stay drunk for three whole days. How many days has it been since the lion ran away?"

"According to the local spirit," said the Great Sage, "he descended to earth the year before last. By now it's almost three years."

"Yes! Yes!" said the Celestial Worthy with a smile. "A day in Heaven is a year in the mortal world."

Then he said to the lion page, "Get up. We'll spare you for the moment. Follow me and the Great Sage to the Region Below to retrieve him. The rest of the immortals may go back. There's no need for all of you to accompany us."

The Celestial Worthy trod the clouds with the lion page and the Great Sage to reach the Bamboo-Knot Mountain, where they were met by the Guardians of Five Quarters, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, and the local spirit of the mountain. "You who are supposed to be guardians, has my master been harmed?" asked Pilgrim.

"The monster-spirit," replied the deities, "has been rather upset and has gone to sleep. He has not inflicted punishment on anyone."

"After all," said the Celestial Worthy, "that Child Primal Sage of mine is a true spirit who has attained the Way through prolonged cultivation. One roar of his can reach the Three Sages above and penetrate the Nine Springs down below. He will not take a life casually. Great Sage Sun, please go and provoke battle at his door. Entice him to come out so that I may subdue him."

Hearing this, Pilgrim indeed whipped out his rod and leaped toward the cave's entrance, shouting, "Brazen monster-spirit! Return my people! Brazen monster-spirit! Return my people!"

He shouted several times, but there was no answer at all, for the old monster had fallen fast asleep. Growing impatient, Pilgrim wielded his iron rod and fought his way inside, shouting abuses as he moved along.

Only then was the old monster roused from his sleep. Startled and enraged, he scrambled up and roared, "To battle!"

At once he shook his head and attacked with open mouths.

Pilgrim turned back and leaped out of the cave. The monster-spirit followed him out, crying, "Monkey thief! Where are you going?" Standing on a cliff, Pilgrim said, chuckling, "You still dare be so audacious and unruly! You have no idea what's coming to you in a moment! Don't you realize that your Venerable Father Master is here?"

The monster-spirit rushed up to the cliff, only to find a Celestial Worthy reciting a spell and shouting, "Child Primal Sage, I'm here!"

The monster recognized his master, and he dared not struggle at all. Falling prostrate on all fours, he could only kowtow repeatedly. From one side the lion page dashed out and, seizing his hair on the neck with one hand, rained blows on his head with the other. "You beast!" he scolded him. "Why did you run away and make me suffer?"

The lion dared neither move nor utter a word. Only when his fist grew tired did the lion page stop punching and put the brocade saddle on. The Celestial Worthy mounted him, gave the order to leave, and the lion rode the colored clouds to return to the Wondrous- Cliff Palace.

After giving thanks toward the sky, the Great Sage entered the cave. He untied the Jade-Flower prince first, then Tripitaka Tang, and finally, Eight Rules, Sha Monk, and the three princes. Together they looted the cave's valuables before stepping outside. Eight Rules piled up dried wood front and back and started a blaze. The entire Nine-Bends Curvate Cave was reduced to a charred and gutted kiln! Then the Great Sage dismissed the other deities, though he ordered the local spirit to remain there and guard the region. Eight Rules and Sha Monk were told to exercise their magic and carry the princes back to the prefectural city on their backs, while Pilgrim himself took hold of the Tang Monk by the hands to transport him. In a short while, when the sky darkened, they all arrived at the capital and were met by the queen, the palace ladies, and various officials. Evening maigre was served at once, and they all sat down to enjoy the fare. The elder and his disciples again rested in the Gauze-Drying Pavilion, while the prince retired to the palace. They all had a peaceful night.

The next day the prince ordered another huge vegetarian banquet, for which all the officials of the palace, high and low, gave thanks.

Pilgrim also asked the butchers to slaughter the six lions and skin them, as they had done to the yellow lion. Their meat was to be prepared for the people's enjoyment. Delighted by this suggestion, the prince at once gave this command: the meat of one lion was to be saved for the residents of the palace, and that of another would be given to the Administrator of a Princely Establishment and other district officials. The rest of the five lions would be cut into small pieces, about two to three ounces each, and distributed by palace guards to the civilian and military populace in and out of the city, so that they might have a taste of lion meat to calm their fears. All the households thus acknowledged the gift with gratitude.

In the meantime, the ironsmiths had finished forging the three weapons. As they kowtowed to Pilgrim, they said, "Holy Father, our work is done."

"What's the weight of each of the weapons?" asked Pilgrim.

"The golden-hooped rod weighs a thousand pounds," replied one of the ironsmiths. "The nine-pronged rake and the fiend-routing staff both weigh eight hundred pounds."

"All right," said Pilgrim, and he asked the three princes to come out and pick up their weapons.

"Father Prince," said the three princes to the old prince, "today the weapons are perfected."

"Because of them," said the old prince, "my sons and I almost lost our lives."

"It was fortunate that the divine master did exercise his magic to have us rescued," said the young princes, "and to have the monstrous deviates dispersed. With all evil consequences removed, we may truly expect a peaceful world of calm seas and clear rivers."

At once the old prince rewarded the ironsmiths; then father and sons went to the Gauze-Drying Pavilion to thank the masters.

In order that their journey would not be delayed, Tripitaka urged Pilgrim and his companions to hasten in giving lessons in martial arts to the princes. Right in the palace courtyard, therefore, each of the brothers wielded his weapon and began instructing the princes one by one. In a few days those three princes became thoroughly familiar with their drills and exercises. All the methods of offense and defense, fast and slow, indeed all seventy-two styles of movement that belonged to each weapon were mastered. The three princes, after all, were most determined to learn, and, moreover, the Great Sage Sun had endowed them with divine strength. For this reason they could now raise and move a thousand-pound rod or an eight-hundred-pound muckrake. Compared with the martial arts they formerly practiced by themselves, this was something else indeed! We have a testimonial poem, which says:

Good luck for them has three teachers convened.
Why should martial arts bestir a lion fiend?
The empire's safe when perverts are wiped out;
They yield to One Body and pariahs rout.
fits the principle of primal yang;
From all perfection the Dao truly sprang.
A mind informed these teachings e'er release
And grant Jade- Flower lasting joy and peace.

Once more the princes gave a huge banquet to thank their teachers for the instruction. A large platter of silver and gold was also presented as token of their gratitude.

"Take it away! Quickly!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "We are people who have left home. What do we need it for?"

Eight Rules, sitting to one side, said, "We really can't take the gold and silver. But this robe of mine has been torn almost to shreds by those lion-spirits. If you could provide us with a change of clothing, it would be received as a token of your great love for us."

The princes at once asked the tailors to take several bales of blue silk, red silk, and brown silk and, following the styles and colors of what the priests were wearing, make three suits of clothing. The three pilgrims gladly received their gifts and put on their new cassocks of silk before packing to leave.

At this time there was not a single person in and out of the city who did not address them as incarnate arhats or living buddhas. All the streets were filled with the sounds of drums and music and clogged with the colors of banners and pennants. Truly

Outside each household the incense fires burned;
Before each door colorful lanterns turned.

Only after escorting the pilgrims a long distance would the people permit the four of them to resume their journey toward the West.

Their departure signaled their escape from the various lions and their devotion to attaining the right fruit. Truly

Without a worry they'd reach Buddha's realm
And, with hearts unfeigned, ascend Thunderclap.

We do not know, however, how great a distance remains for them to reach Spirit Mountain, or when they will arrive; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-ONE

At Gold-Level Prefecture they watch lanterns on the fifteenth night
In Mysterious Flower Cave the Tang Monk makes a deposition

How should one strive in the practice of Chan?
Cut off quickly the wily horse and ape.
Five colors grow when they are firmly bound;
A moment's stop will land you on Three Ways.
If the sovereign elixir's caused to leak,
Jade nature dries up for such sloth and slack.
Joy, wrath, care, and thought must be swept clean:
Wondrous mystery is gained like nothing seen.

We were just telling you about the Tang Monk and his three disciples, who left the Jade-Flower City and proceeded along a path safe and sound. In truth the region befitted the name of Ultimate Bliss. After five or six days, they again caught sight of a city.

"What sort of a place is this again?" the Tang Monk asked Pilgrim.

"It's a city," replied Pilgrim, "but the flagpole on the rampart has no pennant. We can't tell the name of this region. Let's wait till we get near, and ask." When they reached the suburb outside the eastern gate, they saw bustling teahouses and wine shops on both sides of the street, and flourishing rice markets and oil stores. On the streets there were a few vagabonds; when they saw the long snout of Zhu Eight Rules, the gloomy countenance of Sha Monk, and the red-rimmed eyes of Pilgrim Sun, they had the travelers surrounded. Struggling to get a closer look at these strange visitors, they nonetheless did not have the courage to question them. The Tang Monk was so nervous that he was, as it were, clinging onto his own sweat, for he feared that his disciples might cause trouble. They walked past several more alley entrances, but still they had not reached the city. It was then that they came upon the gate of a monastery with this inscription:

Mercy Cloud Temple.

"How about going in there to rest the horse," said the Tang Monk, "and beg for a meal?"

"Good! Good!" replied Pilgrim, and the four of them all walked in. They saw

Noble treasure towers,
Soaring bejeweled thrones,
A Buddha alcove above the clouds
And priestly chambers within the moon. red swirls about tall pagodas;
Dark green trees enshroud clean praying-wheels.
A true pure land,
A false dragon palace,
A Great Hero Hall encased in purple cloud.
Along two porches endless visitors play;
Guests climb a stūpa that's often open.
Incense in the censers is e'er ablaze;
Fragrant lamps nightly on the platforms glow.

When the golden bell's heard from the abbot hall,
Monks in service to Buddha will sūtras recite.

As the four of them looked at the place, they caught sight of a priest walking out from one of the corridors. "Master, where did you come from?" he saluted the Tang Monk.

"This disciple happens to be someone who came from the Tang court of China," replied the Tang Monk. At once the monk fell on his knees to make a bow, so startling the Tang Monk that he hurriedly tried to raise him with his hands. "Abbot," he asked, "why do you honor me with such a grand ceremony?" Pressing his palms together in front of him, the monk said, "When those people inclined to virtue at our region study the sūtras and chant the name of Buddha, their ardent hope invariably is to find incarnation at your land of China. Just now when I beheld the bearing and clothing of the venerable master, I realized at once that only the cultivation of a previous life could provide you with such noble endowment. It is fitting, therefore, for me to kneel and bow to you."

"I'm terribly embarrassed!" said the Tang Monk with a smile. "This disciple is but a mendicant. What endowment could he claim? The abbot here is able to enjoy a quiet and comfortable existence. That's true blessing!"

The monk thereupon led the Tang Monk to the main hall to worship the images of Buddha. Only after that did the Tang Monk summon his disciples to enter. Pilgrim and his two companions, you see, had been standing with their faces turned away to watch the horse and luggage since their master had begun conversing with the priest. The priest thus did not pay them much attention. Not until they heard their master calling, "Disciples!" did they turn around. When the priest saw them, he was so aghast that he cried, "O Holy Father! Why is it that your noble disciples are so ugly?"

"Though they may be ugly," replied the Tang Monk, "they do possess considerable magic power. Throughout our journey I have been quite dependent on their protection."

As they chatted, several more priests walked out to salute them. The one who appeared previously said to the ones who just arrived, "This master is a person who came from the Great Tang of China. These three are his noble disciples."

Both pleased and alarmed, the monks said, "Master, why did you come here from your great nation of China?"

"By the sage decree of our Tang emperor," declared the Tang Monk, "I am seeking scriptures from the Buddha at Spirit Mountain.

Passing through your treasure region, I have come especially to your superior temple, merely to inquire about the place and to beg for a meal. Thereafter we shall leave."

Each one of those monks was delighted. They invited the pilgrims into the abbot's quarters, where there were several more priests conducting business with some donors of a vegetarian feast. One of those monks who walked in first cried, "All of you come and look at people from China. Now we know there are both handsome people and ugly people in China. The handsome is too handsome to be sketched or painted, but the ugly ones are exceedingly bizarre." Many of those monks and feast donors came to greet them. They then took their seats, and, after tea, the Tang Monk asked, "What is the name of your honored region?"

"Our is the outer prefecture of the Kingdom of India," replied one of the monks, "the Gold-Level Prefecture."

"How far is it from your honored prefecture to the Spirit Mountain?" asked the Tang Monk.

"It is about two thousand miles from here to the capital," said the monk, "and this is a journey we ourselves have taken before. But we have never gone westward to the Spirit Mountain, and, not knowing the distance, we dare not offer you a fraudulent reply."

The Tang Monk thanked him.

In a little while, they brought out a vegetarian meal, after which, the Tang Monk wanted to leave. He was, however, detained by the donors and the monks, who said to him, "Please feel free to stay for a couple of days, Venerable Master. Enjoy yourself till we have passed the Lantern Festival. Then you may go." Somewhat taken aback, the Tang Monk said, "All this disciple knows on the road is that there are mountains and waters. What I fear most is running into fiends and demons. I have quite lost track of time. When is the fine Lantern Festival?" Smiling, one of the monks said, "The venerable master is preoccupied with the worship of Buddha and the realization of Chan, and that is why you have no concept of time. Today happens to be the thirteenth of the first month. By night the people will be trying out the lanterns. The day after tomorrow is the fifteenth proper. We don't put away the lanterns until the eighteenth or nineteenth. The households of our region here are quite active and fond of excitement. Moreover, our prefect holds the people in great affection. So lanterns and lights will be set up high all over the place, and there'll be music all night long. We have also a Golden-Lamp Bridge, a relic of antiquity but still a prosperous site. Let the venerable fathers stay here for a few days. Our humble monastery can certainly take care of you."

The Tang Monk had no choice but to remain.

That night a great salvo of drums and bells could be heard coming from the main hall of Buddha when the faithful and the local residents arrived with their gifts and votive lanterns for Buddha. The Tang Monk and his companions all left the abbot's quarters to watch these lanterns before retiring. The next day temple priests brought in more food. When they had finished eating, they took a stroll together through the rear garden. A fine place indeed!

The time is the first month;
The season, a new spring.
A fine, wooded garden
Of charms luxuriant.
Rare blooms and plants of four seasons;
Rows upon rows of summits.
Before the steps lovely grasses stir;
On old plum boughs fragrance rises.
The red enters young peach blossoms;
The green returns to fresh willows.
Boast not of Gold- Valley's opulence
Speak not of Felloe- Spring's soft breezes.
Here's one flowing stream
Where wild ducks appear now and then;
We have a thousand bamboos planted

On which the writers make no end of verses.
The peony,
The tree-peony,
The crape flower,
The magnolia—
Their natures have just awakened.
The camelia,
The red plum,
The jasmine,
The most fragrant plant
They first display their glamour.
Though snow left on shady ledges retains its chill,
trees with mist afloat are brushed with spring.
You see, too, deer glancing at their pond-reflections
And cranes listening to strings beneath the pines.
A few buildings to the east,
A few buildings to the west,
Where guests may come to stay;
A few halls to the south,
A few stūpas to the north,
Where monks in silence meditate.
In the midst of flowers
There are a couple of towers for cultivation,
Their double eaves curving high up;
Amid hills and streams
Are three or four demon-smelting rooms
With neat tables and bright lattices.
Truly a natural place of reclusion,
There's no need to look elsewhere for Peng and Ying.

After enjoying the garden for a day, master and disciples also looked at the lanterns in the halls before going to watch the lantern shows. What they saw were

Cornelian floral cities,
Glass immortal-caves,
Palaces of crystal and mother-of-pearl
Like layers of brocade
And tiers of openwork carvings.
As the star-bridge sways and the cosmos moves,
See how a few flaming trees waver.
Pipes and drums along the six streets,
A bright moon atop a thousand doors,
And scented breeze from all households.
Here and there scorpaenid humps rear up;
There are dragons leaving the ocean
And phoenixes soaring.
Admire both lamplight and moonlight—
What harmonious blend!
Those troops of satin and silk

All enjoy the sounds of pipe and song;
Atop both chariots and horses
There is no end of flower and jadelike faces,
Or of gallant knights,
Or of lovely scenes.

After Tripitaka and the monks had watched the lanterns in the monastery, they also took to the streets of the suburb by the east gate to see the sights. Not until the time of the second watch did they turn back to retire.

The next day the Tang Monk said to the priests, "This disciple once made a vow to sweep a pagoda whenever I came upon a pagoda. Since this day is the fine festival of the first full moon, let me request the abbot to open the pagoda for me to fulfill my vow."

The priests accordingly opened the door, as Sha Monk took out the cassock to attend to the Tang Monk. When they reached the first level, the elder put on the cassock to worship Buddha and say prayers. Thereafter he swept out that level with a broom before taking off the cassock to hand back to Sha Monk. He then swept clean the second level and went through each one in that manner until he reached the very top. On each level of that pagoda, you see, there were images of Buddha and open windows. When one level was swept clean, the Tang Monk and his companions would remain a while to enjoy and commend the scenery. By the time the work was done, and they descended from the pagoda, it was already late, and lamps had to be lit.

This was the night of the fifteenth, the first full moon. "Venerable Master," said the priests, "we have been watching the lanterns with you these last two nights in our monastery and in the suburb. Tonight is the festival proper. How about going into the city with us to watch the lanterns there?" In delight the Tang Monk agreed. With the monks of the monastery, he and his three disciples all entered the city. Truly it is

Fifteenth, a lovely night and feast;
Spring hues blend with the first full moon.
Floral lights o'erhang busy shops
As people sing the songs of peace.
You see only bright lights in the six streets and three marts
When a mirror rises in midair.
The moon seems like a silver dish the River God pushed up;
The lights look like brocade carpets woven by divine maidens.
The lights in moonlight
Add one measure of light;
The moon shines on the lights,
Enhancing their brilliance.
There are countless iron chains and star-bridges to see,
And endless lamp wicks and flaming torches to watch.
The snowflake lantern
And the plum-flower lantern
Seem to be chiseled from spring ice.
The silk-screen lantern
the painted-screen lantern
Are constructed with five colors.
The walnut lantern

And the lily lantern
Hang high on the tower.
The green-lion lantern
And the white-elephant lantern
Frolic high by the awnings.
The little-lamb lantern
And the rabbit lantern
Sparkle beneath the eaves.
The hawk lantern
And the phoenix lantern
Are joined side by side.
The tiger lantern
And the horse lantern
Walk and run together.
The divine-crane lantern
And the white-deer lantern,
These Longevity Star rides on.
The goldfish lantern
And the long-whale lantern,
These Li Bo will sit on.
The scorpaenid-hump lantern—
A congregation of immortals.
A revolving-horse lantern—
Where generals do battle.
A thousand households of glittering towers;
Many miles of a world of cloud and smoke.
Over there
Clippety-clop come the jade saddles flying;
The rumbling wheels of scented chariots pass by.
Look at those in red-trimmed towers:
Leaning on the rails
Behind the screens
Shoulder to shoulder
Pairs and pairs of beauties eager for pleasure.
Or those by the bridge o'er green waters:
Noisily cavorting
All bundled in silk
Besotted and soused
loud guffaws
Two by two the tourists play in gay garments.
Flutes and drums resound in the whole city;
Pipes and songs rend the air throughout the night.

We have also a testimonial poem, which says:

From fields of brocade comes the lotus song.
To this peaceful region flocks a great throng.
With bright lights and moon on this fifteenth eve,
Timely rain and wind the year will receive.

Since this was precisely the time the nocturnal curfew was to be lifted, countless people mingled and milled about the place. Some were dancing; some were walking on stilts; there were people disguised as ghosts and others riding on elephants—a bunch here and a cluster there. You could hardly watch them all.

When the Tang Monk and the other priests finally made their way to the Golden-Lamp Bridge, they came upon three lamps with bases the size of cisterns. The coverings on top were actually two artificial towered edifices knit in the most elegant and delicate fashion with fine gold threads. Suspended inside the edifices were thin pieces of glass. The light of these lamps could rival the moon's, while their oil emitted powerful aromas.

The Tang Monk turned to ask the priests, "What sort of oil do these lamps use? Why does it have such a powerful, strange fragrance?"

"I should tell you, Venerable Master," replied one of the priests, "about the district behind our prefecture, which is called Compassionate-Heaven. This district covers some two hundred and forty square miles. Supporting the annual land taxes of this district are two hundred and forty so-called oil families. Mind you, the other taxes of the district are manageable, but the ones levied on these families are quite burdensome. Each household, in fact, must spend over two hundred taels of silver on the oil for these lamps, which is no ordinary oil. It is a specially blended fragrant oil, and each tael is worth two taels of silver. Each catty of oil thus would cost thirtysix taels of silver. The cistern of each of those three lamps holds up to five hundred catties, so three lamps would require one thousand and five hundred catties of oil. The fuel itself, therefore, would cost forty-eight thousand taels of silver. Other miscellaneous expenses would push the total sum to over fifty thousand. The lamps, however, can only last three nights."

"How could you burn up so much oil in just three nights?" asked Pilgrim.

The priest answered, "There are forty-nine large wicks in each of the cisterns. They are made of wick-straw tied together and wrapped in fine cotton. Each wick is actually about as thick as a chicken egg, but they can last only through this night. After Father Buddha has revealed himself, the oil will have disappeared by tomorrow evening and the lamps will go dim."

"It must be," giggled Eight Rules, from the side, "that Father Buddha takes away even the oil!"

"Exactly!" replied the priest. "This has been the belief handed down from antiquity by the people of the entire city. Because the oil dries up, people all say that the Buddhist Patriarch himself has put away the lamps, and that ensures a rich harvest of the five grains. If, however, there is a year when the oil does not dry up, then there will be droughts or poor harvests or wind and rain out of season. That is the reason why all the families feel compelled to make these sacrifices."

As they spoke, the howl of wind could suddenly be heard up in the sky, so terrifying the lamp spectators that they all scattered. The priests, too, found it difficult to stand on their feet. "Venerable Master," they said, "let's go back. The wind has arrived. It must be Father Buddha's auspicious descent, coming here to watch the lamps."

"How do you know it's Buddha coming to watch the lamps?" asked the Tang Monk.

"It's like this every year," replied one of the monks. "Hardly past the hour of the third watch the wind arrives. Knowing that it is the auspicious descent of the various Buddhas, people all get out of the way."

"This disciple," said the Tang Monk, "happens to be a person who thinks of Buddha, who chants the name of Buddha, and who worships Buddha. If there are indeed Buddhas making their descent on this fine occasion, I will certainly pay them homage. Even a small gesture is desirable."

The priests begged in vain for him to leave. In a little while, three figures of Buddha indeed appeared in the wind, coming toward the lamps. The Tang Monk was so astonished that he rushed up to the top of the bridge and fell on his knees to bow to them. Hurrying forward to try to pull him up, Pilgrim shouted, "Master, these are not good people! They have to be monstrous deviates!"

Hardly had he finished speaking than the lamp light suddenly grew dim. With a loud whoosh, they scooped up the Tang Monk and left astride the wind. Alas! We do not know

Of which mountain or cave are these real fiends,
False Buddhas who for years have watched the gold lamps.

So terrified were Eight Rules and Sha Monk that they searched and hollered left and right.

"Brothers!" Pilgrim cried. "No need to call for Master at this place. His extreme pleasure has turned to grief, and Master has been abducted by monster-spirits."

"Holy Father!" said those few frightened monks. "How could you tell that monster-spirits abducted him?" With a chuckle, Pilgrim said, "All of you are a bunch of mortals. You have no perception all these years, for you were deluded by those monstrous deviates. All you thought of were true Buddhas making their auspicious descent to enjoy these offerings of the lamps.

Just now when the wind passed by, those apparitions of Buddha were actually three monster-spirits. Unable to recognize them either, my master dashed to the top of the bridge and immediately bowed down. They managed to dim the lights, took away the oil with some vessels, and even abducted our master. I was a bit slow in getting up there, and that's why the three of them could escape by changing into the wind."

"Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "what are we going to do, then?"

"No need for hesitation," replied Pilgrim. "The two of you go back to the temple with the rest of them to guard our horse and luggage. Let old Monkey make use of this wind and track them down."

Dear Great Sage! Swiftly mounting the cloud somersault, he rose to midair and, catching a whiff of putrid odor from that wind, sped toward the northeast. He chased it till dawn, and all at once the wind died down. Then he came upon a huge mountain that appeared most treacherous and truly rugged. Marvelous mountain!

Canyons in layers,
And torrents tortuous.
From sheer cliffs hang vines and creepers;
On hollow heights stand cypress and pine.
The cranes cackle in morning mist
And geese call from the clouds of dawn.

Tall and erect like halberds are the peaks;
Jagged and rough huge boulders pile up.
The summit soars ten thousand feet;
The peak rises in a thousand turns.
Conscious of spring, wild woods and flowers bloom;
Moved by the sights, nightjars and orioles sing.
It may seem lofty and grand,
It's in truth a precipice
That's bizarre, rugged, treacherous, and hard.
Stop and enjoy it, but no man's in sight:
You hear only tigers and leopards growl.
Musk and white deer will wander as they please;
Jade hare and green wolves will come and go.
deep brook flows out to a thousand miles,
Its eddies gurgling as they strike the rocks.

On the mountain ledge the Great Sage was searching for his way when he caught sight of four persons herding three goats down the western slope and shouting, "Begins Prosperity!"

Blinking his fiery eyes with diamond pupils, the Great Sage stared more carefully and perceived that they were the Four Sentinels of Year, Month, Day, and Hour approaching in disguises.

Immediately whipping out his iron rod which, with one wave, attained the thickness of a rice bowl and a length of about twelve feet, the Great Sage leaped down from the ledge and shouted, "Where do you dirty sneaks think you are going?" When the Four Sentinels saw that he had penetrated their disguises, they were so terrified that they shooed away the goats and changed back into their true forms. Stepping to the side of the road to make their bows, they said, "Great Sage, please forgive us!"

"Because I haven't asked for your services for a long time," said Pilgrim, "you think Old Monkey has become indulgent. Every one of you, in fact, has turned slothful, since you haven't shown up once to present yourself to me. What have you got to say to that? Why aren't you all giving secret protection to my master? Where are you off to?"

"Your master has backslid a little," replied one of the Sentinels. "Because he has been indulging in pleasures at the Mercy Cloud Temple of the Gold-Level Prefecture, his extreme prosperity has produced negativity, and the fullness of his happiness has become grief. Now he has been captured by some monstrous deviates, but at least he has the Guardians of Monastery at his side to give him protection. We know that the Great Sage has been giving chase all through the night. Fearing that the Great Sage might not know his way in this mountain forest, we have come especially to make it known to you."

"If you wanted to do that," said Pilgrim, "why did you do it in such a secretive manner? Herding three goats and shouting this and that—what for?"

The Sentinel said, "We brought along these three goats in order to symbolize the saying, 'With three *yang* begins prosperity.'

That symbol should break up and dispel your master's misfortune." Pilgrim was angrily threatening to beat them, but when he heard their intention, his anger turned to

delight, and he decided to spare them. Putting away his rod, he said, "Is this the mountain where the monster-spirit lives?"

"Indeed, it is," replied the Sentinel. "This is the Green Dragon Mountain, in which there is a Mysterious Flower Cave. Inside the cave are three monster-spirits: the eldest is named Great King Cold-Deterrent; the second, Great King Heat-Deterrent; and the third, Great King Dust-Deterrent. They have lived here for a thousand years. Since their youth they have been fond of eating that specially blended fragrant oil. When they became spirits in years past, they came here disguised as the images of Buddha to dupe the officials and people of the Gold-Level Prefecture into setting up these golden lamps and using that specially blended fragrant oil as fuel. By mid-month of the first month every year, they would assume the forms of Buddha to collect oil. When they saw your master this year, they recognized that he had the body of a sage monk and they abducted him into their cave. In no time they will want to cut off your master's flesh and sauté it with that fragrant oil for food. You must work quickly to rescue him." On hearing this, Pilgrim dismissed the Four Sentinels and went past the mountain ledge to search for the cave. He had not gone more than a few miles when he came upon a huge boulder, beneath which was a stone house with two half-closed stone doors. By the side of the door was a stone tablet with these six words:

Green Dragon Mountain, Mysterious Flower Cave. Not daring to walk straight in, Pilgrim stood still and called out, "Monstrous fiend, send my master out quickly!" With a loud creak the doors were flung open and out ran several bullheaded spirits. Rather glumly and stupidly, they asked, "Who are you that you dare make all these noises here?"

"I'm the senior disciple of the sage monk, Tripitaka Tang," replied Pilgrim, "who was sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to seek scriptures. We passed through the Gold-Level Prefecture, and while we were watching the lanterns, my master was kidnapped by your household's demon chieftains. Return him early, and I'll spare your lives! If you don't, I'll overturn your den and reduce you spirits to pus and blood!" On hearing this, those little monsters hurried inside to say, "Great Kings, disaster! Disaster!"

The three old monsters had brought the Tang Monk deep into the cave, where without any further interrogation they were ordering their subordinates to have him stripped and scrubbed clean by water pumped from the well. They were making plans, too, to cut him or dice him so that his flesh could be sautéed for food with that specially blended fragrant oil. When they suddenly heard this announcement of disaster, Number One was astonished enough to ask why.

"In front of our main door," replied one of the little monsters, "there is a monk with a hairy face and a thundergod beak. He claims that our Great Kings have abducted his master to this place and demands that he be sent out at once. Then he'll spare our lives. But if we don't do that, he will overturn our den and reduce us all to pus and blood."

All alarmed by what they heard, the older monsters said, "We just caught this fellow, and we haven't yet had a chance to question him about his name or where he came from. Little ones, put his clothes back on him and bring him over here for us to interrogate him.

Who is he anyway, and where does he come from?"

The monsters rushed forward and untied the Tang Monk. After they had dressed him, they pushed him before the seats of the old monsters. Trembling all over, the Tang Monk knelt down and could only cry, "Great Kings, spare me! Please spare me!"

"Where did you come from, monk?" asked the three monster-spirits in unison. "When you saw the forms of Buddha, why did you not step aside? Why did you impede our cloudy path?"

As he kowtowed, the Tang Monk said, "This humble cleric is someone sent by the Throne of the Great Tang in the Land of the East, someone on his way to seek scriptures from the Buddhist Patriarch at the Great Thunderclap Monastery in the Kingdom of India.

Because I went to the Mercy Cloud Temple at the Gold-Level Prefecture to beg for a meal, I was asked by the priests of that temple to stay through the Lantern Festival and enjoy the lights. When the Great Kings revealed themselves in the forms of Buddha on the Golden-Lamp Bridge, this humble cleric, who has only fleshly eyes and mortal frame, nonetheless has the desire to worship Buddha whenever he beholds his image. That is the reason why I impeded your cloudy path."

"It is a long way from your Land of the East to this place," said those monster-spirits. "How many people are there altogether in your entourage? Tell us quickly, and we'll spare your life."

"My secular name is Chen Xuanzang," replied the Tang Monk, "and I have been raised a monk in the Gold Mountain Monastery since my youth. Later I was appointed a monk official by the Tang emperor at the Temple of Great Blessing. On account of prime minister Wei Zheng's execution of an old dragon of the Jing River in his dream, the Tang emperor made a tour of Hades and then returned to life. To provide redemption for the lost souls of darkness, he convened the Grand Mass of Land and Water and graciously selected me as the chief priest in charge of the ceremony and the exposition of scriptures. It was at that time that the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin revealed herself to enlighten this humble cleric, announcing to us that there were three canons of true scriptures at the Great Thunderclap Monastery in the Western Heaven. These scriptures, she said, could provide deliverance for the deceased and enable them to ascend to Heaven. The Tang emperor therefore sent this humble cleric to fetch the scriptures. He bestowed on me the style, Tripitaka, and the surname of Tang. That's why people all address me as Tripitaka Tang. I have three disciples. The first one's surname is Sun, and his names are Wukong and Pilgrim. He is actually the converted Great Sage, Equal to Heaven."

Greatly startled by the last name they heard, the monsters said, "Is this Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, the person who caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago?"

"Indeed, he is," said the Tang Monk. "My second disciple has the surname of Zhu, and his given names are Wuneng and Eight Rules. He is the incarnation of the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds. My third disciple has the surname of Sha, and his given names are Wujing and Monk. He is the Curtain-Raising General who has descended to Earth." When they heard this, all three of those monster-kings were alarmed. "It's a good thing we haven't eaten him yet," they said. "Little ones, let's chain the Tang Monk in the rear. Let's wait till we capture his three disciples so that we can eat them together."

Then they called up a herd of spirits, all mountain buffaloes, water buffaloes, and yellow buffaloes. Each grasping a weapon, they walked out of the front door where with a trumpet signal, they waved their banners and rolled the drums.

In full battle dress, the three monsters went out the door also and cried, "What person is bold enough to shout and yell in front of our door?"

Half concealed upon the boulder, Pilgrim stared at them. The monster-spirits all had

Colored faces, round eyes
And two rugged horns;
most pointed,
And sparkling intelligence;
A body full of patterns like a colored painting
Or a large piece of brocade with floral designs.
The first one
Wears on his head a cap of warm fox fur;
His face is steamy and covered with hair.
The second one
Has draped on himself thin gauze flaming red,
His four patterned hooves resemble chunks of jade.
The third one
Has a mighty roar like a thunderclap,
His jutting teeth seem sharper than silver picks.
Each one bold and fierce,
They hold three kinds of arms:
One uses a battle-ax,
And one, a huge cutlass.
But the third one, look again!
Across his shoulders rests a knotty cane.

He saw, moreover, many monster-spirits: tall and short, fat and thin, old and young, they were all bull-heads or demonic fiends holding spears and clubs. There were three huge banners on which these titles were clearly inscribed:

Great King Cold-Deterrent, Great King Heat-Deterrent, and Great King Dust-Deterrent.

After he had stared for a while, Pilgrim could wait no longer. He went forward and shouted:

"You lawless thieves and fiends! Do you recognize old Monkey?"

"So you are the Sun Wukong who disturbed Heaven!" snapped one of the monsters. "Truly,

Though your face is preceded by your fame,
A god who sees you would die with shame!

You are nothing but a puny ape!"

"You oil-stealing thieves!" scolded Pilgrim, enraged. "You greasy-mouthed fiends! Stop babbling! Return my master instantly!"

He rushed forward and struck out with his iron rod. Those three old monsters met him swiftly with three kinds of weapon. That was some battle in the fold of the mountain!

Battle-ax, cutlass, and a knotty cane
The Monkey King dares oppose with one rod.
The fiends—
Cold-, Heat-, and Dust- Deterrent—now
Recognize the Great Sage Equal to Heaven's name.
The rod rises to frighten gods and ghosts;
The ax and cutlass madly fly and slash.
What an image of true void magically fused,
Which resists three monstrous, false Buddha-forms!
Those three felons of this year who wet their noses with stolen oil
Are eager to seize the priest commissioned by a king.
This one for his master fears not mountains or distance;
Those ones for their mouths' sake want annual offerings.
Bing-bang*: only ax and cutlass are heard.*
: now only the rod makes the sounds.
Charging and bumping, three go against one;
Each parries and blocks to display his might.
From morning they fight till the time of night.
Who knows who will suffer and who will win?

With that single rod of his Pilgrim Sun fought the three demons for some one hundred and fifty rounds, but no decision had been reached when the sky began to darken. After a rather feeble blow of his knotty cane, the Great King Dust-Deterrent leaped across the battle line to wave his banner. Immediately that band of bull-headed fiends surged forward and had Pilgrim surrounded in the middle.

All wielding weapons, they madly attacked him.

Seeing that the tide was turning against him, Pilgrim mounted the cloud somersault and fled in defeat. Those monsters did not pursue him; calling back their subordinates, they prepared dinner instead and ate it. A little monster was ordered to give a bowlful to the Tang Monk, who would not be prepared for cooking until Pilgrim was captured also. Because he had always kept a vegetarian diet and because he was racked by sorrow, the master did not even allow the food to touch his lips. For the moment we shall leave him there, weeping.

We tell you instead about Pilgrim, who mounted the clouds to return to the Mercy Cloud Temple. "Brothers!" he called out.

Eight Rules and Sha Monk were waiting for him. When they heard the call they came out together to meet him, saying, "Elder Brother, why did you go for a whole day before you came back? What actually happened to Master?"

"I followed the scent of the wind to give chase last night," replied Pilgrim with a smile, "and by morning, I arrived at a mountain.

The wind vanished, but luckily the Four Sentinels reported to me that the mountain was called the Green Dragon Mountain. In the mountain was a cave with the name of Mysterious Flower, with three monster-spirits living inside it. They had the names of Great King Cold-Deterrent, Great King Heat-Deterrent, and Great King Dust-

Deterrent. They had been stealing oil from this place for years, falsely assuming the form of Buddha to deceive the officials and people of the Gold-Level Prefecture. This year they happened to bump into us, and, not knowing any better, went so far as to abduct Master. After old Monkey had acquired this information, I ordered the Sentinels to give secret protection to Master while I provoked battle before the door. Those three fiends came out together, and they all seemed like bull-headed demons. One used a battle-ax, one a huge cutlass, and the third a cane. Behind them came a whole den of bull-headed demons, waving their banners and rolling their drums. Old Monkey battled the three chieftains for an entire day, and we fought to a draw. Then one of the monster-kings waved his banner, and the little monsters all came at me. When I saw that it was getting late, I feared that I could not prevail and I somersaulted back here."

"It must be demon kings from the Capital of Darkness causing trouble," said Eight Rules.

"What led you to make such a guess?" asked Sha Monk.

Chuckling, Eight Rules said, "Elder Brother told us that these were all bull-headed demons. That's how I know."

"No! No!" said Pilgrim. "As old Monkey sees the matter, they are spirits of three rhinoceroses."

"If they are," said Eight Rules, "let's capture them and saw off their horns. They are worth quite a few taels of silver!"

As they were speaking, the monks of the temple came to ask whether Father Sun would like dinner. "If it's convenient, I'll have some," replied Pilgrim. "If not, I can pass."

"Father Sun has fought for an entire day," said a priest. "Aren't you hungry?"

"Just a day or so, how could I be hungry?" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "Old Monkey once had no taste of food or drink for five hundred years!"

Those priests, however, thought he was only joking and presently they brought him food. After he had eaten, Pilgrim said, "Let's get ready to retire. Tomorrow we can all go together to do battle. When we capture the monster-kings, we can rescue Master."

"What are you saying, Elder Brother?" asked Sha Monk. "As the proverb has it, 'A pause makes one smarter!' If that monster-spirit could not sleep tonight and brought harm to Master, what would we do then? I think it's better for us to try to rescue Master now, and catch them off their guard. Further delay may prove to be a mistake." When he heard that, Eight Rules became more spirited. "Brother Sha is quite right!" he said. "We should take advantage of this moonlight to go subdue the demons." Pilgrim agreed and gave this instruction to the temple priests:

"Guard our luggage and our horse.

Wait till we capture the monster-spirits and bring them back here. We shall prove to the magistrate of this prefecture that they are specious Buddhas. The levy of oil can then be eliminated to bring relief to all the common folk of the region. Won't that be nice?"

The priests obeyed. The three pilgrims at once mounted their auspicious clouds to leave the city. Truly and slothful, Chan nature's confused;

dangers, the mind of Dao's obscured.

We do not know whether they will meet victory or defeat when they get there; lets’s listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-TWO

Three priests fight fiercely at Green Dragon Mountain
Four Stars help to capture rhinoceros fiends

We were telling you about the Great Sage Sun, who trod the wind and mounted the clouds with his two brothers and headed toward the northeast. Soon they arrived at the entrance to the Mysterious Flower Cave in the Green Dragon Mountain. As soon as they had dropped down from the clouds, Eight Rules wanted to tear down the doors with his rake. "Wait a moment!" said Pilgrim. "Let me go in and find out whether Master is dead or alive. Then we can do battle with them."

"These doors are tightly shut," said Sha Monk. "How can you get in?"

"With my magic power, of course," replied Pilgrim.

Dear Great Sage! Putting away his rod, he made the magic sign with his fingers and recited a spell, crying, "Change!"

At once he changed into a little firefly, truly quick and agile. Look at him!

Wings stretched he soars like a comet.
"Grasses decayed become fireflies."
One should not take lightly such magic change:
His is a nature that endures.
Flying near the stone door to look
Through the drafty crack on one side,
With one leap he reaches the quiet yard
To spy on the demons' conduct.

He flew inside and immediately found several buffalo sprawling all over the place. Snoring thunderously, they were all fast asleep.

Even when he reached the center hall, he did not come across any activity. The doors on all sides were closed, and he had no idea where the three monster-spirits were sleeping. Passing through the hall, he headed for the rear, his tail glowing, and he heard the sound of weeping. There he discovered the Tang Monk, who had been chained to a pillar in a back room. As Pilgrim flew quietly up to him, he heard his master sob out:

Since leaving Chang'an o'er ten years ago,
Mountains and streams I've passed in bitter woe.
Happy to find one gala in the West,
To reach at Gold- Level the Lanternfest,
I cannot discern the lamps' false Buddha-forms,
tribulations are my poor life's norms.
If my good pupils come in strong pursuit,
Let their heroic powers soon bear fruit!

On hearing this, Pilgrim was filled with delight and at once spread his wings to fly in front of his master.

"Ah!" said the Tang Monk, wiping away his tears. "The West is truly different! This is only the first month, a time when most insects are just beginning to stir. How

can there be fireflies already?" Unable to contain himself, Pilgrim called out, "Master, I'm here!"

"Wukong," said the Tang Monk, delighted, "I was just saying, how can there be fireflies in the first month? So, it's you!"

"O Master!" said Pilgrim as he changed back to his original form. "Because you could not distinguish the true from the specious, you have caused such delay in your journey and wasted so much effort. I shouted at you repeatedly, trying to tell you that these were not good people, but you were already making your bows. Those fiends were allowed to dim the lamps, steal the specially blended fragrant oil, and even kidnap you. I instructed Eight Rules and Sha Monk to remain in the monastery to guard our belongings. I myself followed the scent of the wind here. I didn't know, of course, the name of this region, but luckily the Sentinels came to report that this was the Mysterious Flower Cave of the Green Dragon Mountain. Yesterday I fought with those fiends until nightfall and then went back to tell my younger brothers what had happened. We didn't sleep, but we all came here instead. Fearing that it's not easy to do battle deep in the night, and not knowing either how Master is faring, I used transformation to get in here to do a bit of detection."

Highly pleased, the Tang Monk said, "So, Eight Rules and Sha Monk are outside?"

"Yes, they are," replied Pilgrim. "Just now old Monkey saw that all the monster-spirits had fallen asleep. Let me open the lock, bash down the door, and lead you out."

The Tang Monk nodded his head to thank him.

Using his lock-opening magic, Pilgrim brushed the instrument with his hand, and the lock snapped open at once by itself. As he led his master out, he suddenly heard one of the monster-kings calling out from one of the chambers by the side of the main hall, "Little ones, shut the doors tightly, and be careful with the candles and torches. How is it that there is no patrol or watch announcement? Why aren't the rattles sounded?"

That bunch of little fiends, you see, had been fighting strenuously all day and had therefore all fallen asleep. They were awakened only by these words of the old monster. When the rattle sounded, some of them picked up their weapons, struck up a gong, and headed for the rear. They ran smack into both master and disciple.

"My good monk!" shouted the little monsters in unison. "You may have twisted open the lock, but where do you think you're going?" Without permitting further explanation, Pilgrim whipped out his rod, which, with one sweep, attained the thickness of a rice bowl.

He struck, and immediately slew two of them with one blow. The rest of the little monsters abandoned their weapons and dashed back to the center hall. Hammering on the door of the bedroom, they shouted:

"Great Kings! It's bad! It's bad! The hairy-faced monk has killed right in our house!" Scrambling to their feet when they heard this, the three fiends cried, "Seize him! Seize him!" So terrified was the Tang Monk that his arms and legs turned numb.

Unable to care for his master any longer, Pilgrim wielded his rod and charged ahead. Those little monsters were in no way able to block him or stop him; he struck

down a few here, pushed over several there, and escaped after smashing through several doors.

"Brothers, where are you?" he cried as he emerged.

With upraised rake and staff, Eight Rules and Sha Monk were waiting. "Elder Brother," they said, "how are things?"

Thereupon Pilgrim gave a thorough account of what had taken place after he had entered the cave through transformation—how he had freed his master and begun to slip out when the monsters discovered them, and how he had to leave his master behind and fight his way out. We shall leave them for the moment.

The monster-kings, having captured again the Tang Monk, had him chained as before. Gripping their cutlass and ax, with torches ablaze, they asked, "How did you open the lock? How did that monkey get in here? Confess at once, and we'll spare your life! If you don't, we'll carve you in two!"

Trembling all over, the Tang Monk fell on his knees and said, "Father Great Kings, my disciple Sun Wukong knows seventy-two ways of transformation. Just now he changed into a little firefly and flew in here to try to rescue me. We didn't expect to wake up the Great Kings or to run into the little Great Kings. Not knowing any better, my disciple wounded two of them. When they all shouted with upraised weapons and lighted torches, he abandoned me and ran out." Laughing uproariously, the three monster-kings said, "It's a good thing we woke up! We haven't let *you* escape!"

They ordered their little ones to shut the doors tightly front and back, and they were to do this in complete silence.

"If they shut the doors tightly without making a noise," said Sha Monk, "they might secretly be plotting against our master. We should get moving!"

"You are right," said Pilgrim. "Let's knock down the door quickly!" Our Idiot at once sought to display his magic powers. Raising his rake, he delivered a blow with all his strength and smashed the stone doors to pieces. "You oil-stealing fiends!" he cried in a loud voice. "Send out my master instantly!"

Those little monsters were so terrified that they rolled back inside to report, "Great Kings, it's bad! It's bad! Our front doors have been smashed by those priests."

Greatly annoyed, those three monster-kings said, "These fellows are impudent indeed!"

They immediately sent for their armor and, grasping their weapons, led the little monsters out the door to battle. It was then about the hour of the third watch, and a radiant moon in the sky made it almost bright as day. Once outside, they wielded their weapons without exchanging one word. On this side, Pilgrim went for the battle-ax, Eight Rules opposed the huge cutlass, and Sha Monk met the large cane. This was a magnificent battle!

Three Buddhist priests
With rod, staff, and rake,
And three monstrous demons with added spunk.
From battle-ax, cutlass, and knotty cane
One hears only the sound of wind and dust.
The first few rounds stir up such grievous fog;
Colored mists soar and scatter thereafter.

Around the body the rake's movements churn;
Still more praiseworthy's the brave iron rod.
A world's rarity is the treasure staff,
To which the fiends are too stubborn to yield.
The blade of the ax is both bright and sharp;
The cane is knotty and covered with dots.
The cutlass shimmers like a single-leaf door,
Opposed no less by priestly magic might.
On this side they strike fiercely for their master's life;
On that side they claw at faces to keep the Tang Monk.
The ax and the rod both strive hard to win;
The rake and the cutlass both clash and meet.
The knotty cane and the fiend-routing staff
Go back and forth to display their power.

Three priests and three fiends fought for a long time, and neither side proved to be the stronger.

Then that Great King Cold-Deterrent shouted, "Little ones, come up here!"

The various spirits rushed up with their weapons, and almost immediately Eight Rules tripped and fell to the ground. Tugging and pulling, several water-buffalo spirits hauled him inside the cave and tied him up. When Sha Monk saw that they had lost Eight Rules to a bellowing herd of bulls, he struck weakly at the Great King Dust-Deterrent and then turned to flee. He was, however, thrown face first to the ground by the spirits swarming over him.

Struggling in vain to get up, he too was taken captive and tied up. Pilgrim knew then that it would be difficult for him to continue fighting by himself; mounting the cloud somersault, he managed to escape.

At the sight of Eight Rules and Sha Monk who were brought before him, the eyes of the Tang Monk brimmed with tears. "What a pity," he said, "that you two have also fallen into the clutches of these vicious hands! Where's Wukong?"

"When Elder Brother saw that we were captured," replied Sha Monk, "he fled."

"If he escaped," said the Tang Monk, "he most certainly went somewhere to seek help. But I wonder when we might go free." Master and disciples were overcome by sadness, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about Pilgrim, who mounted his cloud somersault to return to the Mercy Cloud Temple. As the priests there met him, they asked, "Have you rescued Father Tang?"

"It's hard to do that!" said Pilgrim. "Very hard indeed! Those monster-spirits had vast magic powers. We three brothers fought those three for a long time. Then they summoned the little monsters to capture Eight Rules first and seize Sha Monk afterward. Old Monkey was lucky enough to escape."

Greatly frightened, the priests said, "If someone like you, Holy Father, who could mount the clouds and ride the fog, still could not arrest them, the old master will certainly be harmed."

"Not necessarily!" replied Pilgrim. "My master himself enjoys the secret protection of the Guardians of Monastery, the Guardians of Five Quarters, and the Six

Gods of Darkness and Light. Then, too, he once tasted the Grass of the Reverted Cinnabar.

I doubt that his life will be harmed. It's just that the monster-spirits are quite able, which makes it necessary for old Monkey to seek help in Heaven.

You all must take good care to guard the horse and the luggage."

Even more intimidated, the priests said, "Can Holy Father go up to Heaven?" With a chuckle, Pilgrim said, "The Celestial Palace used to be my homestead, in those years when I was the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. Because I disrupted the Festival of Immortal Peaches, I was subjugated by our Buddha. I had no choice but to escort the Tang Monk in his quest for scriptures, using my merit to atone for my sins. Throughout the journey, I have been assisting the right by dispelling the deviates. It is my master's lot, however, that he should suffer this ordeal, something none of you know anything about."

These words moved the priests to kowtow and worship. Stepping out, Pilgrim gave a loud whistle and at once vanished.

Marvelous Great Sage! He soon arrived at the West Heaven Gate, where he ran into the Gold Star Venus conversing with the Devarāja Virūḍhaka and the Four Spirit Officers Yin, Zhu, Tao, and Xu. When they saw Pilgrim arrive, they hurriedly saluted him and asked, "Where's the Great Sage going?"

"As the guardian of the Tang Monk," replied Pilgrim, "I have reached the Compassionate Heaven District of the Gold-Level Prefecture, which is located on the eastern border of the Kingdom of India. My master was asked by the priests of the Mercy Cloud Temple to stay and enjoy the Lantern Festival. When we went to see the Golden-Lamp Bridge, we saw three golden lamps, in fact, which used as fuel a specially blended fragrant oil. Though that oil has the worth of some fifty thousand taels of white gold, it is nonetheless presented for the enjoyment of some Buddhas who make an auspicious descent every year. As we were looking at those lamps, three images of Buddha indeed appeared. Not knowing good or ill, my master immediately rushed up to the top of the bridge to make his bow, while I was trying to tell him they were no good. But they had already dimmed the lamps and abducted both the oil and my master in a gust of wind. I set off in pursuit of the wind and by dawn came upon a mountain. The Four Sentinels reported to me that it was the Green Dragon Mountain. The Mysterious Flower Cave of that mountain had three fiends with the names of Great King Cold-Deterrent, Great King Heat-Deterrent, and Great King Dust-Deterrent. Old Monkey quickly demanded my master's return at their door, fought with the monster-spirits, but did not gain the upper hand. Then I used transformation to gain entrance. When I saw that my master was chained but unharmed, I freed him and tried to lead him out. But we were detected, and I had to flee. Thereafter, Eight Rules and Sha Monk joined me to wage a bitter battle with them, which ended with the capture of my two brothers. For this reason, old Monkey has come to request the Jade Emperor's assistance in locating their origin and in bringing them to submission."

"If the Great Sage had already fought with them," said the Gold Star, chuckling sardonically, "couldn't he tell where they came from?"

"Of course! Of course!" replied Pilgrim. "I could tell they were a herd of bovine spirits. But because of their great magic powers, they are difficult to subdue quickly."

The Gold Star said, "Those are indeed three rhinoceros spirits. Because their bodily designs bear the patterns of Heaven, long years of cultivation have wrought immortality for them, so that they too, are able to soar on the clouds and tread on the fog. Those fiends also have a penchant for cleanliness. Invariably offended by their own reflection, they would want to leap into water to take a bath.

They have various names, too: like female rhinoceros, male rhinoceros, bull rhinoceros, striped rhinoceros, barbarian-hat rhinoceros, *duoluo* rhinoceros, and Heaven-reaching patterned rhinoceros. They are all endowed with a single aperture, triple hair, and two horns.

When they move through rivers and seas, they are able to open a path in the water. As for your Cold-Deterrent, Heat-Deterrent, and Dust-Deterrent, they are so named because of certain precious vital forces stored in their horns. That's why they have given themselves such titles as Great King so-and-so. If you want to catch them, you must seek help from the Four Wood-Creature Stars. Their mere presence will bring these beasts to submission."

Bowing hurriedly, Pilgrim asked, "And who are the Four Wood-Creature Stars? I beg Longevity to tell me plainly."

"These stars," replied the Gold Star with a smile, "are stationed at that part of the universe just outside the Dipper Palace. When you have memorialized to the Jade Emperor, you will learn the truth."

After folding his hands in front of him to indicate his gratitude, Pilgrim went inside the Heaven Gate. In a moment, he reached the lower level of the Hall of Perfect Light, where he met first with Ge, Qiu, Zhang, and Xu, the Four Celestial Masters. "Where are you heading?" they asked.

"Recently we arrived at Gold-Level Prefecture," replied Pilgrim. "Because my master has loosened slightly his hold on the nature of Zen, he was abducted by monstrous demons while watching the lights during the Lantern Festival. Old Monkey cannot bring them to submission, and I have come especially to make this known to the Jade Emperor and request assistance."

The Four Celestial Masters led Pilgrim immediately into the Hall of Divine Mists to present his memorial. After the exchange of greetings and a complete rehearsal of what took place, the Jade Emperor was about to issue a decree to call up some celestial warriors.

Pilgrim went forward and said, "Just now when old Monkey arrived at the West Heaven Gate, Star Longevity told me that those fiends were rhinoceroses who had become spirits. Only the Four Wood-Creature Stars are able to bring them to submission."

The Jade Emperor at once ordered Celestial Master Xu to go to the Dipper Palace and summon the Four Wood-Creature Stars to descend with Pilgrim to the Region Below.

When they arrived outside the palace, the Twenty-Eight Constellations were there to meet them. "By the sage decree," said the Heaven Preceptor, "I am to command the Four Wood-Creature Stars to descend to the Region Below with the Great Sage Sun in order to subdue certain monsters." Immediately Horn the Wood Dragon, Dipper the Wood Unicorn, Straddler the Wood Wolf, and Well the Wood Hound stepped forward

to answer the call. “Great Sage Sun,” they said, “where do you want us to go to subdue monsters?”

“So, it’s you four!” said Pilgrim, laughing. “That old Longevity is so cryptic that I can’t understand him! If he had told me that I should see the Four Woods of the Twenty-Eight Constellations, I would have come directly to issue the invitation. There would have been no need for any imperial decree.”

“How can you say that, Great Sage?” said the Four Woods. “Without the decree, which one of us dares leave his station? Where is this place you want us to go to? Let’s get there quickly.”

“It’s a spot northeast of the Gold-Level Prefecture,” replied Pilgrim, “at the Mysterious Flower Cave in the Green Dragon Mountain.

We have some rhinoceroses there who have become spirits.”

“If rhinoceroses have become spirits,” said Dipper the Wood Unicorn, Straddler the Wood Wolf, and Horn the Wood Dragon together, “you don’t need all of us. Just ask Constellation Well to go with you. He can climb mountains to devour tigers, and go down to the seas to catch rhinoceroses.”

“These are no moon-gazing rhinoceroses!” said Pilgrim. “They are ones who have attained the Way through prolonged cultivation, all enjoying the age of a thousand years. We have to have the four of you, and please do not refuse. If only one of you went along with me, you might not be able to catch them. Wouldn’t that be a waste of our efforts again?”

“Look at the way you people talk!” said the Celestial Master. “The decree orders all four of you to go. How could you not go? Let’s start flying at once, so I can go back to make my report.”

Thereupon the Celestial Master took leave of Pilgrim and left.

“There’s no need for you to wait any longer,” said the Four Woods. “You go provoke battle first and entice them to come out. We’ll then attack.” Rushing forward, Pilgrim shouted, “You oil-stealing fiends! Return my master!”

The doors, you see, had been smashed by Eight Rules, but now they had been boarded up with planks by the little monsters. When they heard Pilgrim reviling them outside, they dashed in to report, “Great Kings, the monk Sun is reviling us outside!”

“He has already fled in defeat,” said Dust-Deterrent. “Why is he returning a day later? Could it be that he has found some help somewhere?”

“Who’s afraid of any help he might get?” asked Cold-Deterrent. “Bring our armor quickly. Little ones, make sure that you surround him this time and don’t let him get away.” Not knowing any better, that herd of spirits all walked out of the cave, all holding spears and knives, waving banners, and rolling drums. “Aren’t you afraid of a beating, ape? You dare show up again?” they snapped at him.

Now the word “ape” was most irksome to Pilgrim. Clenching his teeth in fury, he raised the iron rod to strike. The three monsterkings ordered the little monsters to fan out and had Pilgrim entirely surrounded. On this side, however, the Four Wood-Creature Stars all brandished their weapons and shouted, “Cursed beasts, don’t you dare move!” When those three monster-kings saw the Four Stars, they naturally became frightened. “It’s bad! It’s bad!” they all cried. “He has found our conquerors! Little ones, run for your lives!” With loud snorts and bellows, all the little monsters changed

back into their original forms: they were all mountain-buffalo spirits, water-buffalo spirits, and yellow-buffalo spirits, madly stampeding all over the mountain. The three monster-kings, too, revealed their true forms. When they lowered their two hands, they had four legs once more.

Their hooves thundering like iron cannons, they fled toward the northeast, closely pursued by the Great Sage leading Well the Wood Hound and Horn the Wood Dragon. Dipper the Wood Unicorn and Straddler the Wood Wolf, however, remained on the eastern slope, where they succeeded in either beating to death or capturing live all the rest of the buffalo spirits stranded on the summit, in the stream, or in the valley. Then they proceeded to the Mysterious Flower Cave and freed the Tang Monk, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk.

Recognizing the two Stars, Sha Monk bowed with his companions to thank them. "How did the two of you manage to come and rescue us?" he asked.

"We were ordered here by the Jade Emperor's decree to bring those fiends to submission and rescue you," replied the two Stars, "after the Great Sage Sun presented a memorial."

"Why, then," asked the Tang Monk, shedding tears again, "didn't my disciple Wukong come here?"

"Those three old fiends happen to be three rhinoceroses," said the Star. "When they saw us, they fled for their lives toward the northeast. The Great Sage Sun led Well the Wood Hound and Horn the Wood Dragon to give chase. Having mopped up the herd of buffalo, we two came here especially to free the sage monk."

The Tang Monk again touched his forehead to the ground to thank them.

Then he prostrated himself once more to thank Heaven.

Raising him, Eight Rules said, "Master, excessive ceremony becomes insincerity. There's no need for you to keep on bowing. The Four Star Officers have done this partly because of the imperial decree of the Jade Emperor, and partly because of their regard for Elder Brother. We may have done away with the various fiends, but we have yet to find out whether those old monsters have been brought to submission. Let us take out some of the valuables in this place and then tear down the cave so that they will be permanently uprooted. Afterward we should return to the temple to wait for Elder Brother."

"Marshal Heaven Reeds is quite right," said Straddler the Wood Wolf. "You and the Curtain-Raising General should protect your master and return to rest in the temple. Let us go to the northeast to fight."

"Exactly! Exactly!" said Eight Rules. "You two must join them in pursuit. You must exterminate all of the monsters before you go back to report to the throne."

The two star officers at once left in pursuit.

Ransacking the cave, Eight Rules and Sha Monk took out a pile of valuables—all coral, cornelian, pearls, amber, ornamental gems, precious stones, fine jade, and gold. They asked their master to sit on the mountain ledge before starting a fire that had the entire cave reduced to ashes. Only then did they help the Tang Monk find their way back to the Mercy Cloud Temple. Truly,

"Good's limit begets evil," the classics say.
Fair fortune ends in mishap? Well it may!

Chan nature's confused for love of floral lights;
Pretty scenes have led the mind of Dao astray.
The great elixir you must always guard;
One slip and you're rewarded with dismay.
Never slacken your firm and tight control.
A little indolence brings on disarray.

We'll speak no more for the moment about those three, who returned to the temple with their lives. Let us tell you instead about Dipper the Wood Unicorn and Straddler the Wood Wolf, those two star officers, who mounted the clouds and pursued the fiends toward the northeast. They looked this way and that in midair but could see no one. Then they looked toward the great Western Ocean and caught sight of the Great Sage Sun in the distance, hollering above the water. Lowering the direction of their clouds, the two of them said, "Great Sage, where have the fiends gone?"

"Why didn't the two of you join us in pursuit?" asked Pilgrim angrily. "Why do you wait till now to ask your addle-headed questions?"

"When I saw that the Great Sage with Well and Horn had defeated the fiendish demons," said Dipper the Wood Unicorn, "I thought that you would surely capture them. We two, therefore, made a clean sweep of the other monster-spirits, and then entered the Mysterious Flower Cave to rescue your master and brothers. We ransacked the mountain, burned down the cave, and entrusted your master to the care of your two brothers, who were going to bring him back to the Mercy Cloud Temple in the city. When we saw, however, that you did not return after all this while, we found our way here." Moved to delight and gratitude by these words, Pilgrim said, "In that case, you have achieved merit. Thanks for all your trouble! Thanks for all your trouble! Those three monstrous demons, however, crawled into the ocean after we chased them here. Well and Horn went after them, but they told old Monkey to remain by the shore to stand guard. Since the two of you have arrived, you can head them off here. Let old Monkey go in too."

Dear Great Sage! Gripping his iron rod and making the magic sign with his fingers, he opened up a pathway in the water and went into the depths of the ocean. There he found those three monstrous demons waging the most bitter battle with Well the Wood Hound and Horn the Wood Dragon. Leaping near, he shouted, "Old Monkey's here!"

Those monster-spirits were already hard pressed when they had to confront the two star officers. When they heard Pilgrim's cry, they turned immediately and fled for their lives toward the center of the ocean. The horns on the fiends' heads, you see, were excellent instruments for dividing the water. All you could hear were a loud splatter as they knifed through the billows, with the Great Sage Sun and the two star officers hard on their heels.

We tell you now that in the Western Ocean, there were a yakṣa and a seaman out on patrol. When they saw from a distance the rhinoceroses opening up the water, and, moreover, when they caught sight of the Great Sage Sun and the two celestial constellations, whom they recognized, they hurried to the Water Crystal Palace to report to the dragon king. "Great King," they said, somewhat apprehensively, "there are three rhinoceroses being chased by the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven, and two celestial constellations!" On hearing this, the old dragon king, Aoshun, summoned Prince Mo'ang and said to him, "Call up the aquatic soldiers at once! It must be that Cold-Deterrent, Heat-Deterrent, and Dust-Deterrent, those three rhinoceros spirits, have

offended Pilgrim Sun. Since they have now arrived in our ocean, we should give Sun some armed assistance."

This order immediately made Ao Mo'ang call up the troops.

In an instant, tortoises, sea-turtles, sea-dragons, breams, carps, shrimp soldiers, and crab privates all gave their battle cries and rushed out of the Water Crystal Palace, each wielding spear or sword, to block the path of the rhinoceros spirits. Unable to advance, the spirits retreated hurriedly, only to find the Great Sage closing in with Well and Horn, the two stars. They became so flustered that they were no longer able to stay together as a herd. Scattering in three directions, each tried to flee for his life.

Soon Dust-Deterrent was surrounded by the old dragon king and his troops. Delighted by what he saw, the Great Sage Sun cried, "Hold it! Hold it! We want him alive! We don't want to catch a carcass!"

Hearing this, Mo'ang led his troops to rush forward and pull Dust-Deterrent down. An iron hook was thrust through his nose and then he was hog-tied.

Then the old dragon king gave the command for his troops to track down the other two spirits and lend assistance to the star officers for their capture. When the young prince led his troops forward, they saw Well the Wood Hound had changed into his original form.

He had Cold-Deterrent pinned down and was, in fact, devouring him with great bites. "Constellation Well! Constellation Well!" cried Mo'ang. "Don't bite him! The Great Sage Sun wants him alive, not dead!"

He shouted several times, but the monster's neck had already been bitten through. Mo'ang ordered the shrimp soldiers and crab privates to haul the dead rhinoceros back to the Water Crystal Palace, while he and other soldiers set off in pursuit again with Well the Wood Hound. They ran right into Horn the Wood Dragon, who was chasing Heat-Deterrent back toward them. Ordering the tortoises and turtles to fan out, Mo'ang led his troops to encircle the spirit completely. "Spare my life! Spare my life!" the fiend could only say. Well the Wood Hound walked forward and grabbed one of his ears. Taking away his cutlass, the star officer said, "We're not going to kill you. We'll turn you over to the Great Sage Sun for his disposal."

They all lowered their weapons and went back to the Water Crystal Palace, crying, "We've caught them all!" Pilgrim saw that one of the spirits had been beheaded; still dripping blood, the corpse lay on the ground. Another was pushed to his knees, his ear still grasped by Well the Wood Hound. As he walked forward to look more carefully, Pilgrim said, "It wasn't a blade that cut this head off!"

"If I hadn't yelled out," said Mo-ang, chuckling, "Star Officer Well would have devoured the body as well!"

"It's all right," said Pilgrim. "Let's saw off his two horns and skin him. We'll take those things along, but the meat will be left here for the enjoyment of the worthy dragon king and his prince."

A rope was threaded through the iron hook in the nose of Dust-Deterrent, so that Horn the Wood Dragon could lead him. The same treatment was given Heat-Deterrent, and Well the Wood Hound held onto the rope. "Let's bring them up to see the chief of the Gold- Level Prefecture, so that he can make a thorough investigation of how they

have impersonated Buddha to hurt the people all these years. Then we'll decide what to do with them."

All of them agreed.

They took leave of the dragon king and his prince and left the Western Ocean, leading the two rhinoceroses. After rejoining Straddler and Dipper, the two stars, they mounted the cloud and fog to return to the Gold-Level Prefecture. Treading the auspicious luminosity, Pilgrim cried aloud in midair:

"Chief of the Gold-Level Prefecture, subordinate officials, and all you people of this region, hear me! We are sage monks sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East to seek scriptures in the Western Heaven. The creatures who pretended to be various Buddhas making their auspicious descent and who demanded sacrifices of the golden lamps each year from the households of this district and prefecture are actually these rhinoceros fiends. When we passed through here and went to look at the lamps on the night of the fifteenth, these fiends abducted both my master and the lamp oil. I, therefore, asked the gods of Heaven to bring them to submission. We have now cleaned up their mountain cave, and all the monstrous demons have been exterminated.

From now on your district and prefecture should not make any sacrifice of the golden lamps, for it only taxes the people and drains their wealth." Inside the Mercy Cloud Temple, Eight Rules and Sha Monk had just escorted the Tang Monk through the gate. When they heard Pilgrim speaking up in midair, they abandoned their master and their luggage to mount the wind and cloud and rise to the sky. When they questioned him, Pilgrim said, "One has been bitten to death by Constellation Well, but we have taken along its skin and the sawed-off horns. The two captured alive are here."

"We might as well push these two down to the city for the officials and the people to see," said Eight Rules, "so that they'll know that we are sages and deities. Moreover, we must trouble the four star officers to lower their clouds to the ground and go with us to the prefectural hall for the disposal of these fiends. The truth and their guilt have been firmly established. There's nothing more we should discuss!"

"Of late," said one of the four stars, "Marshal Heaven Reeds seems to be quite knowledgeable about principles and shows good understanding of the law. That's marvelous!"

"Being a priest for some years has taught me a few things!" replied Eight Rules.

So the various deities pushed the rhinoceroses toward the earth. When they all descended to the prefectural residence on a bouquet of colored clouds, the officials of this district and prefecture along with the populace in and out of the city were so terrified that each household set up incense tables and bowed to receive the gods from Heaven. In a little while, the priests of the Mercy Cloud Temple could be seen entering the prefectural residence also, carrying the elder in a palanquin. When he met Pilgrim, he thanked him profusely.

"I was beholden to the noble Constellation officers," said the Tang Monk, "for having us rescued. But not having seen my worthy disciple has caused me unending concern. Now I truly rejoice in your return in triumph. I would like to know, however, where you chased these fiends before they were captured."

"Since I took leave of my honored master day before yesterday," replied Pilgrim, "old Monkey ascended to Heaven to make his investigation. The Gold Star Venus was kind enough to reveal to me that these monstrous demons were actually

rhinoceroses, and that I should solicit the help of the Four Wood Creature Stars. Immediately I memorialized to the Jade Emperor, who gave his permission and his decree for the stars to descend to the cave. We fought there and they fled. Dipper and Straddler, the two Constellations, kindly rescued you, while old Monkey joined Well and Horn, the two other Constellations, to pursue the monsters. When we reached the Great Western Ocean, we were also indebted to the assistance of the dragon king, who sent his son to help us with his troops. That's why we were able to capture them and bring them back for trial."

The elder could not stop his thanksgiving and commendation. They also saw the magistrate of the district and his various subordinate officials, who were all burning tall precious candles and filling their braziers with incense as they bowed to the sky.

After a little while, Eight Rules became so aroused that he whipped out the ritual razor. With one stroke he cut off the head of Dust- Deterrent and with another, the head of Heat-Deterrent. Then he took up a saw to saw off their four horns. The Great Sage Sun was even more resolute. He at once gave this order:

"Let the four star officers take these four rhinoceros horns up to the Region Above and present them as tribute to the Jade Emperor when you hand back the imperial decree. As for the two horns we brought along, we shall deposit one at the prefectural hall, so that it may be used as a perpetual witness to posterity that the lamp-oil levy has been eliminated.

We ourselves will take along one horn to present to the Buddhist Patriarch at the Spirit Mountain."

The four stars were enormously pleased. Bowing immediately to take leave of the Great Sage, they mounted the colored clouds to go back.

The chief official, however, would not permit the master and his three disciples to leave. He ordered a huge vegetarian banquet, and asked various village officials to bear the visitors company. Meanwhile, he issued a public proclamation informing the civil and military population that no golden lamps are permitted for the following year, and that the necessity for oil purchases levied on the big households was forever removed. The butchers, too, were told to slaughter the two rhinoceroses; their hides were to be treated and dried so that they could be used to make armor, while their meat was distributed to both officials and the common people. In addition, he appropriated some of the funds already collected for oil purchases to buy land from the people. A temple commemorating the four stars subjugating the monsters was to be erected, along with living shrines to the Tang Monk and his three disciples. Placards with proper inscriptions were set up, so that their good deeds could forever be transmitted and gratefully acknowledged.

Since they could not leave at once, master and disciples made up their mind to enjoy themselves. Each of those two hundred and forty lamp-oil households took turns to entertain them; after a banquet was given by one family, another would be offered by a different household without pause. Eight Rules was determined to have complete satisfaction. Stuffing up his sleeve a few of those treasures that he had looted from the monsters' cave, he used them as tips for each of the vegetarian banquets. They lived there thus for over a month, and still they could not set out on their journey. Finally, the elder gave this instruction:

"Wukong, take the rest of the precious jewels and give them all to the priests of the Mercy Cloud Temple as a token of our thanks. Let's not tell those big households,

but let's slip away tomorrow before dawn. If we indulge in pleasure like this, our enterprise of scripture-seeking will be delayed, and I fear that we shall offend the Buddhist Patriarch and bring on further calamities. That will be most inconvenient." Pilgrim carried out his master's instructions one by one.

By the hour of the fifth watch next morning he was already up, and at once asked Eight Rules to prepare the horse. Having enjoyed his food and drink in great comfort, our Idiot slept so soundly that he was still half-dazed when he said, "Why prepare the horse so early in the morning?"

"Master tells us to get moving!" snapped Pilgrim.

Rubbing his face, Idiot said, "That elder should behave himself! All two hundred and forty of those big households have sent us invitations, but we've managed to enjoy a full meal barely thirty times. Why does he want to make old Hog endure hunger so soon?" On hearing this, the elder scolded him, saying, "Overstuffed coolie! Stop babbling! Get up quickly! If you keep up this ruckus, I'll ask Wukong to knock out your teeth with his golden-hooped rod!" When Idiot heard that, he became completely flustered. "This time Master has changed!" he cried. "Usually he cares for me, loves me, and, knowing that I am stupid, protects me. Whenever Elder Brother wants to hit me, he pleads for me. Why should he turn so vicious today as to want to beat me?"

"Because Master's offended by your gluttony," said Pilgrim, "which has delayed our journey. Hurry up! Pack the luggage and get the horse ready. You'll be spared a beating!"

As our Idiot was truly fearful of being beaten, he leaped up and put on his clothes. Then he shouted at Sha Monk:

"Get up quickly! A beating's on its way!" Sha Monk, too, leaped up, and each of them finished his preparation. Waving his hand, the elder said, "Quiet! Let's not disturb the temple priests."

He mounted the horse hurriedly. After opening the gate, they found their way and left. As they went forth this time, it was truly like

Opening the jade cage to let the phoenix out,
Or breaking the gold lock to set the dragon free.

We do not know how those households would react by morning; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-THREE

At Jetavana Park he asks the aged about the cause
At the Kingdom of India he sees the king and meets his mate

Memory has to start with love;
Leniency will beget mishap.
Why does discernment sort out three estrades?
Merit done you'll end in primal sea.
Whether you'll be a god or buddha,
You must prepare yourself within:
Be clean, pure, and wholly removed from dust.
Fruit borne you fly to Realm Above.

We were telling you about the priests in the temple, who discovered by dawn that Tripitaka and his disciples had vanished. "We didn't detain them," they all said, "we didn't take leave of them, and we didn't beg them! And that's how we allowed a living bodhisattva to walk clean away!"

As they were saying this, a few members of the wealthy households in the south suburb arrived to deliver their invitations. Clapping their hands, the various priests said, "We were caught off-guard last evening, and they all mounted the clouds and left in the night."

The people all bowed to the sky to express their gratitude. Because of what the monks had said, however, the entire population of the city—officials and commons—all learned of it. They at once requested the wealthy households to purchase the five beasts, flowers, and fruits to sacrifice at the living shrine as an expression of their gratitude. Of this we shall speak no more.

We tell you instead about the Tang Monk and his disciples, who fed on the wind and slept by the waters as they journeyed peacefully for over half a month. One day they found themselves again before a tall mountain. Growing apprehensive, the Tang Monk said, "Disciples, with that tall rugged mountain before us, we must be careful!" Laughing, Pilgrim said, "This road taking us near the land of Buddha surely does not harbor any monster or deviate. Master, you should relax and not worry."

"Disciple," said the Tang Monk, "it may be true that the land of Buddha is not far away. But remember what the temple priests told us the other day: the distance to the capital of the Kingdom of India is still some two thousand miles. I wonder how far have we gone already."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "could it be that you have quite forgotten again the *Heart Sūtra* of the Crow's Nest Chan Master?"

Tripitaka said, "That *Prajñā-pāramitā* is like a cassock or an alms bowl that accompanies my very body. Since it was taught me by that Crow's Nest Chan Master, has there been a day that I didn't recite it? Indeed, has there been a single hour that I didn't have it in mind? I could recite the piece backward! How could I have forgotten it?"

"Master, you may be able to recite it," said Pilgrim, "but you haven't begged that Chan Master for its proper interpretation."

"Ape-head!" snapped Tripitaka. "How dare you say that I don't know its interpretation! Do you?"

"Yes, *I* know its interpretation!" replied Pilgrim. After that exchange, neither Tripitaka nor Pilgrim uttered another word.

At their sides, Eight Rules nearly collapsed with giggles and Sha Monk almost broke up with amusement. "What brassiness!" said Eight Rules. "Like me, he began his career as a monster-spirit. He wasn't an acolyte who had heard lectures on the sūtras, nor was he a seminarian who had seen the law expounded. It's sheer flimflam and pettifoggery to say that he knows how to interpret the sūtra! Hey, why is he silent now? Let's hear the lecture! Please give us the interpretation!"

"Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "do you believe him? Big Brother is giving us a nice tall tale, just to egg Master on his journey. He may know how to play with a rod. He doesn't know anything about explaining a sūtra!"

"Wuneng and Wujing," said Tripitaka, "stop this claptrap! Wukong's interpretation is made in a speechless language. That's true interpretation."

As master and disciples conversed like that, they managed to cover quite a distance and walk past several mountain ridges. Then they came upon a huge monastery by the side of the road. "Wukong, that's a monastery ahead of us," said Tripitaka. "Look at it.

Though

Not overly big or small,
It has the roof of glazed green tiles;
Half old and half new.
It's enclosed with red eight-word brick walls.
Vaguely one can see the canopies of green pines,
Aged things of who knows how many hundred or thousand years that have lived till now;
And one can hear a stream's soft murmur,
A waterway dug out in some distant dynasty that has still remained.
On the gates
Gold- Spreading Monastery' in large letters;
On a hanging plaque
The Ruins of Antiquity' is inscribed."

Pilgrim replied that indeed he too saw that it was the Gold-Spreading Monastery, and Eight Rules said the same thing.

"Gold-Spreading, Gold-Spreading," mused Tripitaka as he rode, "could this be the territory of the Kingdom of Śrāvastī?"

"This is quite strange, Master!" said Eight Rules. "I have followed you now for several years, and I have never known you to recognize the way before. Today you seem to know where you are."

"It's not quite like that," replied Tripitaka. "It's just that in studying the sūtras I have frequently read this account, which tells of the Buddha's experience in the Jetavana Park of the city, Śrāvastī. The park was said to be something that the Elder Anāthapiṇḍika wanted to purchase from Prince Jeta, so that it could be used as the place for Buddha to lecture on the sūtras. The prince, however, said, 'My park is not for sale.

The only way you can buy it is for you to cover the whole park with gold.' When Elder Anāthapiṇḍika heard this, he took gold bricks and spread them throughout the park. Only then did he succeed in purchasing the Jetavana Park from the prince and in inviting the World-Honored One to expound the Law. When I saw the Gold-Spreading Monastery just now, I thought this could be the one described in the story."

"How fortunate!" said Eight Rules, chuckling. "If indeed it's the one in the story, we should go and dig up a few bricks to give to people."

They all laughed at this for a while before Tripitaka dismounted.

When they entered the monastery, they discovered sitting by the main gates a few cartfuls of people—some luggage toters, some cart pushers, and some with bags on their backs. Some were sleeping and others were chatting when they caught sight of master and disciples. The handsome features of the elder along with the hideous ones of his disciples made the people somewhat fearful, and they all stepped aside for the pilgrims to pass through. Fearing that they might stir up trouble, Tripitaka kept calling out, "Gently! Gently!" and all his disciples seemed to be behaving themselves.

After passing through the Vajra Hall, they were met by a priest whose whole bearing seemed quite devout. Truly

His face like a full moon shone;
His body was the wisdom-tree.
His windswept sleeves hugged his staff
And sandals trod the pebbled path.

Tripitaka saluted the moment he caught sight of him, and the priest hurriedly returned his greeting, saying, "Master, where do you come from?"

"This disciple is Chen Xuanzang," replied Tripitaka, "who has been sent by the decree of the Great Tang emperor to go worship Buddha in the Western Heaven and seek scriptures. Our journey takes us past your treasure monastery, and I have taken the liberty of visiting you to ask for one night's lodging. We'll leave tomorrow."

"Our humble monastery," said the priest, "is inhabited frequently by visitors from all over the world for as long as they please. The elder, moreover, is a divine monk from the Land of the East, and it will be our very good fortune to serve you."

Tripitaka thanked him, and then asked his three companions to follow him. They went past the winding corridor and the donation boxes to reach the abbot's quarters. After exchanging greetings with the abbot, they took their seats proper to hosts and guests. Pilgrim and his two brothers, too, sat down with hands lowered at their sides.

We tell you that when the monastery had heard the news of scripture priests sent by the Great Tang in the Land of the East, all the monks—whether they were old or young, long-term residents or temporary guests, elders or altar boys—came to present themselves.

After tea had been offered, a vegetarian meal was served.

Our elder presently was still reciting his grace, but Eight Rules was impatient enough to send the buns, vegetarian foods, and vermicelli soups tumbling down his throat. The abbot's quarters by now were filled with people; the more intelligent ones were admiring the features of Tripitaka, but the sportier persons were all staring at the way Eight Rules ate. As Sha Monk was rather observant, he saw immediately what was happening and furtively gave Eight Rules a pinch, saying, "Gently!"

Eight Rules became so exasperated that he yelled, “Gently! Gently! But my stomach’s empty!”

Chuckling, Sha Monk said, “Second Elder Brother, you may not realize this. There are many so-called gentlemen in the world, but when it concerns the stomach, they are no different from you and me.”

These words quieted Eight Rules, while Tripitaka said a short grace to end the meal. After the eating utensils had been removed, Tripitaka thanked his hosts.

One of the priests of the monastery inquired about the history of the Land of the East. When Tripitaka spoke of certain historical ruins, he in turn asked for the reason for the name of the Gold-Spreading Monastery. That priest replied, “This originally was the Monastery of the Anāthapiṇḍika Garden in the Kingdom of Śrāvastī. It also goes by the name of the Jetavana Park. Because the Elder Anāthapiṇḍika spread gold bricks on the ground to enable the Buddha to expound the sūtras, the name was changed again to the present one. About a generation ago, this whole region was the Kingdom of Śrāvastī, and Elder Anāthapiṇḍika was living here at the time. Our monastery originally was the elder’s Jetavana Park, and that is why the full name should be Benefactor-of-Orphans Gold- Spreading Monastery. Behind our monastery we still have the foundation of the Jetavana Park. In recent years, a great rainstorm would on occasion wash out some gold or silver or pearls. Those lucky enough would be able to pick them up.”

“So it’s not a false rumor but the truth!” said Tripitaka. Then he asked again, “When I entered your treasured monastery just now, I saw inside the twin corridors by the gate many merchants with their mules and horses, their luggage and carts. Why are they staying here?”

“Our mountain here is named the Hundred-Legs Mountain,” replied the priest. “In previous years it had been quite safe. Recently, however, we don’t quite know what has taken place, but it may be that the seasonal cycles have produced a few centipede spirits, which have frequently injured people on the road. Though the wounds they inflict may not be lethal, they have certainly inhibited the travelers’ movement. Beneath our mountain is a pass by the name of Cock-Crow. People dare not walk through it until the cock has crowed. Because it’s getting late now, those merchants you saw don’t want to take an unnecessary risk. So they use our humble monastery for lodging, and they’ll leave after the cock has crowed.”

“We, too, will wait till the cock crows before we leave,” said Tripitaka. As they chatted, more vegetarian food was brought in, so that the Tang Monk and his disciples dined again. Afterwards, Tripitaka and Pilgrim went out for a leisurely stroll to enjoy a bright moon in her first quarter. A workman approached them and said, “Our venerable father teacher would like to meet the visitors from China.”

Turning quickly, Tripitaka saw an old monk, a bamboo staff in his hand, who saluted him, saying, “Is this the master who has come from China?”

“I dare not accept such honor,” replied Tripitaka, returning his salutation, as the old monk began to compliment him effusively.

“What is the old master’s lofty age?” he asked.

“I have passed my forty-fifth year in vain,” said Tripitaka, “and may I ask what is the honorable age of the old abbot?” With a chuckle, the old monk said, “Rather fruitlessly I have exceeded the venerable master’s age by a sexagenary cycle.”

"You're a hundred and five years old now," said Pilgrim. "Can you tell how old I am?"

"Though the countenance of this master is aged," said the old priest, "your spirit is most clear. My eyes are quite dim in the moonlight, and it's hard for me to tell your age right away."

After talking for a while, they went to look at the rear corridor. "Just now the old foundation of the Jetavana Park was mentioned," said Tripitaka. "Where exactly is it?"

"Just beyond our rear gate," replied the old monk, and asked that it be opened immediately. All they saw was a vacant lot with a few piles of rubble remaining as the foundation of the walls. Pressing his palms together, Tripitaka sighed and said,

The good giver, Sudatta, I call to mind;
With jewels and gold he relieved poor mankind.
For all times Jetavana has its fame.
With which arhat can we the elder find?

They all walked slowly, enjoying the sight of the moon. Having gone out of the rear gate, they reached a terrace where they sat for a while. Suddenly they heard the sound of weeping. Tripitaka listened attentively, and found that the person weeping was also making protest, something about her parents not comprehending her pain. So moved was he by the words that he himself began to shed tears also.

"Who is this person grieving here?" he turned to ask the other monks. On hearing this question, the old monk ordered the other priests to go back first to make tea. After everyone had left, he at once bowed low to Tripitaka and Pilgrim. Raising him, Tripitaka said, "Old abbot, why are you doing this?"

"Since this disciple has now exceeded one hundred years of age," replied the old monk, "he is somewhat knowledgeable in human affairs. In the quiet hours of meditation, moreover, he has seen a few visions. And that is why this disciple can perceive that the venerable master and his disciple are quite different from other people. For only this young master here can bring to light this grievous matter."

"Let's hear you tell us what the problem is," said Pilgrim.

The old monk said, "Exactly on this day a year ago, your disciple was just in the midst of meditation on the dialectical relation between our nature and the moon when a soft breeze brought to me the sounds of grief and protest. I descended from my couch to go to the foundation of the Jetavana Park to look around. There I found a pretty, comely girl. I asked her, 'What family do you belong to? Why are you here?' The girl replied, 'I'm the princess of the King of India. I was enjoying the sight of flowers beneath the moon when I was blown here by a strong gust.' Immediately I had her locked up in an empty room, which I sealed with bricks until it looked like a prison. There was only a small hole left in the door, through which one could pass a rice bowl. The next day I told this story to the other priests—that I had imprisoned a monstrous deviate. Since we priests were men of mercy, I said, I would not take its life, and I would give the prisoner two meals of coarse rice and tea daily for sustenance. The girl was clever enough to understand my intentions.

Fearing that she might be violated by the priests, she pretends to be mad, sleeping in her own piss and lying in her own shit. During the day she babbles all the time and puts on a dumb, stupid look. In the quiet of the night, however, she weeps and yearns for her parents.

Several times I myself have tried to enter the city to make inquiry about the princess, but I have had no success whatever. For this reason I have kept her tightly locked up and dare not release her. Now that we have the good fortune of seeing the venerable master's arrival at our kingdom, I beg you enter the capital and exercise your vast dharma power to shed light on this matter. Not only will you thus be able to rescue the virtuous, but you will also make manifest your divine potency." Pilgrim and Tripitaka firmly committed to their memory what they had heard. As they spoke, however, two young priests came to invite them to tea before retiring, and so they all returned to the monastery.

In the abbot's quarters Eight Rules was grumbling to Sha Monk, saying, "We have to be on our way by dawn when the cock crows.

And they still won't come to bed!"

"Idiot," said Pilgrim, "what are you mumbling?"

"Go to sleep!" said Eight Rules. "It's so late already. What's there to look at?"

Thereupon the old monk walked away, and the Tang Monk retired. This is precisely the time when

The moon fades, the flowers dream, and all sounds cease.
The window screens let in a soft, warm breeze.
Thrice has the clepsydra dropped low in sight;
The Milky Way glows like the brightest light.

They had not slept for very long that night when they heard the cock crow. In the front the traveling merchants all rose in a clamor as they lit their lamps and began to cook their rice. Our elder, too, woke up Eight Rules and Sha Monk so that they could saddle the horse and pack. When Pilgrim asked for lights, the priests of the monastery had already risen earlier to prepare tea and breakfast, which they waited to serve in the rear. Delighted, Eight Rules ate an entire platter of buns. Thereafter he and Sha Monk brought out the horse and the luggage, while Pilgrim and Tripitaka thanked their hosts.

Again the old monk said to Pilgrim, "Don't forget that matter of the weeping girl!"

"Indeed, I shall not!" laughed Pilgrim. "When I get to the city, I'll be able to establish the fundamental principles by listening to sounds and determine the emotions by scrutinizing countenances."

Those traveling merchants, noisy and boisterous, also followed them to the main road. By about the hour of the Tiger they passed the Cock-Crow Pass, but not until the hour of the Serpent did they catch sight of the city rampart. The city itself was truly like an iron cistern or a citadel of metal, a divine islet and a Heavenly prefecture. It has the noble form of

dragon coiled or a tiger sitting,
With colors from phoenix towers emitting.
The royal moat flows like a circling band;
Mountains, flaglike, surround this blessed land.
Banners at dawn light up the imperial way;
Pipes and drums of springtime by bridges play.
The people prosper for the king is good:
Five grains in abundance they have for food.

As they moved along the street of the eastern suburb, the various merchants went off one by one to their hotels and inns. Master and disciples walked inside the city, where they came upon a College of Interpreters and its posthouse. When Tripitaka and his companions walked in, the steward at once made this report to the clerk of the posthouse:

"There are four strange-looking priests leading a white horse in here." When the posthouse clerk heard that there was a horse, he knew that these visitors had to be on some sort of official business. He therefore went out to the main hall to greet them. Saluting him, Tripitaka said, "This humble cleric has been sent by imperial decree of the Great Tang to go see Buddha at the Great Thunderclap of the Spirit Mountain and seek scriptures. I carry with me a travel rescript that I would like to have certified at your court. I would like also to borrow your noble residence for a short rest. We shall leave the moment our affair's concluded." Returning his bow, the clerk of the posthouse said, "This official residence was established precisely for the entertainment of honored guests and messengers. It is my responsibility to extend our hospitality to you. Please come in. Please come in."

A highly pleased Tripitaka at once asked his disciples to come and present their greetings. When the posthouse clerk encountered their hideous visages, he was secretly horrified, not knowing whether these beings were human or demonic. Trembling all over, he forced himself to oversee the service of tea and maigre. Tripitaka, seeing how frightened he was, said to him, "Sir, please don't be afraid! Though my three disciples look ugly, they all have good hearts. As the saying goes, 'A savage face but a kindly person.' Nothing to be afraid of!"

Calmed by these words, the posthouse clerk asked, "National Master, where is the Tang court?"

"In the land of China," replied Tripitaka, "at the South Jambūdvīpa Continent."

"When did you leave?" the clerk asked again.

"In the thirteenth year of the reign period, Zhenguan," said Tripitaka. "I've gone through fourteen years and the bitter experience of ten thousand waters and a thousand mountains before arriving at this region."

"Truly a divine monk, a divine monk!" exclaimed the posthouse clerk.

Then Tripitaka asked, "And what is the Heaven-allotted age of your noble state?"

"Ours is the Great Kingdom of India," replied the posthouse clerk. "Since the time of the founder of our kingdom, Taizong, it has been some five hundred years already. The father who occupies the throne at present is a person who has peculiar fondness for mountains and streams, flowers and plants. His dynastic name is Emperor Yizong, and the title of his reign period is Jingyan.

He has been ruling for twenty-eight years."

"This humble cleric," said Tripitaka, "would like to have an audience with him today to have our travel rescript certified. Do you know whether court is still being held?"

"Good! Good! This is precisely a good time!" said the posthouse clerk. "Our princess, the daughter of the king, has recently celebrated her twentieth birthday. At the intersection of the major thoroughfares, a festooned tower has been erected from which

she will throw down an embroidered ball in order to determine which person she will take for her husband, the man ordained of Heaven.

Today happens to be the very day of that exciting event, and I believe our father the king has yet to retire from court. If you wish to have your rescript certified, this would be a good time to go do so."

Tripitaka was pleased, and he would have left at once had not he seen that a vegetarian meal was being served. He stayed, therefore, and ate it with the posthouse clerk and his three disciples.

It was past noon, and Tripitaka said, "I should go now."

"I'll escort you, Master," said Pilgrim.

"I'll go too," said Eight Rules. Sha Monk said, "Second Elder Brother, you shouldn't. Your features aren't the most attractive. What will you do when you arrive at the court gate? Pretend that you are fat? Let Big Brother go."

"Wujing is quite right," said Tripitaka. "Our Idiot is rough and coarse, but Wukong still has a little refinement." Pouting his snout, that Idiot said, "With the exception of Master, there's not that much difference in the way the three of us look!"

Tripitaka put on his cassock, and Pilgrim picked up the document satchel to go with him. On the street they saw all the people—scholars, farmers, laborers, merchants, writers, the learned and the ignorant—saying to one another, "Let's go see the tossing of the embroidered ball!" Standing by the side of the road, Tripitaka said to Pilgrim, "The people in this place—their clothing, their buildings, their utensils, their manner of speech and behavior—are all the same as those of our Great Tang. I'm thinking now about the deceased mother of my secular home who met the man s he was destined to marry by throwing an embroidered ball, and they became man and wife. To think that they should have this custom here also!"

"Let us go, too, to have a look! How about it?" said Pilgrim.

"No! No!" said Tripitaka. "You and I are dressed improperly, as priests. People may get suspicious."

"Master," said Pilgrim, "have you quite forgotten the words of that old monk at the Benefactor-of-Orphans Gold-Spreading Monastery? We should go see the festooned tower because at the same time we can distinguish truth from falsehood. In the midst of all this hurly-burly, that king must be concerned with the happy doings of his daughter. How could he be bothered with the affairs of the court at this time? There's no harm in you and me going to the crossroads." On hearing this, Tripitaka did indeed follow Pilgrim to go watch the various people waiting for the embroidered ball to be tossed. Ah! Little did they realize that their going there was like

The fisher, casting down both hook and thread,
Would henceforth haul up some intrigues instead!

We tell you now about that King of India, who, because of his love for mountains and streams, flowers and plants, led his queen and princess into the imperial garden last year one night to enjoy the moonlight. Their outing aroused a monstrous deviate, who abducted the true princess while she herself falsely assumed the princess's form. Knowing that the Tang Monk would reach this region at that particular hour, day, month, and year, she wangled the wealth of the state to erect a festooned tower in order to take him as her mate.

She was, you see, desirous of picking the vital energy of his true yang so that she would become a superior immortal of the Great Monad.

It was now the third quarter past the hour of noon. Pilgrim and Tripitaka pushed through the crowd and approached the tower. Just then the princess, flanked by some seventy maidens all colorfully attired, held up high the lighted stalks of incense to pray to Heaven and Earth, while an attendant stood by her holding the embroidered ball. That tower had eight exquisite windows; through one of them, the princess gazed at the crowd. When she saw the Tang Monk draw near, she picked up the ball with her own hands and tossed it at him. The ball landed on his head, knocking his Vairocana hat to one side. The Tang Monk was so startled that he tried to hold on to the ball with his hands. All at once the ball rolled into one of his sleeves.

"It hit a priest! It hit a priest!"

Those standing on the tower all began to shout.

Aha! Those merchants and tradesmen at the crossroads all pressed forward to try to take the embroidered ball away. With a thunderous roar, Pilgrim gave his torso a stretch, teeth clenched, and immediately became an imposing figure some thirty feet tall and with a most ugly face. Those people became so terrified that they tumbled and fell, not daring at all to come near. In a moment they dispersed, and Pilgrim changed back into his original form. Meanwhile, the palace maidens and eunuchs, young and old, all descended from the tower to bow to the Tang Monk, saying, "Honorable man! Honorable man! Please enter the hall of the court to be congratulated!"

Tripitaka hurriedly returned their salutations and tried to raise them with his hands before turning to grumble at Pilgrim. "You apehead!" he said. "You are making a fool of me again!"

"The embroidered ball hit *your* head," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "and it rolled into *your* sleeve. What has that to do with me? Why blame me?"

"What am I supposed to do now?" asked Tripitaka.

"Master, please relax," said Pilgrim. "Go into the court to have an audience with the throne, while I return to the posthouse to tell Eight Rules and Sha Monk. We shall wait for your news. If the princess does not desire to take you for a husband, you'll simply have your travel rescript certified and leave. If she insists on taking you, you say to the king, 'Summon my disciples so that I may give them some instructions.' When we three are summoned into the court, I'll be able to distinguish the true from the false. This is my plot of Subduing the Fiend through Marriage."

The Tang Monk had no choice but to agree, and Pilgrim turned to go back to the posthouse.

That elder, surrounded by the various palace maidens, was brought to the tower. The princess came down and led him by the hand to the imperial chariot, which they then rode together. The entire entourage departed for the gate of the court. The Custodian of the Yellow Gate proceeded first to memorialize to the king, saying, "Your Majesty, the princess is leading back a monk, who probably has been hit by the ball. They are now outside the gate awaiting your summons."

The king was not pleased by what he heard. He would have liked to send the priest away, but not knowing the wishes of the princess, he felt obliged to summon them

inside. The princess and the Tang Monk thus went up to the Hall of Golden Chimes. Truly, this was what happened:

Husband and wife both cried, "Your Majesty!"
Both Good and Evil bowed most solemnly.

After the ceremony, the king asked them to ascend the hall as he posed this question, "Where did you come from, priest, and how were you hit by our daughter's ball?" Prostrating himself on the ground, the Tang Monk said, "This humble cleric is someone sent by the Great Tang emperor in the South Jambūdvīpa Continent to go worship Buddha and seek scriptures from the Great Thunderclap in the Western Heaven. Since I carry with me a rescript for this lengthy journey, I have come especially to have an audience with the king to have it certified. My path took me past the crossing beneath the festooned tower, and I did not expect that I would be hit on the head by the ball that the princess tossed. This humble cleric is someone who has left the family and who belongs to a strange religion. How could I dare become the spouse of royalty? I beg you, therefore, to pardon the mortal offense of this humble cleric, certify my rescript, and send me off quickly to the Spirit Mountain. When I have faced Buddha and succeeded in acquiring scriptures to return to my homeland, I shall establish a perpetual memorial to Your Majesty's Heavenly kindness."

The king said, "If you are a sage monk from the Land of the East, you must have been, as it were, 'Drawn through a thousand miles to marriage by a thread.' Our princess has just celebrated her twentieth birthday and not yet married. Because it was determined that the year, month, day, and hour of this very day are all auspicious, we erected that festooned tower for tossing the ball to seek a good match for her. It just happened that you were hit. We are not pleased, but we do not know how our princess feels."

"Father King," said the princess as she kowtowed, "there is a proverb which says,

If you wed a chicken, you follow a chicken;
If you marry a dog, you follow a dog.

Your daughter, after all, made a vow earlier, when this embroidered ball was knitted. I made known to the deities of Heaven and Earth that I would marry whomever the ball struck, for that would be the foreordained person. Today the ball struck the sage monk. This has to be the affinity of a past life which makes possible our meeting in this one. Dare I alter fate? I am willing to take him as our royal son-in-law." Only then did the king show pleasure. At once he commanded the president of the Imperial Board of Astronomy to select the proper day for the wedding. He also asked for the preparation of the dowry and issued a proclamation to notify the entire kingdom. When he heard this, however, Tripitaka did not express his gratitude. All he could say instead was, "Release me and pardon me!"

"This monk is most unreasonable!" said the king. "We are using the wealth of an entire nation to take him in as a royal son-in-law.

Why doesn't he want to stay here and enjoy it? Why must every thought of his dwell on seeking scriptures? If he persists in his refusal, let the Embroidered-Uniform Guards push him out and have him beheaded!" Scared out of his wits, the elder shook all over as he knelt down to kowtow and said, "I thank Your Majesty for your Heavenly kindness! But there are four of us altogether in our company, for this humble cleric has three disciples outside. I know I should accept your gracious proposal, but I have not yet

had a chance to give them a word of instruction. I beg you, therefore, to summon them to court and certify this travel rescript, so that they may leave early and not be delayed in their journey to the West."

The king consented and asked, "Where are your disciples?"

"They are all in the posthouse of the College of Interpreters," replied Tripitaka. Immediately the king ordered the officials to summon the disciples to court so that they could pick up the travel rescript and and leave for the West. The sage monk, however, was to remain and become the royal son-in-law. The elder had little choice but to rise and stand in waiting to one side. For this situation we have the following testimonial poem:

The no-leak great elixir needs three perfections.
Austere works are not built on hateful relations.
A sage must teach the Dao, you the self cultivate;
Blessings are Heaven's, man must virtue aggregate.
Let not the six organs take their indulgent course.
Nature, suddenly enlightened, reveals your source.
Without love, without thought, you're naturally pure—
Transcendence you'll gain for deliverance is sure.

At that time, officials were sent at once to the posthouse of the College of Interpreters to summon the disciples of the Tang Monk, and we shall speak no more of that.

We tell you now about Pilgrim, who took leave of the Tang Monk beneath the festooned tower and walked back to the posthouse, giggling happily with each step he took. He was met by Eight Rules and Sha Monk, who asked him, "Elder Brother, why are you laughing so happily? Where's Master?"

"Master has met great happiness!" replied Pilgrim.

"We haven't reached our destination yet," said Eight Rules, "nor have we seen the Buddha and acquired scriptures. Where does this happiness come from?"

Giggling some more, Pilgrim said, "Master and I walked to the crossroads where the festooned tower was erected. Right there he was hit directly by the embroidered ball tossed down by the princess of this dynasty. He was then taken by the palace maidens and eunuchs to meet the princess, who rode the imperial chariot with him to court. He will be taken in as the royal son-in-law. Isn't that happiness?" On hearing this, Eight Rules stamped his feet and thumped his chest, saying, "I knew I should have gone there myself! It was all because of Sha Monk's roguery! If you hadn't stopped me, I would have headed straight for the festooned tower. When the embroidered ball struck old Hog, the princess would have had to take me in. Wouldn't that be nice? Wouldn't that be marvelous? What a handsome, comely, and proper arrangement! We'd play and play! What fun!" Sha Monk walked forward and scratched Eight Rules's face with his finger, saying, "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? What a magniloquent mouth!

With three coins you buy an old donkey
And brag about its ridability!

If that embroidered ball struck you, a letter of annulment sent overnight wouldn't be fast enough! Would anyone dare take a catastrophe like you inside the door?"

"A blackguard like you has no feeling for anything!" said Eight Rules. "I may be ugly, but my person still exudes a certain flavor! As the ancients said, 'Though the flesh and bones are coarse, the constitution is sturdy. Each characteristic, in fact, has its own desirability.'" "Stop babbling like that, Idiot!" said Pilgrim. "Let's get our luggage together. I fear that Master may be so harried that he will soon be summoning us to the court to protect him."

"You are wrong again, Elder Brother," said Eight Rules. "If Master has become the royal son-in-law, he will go into the palace to make love to the king's daughter. He is not going to climb mountains or traipse along the roads, where he could meet fiends or encounter demons. Who needs your protection? At his age, you think he's so ignorant of what goes on in bed that he requires your assistance?"

Grabbing him by the ears, Pilgrim shook his fist at Eight Rules and scolded him, saying, "You lecherous coolie! What sort of bunk is this?"

As they were thus quarreling, the clerk of the posthouse arrived and said, "His Majesty has issued a decree and sent an official with an invitation for you three divine monks."

"For what specific purpose?" asked Eight Rules. The posthouse clerk replied, "The old divine monk was fortunate enough to be struck by the princess's embroidered ball and to have been taken in as the royal son-in-law.

That is why an official has come with an invitation."

"Where is this official?" asked Pilgrim. "Tell him to come in."

The official, when he saw Pilgrim, at once saluted him. After the ceremony, however, he dared not raise his eyes to look at him. All he could say to himself was, "Is this a demon or a fiend? A thunder squire or a yakṣa?"

"Official," said Pilgrim, "why don't you speak up? What are you thinking of?"

Trembling all over, the official held up the imperial decree with both hands and blurted out, "My princess invites you to meet her kin! My princess's kin invite you to meet her!"

"We have no instruments of torture here," said Eight Rules, "and we have no intention to beat you. Speak slowly. Don't be afraid."

"You think he's afraid of a beating?" said Pilgrim. "It's your face he's afraid of. Pick up the pole and the luggage quickly, and lead the horse along. We must go into court to discuss this affair."

Truly

It's hard to sidestep for the way is straight;
Love will certainly be turned into hate.

We do not know what they have to say after they have seen the king; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-FOUR

Four priests are feted at the royal garden
One fiend vainly longs for sensual joys

We were telling you about Pilgrim Sun and his two companions, who followed the summons official to the gate of the court. The custodian of the Yellow Gate immediately notified them to enter. The three of them walked in together and stood still, without, however, even bowing.

"Which three are the noble disciples of the sage monk, our royal son-in-law?" asked the king. "What are your names? Where do you live? For what reason did you become priests? What scriptures are you seeking?" Pilgrim strode forward and wanted to ascend to the main hall. The guardians of the throne at once shouted, "Stop! If you have anything to say, speak up at once!"

"We people who have left the family," said Pilgrim, smiling, "will advance one step when we have the chance to take one step."

After him Eight Rules and Sha Monk also drew near. Fearing that their vulgarity might upset the throne, the elder, standing on one side, stepped forward and said, "Disciples, His Majesty is asking for your origins. You should present a proper reply." When Pilgrim saw that his master was standing in waiting on one side, he could not refrain from yelling, "Your Majesty, you slight others and you slight yourself! If you have taken in my master as the royal son-in-law, why do you make him stand? The world addresses your daughter's husband as 'Honored Man.' How can an honored man not be allowed to sit?" When he heard that, the king paled with fright. He would have withdrawn himself immediately from the hall had he not feared impropriety. Forcing himself to be bold, he asked his attendants to bring out an embroidered cushion for the Tang Monk to sit on. Only then did Pilgrim memorialize to him, saying,

Old Monkey's ancestral home is located at the Water Curtain
Cave of the Flower- Fruit Mountain, in the Aolai Kingdom of
the East Pūrvavideha Continent.
My father was Heaven, my mother, Earth:
I was born when a stone burst.
Once a perfected man's pupil,
I mastered the Great Way
Ere returning to my divine home
congregate with my kind in the cave-heaven of a blessed land.
In the ocean I subdued dragons;
On the mountains I captured beasts.
Having wiped out the register of death
And placed our names in the book of life,
I was appointed the Great Sage, Equal to Heaven,
To enjoy the towers of jade
And roam the treasure lofts.
I joined the celestial immortals
To sing and revel every day;
Living in the sages' realm,

I had great pleasures each morning.
For disrupting the Peaches Festival
And causing great havoc in Heaven,
I was subjugated by Buddha
And pinned beneath the Mountain of Five Phases,
With but iron pellets for my hunger
And copper juice for my thirst,
And not a drop of tea or rice for five hundred years.
Fortunately my master left the Land of the East;
As he headed for the West,
Guanyin delivered me from Heaven's calamity.
Free of my great ordeal,
I made submission as a student of Yoga.
My old name's Wukong,
But people address me as Pilgrim.

When the king heard such an important pedigree, he was so impressed that he left the dragon couch immediately to walk forward and take the elder's arm. "Royal son-in-law," he said, "this must be our affinity ordained of Heaven that we may have you as a divine kinsman."

Tripitaka thanked him profusely and asked him to ascend his throne once more. Then the king asked, "Who is your second noble disciple?" Sticking out his snout to display his authority, Eight Rules said,

In his previous incarnation old Hog
Was most fond of pleasure and sloth;
My whole life was chaotic,
My nature confused and my mind deluded.
I never knew Heaven's height or Earth's thickness,
Nor could I perceive this world's breadth and length.
In that leisurely existence
I met suddenly a realized immortal
with half a sentence
Untied my net of retribution,
And with two or three words
Punched through my door of calamity.
Immediately coming to myself,
I took him at once as a teacher.
With care I cultivated the work of two-eights,
And smelted fore and after the time of three times three.
My work done I ascended
Into the palace of Heaven.
By the great kindness of the Jade Emperor
I was appointed Marshal of Heavenly Reeds,
In command of the troops of Heaven's river,
Roaming freely throughout the cosmos.
For getting drunk at the Peaches Festival
And dallying with Chang'e,
I was stripped of my rank

And exiled to this mortal world.
An erroneous incarnation
Made me born in the form of a hog.
A resident of Mount Fuling,
I committed boundless evils
When I met Guanyin,
Who pointed out the way of virtue.
I submitted to the Buddhist faith
To give the Tang Monk protection
On his way to the Western Heaven
To bow and seek the wondrous texts.
My religious name's Wuneng,
But they call me Eight Rules.

These words made the king's spleen shake and his heart quiver, and he hardly dared look at the speaker.

Our Idiot, however, became more energetic than ever; shaking his head, sticking out his snout, and raising both ears, he laughed uproariously. Fearing again that the throne might be terrified, Tripitaka snapped, "Eight Rules, behave!" Only then did Eight Rules lower his hands, putting one over the other, and stand there pretending to be a gentleman.

Then the king asked once more, "For what reason did the third noble disciple become a priest?" Pressing his palms together, Sha Monk said,

Old Sand was originally a mortal man.
Fear of the karmic wheel made me seek the Way,
cloudlike the edges of the sea
And wandering at the shores of Heaven.
As always my frock and almsbowl followed me;
Long I taught my mind and spirit to stay put.
For such sincerity
I found an immortal mate;
I nurtured the Baby
And married the Fair Girl.
When my merit reached three thousand,
My work harmonized the Four Signs,
I went beyond Heaven's bound
To bow at the mysterious height.
Made the Great Curtain- Raising Warrior,
I attended the phoenix-and-dragon chariot
With appointed rank of general.
At the Peaches Festival also
I dropped and broke a crystal chalice,
For which I was exiled to the Flowing- Sand River.
My head and features transformed,
I sinned by taking lives.
Fortunately the Bodhisattva going far to the Land of the East
Persuaded me to repent
And wait for a Buddhist son of the Tang court,

Who would go seek scriptures at the Western Heaven.
Henceforth I stood in this renewal
And sought once more the great awakening.
I use the river as my surname;
My religious name's Wujing,
And they address me as Monk.

When the king heard that, he was filled with great joy but also great terror. What brought him joy was the fact that his daughter had taken a living Buddha in for a husband, but what brought him terror was that the man's disciples were actually three monstrous deities.

In that very moment, the chief imperial astronomer arrived to say, "The date of the wedding has been set for the fine day of *renzi*, the twelfth day of this month in this year. That day ought to be felicitous for the entire family, and it is thus fitting for a marriage to take place."

"What day is today?" asked the king.

"Today is the eighth," replied the astronomer, "the day of *moushen*, when the gibbons come to present fruits. It is thus a day appropriate for receiving the worthies and setting appointments."

Exceedingly pleased, the king immediately asked the attendants to sweep out some towered buildings in the imperial garden, so that the royal son-in-law and his three disciples could use them for lodging. Thereafter he asked for the preparation of the wedding banquet so that the princess could get married. All his subjects reverently obeyed. After the king had retired from court, the various officials dispersed, and we shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now instead about Tripitaka and his disciples, who went together to the imperial garden. As it was getting late, a vegetarian meal was set out. Delighted, Eight Rules said, "It's about time we eat after one whole day!"

Those in charge toted in whole loads of rice and noodles. Eight Rules ate and ate; the more they brought, the more he ate. He did not stop till his guts were stuffed and his stomach was bloated. In a little while, lights were brought in and bedding spread out for each of them, so that they could sleep.

When the elder saw that they were by themselves, he shouted angrily at Pilgrim, "Wukong! You wretched ape! You put me in a bind every time! I told you that all I wanted was to have the rescript certified, and I told you not to go near the festooned tower. Why did you insist on taking me there to look? Now, have you seen anything good? We've ended up in this pickle. What are we going to do now?"

Trying to placate him with a smile, Pilgrim said, "The master's statement that his deceased mother, who also met the person destined for her by the tossing of an embroidered ball, whereupon the two of them became man and wife, seems to indicate a longing for the past. Only because of that did old Monkey lead you to the tower. Moreover, I thought of the words of that abbot from the Benefactorof- Orphans Gold-Spreading Monastery, and I wanted to use this occasion to examine the true and the false. Just now when I looked at the king, I noticed that his complexion was somewhat dark and swarthy. But I haven't been able to look at the princess to determine what she was like."

"What would you be able to do if you saw the princess?" asked the elder. Pilgrim said, "The moment these fiery eyes and diamond pupils of old Monkey see her face, they will be able to discern truth and falsehood, good and evil, wealth and poverty. Then I will be able to act to distinguish the right from the deviant." With loud giggles, both Eight Rules and Sha Monk said, "Elder Brother must have recently learned the art of physiognomy!"

"Those physiognomists," said Pilgrim, "ought to be regarded only as my grandsons!"

"Stop gabbing!" snapped Tripitaka. "It appears now that they are bent on taking me in. What should we do, really?" Pilgrim said, "Let's wait till the twelfth, the day of the wedding ceremony, when the princess undoubtedly will appear to pay homage to her parents. Let old Monkey take a look at her from the side. If she were a real woman, it wouldn't be too bad for you to become the royal son-in-law and enjoy the glory of a nation."

These words sent Tripitaka into greater fury. "You wretched ape!" he cried. "You still want to injure me! As Wuneng puts it, ninetenths of our journey has been covered already, and you still stab me with your hot tongue! Stop wagging it, and don't you dare open that stinking mouth of yours! If you behave with such insolence just one more time, I'll recite that spell to make life intolerable for you!" When Pilgrim heard that he wanted to recite the spell, he was so horrified that he immediately went to his knees and said, "Don't do that! Don't do that! If she were a real woman, we'd wait till the time of the mutual bows, and then we would create havoc in the palace and get you out."

As master and disciples conversed, the announcement of the night watches began. Truly

The palace clock drips slowly;
The floral scent spreads softly.
The boudoir drops its pearly screen;
In empty yards no lights are seen.
The swings stand idle, showing only their shades;
All is quiet as a Tangut flute fades.
The moon on the blossoms confers her grace;
The stars seem brighter in a treeless space.
The nightjar ends her song;
The butterfly-dream is long.
The Milky Way crosses the sky
As white clouds to one's homeland fly:
A time when travelers feel the keenest pain,
Saddened by the wind-swept young willow-skein.

"Master," said Eight Rules, "it's late. If there's anything important, discuss it tomorrow. Let's go to sleep! Let's go to sleep." Master and disciples indeed enjoyed a restful night.

Soon the golden rooster announced the arrival of dawn, and the king ascended the main hall for his early audience. You see

The palace open, the purple aura high;
Wind-blown, royal music rends the blue sky.

Clouds move the leopard's-tails and banners shake;
The sun hits carved dragons and girdle-jades quake.
mist heightens the palace willow green;
Dew drops moisten the flowers' imperial sheen.
Midst shouts and dances the ministers stand,
For peace and harmony reign o'er the land.

After the hundred officials, both civil and military, had paid their homage, the king gave this order:

"Let the Court of Imperial Entertainments prepare the wedding banquet for the twelfth. For today, however, let us make ready some spring wine and entertain our royal son-in-law in the imperial garden."

He also instructed the Director of the Bureau of Ceremonies to take the three worthy kinsmen back to the College of Interpreters. There they would be served a vegetarian feast by the Court of Imperial Entertainments. The staff from the Office of Music would be asked to play at both the college and the garden, so that all could be entertained while they spent time enjoying the sight of spring.

When Eight Rules heard all this, he at once spoke up and said, "Your Majesty, since we, master and disciples, made each other's acquaintance, we have not been separated for a single moment. Today, if you plan to eat and drink in the imperial garden, take us along and let us play for a couple of days. That's the way for you to make my master your royal son-in-law. Otherwise, I fear that you may find it hard to carry out this scheme."

The king had already noticed Eight Rules's hideous appearance and vulgar manner of speech. And when he saw him sticking out his snout and wagging his ears, constantly twisting his head and kneading his neck, he thought the speaker was showing signs of madness.

Fearing that the marriage might be ruined, the king had no choice but to agree to the demands. "Prepare two tables," said the king, "in the Eternal Pacification of the Chinese and Barbarian Loft, where we shall sit with our royal son-in-law. Three other tables are to be set up in the Spring-Detaining Arbor for those three guests. Master and disciples, we fear, may not find it convenient to sit together." Only then did our Idiot bow and say, "Thank you!" before each person withdrew. The king also issued this order that the official in charge of the inner palace prepare another banquet, so that the queen and the consorts of three palaces and six chambers could assist the princess in putting on her headgear and present her with her dowry, in anticipation of the fine match set for the twelfth.

By about the hour of the Serpent, the king called for his carriage and invited the Tang Monk and his companions to go to the imperial garden. As they looked around, they saw a marvelous place indeed.

The path's made of colored stones—
The railings bear carved patterns—
path's made of colored stones,
By the side of which rare blossoms grow.
The railings bear carved patterns,
Within and beyond which strange flora flourish.
Lush peaches bewitch the kingfishers;

Young willows display the orioles.
A walk brings quiet fragrance to fill your sleeves;
A stroll makes much pure scent cling to your robe.
A phoenix terrace and a dragon pool;
A bamboo garret and a pine arbor.
On the phoenix terrace,
A flute bids phoenixes to come courteously;
In the dragon pool,
Fishes raised there change into dragons to leave.
The bamboo garret has poems,
All lofty rhymes composed with utmost skill;
The pine arbor has essays,
A noble collection of pearl and jade.
Green rocks form artificial hills;
The winding stream's azure and deep.
The true-peony arbor,
The cinnamon rose props,
Seem like thick damask and brocade spread out;
fence,
The pyrus patch,
Appear as mist or jade piled up.
The peony has exotic scent;
The Sichuan mallow shows rare glamour;
White pears vie with red apricots for fragrance;
Purple orchids strive with gold daylilies for brilliance.
lichun *flower,*
The "wood-brush" flower,
And the azalea
Are all fresh and fiery;
The crape-flower,
fengxian *flower,*
And the "jade-pin" flower
Are all tall and trembly.
Each spot of red ripeness seems like moistened rouge;
Each clump of dense fragrance is a brocade round.
A joy's the east wind recalling the warm sun;
The whole garden's lit up and with charms o'errun.

The king and his several guests viewed this scenery for a long time. Then the Director of Ceremonies came to invite Pilgrim and his two brothers to go to the Spring-Detaining Arbor, while the king took the Tang Monk to the Chinese and Barbarian Loft, each party being served separately. The music and dance, the decorations and appointments, were quite extraordinary. Truly

The Heaven-gate's rugged in the morning light.
On dragon towers auspicious mists alight.
The soft hues of spring the flora adorn;
Silk robes shimmer, struck by the rays of dawn.
Like feastings of gods pipes and songs resound;
With juices of jade the cups make their rounds.

Joined in their fun are both subjects and king;
A world at peace must prosperity bring.

When the elder saw what great esteem the king showed him, he had little choice but to force himself to participate in the revelry. Truly he showed delight without but harbored anxiety within.

At the place where they were sitting, there were four gilded screens hanging on the wall, on which were painted the scenes of the four seasons. Inscribed on these paintings were poems, all compositions by noted scholars of the Hanlin Academy.

The Poem of Spring says:
The cycle of nature has made its turn.
The great earth quickens and all things seem new.
Plums vie with peaches in their beauteous blooms;
Swallows pile on carved beams their scented dust.
The Poem of Summer says:
The south wind blows to cause our thoughts delay;
The sun beams on k'uei *and pomegranate.*
A jade flute's soft notes stir our midday dream,
When scent of water lily spreads to the drapes.
The Poem of Autumn says:
Of golden wells' pawlonia one leaf's yellow.
Draw not the pearl screen for the night has frost.
The swallows know it's time to leave their nests,
As wild geese depart for another land.
The Poem of Winter says:
The rain clouds make the sky both dark and cold,
And wind blows the snow to build a thousand hills.
palace, of course, has a warm, red stove
When plum blossoms o'erlay with jade the rails.

When the king saw how intently the Tang Monk was staring at the poems, he said, "If the royal son-in-law finds the flavor of poetry so attractive, he too must be skilled in the art of chanting and composition. If you are not parsimonious with your pearl and jade, please give a reply in kind to each of the poems, using the same rhymes. Will you do that?" Now the elder was someone who could lose himself in such scenery, for his mind was enlightened by the vision of seeing the Buddha-nature in all things. When he heard the king favoring him with such a request, he blurted out the sentence, "The sun melts the ice as the great earth turns."

Exceedingly pleased, the king said to one of the palace attendants, "Bring out the library's four treasures.

Record the poetic replies of our royal son-in-law, so that we may slowly savor them."

The elder did not refuse. In delight he took up the brush to write

A Reply to the Poem of Spring:
The sun melts the ice as the great earth turns.
This day the king's garden blossoms anew.
The people are blessed with such clement clime,
For rivers and seas are rid of worldly dust.

A Reply to the Poem of Summer:
The dipper points south to cause the day's delay.
Ablaze are the huai *and pomegranate.*
Orioles and swallows midst the willow sing
And send their lovely duet through the drapes.
A Reply to the Poem of Autumn:
Fragrant's the orange—green and yellow.
The verdant pine and cypress love their frost.
Brocadelike, the crysanthemum's half in bloom.
Our songs resound through cloud and water land.
A Reply to the Poem of Winter:
The snow has stopped but still the air is cold,
When jagged rocks like jade surround the hills.
The stove's beast-shaped charcoals have warmed the milk.
We sing, hands in sleeves, and lean on the rails.

The king read the poems and he could not have been more pleased. "What a marvelous line!" he chanted. "'We sing, hands in sleeves, and lean on the rails!'"

At once he asked the Office of Music to set the poems to music and perform them. They spent the day that way before dispersing.

Meanwhile, Pilgrim and his two companions also abandoned themselves to enjoyment at the Spring-Detaining Arbor. Growing somewhat tipsy from the several cups of wine they each consumed, they were about to leave to look for the elder when they spotted him in a distant room with the king. His silly nature aroused, Eight Rules shouted, "What great fun! What comfort! Today I've had my enjoyment! As long as I'm full, it's time to take a snooze!"

"Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, chuckling, "that's not very dignified of you! With such a full stomach, how can you sleep?"

Eight Rules said, "You wouldn't know about this. The proverb says,

If after a meal you don't lie flat,
Your belly won't get fat!"

The Tang Monk took leave of the king and went to the arbor, where he rebuked Eight Rules, saying, "You coolie! You're getting rowdier! What sort of a place is this that you dare to shout and holler? If the king takes offense, you may lose your life!"

"It's nothing! It's nothing!" replied Eight Rules. "After all, we are related to him as in-laws, properly speaking, and he can't be offended by us. As the saying goes,

You can't cut off your kin with beating,
Nor can you your neighbor with scolding.

We're all having some fun. Why worry about him?"

"Bring that Idiot over here!" snapped the elder. "Let me give him twenty strokes with my priestly staff!" So Pilgrim pulled him over and bent him down, while the elder raised his staff to strike.

"Father royal son-in-law!" cried Idiot. "Please pardon me! Please pardon me!"

Those officials who had borne them company during the party persuaded the Tang Monk to stop. Scrambling up, our Idiot could be heard muttering, "Dear honored

man! Dear royal son-in-law. The wedding hasn't even taken place, and you're administering royal law already!" Putting his hand over Eight Rules's mouth, Pilgrim said, "Stop jabbering! Stop jabbering! Hurry and go to sleep!"

They spent another night in the Spring-Detaining Arbor, and by dawn, they feasted once more.

They passed three or four days in such pleasure, and the auspicious day of the twelfth arrived. The officials from the three departments of the Court of Imperial Entertainments came to say, "Since receiving your decree on the eighth, your subjects have now finished building the royal son-in-law's residence, though we are still waiting for the dowry to furnish the place. The wedding banquet, too, is prepared. Altogether, both vegetarian and nondietary, there are some five hundred tables."

Delighted, the king wanted to ask his son-in-law at once to attend the banquet, when an official of the inner palace suddenly appeared and said, "Your Majesty, the queen wishes to have an audience."

The king went inside, and found the queens of the three palaces and the ladies of six chambers chatting merrily with the princess at the Zhaoyang Palace. Truly they were like bouquets of flowers and rounds of brocade! All that opulence could rival even that of the lunar palace in Heaven, and it certainly was not inferior to the divine jasper residence. As a testimonial, we have four new songs based on the words of Joy, Meet, Fine, and Mate.

The Song of Joy says:
Joy! Joy! Joy!
This happiness enjoy.
A matrimony
Of love most seemly.
Such smart palace fashion
Would rouse Chang'e's passion.
Those dragon and phoenix hairpins
Of luminous gold threads thin;
Those lustrous teeth and cherry lips,
A body light as flower-slips.
Layers of silk
Within the five-colored groves;
Lovely fragrance
Rising from beauties in droves.
The Song of Meet says:
Meet! Meet! Meet!
One seductive and sweet.
Mao Qiang she rivals
maids equals.
A wrecker of city and state,
Fair like flower and jade.
Her makeup is fresh and charming;
Her jewels are more disarming.
An orchid mind and nature lofty,
And ice-white flesh and face most stately.
Like distant hills her dark brows are painted thin;

The regiment of silk she's fairest therein.
The Song of Fine says:
Fine! Fine! Fine!
A maiden divine.
Profoundly lovely,
Truly praiseworthy.
Rare fragrances combine
With powder and carmine.
The blessed Tientai off somewhere.
Could it with a royal house compare?
She speaks and smiles in form so fair,
As pipes and music both rend the air.
Pretty are a thousand forms of flower and silk.
Scan the whole world but none is in her ilk.
The Song of Mate says:
Mate! Mate! Mate!
The orchid scents dilate.
Immortal crowd
And beauties proud.
The maidens' colors fresh-born.
The princess newly adorned:
Her coiffure rises like a crow's nest;
Phoenix skirt beneath a rainbow vest.
Celestial sonorities ahead;
Two rows of lovely purple and red.
In years past she had fixed a nuptial date;
This day she's happy to meet her fine mate.

We tell you now about that king, who arrived in his carriage. The queen led the princess along with the consorts and palace maidens to meet him. Cheerfully the king entered the Zhaoyang Palace to take his seat. After the ladies had bowed to him, the king said, "Princess, our worthy daughter, we trust that the happy meeting with the sage monk when you tossed the ball from the festooned tower on the eighth has given you great satisfaction. The officials of various bureaus and departments, moreover, have been so considerate of our interests that all the preparations are now completed. Today is the auspicious day. You must make haste to attend the wedding feast, so that the goodly hour will not be forfeited." Stepping forward, the princess went to her knees to bow low and said, "Father King, please pardon your daughter's ten thousand offenses! There is a matter about which I must speak to you. For several days I have heard the palace officials say that the Tang Monk has three disciples who are exceedingly ugly. Your daughter dares not face them, for they will surely cause me great fear and dread. I beg the Father King to send them out of the city so that my feeble body will not be harmed by fright nor our happiness ruined."

"If our child hadn't spoken of this matter," replied the king, "we would have overlooked it. They are indeed quite hideous and wild.

These past few days we've entertained them at the Spring-Detaining Arbor in the royal garden. We'll take this opportunity today to go up to the hall and certify their rescript. After they have been sent out of the city, we'll then hold our banquet."

The princess kowtowed to express her thanks. The king at once rode his carriage to the main hall, where he issued a summons for the royal son-in-law and his three disciples.

Now the Tang Monk too had been counting the days with his fingers. When he reached the twelfth, he began even before dawn to discuss the matter with his disciples, saying, "Today's the twelfth. How are we to settle this affair?"

"I could tell," said Pilgrim, "that the king has a certain gloomy aura about him. It has not, however, penetrated his body yet, and I don't think it will cause him any great harm. But I still haven't had a chance to see the princess. If only she would come out! With one glance old Monkey can tell us whether she is real or not, and only then can we do anything. You shouldn't worry, though. Today they will certainly call for us in order to send us three out of the city. You should accept the summons without fear. In the twinkling of an eye I'll be back at your side to give you protection."

As master and disciples talked, the attendant to the throne and the Director of Ceremonies indeed arrived with a summons.

Chuckling, Pilgrim said, "Let's go! Let's go! We are about to be sent off, while Master will remain for the marriage."

"To send us off," said Eight Rules, "they must present some thousand taels of gold or silver. That'll be enough for me to get some gifts to go back to *my* in-laws. We'll have another wedding and a little fun!"

"Clamp your mouth, Second Elder Brother, and stop blabbering!" said Sha Monk. "Just let Big Brother make the decision."

They took the luggage and the horse to follow the various officials to the vermilion steps. When he saw them, the king asked the three disciples to approach him, saying, "Bring us your travel rescript. We shall use our treasure seal on it. In addition, we shall increase your travel allowance and wish you a speedy arrival at the Spirit Mountain to see Buddha. When you return with the scriptures, there will be further reward. The royal son-in-law will remain here, and you need not worry about him."

Thanking him, Pilgrim asked Sha Monk to take out the rescript to hand over to the king. The king read it before applying his seal and affixing his signature. Then he presented them with ten ingots of yellow gold and twenty ingots of white gold as wedding gifts. As he had always been both lecherous and greedy, Eight Rules immediately took them, while Pilgrim gave a bow and said, "Much obliged! Much obliged!"

He turned and began to walk out. Tripitaka was so startled that he scrambled up and caught hold of Pilgrim. Teeth grinding audibly, he said, "Are you all abandoning me?" Squeezing Tripitaka's palm with his hand, Pilgrim winked at him and said, "Relax and enjoy your union here. When we have acquired the scriptures, we'll return to see you."

The elder seemed not to believe him and refused to let go. The other officials, however, thought that master and disciples were indeed bidding each other farewell. Then the king asked the royal son-in-law to ascend to the hall once more, while the other officials were to see the disciples off outside the city. The elder had to loosen his grip and went back to the hall.

Pilgrim and his two companions went out of the gate of the court and took leave of the officials. “Are we really leaving?” asked Eight Rules. Without saying a word, Pilgrim walked back to the posthouse, where they were received by the posthouse clerk. As he went to prepare rice and tea, Pilgrim said to Eight Rules and Sha Monk, “You two stay here and don’t show yourselves. If the posthouse clerk questions you, just muddle through with some answer. Don’t speak to me at all, for I’m leaving to go protect Master.”

Dear Great Sage! He pulled off a piece of hair, blew his immortal breath on it, and cried, “Change!” It changed at once into a form of himself, which remained with Eight Rules and Sha Monk in the posthouse. His true self leaped into midair and changed into a bee.

You see his

Yellow wings, sweet mouth, and sharp tail—
A mad dancer lost in the gale,
Most able to pick the buds and steal their scent,
To make through willows his descent.
He submits to both stains and dyes;
Hither and yon vainly he flies,
N’er tasting that sweetness he helps distill.
He has but his name for a will.

Look at him! Ever so lightly he flew into the court, where he found the Tang Monk sitting most dejectedly and with furrowed brow on a brocade cushion to the left of the king. Alighting on his Vairocana hat, he crawled near his ear to whisper, “Master, I’m here. Please don’t worry.”

Those few words, of course, were audible only to the Tang Monk and to none of those other mortals. When the Tang Monk heard them, he felt more reassured. In a little while, a palace official came to say, “Your Majesty, the wedding banquet has been laid out in the Magpie Palace. The queen and the princess are waiting there for the presence of Your Majesty and the honorable man.”

The king could not have been more pleased. At once he took the royal son-in-law inside the palace. Thus it is that

The deviant lord loves flowers, though flowers bring woe;
The Chan-mind stirs to thought, but thought begets sorrow.

We do not know how the Tang Monk in the palace will find deliverance, and you must listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-FIVE

Falsely assuming true form, the jade hare's caught
True Yin returns to the right to join Numinous Source

We tell you now about that Tang Monk, who dolefully followed the king into the inner palace, where he heard the loud noise of music and drums and encountered strong whiffs of rare perfume. Lowering his head, he dared not look up at all. Pilgrim, however, was secretly delighted. Perched on his master's Vairocana hat, he exercised his magic perception and stared everywhere with his fiery eyes and diamond pupils. Two rows of palace maidens, colorfully dressed, stood in waiting, so enhancing the place that it seemed like a flower palace or divine residence and more attractive than the silken drapes in the breeze of spring. Truly

They are both graceful and lissome,
With substance like jade and flesh like ice.
Pairs and pairs, more charming than Chu maidens;
Two by two they rival Xi Shi in beauty.
Phoenixes rear up from coiffures piled high;
Like distant hills are moth brows faintly drawn.
That graceful playing of reeds,
That frequent blowing of flutes—
The tones—gong, shang, jue, zhi, *and* yu—
High and low make their lyric flow.
Wondrous songs and dances e'er lovable;
Silk and floral clusters all agreeable.

When Pilgrim saw that his master was completely unmoved, he said to himself in silent praise, "Marvelous monk! Marvelous monk!

Living midst silk and satin he's not enticed;
Walking through opulence he's not beguiled."

In a little while, the princess, with the queen and the concubines thronging around her, walked out of the Magpie Palace to receive the king, all crying, "Long live Your Majesty! Long live Your Majesty!"

The elder became so flustered that he shook all over, not knowing what to do at all. Pilgrim, on the other hand, at once perceived that there was a slight manifestation of monstrous aura on top of the princess's head, although it did not seem too virulent. He quickly crawled near his master's ear to whisper:

"Master, that princess is a false one."

"If she is not a true princess," said the elder, "how can we make her reveal her true form?"

"By showing my dharma body," replied Pilgrim, "I'll capture her immediately."

"No! No!" said the elder. "You might frighten the throne. Let the monarch and the queen retire first. Then you may exercise your magic power."

That Pilgrim, however, had been impetuous all his life. How could he permit this? With a roar he revealed his original form and dashed forward. Grabbing the

princess, he cried, “You cursed beast! You make the false become real here! Isn’t it enough for you to enjoy yourself at this place? Why must you be so greedy as to want to deceive my master and ruin his true yang to satisfy your lust?”

These words rendered the king dumb and stupid with fear, and sent the queen and concubines tumbling all over. Every one of those gaily attired girls and palace maidens darted east and west, fleeing for her life. This was what their condition was like:

A spring wind breezy—
Autumn air blustery—
The breezy spring wind passes garden and wood
And a thousand blossoms quiver;
The blustery autumn air comes to the courts
And myriad leaves flutter.
The blasted peony falls beneath the fence,
And blown-up peony lies beside the rails.
The shore’s hibiscus trembles;
The steps’ crysanthemum heaps up.
The pyrus turns feeble and sinks to the dust;
The rose, still fragrant, lies in the wilds.
The spring wind severs the lotus stalks;
The winter snow crushes the plum’s young buds.
Pomegranate petals
Scatter east and west in the inner palace;
Willow twigs by the shore
Dangle north and south of the royal mansion.
In one night a wild storm of wind and rain
Does with dying redness the landscape stain.

More flustered than ever and shaking all over, Tripitaka embraced the king and said only, “Your Majesty, please don’t be afraid.

Please don’t be afraid! This is how my mischievous disciple must work his magic power to distinguish truth and falsehood.” We tell you now about that monster-spirit, who saw that things were going badly. She struggled free, ripped off her clothes, and flung away her earrings, bracelets, and jewels. Dashing into the shrine of the local spirit at the imperial garden, she took out a short, pestlelike club, turned and struck madly at Pilgrim. Pilgrim caught up with her and faced her with the iron rod. The two of them, screaming and shouting, started a battle in the garden, which continued in midair when both of them displayed their magic powers and mounted cloud and fog. In this very conflict,

The golden-hooped rod has both name and fame,
But a club like a pestle no one knows.
One seeking true scriptures has reached this place;
One for love of strange blossoms has come to stay.
The fiend, long knowing of the Tang sage monk,
Desires to unite with his primal sperm.
Abducting the true princess the year before,
She took human form as the king’s belov’d.
The Great Sage now perceives her monstrous air;

He would save life by making known the truth.
The short club works violence, bashing the head;
The iron rod with power hits the face.
Loud and boisterous the two of them fight
As mist and cloud remove the sun from sight.

As the two of them waged a fierce battle in midair, they filled the populace of the whole city with horror and terrified the officials of the entire court.

Supporting the king with his hands, the elder could only say, "Please don't be afraid! Please tell our lady, the queen, and the rest not to fear. Your princess is actually someone specious who has taken on the true princess' form. When my disciple captures her, you will know the difference." Several of the more courageous palace ladies took the clothing and jewels to show to the queen, saying, "These were worn by the princess. Now she has abandoned everything. Stark naked, she is fighting that monk in the sky. She must be a monstrous deviate."

By then the king, the queen, and the royal concubines had grown calmer and began to stare at the sky. We shall leave them for the moment.

We tell you now about that monster-spirit, who battled the Great Sage for half a day, and they fought to a draw. Tossing the rod up into the air, Pilgrim cried, "Change!"

The single rod changed into ten rods; the ten became a hundred, and the hundred turned into thousands. Like slithering snakes and gliding dragons in midair, these rods madly attacked the monstrous deviate. Completely flustered, the monstrous deviate transformed herself into a clear breeze and fled toward the region above the blue sky. Pilgrim recited a spell, which reduced the iron rods to a single piece, before mounting the auspicious luminosity to give chase. When they approached the West Heaven Gate, they could see gleaming banners fluttering.

"Those guarding the Heaven Gate," shouted Pilgrim, "block the monster-spirit! Don't let her escape!"

The Devarāja Dh0tarāṣṭra indeed led the Four Grand Marshals Pang, Liu, Gou, and Bi to bar the way, each wielding his weapon. Unable to proceed, the monstrous deviate spun around and began to battle with Pilgrim once more, brandishing her short club.

As he wielded his iron rod to meet her, the Great Sage stared at the club and saw that it was thick on one end and thin on the other. It resembled, in fact, a pestle used for hulling grain. "Cursed beast!" he cried. "What sort of weapon is that you have there that you dare oppose old Monkey? Submit at once, lest one blow of my rod smash your skull!"

Clenching her teeth, the monstrous deviate said, "So, you don't know about this weapon of mine! Listen to my recital!

This divine root's a piece of mutt on jade,
Its form cut and polished for countless years.
I owned it already when Chaos parted;
Twas my possession when the world began.
No mortal thing could with its source compare,
For its nature came from Heaven above.
Its golden-light frame with Four Signs accords,
With Three Primes fused with Five Phases' breaths.

In Toad Palace it has long stayed with me,
A frequent companion by Cassia Hall.
For love of flowers I came down to Earth
And went to India, posing as a girl.
I shared the king's joys with no other wish
Than wedding the Tang Monk to seal my fate.
How wicked you are that you wreck our match!
So savage that you hunt me down to fight!
This weapon of mine has tremendous fame,
Surpassing greatly your golden-hooped rod.
A pestle for herbs in Vast- Cold Palace,
Its one blow will send one to Yellow Spring."

On hearing this, Pilgrim laughed scornfully and said, "Dear cursed beast! If you had lived in the Toad Palace, you couldn't be ignorant of old Monkey's abilities, could you? And you still dare take a stand here? Reveal your form and surrender at once, and I'll spare your life!"

"I recognize that you are the Ban-Horse-Plague," said the fiend, "who greatly disturbed the Celestial Palace five hundred years ago. I should defer to you, I suppose. But ruining one's marriage is an act of bitter enmity like murdering one's parents. Neither reason nor sentiment would allow me to give in, and that's why I'm going to fight you Heaven-defying Ban-HorsePlague!" Now, those three words, Ban-Horse-Plague, were most irksome to the Great Sage. When he heard them, he became enraged and immediately raised his iron rod to strike at her face. The monstrous deviate wielded her club to meet him, and right before the West Heaven Gate they locked in savage combat once more. In this battle,

The golden-hooped rod,
The pestle for herbs,
Two weapons divine formed a worthy match
That one for marriage descended to Earth;
This one protecting the Tang Monk arrived here.
The king, actually, was not quite upright—
His love of flowers won a fiend's delight
And brought on this moment a bitter fight,
Both parties stirred to stubbornness and hate.
They charged and sallied to see who would win;
With taunts and slurs they waged a war of words.
The mighty pestle was rare in the world;
The rod's divine strength had e'en more appeal.
Golden beams flashing lit up Heaven's gate;
Cold mists lambent spread throughout the Earth.
They fought back and forth for over ten rounds.
The monster, growing weak, now lost her ground.

That monster-spirit fought more than ten rounds with Pilgrim. When she saw how taut and fast was the style of the rod, she realized that it would be difficult for her to prevail. After one feeble blow with her club, she shook her body and changed into myriad shafts of golden light to flee toward the south. The Great Sage gave chase, and they suddenly reached a huge mountain. The monster's golden light lowered and

entered a mountain cave, completely disappearing from sight. Fearing that she might sneak back to the kingdom to harm the Tang Monk, Pilgrim took careful note of the shape of that mountain before reversing the direction of his cloud to return to the kingdom himself.

This was about the hour of the Monkey. The king, tugging at Tripitaka, was still shaking all over. “Sage monk, please save me!” was all he could say. Those concubines and the queen, too, were quite apprehensive when they saw the Great Sage dropping down from the edge of the clouds.

“Master,” he cried, “I’m back!”

“Stand still, Wukong,” said Tripitaka, “and don’t alarm His Majesty. Let me ask you what, in fact, has become of the princess?” Standing outside the gate to the Magpie Palace, with hands folded across his chest, Pilgrim said, “The false princess is a monstrous deviate. At first I fought with her for half a day. When she found that she could not prevail, she changed into a clear breeze and fled toward the gate of Heaven. I shouted for the celestial deities to bar her way. She changed back to her form and again fought over ten rounds with me. Once more she changed into shafts of golden light to flee to a mountain due south of here. I chased her there but couldn’t find her. Fearing that she may come back here to harm you, I came back to look after you.” When the king heard this, he tugged at the Tang Monk to ask, “If the false princess is a monstrous deviate, where is our real princess?”

“Let me catch the false princess first,” Pilgrim responded at once, “and your real princess will naturally return to you.” When the queen and palace ladies heard this declaration, their fears were lifted. Each one of them went forward, bowed low, and said, “I beg the sage monk to rescue our real princess and bring her back. When this whole affair has been cleared up, you will be amply rewarded.”

“This is no place for us to talk,” said Pilgrim. “Let His Majesty go to the main hall with my master. And let the queen and her companions return to their palaces. Have my brothers Eight Rules and Sha Monk summoned to the palace so that they may give my master protection. I can then leave to subdue the monster. In that way, proper etiquette for what is public and private will be observed, and I shall be spared from worry. Please take note of what I have said, for it betokens a great deal of energy expended.”

The king was most grateful to follow his suggestion. Hand in hand, he walked with the Tang Monk to the main hall, while the queen and the ladies returned to their own palaces. The king then asked for the preparation of a vegetarian meal and sent for Eight Rules and Sha Monk. In a little while the two of them arrived, and Pilgrim gave them a thorough account of what had taken place and enjoined them to protect their master with all diligence. Mounting the cloud somersault, our Great Sage hurtled through the air and left. All those officials before the main hall bowed low to the sky, and we shall leave them there for the moment.

The Great Sage Sun headed straight for the mountain to the south of the kingdom to begin his search. The monstrous deviate, you see, had fled there in defeat; on reaching the mountain, she crawled inside her lair and used pieces of rock to stop up its entrance.

Terribly dismayed, she hid herself and kept totally out of sight. Pilgrim searched for a while, but he could detect no movement whatever. Growing anxious, he made the magic sign with his fingers and recited a spell to summon into his presence the local

spirit and the mountain deity for interrogation. The two gods arrived and immediately kowtowed, both crying, "We didn't know! We didn't know! If we had known, we would have gone far to receive you. We beg you to pardon us."

"I'll not hit you just yet," said Pilgrim. "Let me question you instead. What's the name of this mountain? How many monster-spirits are to be found here? Tell me the truth and I'll pardon you."

"Great Sage," those two deities said, "this mountain is named Mount Hairbrush. It has three rabbit lairs in it.

From antiquity till now there has never been any monster-spirit, for it is a blessed land of complete circularity. If the Great Sage wishes to find monsterspirits, he'd better stick to the road to the Western Heaven." Pilgrim said, "When old Monkey arrived at the Kingdom of India in the Western Heaven, he discovered that the princess, the daughter of the king, had been abducted by a monster-spirit and left in the wilds. The monster-spirit assumed the form of the princess to deceive the king into erecting a festooned tower, from which she would toss an embroidered ball to select her husband. When I escorted my master beneath the tower, she purposely threw the ball on the Tang Monk, for she wanted to become his mate so that she could steal his primal yang through temptation. I saw through all that and revealed myself in the palace to capture her. Stripping off her human clothes and jewelry, she fought with me for half a day, wielding a short club called a pestle for herbs. Then she changed into a clear breeze to flee, but old Monkey caught up with her before the West Heavenly Gate, and we fought for another ten rounds or more.

Realizing that she could not prevail, she changed into beams of golden light and fled here. Why is it that she can't be seen now?" When the two deities heard this, they led Pilgrim at once to search the three rabbit lairs. They began with the one at the foot of the mountain; looking there, they could see only a few wild rabbits, which were frightened away. When they searched their way up to the hole on the peak, however, they at once spotted two huge slabs of stone blocking its entrance. "This has to be where the monstrous deviate is," said the local spirit. "She must have crawled in there to evade your pursuit." Pilgrim lifted away the stones with his iron rod. The monstrous deviate was indeed hiding in there. With a loud whoosh, she leaped out and attacked with upraised pestle. Pilgrim wielded his iron rod to parry the blow, so terrifying the two deities that the mountain god backed up and the local spirit darted away. "Who asked you two," whined the monster to the two of them, "to bring him here to look for me?"

Barely able to withstand the iron rod, she fought as she retreated, rising to midair.

It was getting late, and the situation became more precarious. Growing more and more violent, Pilgrim was about to give her the coup de grace. Suddenly a voice rang out from the azure air of the Ninefold Heaven:

"Great Sage, don't raise your hand! Don't raise your hand! Be lenient with your rod!" Pilgrim turned to look and discovered the Star Lord of Supreme Yin, followed by the immortal Chang'e and other lunar goddesses, all descending in front of him on a pink cloud. Pilgrim was so startled that he quickly put away his iron rod and bowed to receive them, saying, "Old Supreme Yin, where are you going? Pardon old Monkey for not stepping out of the way!"

"The monstrous deviate opposing you," said Supreme Yin, "happens to be the jade hare of my Vast-Cold Palace, the one who helps me pound the immortal drug of

mysterious frost. On her own she picked open the gold lock and jade bolt and fled the palace for a year.

I calculated that she might be in mortal danger at this moment, and that's why I have come to save her life. I beg the Great Sage to spare her for this old man's sake."

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" said Pilgrim. "I dare not refuse you, of course! No wonder she knows how to use a pestle for herbs! So, she is the little jade hare! But I wonder whether the old Supreme Yin knows of her kidnapping the princess of the Kingdom of India. She speciously assumed the form of the princess in order to ruin the primal yang of a sage monk, my master. Her desire and her offense are really intolerable. How could she be spared so lightly?"

"You have no knowledge of this either," said Supreme Yin. "The daughter of the king is no ordinary mortal. Originally she was the Lady White of the Toad Palace. Eighteen years ago, after giving a slap to the little jade hare, she was overcome by mortal longings and went to the Region Below. The light of her soul found conception in the belly of the queen, and she was born to the royal family.

Nursing the grudge of that single slap, this little jade hare ran away from our palace last year so that she could send Lady White into the wilds. But she should not have wanted to marry the Tang Monk, and this offense is certainly unforgivable. Fortunately you were alert enough to discern the true and the false, so that she did not have a chance to ruin your master. I beg you, therefore, to pardon her for my sake. I'll take her back now."

"When you present me with this sort of karma," said Pilgrim, chuckling, "old Monkey dares not go against your wishes. But if you take away the little jade hare now, I fear that the king may not believe me. I hope, therefore, that Lord Supreme Yin and my immortal sisters will take the trouble of bringing the little jade hare to the kingdom and giving a clear testimony. In that way, not only the ability of old Monkey will be made known, but the reason for the descent of Lady White can also be told. Then we may ask the king to send for Princess Lady White, so that the purpose of manifest retribution may be clearly established."

Consenting to what he said, Lord Supreme Yin pointed at the monstrous deviate and snapped, "Cursed beast! Aren't you returning to what is right?" Rolling over on the ground, the little jade hare revealed her true form. Truly she has

Sharp teeth and divided lips,
Long ears with little hair.
Her body is a ball of furlike jade;
She can fly through mountains with paws outstretched.
The creamy straight nose
Seems brightly frosted or thickly powdered;
The shining red eyes
Can rival e'en white snow dotted with rouge.
Hugging the ground,
She's all fleecy like a bundle of silk;
Torso stretched out,
She's argent like a silver-threaded frame.
A number of times
She drinks at dawn the clear dew of Heaven's air,
And pounds long-life drug with a jade pestle rare.

Delighted by the sight, the Great Sage trod the cloudy luminosity, leading the way, followed by Lord Supreme Yin, Chang'e and other lunar goddesses, and the jade hare.

They arrived at the Kingdom of India about dusk, and the moon was just rising. When they neared the city, they could hear the roll of drums on the watchtower. The king and the Tang Monk were still in the main hall, while Eight Rules and Sha Monk, along with many officials at the foot of the steps, were discussing the cessation of court. They saw a glowing sheen of colored mists approaching from due south, its luminosity making the whole place bright as day. As they stared into the sky, they heard the Great Sage Sun crying out in a loud voice:

"Your Majesty of India, please ask your queen and concubines to come out and look. Beneath this treasure canopy is the Star Lord of Supreme Yin, and the immortal sisters on both sides of him are the lunar goddesses and Chang'e. This little jade hare is the false princess of your household; she has now revealed her true form."

The king hurriedly assembled the queen, his concubines, the palace maidens, and gaily-attired girls to bow to the sky and worship.

He himself and the Tang Monk also expressed their thanks toward the sky by bowing low. All the households in the city also set up incense tables and kowtowed, chanting the name of Buddha.

As they looked up into the air, Zhu Eight Rules was moved to lust. Unable to contain himself, he leaped into the air and embraced a rainbow-skirted immortal, crying, "Sister, you and I are old acquaintances! Let's go play!" Walking forward to grab hold of him, Pilgrim gave him a couple of slaps on the face and a scolding. "You vulgar Idiot!" he said.

"Where do you think you are, that you dare vent your lust?"

"It's just a bit of slapstick," replied Eight Rules, "to dispel my boredom and have some fun! That's all!"

That Lord Supreme Yin ordered the entourage to turn. With the goddesses, they took the jade hare back to the Lunar Palace, while Pilgrim yanked Eight Rules back to the ground.

After thanking Pilgrim in the main hall, the king asked, "Since the false princess has been captured by the mighty magic power of the divine monk, where is our true princess to be found?"

"That true princess of yours," replied Pilgrim, "did not come from mortal stock either. She was actually the immortal Lady White of the Lunar Palace. Because she slapped the jade hare once eighteen years ago, she thought of this world and descended to the Region Below, where she was conceived in your queen, who gave birth to her. Nursing this former enmity, the little jade hare last year picked open the jade bolt and gold lock and escaped to this place also. She kidnapped the Lady White and left her in the wilds before assuming her form to deceive you. This entire karmic process was told to me personally by Lord Supreme Yin himself. Today the false one has been removed; tomorrow you will be asked to go search for the real one." On hearing this, the king became both embarrassed and alarmed, hardly able to hold back the tears flowing down his cheeks.

"Child!" he said. "Since I was enthroned in my youth, I have never even left the gate of the city. Where should I go look for you?" With a smile, Pilgrim said, "No need to be upset. Right now your princess is feigning madness at the Benefactor-of-Orphans Gold- Spreading Monastery. Let's retire. By morning I promise you I'll return your true princess."

The other officials, too, prostrated themselves and said, "Let our king put his worries to rest. These several divine monks are buddhas who are able to soar on the clouds and ride the fog. Most certainly they possess the knowledge of past and future. Let the divine monks go make a search tomorrow, and undoubtedly they will get to the end of the matter."

The king agreed, and ordered the pilgrims again taken to the Spring-Detaining Arbor for their meals and lodging. By then it was almost the hour of the second watch. Truly

The moon is fair, the copper pots mark their times
As wind wafts the tinklings of golden chimes.
Spring has half faded and the nightjars weep;
Petals shroud the path for the night is deep.
An idle swing the royal garden shades;
silver stream a jade-blue sky invades.
None walks the streets or visits the bazaars
When night's aglow with a sky full of stars.

They all rested that night, and we shall leave them for the moment.

Because his demonic aura had been dispelled, the king's energy revived during the night. By the third quarter of the fifth watch, he appeared again to hold his morning court, after which he asked for the Tang Monk and his three disciples to come and discuss the matter of finding his daughter. The elder arrived and greeted him, while the Great Sage and his two brothers also bowed. Returning their bows, the king said, "We spoke of our child, the princess, yesterday. May I trouble the divine monks to look for her?"

The elder said, "The day before your humble cleric came from the East, by nightfall we had entered a Benefactor-of-Orphans Gold- Spreading Monastery to ask for lodging. The priests there were good enough to accommodate our request. After dinner we took a stroll in the moonlight to go to look at the foundation of the old Gold-Spreading garden. Suddenly we heard the sound of lament. When we inquired into the matter, a priest of the monastery, who was already over one hundred years of age, sent away his attendants and told us, 'This is the source of that lament:

Late spring last year, I was just meditating on the dialectical relation of the moon and our nature when a breeze brought to me the sounds of weeping and lament. When I arose from my mat and went down to the foundation of the Jetavana garden to look, I found a girl. On being questioned, she told me that she was the daughter of the King of India, blown to that place by a strong gust when she was enjoying the sight of flowers in the moonlight.' Since that old priest was quite knowledgeable in human propriety, he locked the princess in a quiet room. Fearing that she might be defiled by other priests in the monastery, he only told them that a monster-spirit had been locked up by him. The princess, too, understood his intentions; during the day she would babble absurdities just to win some sustenance of tea and rice for herself. During the night, however, with no one present, she would think of her parents and weep. That old

priest had journeyed to the capital several times to try to ascertain the truth. When he learned that the princess, to all appearance, was in the palace and unharmed, he dared not present a memorial on the matter. When he learned, however, that my disciple had some magic powers, he urged us repeatedly to make a thorough investigation. Little did we expect that the jade hare of the Toad Palace had become a monster and, falsely fused with the true form, had taken on the appearance of the princess. The monster, moreover, was hoping to ruin my primal yang, and it was fortunate that my disciple exercised his magic power to distinguish the true from the specious. Now the hare has been taken back by the Star of Supreme Yin, but your worthy daughter may still be seen feigning madness at the Gold-Spreading Monastery." When the king heard this meticulous account, he gave voice to loud weeping, so disturbing those in three palaces and six chambers that they arrived to make inquiry. When they learned of the cause, everyone wept profusely. After a long while, the king asked again, "How far is the Gold-Spreading Monastery from the city?"

"No more than sixty miles," replied Tripitaka.

The king at once issued this decree:

"Let the consorts of the East and the West Palaces guard the main hall, while the court's Grand Preceptor will defend the kingdom. We and the queen herself will take the many officials and the four divine monks to the monastery and bring our princess home." Immediately carriages were lined up and they all went out of the court. Look at that Pilgrim! He leaped into the air and, with one twist of his torso, arrived at the monastery before them. The priests there hurriedly knelt down to receive him, saying, "When the Venerable Father left, he walked with the rest of his companions. Why did you descend from the sky today?"

"Where is that old master of yours?" asked Pilgrim, laughing. "Ask him to come out quickly, so that you may set up incense tables to receive the royal carriage. The king and queen of India, along with many officials and my master, are about to arrive."

The various monks could not quite comprehend what he was saying, and they asked the old priest to come out.

When the old priest caught sight of Pilgrim, he bent low and said, "Venerable Father, what have you found out about the princess?"

Thereupon Pilgrim gave a thorough rehearsal of how the false princess tossed an embroidered ball to try to wed the Tang Monk, how he fought and chased her, and how Lord Supreme Yin appeared to take away the jade hare. The old priest again kowtowed to express his thanks.

Raising him with his hands, Pilgrim said, "Stop bowing! Stop bowing! Prepare quickly to receive the imperial carriage." Only then did those priests discover that a girl had been locked up in the back room. In amazement, they all went to help set up incense tables beyond the monastery gate. After putting on the cassocks, they began to toll the bells and roll the drums as they waited. In a little while the imperial carriage did indeed arrive. Truly

Auspicious mists and fragrance fill the sky
When to this rustic temple Grace draws nigh—
Like a timeless rainbow cleansing streams and seas,
Like springtime lightnings of sage kings' dynasties.
Such kindness the sylvan beauty advances;

moisture the wild floral scent enhances.
For relics left by an ancient elder,
This precious hall receives a wise ruler.

The king reached the monastery gate and was met outside by those monks in orderly rows. They all prostrated themselves to receive him. Then he saw Pilgrim standing in their midst.

"How did the divine monk manage to get here first?" asked the king.

"Old Monkey arrived here with a mere twist of his torso!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "Why did you people take half a day to do it?"

Thereafter the Tang Monk and the others arrived. With the elder leading the way, they went to the room at the back of the monastery, where they found the princess still babbling and feigning madness. Going to his knees, the old priest pointed to the room and said, "Inside this room is the lady princess who was blown here last year by the wind."

The king at once ordered the door opened, and they removed the iron lock from the door. When the king and queen caught sight of the princess and recognized her face, they rushed forward to embrace her, not at all bothered by the filth. "Our poor child!" they cried.

"What bitter fate has caused you to suffer like this here!"

Truly the reunion of parents and child is not the same as any other kind of reunion. The three of them hugged each other and wailed. After they had cried for a while and had given expression to how greatly they missed each other, the king ordered scented liquid to be sent in for the princess so that she could bathe and change her clothing.

They then climbed onto the imperial chariot together to return to the capital.

Afterward Pilgrim greeted the king once more with hands folded in front of him and said, "Old Monkey has another matter to bring to your attention." Returning his greeting, the king said, "We shall obey whatever instruction the divine monk has for us." Pilgrim said, "They told me that in your mountain here, the one named Hundred-Legs, there are centipedes that have become spirits recently and have harmed people during the night. The travelers and merchants have found that a great inconvenience. Since roosters are the natural foes of centipedes, I think you should select a thousand huge roosters and scatter them throughout the mountain so that these poisonous insects will be eliminated. You should change the name of this mountain also, and you should bestow a building decree to this monastery as a token of your gratitude for this monk's care for the princess."

Exceedingly pleased, the king immediately sent officials into the city to fetch the roosters. The name of the mountain was changed to Precious Flower. The Bureau of Labor was told to provide the necessary materials for the repair and renovation of the monastery, and its name was changed to the Royal Benefactor-of-Orphans Gold-Spreading Monastery of the Precious Flower Mountain. The priest was appointed a monk-official, with the perpetual title of Patriotic and an official salary of thirty-six stones. The monks, after giving thanks, saw the imperial carriage return to court, where the princess entered the various palaces to be reunited with her kinfolk.

Large banquets were prepared for celebrating her homecoming and reunion with her family. The king and his subjects also joined in the revelry, drinking and feasting all evening.

The next morning the king issued the decree for portraits to be made of the four sage monks and mounted in the Chinese and Barbarian Loft. The princess, with fresh clothing and makeup, was asked to come out to thank the Tang Monk and his three disciples once more for her deliverance. After that, the Tang Monk wanted to take leave of the king to journey westward, but the king, of course, refused to let them go. Again they were feted for five or six days, thus providing excellent opportunities for our Idiot to stuff himself repeatedly.

When the king saw, however, how eager they were in their desire to worship Buddha, rejecting all entreaties for them to stay, he presented them with two hundred ingots of gold and silver and a platter of treasures. Master and disciples refused to take even a penny.

The king then ordered the imperial carriage for the old master to ride in and many officials to escort him to a great distance. The queen, the concubines, the officials, and the people all kowtowed without ceasing to express their thanks. When they reached the outskirts of the city, they saw the priests of the temple, too, had come to bow and see them off, reluctant to take leave of the pilgrims. When Pilgrim saw that all the people were unwilling to turn back, he had no choice but to make the magic sign with his fingers and blew a mouthful of immortal breath toward the ground on the southwest. Immediately a gust of dark wind blinded the people's eyes, and only then could the pilgrims proceed. Truly,

Cleansed by gracious waves to return to revealing cause,
They left the sea of gold to awake to the true void.

We do not know what the journey ahead was like; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-SIX

Squire Kou gladly receives a noble priest
The elder Tang does not covet riches

The form of forms was first formless;
The void of void, too, was not void.
Hush, noise, speech, and silence the same we deem:
Why speak of dream within a dream?
The useful is in use useless;
No power empowers power,
Like ripened fruits that redden on their own.
Ask not how they are trimm'd and grown!

We were telling you about the disciple of the Tang Monk, who used his magic power to stop those priests from the Gold-Spreading Monastery. After the dark wind subsided, the priests, no longer able to see the master pilgrim and his disciples, thought that they had witnessed the descent of living buddhas. They therefore kowtowed and returned to their own monastery, and we shall speak no more of them.

Master and disciples proceeded toward the West, and once more it was the time of late spring and early summer.

The weather is pleasant and bright
With pond-lotus coming in sight.
Plums ripen after the rains;
Wheat in the wind its height attains.
With their young river swallows fly;
To feed their offspring pheasants cry.
The Dipper's south, the day's at its longest;
Fair and gay all things seem strongest.

Countless times they rested at night and dined at dawn, fording the streams and climbing the slopes. On a peaceful road they journeyed for half a month, and then they saw again a city ahead of them.

"Disciples," asked Tripitaka, "what sort of place is this again?"

"I don't know! I don't know!" replied Pilgrim.

"You have taken this road before," said Eight Rules, giggling. "How could you say you don't know? There must be something uncanny about this place. You're deliberately pretending to be ignorant just to play a trick on us."

"This Idiot is completely unreasonable!" said Pilgrim. "Though I have traveled several times on this road, I did it in the air. I mounted the clouds to go back and forth. Since when did I ever make a stop on the ground? There was no reason for me to investigate what was of no concern to me. That's why I am ignorant. There's nothing uncanny here. Who wants to play a trick on you?"

As they talked, they came up to the edge of the city. Tripitaka dismounted to walk over the drawbridge and enter the gate. In a corridor by a long street, two old men

were seated and conversing. “Disciples,” said Tripitaka, “stand out in the middle of the road.

Lower your heads and behave yourselves. Let me go up to the corridor to ask what place this is.” Pilgrim and the rest indeed obeyed him and stood still.

The elder drew near, pressed his palms together, and called out, “Old patrons, this humble cleric salutes you.”

Those two old men were just having a leisurely discussion—about the rise and fall, the gains and losses of past dynasties, about who were the sages and worthies, and about the great, lamentable fact that what had once been a heroic enterprise was now reduced to nothing—when they suddenly heard this salutation. They at once returned the greeting and said, “What does the elder wish to say?”

“This humble cleric came from afar to worship Buddha,” said Tripitaka. “Having just reached your treasure region, I do not know its name. I would like to know also where I might find a family inclined to charity, so that I might beg a meal there.” One of the old men said, “This is the Bronze Estrade Prefecture, behind which is the Numinous Earth District. If the elder wishes to have vegetarian meal, there is no need for you to beg. Go past this archway, and on the street running north and south, you’ll come to a towered-gate facing east guarded by figures of sitting tigers. This is the home of Squire Kou; before his door there’s also a plaque with the inscription, Ten Thousand Monks Will Not Be Barred. A distant traveler like you can enjoy all you want. Go! Go! Go! And don’t interrupt our conversation!”

Having thanked them, Tripitaka turned and said to Pilgrim, “This is the Numinous Earth District of the Bronze Estrade Prefecture.

The two old men told me that beyond the archway on the street running north and south, there is a tiger-guarded towered gate facing east. That’s the home of Squire Kou, where before the door there is a plaque bearing the inscription, Ten Thousand Monks Will Not Be Barred. They told us to go to that household to have a meal.”

“The region of the West,” said Sha Monk, “is the land of Buddha, so there must be people who wish to feed the monks. If this is only a district or a prefecture, there’s no need for us to have our rescript certified. Let’s go beg some food, and we can leave after the meal.”

As the elder walked slowly through the long street with his three followers, they aroused again such alarm and suspicion of those people in the markets that they all crowded around the pilgrims to stare at their features. Telling his disciples to remain silent, the elder kept saying, “Behave yourselves! Behave yourselves!”

The three of them indeed lowered their heads and dared not look up. After they turned a corner, they came upon a broad street running north and south.

As they walked along, they saw a tiger-guarded towered-gate, on the other side of which there was hung on the wall a huge plaque with the inscription, Ten Thousand Monks Will Not Be Barred. “In this Buddha land of the West,” said Tripitaka, “there’s no deception in either the foolish or the wise. I was not prepared to believe what the two aged men told me, but what I see here confirms their story.”

Always rude and impulsive, Eight Rules wanted to go in at once. Pilgrim said, “Idiot, let’s stop a moment. Wait till someone comes out. When we have obtained permission, then you may enter.”

"What Big Brother says is quite right," said Sha Monk. "If we do not observe proper etiquette, we may offend the patron."

They rested the horse and the luggage before the gate. In a little while, an old retainer appeared, carrying in his hands a scale and a basket.

When he suddenly caught sight of the four, he was so startled that he abandoned his possessions and ran inside to report, "My lord, there are four strange-looking priests outside!"

The squire, leaning on his staff, was just taking a leisurely stroll in the courtyard, chanting repeatedly the name of Buddha. The moment he heard this report, he threw away his staff and hurried out to receive his visitors. When he saw the four pilgrims, he was not intimidated by their ugliness. All he said was, "Please come in! Please come in!" With modesty Tripitaka entered with his disciples. After going through a little alley, the squire led them to a building and said, "This building houses the Buddha hall, the sūtra hall, and the dining hall, which will entertain the Venerable Fathers. The building to the left is where this disciple and his family live."

Tripitaka was full of compliments as he put on his cassock to worship Buddha. They ascended the hall to look around, and they saw

Fragrant clouds of incense,
And bright flames of candles;
A hall filled with bundles of silk and flowers,
Four corners festooned with gilt and colors.
On a vermilion prop
A bell of purple gold hangs high;
On colored lacquered frames
pair of patterned drums are mounted.
A few pairs of banners
All embroidered with the eight jewels;
A thousand Buddhas
All gilded in gold.
An old bronze censer,
And an old bronze vase;
A carved lacquered table,
And a carved lacquered box.
From the old bronze censer
Arise unending curls of smoky fragrance;
Within the old bronze vase
Now and then the lotus displays its colors.
Five-colored clouds fresh on the carved lacquered table;
Mounds of scented petals in the carved lacquered box.
In a crystal chalice,
The holy water's clear and clean;
In a lamp of glass,
The fragrant oil burns brightly.
The gold stone-chime's one note
Lingers and resonates.
Truly unsoiled by red dust in this precious tower,
A household Buddha-hall nobler than a temple.

Having purified his hands, the elder took up incense to kowtow and worship. Then he turned to go through the proper ceremony of greeting the squire, who said, however, "Just a moment! We shall do that in the sūtra room."

There they saw

Square and erect cases—
Jade and gold boxes—
In square and erect cases
Countless volumes of sūtra pile up;
In jade and gold boxes
Many notes and letters are collected.
On the colored lacquered table
Are paper, ink, brush, and inkstone—
All exquisite items of the study.
Before the pepper-dusted screens
Are books, paintings, a psaltery, and chess—
All marvelous objects of real pleasure.
A divine stone-chime of jade o'erlaid with gold is placed there;
A grapevine mat that shields the moon and wind is hung there.
pure air makes one don a cheerful air;
A chaste mind sets free the mind of Dao.

Having reached the place, the elder was about to go through the ceremony when he was stopped again by the squire, saying, "Please take off your Buddha robe."

Tripitaka doffed his cassock, and only then was he allowed to give his host the proper greeting. Then the squire also exchanged greetings with Pilgrim and his two brothers. He asked his servants to feed the horse and to place the luggage in the corridor. Only then did he inquire about the pilgrims' origin.

Tripitaka said, "Your humble cleric has been sent by royal decree of the Great Tang in the Land of the East to visit the Spirit Mountain of your treasure region in order to seek true scriptures from the Buddhist Patriarch. I heard that your honored household reveres the monks, and that's why I came bowing. I would like to beg for a meal, and then we shall leave."

His face beaming with pleasure, the squire smiled broadly and said, "Your disciple's surname is Kou. My given name is Hong (Great), and my style is Dakuan (Liberality). I'm sixty-four years old. At the age of forty, I made a vow which would not be fulfilled until I had fed ten thousand monks. This has been going on for twenty-four years. I have kept a record of all those I have fed. Recently in my leisure hours, I went through the names of the monks and discovered that I have fed nine thousand, nine hundred, and ninety-six persons. Only four more remain before I reach the number of perfection. It is indeed my good fortune that Heaven has sent me today you four old masters to complete this number. Please leave me your honored titles, and you must stay here for a month also. Please wait until we have performed the ceremony of the completion of a vow. Your disciple will then escort you all to the mountain with horses and carriages.

Our region is only some eight hundred miles from the Spirit Mountain. It's not very far."

Exceedingly pleased by what he heard, Tripitaka agreed to what he proposed, and we shall leave them for the moment.

Several houseboys, old and young, went into the squire's residence to haul firewood and bail water. They also took out rice, noodles, and vegetables in order to prepare the dietary meal. All these activities led the aged wife of the squire to ask, "Where do these monks come from, that they have to receive such special treatment?"

"When our master asked these four noble priests about their origin," replied the houseboys, "one of them said that they were sent by the Great Tang emperor to worship our Holy Father Buddha in the Spirit Mountain. Who knows how great a distance they have covered to reach our place, but our master said that they came from Heaven. He told us to prepare a vegetarian meal quickly to entertain them."

Delighted also by what she heard, the old woman said to her maid, "Get me some clothes. I want to go meet them also."

"Madam," said one of the houseboys, "you want to meet only one of them, not the other three. Their features are extremely ugly!"

"You people are just ignorant," said the old woman. "When the features are ugly, strange, or extraordinary, they must belong to celestial beings descending to the Region Below. Run along now and announce my presence to your master."

The houseboys dashed out to the sūtra hall to say to the squire, "Madam is here. She wishes to meet the venerable fathers of the Land of the East." On hearing this, Tripitaka rose from his seat as the old woman arrived at the hall. She raised her eyes and scrutinized the dignified and handsome features of the Tang Monk. Then she turned to look at Pilgrim and his two companions, whose appearances were extraordinary indeed! Though she thought that they were celestial beings descended to Earth, she did feel a little nervous as she went to her knees to bow to them.

Hurriedly returning her salutation, Tripitaka said, "The Lady Bodhisattva has erroneously paid us great homage."

The old woman asked the squire, "Why aren't these four masters sitting together?" Sticking out his snout, Eight Rules said, "We three are only disciples!"

Eeeee! That one declaration of his seemed like a tiger's roar deep in the mountain! The old woman became more frightened than ever.

As they spoke, another houseboy came to say, "The two uncles have arrived."

Turning quickly to look, Tripitaka found two young scholars who walked up the sūtra hall and bent low toward the elder. Tripitaka hastily returned their greetings, while the squire tugged at him and said, "These are my two sons, named Kou Liang (Beam) and Kou Dong (Pillar). They have just returned from school and haven't had their lunch yet. Learning of the master's arrival, they have come to bow to you."

Delighted, Tripitaka said, "Excellent! Excellent! Truly

To exalt your house doing good's the rule.
To have good sons you must send them to school."

"Where did this Venerable Father come from?" the two young men asked their father.

"From a great distance," replied the squire, laughing. "He is someone sent by the Great Tang emperor in the Land of the East, at the South Jambūdvīpa Continent, to go

see the Holy Father Buddha at Spirit Mountain and acquire scriptures." One scholar said, "I read in *A Guide through the Forest of Affairs* that the world is divided into four continents. Our region here belongs to the West Aparagodāniya Continent, and there is also an East Pūrvavideha Continent. I wonder how many years it took him to travel from South Jambūdvīpa to this place?" With a smile, Tripitaka said, "This humble cleric on his journey has spent more days in being delayed than in traveling. Frequently I fell to poisonous demons and savage fiends, to thousands of bitter ordeals. I am fortunate to have the protection of my three disciples.

Altogether I have experienced fourteen summers and winters before arriving at your treasure region." When they heard this, the two scholars paid him effusive compliments, saying, "Truly a divine monk! Truly a divine monk!"

Hardly had they finished speaking when a young boy came to say, "The maigre has been spread out. We invite the Venerable Fathers to partake."

The squire asked his wife to return to their residence with his sons. He himself accompanied the four pilgrims to the dining hall for the meal.

The appointments in the hall were arranged in a most orderly manner, with gilded lacquered tabletops and black-lacquered armchairs. The front row of food consisted of a crouque-en-bouche of five colors, created in the latest fashion by the most skillful and artistic hands. In the second row there were five platters of little dishes, while the third row had five plates of fruits. The fourth row had five big platters of snacks, every item delicious and fragrant. The vegetarian soups, the rice, the steamed dumplings and buns were all steaming hot and most appetizing. Seven or eight houseboys dashed back and forth to serve them, and four or five chefs never stopped working. Look at them! Some brought in soup while others added rice; coming and going, they were like meteors chasing the moon.

Our Zhu Eight Rules swallowed a bowlful with one gulp, and he went after the food like wind sweeping away the clouds. Master and disciples thus enjoyed a full meal.

The elder rose and, having thanked the squire for the maigre, was about to leave immediately. Stopping him, the squire said, "Old teacher, please relax and stay for a few days. As the proverb says, 'Beginning is easy but the end is hard.' Please wait till I have performed the rite of completion. Only then would I dare escort you on your way." When Tripitaka saw how sincere and earnest he was, he had no choice but to remain.

Not until six or seven days had gone by did the squire invite some twenty-four local Buddhist priests to conduct a service of the completion of a vow. The priests spent three or four days to compose the service, and, having selected an auspicious date, they began the sacrifice. Their manner, of course, was no different from that of the Great Tang. They, too,

Unfurled the huge banners
And set up the gilded images;
Lifted high the tall candles
burned incense to worship.
They rolled drums and tapped cymbals;
They blew on reeds and kneaded pipes.
The little gongs
And the flute's pure tones
All followed the gongche *notations.*

They struck up the music
And played for a while
Before beginning to chant the sūtras aloud.
First they pacified the local spirits;
Next they called on divine warriors.
They burned and sent off the documents,
And they bowed to Buddha's images.
They recited the Peacock Sūtra,
Each sentence woe-dispelling;
They lighted the Bhaiṣajya Lamp,
Its flame both bright and blazing.
They did the Water Penitential
To dissolve guilt and enmity;
They proclaimed the Garland Sūtra
To remove slander and strife.
Triyāna's wondrous law had the finest aim;
One or two Śramaṇa were all the same.

For three days and nights it went on like that, and at last the service was over. Thinking of Thunderclap, the Tang Monk wanted to leave. As he tried to thank his host, the squire said, "The old teacher is so eager to leave! It must be that my preoccupation with the service these last few days has caused me to slight you in some manner, and you are offended."

"I have greatly disturbed your noble residence," replied Tripitaka, "and I do not know how I can repay you. Dare I even speak of offense? It's just that when my sage ruler escorted me out of the imperial pass, he asked me when I would return. By mistake I replied that I should be back in three years. Little did I expect that I would be on the road for fourteen years! And I still don't know whether I'd be able to acquire the scriptures! By the time I have taken them back, it will probably be another twelve or thirteen years. Would I not have violated the sage decree? What unbearable crime would that be? I beg the old squire to let this humble cleric proceed. Wait till I have acquired the scriptures; then I'll come back to stay a little longer at your mansion. That should be permissible." Unable to contain himself, Eight Rules shouted, "Master, you're too insensitive to human wishes! You've no regard for human sentiments! The old squire must be a very rich man if he has been able to make such a vow to feed priests. Now that it is completed, and now that he is urging us so earnestly to stay, there's no harm in our remaining a year or so. Why must you insist on leaving? Why should we abandon such ready-made provisions and resume begging from someone else? What old father or mother's family do you have ahead of you?"

"You coolie!" snapped the elder. "All you know is eating! You never have a thought for returning to your origin. Truly you're a beast who cares only for

Eating in the trough
To ease your belly's itch!

Since you crave so much to indulge in this deluded passion, I'll leave tomorrow by myself." When Pilgrim saw that even the color of his master's face had changed, he grabbed Eight Rules and pounded him with his fists.

"This Idiot," he cried, "without knowing any better, has caused Master to blame even *us*!"

"That's a good beating! That's a good beating!" said Sha Monk, chuckling. "Even when he's silent, as he is now, he annoys people! Wait till he butts in again with his mouth!" In a huff, our Idiot stood to one side and dared not utter another word. When the squire saw that master and disciples had become agitated, he tried to placate them with a broad smile, saying, "Please calm yourself, old teacher, and bear with us for one more day. Tomorrow I shall prepare some banners and drums and invite a few relatives and neighbors to see you off."

As they conversed, the old woman appeared and said, "Old Master, if you have come to our house, there is no need for you to rush off so eagerly. How many days have you been staying, anyway?"

"Already half a month," replied Tripitaka.

"Let that half-month be counted as the meritorious service of the squire," said the old woman. "I too have accumulated a little cash from sewing, and I have hopes also of feeding the old master for half a month." She had barely finished speaking when Kou Dong and his brother also came out and said, "Please hear us, you four Venerable Masters. Our father fed the monks for over twenty years, but he had never come upon a good person. Now he is lucky enough to reach the number of perfection only because of your arrival, which has, as it were, brought radiance to a thatched hut. Your students are too young to know much about karma, but we do know the proverb:

What pa sows pa reaps;
What ma sows ma reaps;
One who sows not, reaps not.

The reason our father and mother wish to extend their hospitality is just so that they may each attain certain karmic reward. Why must you refuse them so bitterly? Even we foolish brothers have saved up a small sum from our school allowances, with which we, too, would like to entertain the Venerable Masters for half a month before we see you off."

"Already I dare not accept the great kindness of your mother, the old Bodhisattva," said Tripitaka. "How could I presume upon the affection of you worthy brothers? I truly dare not. I must leave this day, and I implore all of you to pardon me. If I remained, I would have exceeded the imperial limit, and my crime would be even greater than one punishable by execution." When the old woman and her two sons saw that he was adamant, they grew angry and said, "Out of good intentions we wanted him to stay, but he's bent on leaving. All right! He wants to go, let him go! No need to chatter any more!" Mother and sons thereupon got up and went inside.

Unable to restrain himself, Eight Rules spoke again to the Tang Monk, "Master, don't overdo your playacting! As the proverb says,

To stay's appropriate.
Loitering irritates!

Let us stay here for one more month, just to satisfy the wishes of mother and sons. What's the hurry?"

"Oh?" snapped the Tang Monk, and immediately our Idiot gave his own mouth a couple of slaps, saying, "Shhhhh! Shhhhh! Don't talk! You're making noises again!" On one side Pilgrim and Sha Monk began to giggle uncontrollably.

"What are you laughing at?" said the Tang Monk to Pilgrim, sorely annoyed. Making the magic sign with his fingers, he was about to recite the Tight-Fillet Spell. So

horrified was Pilgrim that he at once went to his knees to say, "Master, I wasn't laughing! I wasn't laughing! Don't recite that spell, I beg you!" When the squire saw that master and disciples were becoming more and more rancorous, he dared not insist on their staying any longer. All he said was, "The Venerable Masters need not quarrel. I promise you that I shall escort you on your way tomorrow."

He went out of the sūtra hall and told his secretary to send over a hundred invitations to his relatives and neighbors to join him in sending off in the morning the old master from the Tang court in his westward journey. In the meantime, he ordered the chefs to prepare a farewell banquet, and his steward to have twenty pairs of colored banners made up and to find a band of musicians and drummers. A group of monks from the South Advent Monastery and a group of Daoists from the East Summit Abbey were to be ready to join the party by the hour of the Serpent in the morning. His domestic staff obeyed and left. In a little while, it was nightfall. After the evening meal, they all retired. You see

A few crows to the village homeward fly.
Drums and bells toll from distant towers high.
Human traffic ceases in the street and mart;
From all households lights and fires now depart.
In moonlight and wind blossoms show their shade;
The stars the obscure silver stream pervade.
The night has deepened for the nightjars weep;
The heavens grow silent when the earth's asleep.

At the time it was no more than the hour between the third and fourth watch when those houseboys in charge of various affairs all rose early in order to complete their tasks. Look at them!

Those preparing the banquet
Rushed about in the kitchen;
Those making the colored banners
Clamored before the hall;
Those beckoning monks and priests
Sprinted on their two legs;
Those calling for musicians
Hurled themselves forward;
Those sending out invitations
Darted east and west;
Those readying horse and carriage
Shouted back and forth.

From the hour of midnight, the tumult lasted till dawn. By about the hour of the Serpent, every business was concluded—with money, of course! We tell you now about the Tang Monk and his disciples, who also rose early, attended by all those people. The elder at once gave the instruction to pack and to hitch up the horse. When our Idiot heard that they were truly about to leave, he pouted his fat lips some more and grumbled incessantly, but he had no choice other than to pack up the cassock and almsbowl and pick up the pole and its load.

Having brushed and scrubbed down the horse, Sha Monk saddled it and waited. Pilgrim handed the nine-ringed priestly staff to his master and hung the satchel containing his travel rescript on his own chest. They were about to walk out together

when the squire came to invite them to a large sitting room in the rear, where a huge banquet was spread out. The hospitality they encountered here was quite different from what they received in the dining hall in front. They saw

loftily hung
And screens on all four sides.
Hung in the center
Was a painting with the aged mountain and blessed sea motif;
Displayed on two walls
Were the scenes of spring, summer, autumn, and winter.
From dragon-veined tripods rose incense smoke;
Auspicious air grew in crow-tortoise urns.
The display-plates' many colors
Showed vivid bejeweled floral patterns;
The side tables' mounds of gold
Held orderly rows of lion-god candies.
Drums and dances followed the graceful notes;
Brocadelike food and fruits were placed in the hall.
Such refined vegetarian soup and rice!
Such attractive fragrant tea and wine!
Though this was a home of a commoner,
It was not different from a noble's house.
You could hear only a joyous hubbub
That truly disturbed Heaven and Earth.

The elder was just greeting the squire when a houseboy appeared and said, "The guests have all arrived."

These were all neighbors left and right, the wife's brothers, the cousins, and the sisters' husbands. There were also squires who had jointly pledged to keep a diet, and Buddhist believers. After all of them bowed ceremoniously to the elder, they took their proper seats as pipes and strings played below the steps and the feasting went on inside the hall.

This sumptuous spread had the undivided attention of Eight Rules, who said to Sha Monk, "Brother, let yourself go and eat! When we leave the Kou home, there'll be no more rich fare like this!"

"What are you saying, Second Elder Brother!" said Sha Monk, chuckling. "As the proverb puts the matter

The hundred flavors of rare dainties
Are no more once you've eaten your fill.
You may accumulate private savings
But not in your stomach private hoardings!"

"You're much too feeble! Too feeble!" replied Eight Rules. "When I have eaten to the limits in one meal, I won't be hungry again even after three days!"

Hearing him, Pilgrim said, "Idiot, don't puncture your belly! We have to be on the road!"

Hardly had they finished speaking when it was almost noon. The elder, in his seat of honor, lifted his chopsticks to recite the Sūtra for the End of Maigre. So alarmed was Eight Rules that he took up the rice, downed one bowl with a gulp, and put away

five or six more bowls. Next he picked up those buns, rolls, cakes, and baked goods and stuffed both his sleeves full of them, regardless of whether they were good or bad. Only then did he leave the table, following his master. Having thanked the squire and the other guests, the elder walked out of the door, encountering many colorful banners and treasure canopies, drummers and musicians, on the other side. The two bands of Daoist priests and Buddhist monks were just arriving.

With a smile the squire said to them, "All of you are late, and the old master is eager to leave. There is no time for me to present you with the maigre. Allow me to thank you when we come back."

Those pulling the carriages, riding horses, or walking all stepped aside for the four pilgrims to proceed. As they went forward, loud strains of music and the roll of drums drifted skyward while banners and flags blotted out the sun. The whole place was clogged by people, chariots, and horses, as everyone came to see Squire Kou sending off the Tang Monk. The wealth and riches so displayed

Surpassed the enclosures of pearl and jade,
And rivaled those silken drapes of love.

Those monks played a Buddhist tune, after which the priests struck up a Taoist melody, as they all escorted the pilgrims out of the prefectural city. When they reached the tenth-mile wayside station, food and drink were served, and they toasted each other once more as they bade farewell. The squire, however, still could not bear to part with his guests.

Blinking back his tears, he said, "When the Venerable Master returns after acquiring the scriptures, he must come to our house to stay for a few days. That'll be the fulfillment of Kou Hong's wish."

Deeply moved, Tripitaka thanked him repeatedly, saying, "If I reach the Spirit Mountain and get to see the Buddhist Patriarch, your great virtue will be the first to be told. On my return, I shall surely stop at your door to express my thanks!" Speaking in this manner, they went on for two or three more miles. The elder earnestly bowed to take leave of his host, and the squire had to turn back, wailing loudly. Truly

Vowing to feed monks, he'd return to wondrous knowledge;
But with no affinity he could not see Tathāgata.

We shall speak no more of Squire Kou, who escorted the pilgrims to the tenth-mile wayside station and then returned with his other companions to his house. We tell you instead about the master and his three disciples, who journeyed for some forty or fifty miles, when the sky darkened. "It's getting late," said the elder. "Where shall we ask for lodging?"

Toting the luggage, Eight Rules pouted and said, "There's ready-made rice, but you won't eat it! There's a house built with cool tiles but you won't live in it! All you want is to hurry on some journey, like a lost soul going to a funeral! Now it's getting late. If it rains, what are we going to do then?"

"You brazen cursed beast!" scolded the Tang Monk. "You're complaining again! As the proverb says,

Chang'an may be fine,
But it's no place to linger in.

Wait till we reach the affinity of seeing the Buddhist Patriarch and acquire the true scriptures. When we return to the Great Tang and report to our lord, we will let you eat the rice from the imperial kitchen for several years. I hope, you cursed beast, you'll become so bloated that you'll die and become an overstuffed ghost!" Our Idiot giggled silently and dared not utter another word.

Pilgrim peered into the distance and discovered several buildings by the main road. He said quickly to his master, "Let's rest over there! Let's rest over there!"

The elder drew near and saw that it was a shrine which had collapsed. On top of the shrine was an old plaque, on which there was an inscription written in four dust-covered, faded words:

Bright Light Travel Court.

Dismounting, the elder said, "The Bodhisattva Bright Light was the disciple of the Buddha of Flames and Five Lights. Because of his expedition against the Demon King of Poisonous Fire, he was demoted and changed into the Spirit Officer of Five Manifestations.

They must have a shrine keeper here."

They all went inside, but they discovered that both rooms and corridors had toppled and there was no sign of any human person. They would have turned and gone back out were it not for the fact that dark clouds suddenly had gathered above and a torrential rain descended. They had little choice but to find whatever shelter they could in that dilapidated building and remain there in stealthy silence, fearing that they might otherwise disturb some monstrous deviates. Either sitting or standing, they endured a sleepless night. Ah! Truly

Prosperity's end breeds negativity;
In pleasure you'd meet, too, calamity.

We do not know what was their condition when they proceeded in the morning; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-SEVEN

Gold-dispensing external aid meets demonic harm
The sage reveals his soul to bring restoration

Let us not speak for the moment of the Tang Monk and his disciples, who spent a night of discomfort in the dilapidated shrine of Bright Light to seek shelter from the rain. We tell you now instead about a group of violent men in the city located at the Numinous Earth District of the Bronze Estrade Prefecture, who had squandered away their possessions through sleeping with prostitutes, drinking, and gambling. Without any other means of livelihood, those men—more than a dozen of them—banded together to become thieves. As they deliberated on which family in the city might be considered the richest and which the second richest for them to rob, one of them said, "There's no need for investigation or calculation. There's only one man here who is very rich, and he's that Squire Kou who sent off today the priest from the Tang court. In this rainstorm tonight, people won't be out in the streets, and the police won't make their rounds. We should strike now and take some capital from him. Then we can go and have some more fun, whoring and gambling. Won't that be nice?"

Delighted, the thieves all agreed. Taking up daggers, caltrops, staffs, clubs, ropes, and torches, they set out in the rain. Having broken through the gates of the Kou home, they rushed in with a shout. The members of his family, young and old, male and female, were so terrified that they all fled. The squire's wife cowered under their bed, while the old man hid behind a door. Kou Liang, Kou Dong, and his other children all scattered in every direction.

Grasping weapons and torches, the thieves broke open the chests and trunks in the house and ransacked them for gold, silver, treasures, jewels, clothing, utensils, and other household goods. Agonized at parting with all his possessions, the squire risked his life to walk outside his house and plead with the robbers, saying, "Great Kings, please take what you need. But leave this old man a few things and some garments for his remaining years."

Those robbers, of course, would not permit such discussion. They rushed forward, and one kick at the groin sent Squire Kou tumbling to the ground. Alas!

His three spirits gloomily drifted back to Hades;
His seven souls slowly took leave of mankind.

After their success, the thieves left the Kou residence and climbed out of the city by means of rope ladders they set up along the rampart walls. They then fled toward the west through the night rain.

Only when they saw that the thieves had left did the houseboys and servants of the Kou household dare show themselves. They immediately discovered the old squire lying dead on the ground. "O Heavens! Our master has been slain!" they cried, bursting into tears as they fell on the corpse to mourn him.

By about the hour of the fourth watch, the old woman began to think spitefully of the Tang Monk. Because of his refusal to stay and enjoy their hospitality, she thought, they had to make such lavish arrangements to send him off and brought on themselves instead this terrible calamity. Her rancor thus aroused her desire to plot against the four pilgrims. As she leaned on Kou Liang for support, she said, "Child,

there's no need for you to weep anymore. Your old man used to be so eager to feed monks. He wanted to do it one day after another. Little did he know that when he achieved perfection, he would run into a bunch of murderous monks!"

"Mother," said the two brothers, "what do you mean by murderous monks?"

"When those savage robbers broke into our room," replied their mother, "I hid under our bed. Though I was shaking all over, I managed to take a good look at them under the glare of torches and lights. Do you know who they were? The one holding a torch was the Tang Monk. Zhu Eight Rules was holding a knife and Sha Monk was dragging out our silver and gold. The one who slew your old man was Pilgrim Sun."

Thinking that what they heard was the truth, her two sons said, "If mother caught a clear glimpse of them, they had to be the robbers.

After all, the four of them spent over half a month here, and they must be completely familiar with the layout of our house—with the entrances, the walls, the casements, and the alleys. Wealth is a big temptation. That's why they have taken advantage of this night's rain to return here. Not only have they robbed us of our possessions, but they have also slain our father. How vicious can they be? In the morning we must go to the prefecture to file charges against them."

"How shall we word the complaint?" asked Kou Dong. "Exactly as mother told us," replied Kou Liang, and this was what he wrote:

Eight Rules cried for slaughter;
The Tang Monk held the fire.
Sha Monk removed our silver and gold
While Pilgrim Sun beat to death our sire.

The whole family was in uproar, and soon it was dawn. They sent word immediately to their relatives to prepare for the funeral and purchase the coffin. Meanwhile, Kou Liang and his brother went to the prefectural hall to file their plaint. Now, the magistrate of this Bronze Estrade Prefecture, you see, was

Upright all his life,
And his nature, virtuous.
In his youth he had studied studiously
And had been examined at Golden Chimes.
At all times, he had been a patriot,
A man full of mercy and kindness.
His fame would spread in history for a thousand years
As if Gong and Huang reappeared;
His name would resound forever in the halls of justice
As if Zhuo and Lu were reborn.

After he had ascended the prefectural hall and disposed of routine affairs, he ordered the display of the placard which announced that he was ready to hear and decide cases. The Kou brothers placed the placard in one of their bosoms and entered the hall. Falling to their knees, they cried, "Venerable Father, these little ones wish to file a complaint on the weighty matter of robbery and murder."

The complaint was handed over to the magistrate, who, having read its content, said, "People said yesterday that your family, by feeding four noble priests, had fulfilled a vow. Those four, we were told, happened to be arhats from the Tang court, and they were sent off by you with a lavish band of drummers and musicians clogging the streets.

How could such a thing happen to you last night?" Kowtowing, the two brothers said, "Venerable Father, Kou Hong, our father, had been feeding monks for some twenty-four years. It happened that these four monks coming from a great distance would just make up the number of ten thousand. That was why we had a ceremony of perfection and asked them to stay for half a month. They thereby became thoroughly acquainted with the layout of our house. After we had sent them off yesterday, however, they returned during the night, taking advantage of the darkness and the rainstorm. With lighted torches and weapons, they broke into our home and took away our silver and gold, our treasures and jewels, and our clothing. Moreover, they slew our father and left him on the ground. We beg the Venerable Father to grant us humble folks justice!" When the magistrate heard these words, he at once called up both cavalry and foot soldiers. Including other recruits and conscripts, they formed a posse of some hundred and fifty men. Each wielding sharp weapons, they went out of the western gate to pursue the Tang Monk and his three companions.

We tell you now about master and disciples, who waited patiently till dawn in the dilapidated building of the Bright Light Travel Court before emerging and setting out again toward the West. It so happened that those thieves who had robbed the Kou family the night before also took this same road after getting out of the city. By morning they had walked some twenty miles past the shrine.

Hiding in a valley, they were dividing up their booty and had not quite finished when they saw the four pilgrims moving up the road.

Still unsatisfied, the thieves pointed at the Tang Monk and said, "Isn't that the monk who was sent off yesterday?"

Then they laughed and said, "Welcome! Welcome! After all we are engaged in this ruthless business! These monks have traveled quite a distance.

And then they stayed for a long time in the Kou house. We wonder how much stuff they have on them. We might as well cut them off and take their belongings and the white horse. We'll split the heist, too. Won't that be a satisfying thing?" Picking up their arms, the thieves ran up the main road with a shout. They stood in a single file across the road and cried, "Monks, don't run away! Quickly give us some toll money, and your lives will be spared! If only half a no escapes from your mouth, each of you will face the cutlass. None will be spared!"

The Tang Monk, riding the horse, shook violently, while Sha Monk and Eight Rules were filled with fear. "What shall we do? What shall we do?" they said to Pilgrim. "After half a night's misery through the rain, we now face bandits blocking our path. Truly, 'Calamity always knocks twice!'" "Master, don't be afraid!" said Pilgrim with laughter. "And don't worry, Brothers! Let old Monkey question them a bit."

Dear Great Sage! Tightening his tigerskin skirt and giving his silk shirt a shake, he walked up there with folded arms and said, "What do you all do?"

"This fellow has no idea of life or death!" bellowed one of the bandits. "How dare you question me? Don't you have eyes beneath your skull? Can't you recognize that we're all Father Great Kings? Hand us the toll money quickly, and we'll let you through!" On hearing this, Pilgrim smiled broadly and said, "So you are bandits who pillage on the road!"

"Kill him!" shouted the bandits, turning savage.

Pretending to be frightened, Pilgrim said, “Great Kings! Great Kings! I’m a village priest, and I don’t know how to talk. If I’ve offended you, please pardon me. If you want toll money, you needn’t ask those three. All you need is to ask me for it, for I’m the bookkeeper. Whatever cash we have collected from reciting sūtras or holding services, whatever we’ve acquired through begging or charity, they’re all in the wrap. I’m in charge of all incomes and expenditures. Though he’s my master, the one riding the horse only knows how to recite sūtras. He has no other concern, for he has quite forgotten about wealth or sex, and he doesn’t own a penny. The one with the black face is a laborer I took in halfway in our journey, and he only knows how to care for the horse. The one with a long snout is a long-term laborer I hired, and all he knows is how to tote the luggage. If you let those three past, I’ll give you all our possessions, including the cassock and the almsbowl.” When they heard this, the thieves said, “This monk is quite honest after all. Tell those three to drop the luggage, and we’ll let them go by.” Pilgrim turned and winked at his companions. Immediately, Sha Monk dropped the pole and the luggage. He and Eight Rules led the horse and proceeded westward with their master. As Pilgrim lowered his head to untie the luggage, he managed quickly to scoop up a fistful of dirt, which he tossed into the air. Reciting a spell, he exercised the magic of immobilization. “Stop!” he cried, and those bandits—altogether some thirty of them—all stood erect. Each of them with teeth clenched, eyes wide open, and hands lowered, they could neither talk nor move.

Leaping clear from them into the road, Pilgrim shouted, “Master, come back! Come back!”

“That’s bad! Bad!” said Eight Rules, horrified. “Elder Brother is sacrificing us! He has no money on him, and there is neither silver nor gold in the wrap. He must be calling back Master for the horse. And he may be asking us to strip.”

“Second Elder Brother, stop that nonsense!” said Sha Monk, laughing. “Big Brother is an able person. Previously he could subdue even vicious demons and fierce fiends. You think he’s afraid of these few clumsy bandits? When he calls, he must have something to say. Let’s go back quick to have a look.”

The elder agreed; turning around the horse, he went back amiably and said, “Wukong, why do you call me back?”

“All of you see what these bandits have to say,” said Pilgrim. Eight Rules walked up to one of them and gave him a shove, saying, “Bandit, why can’t you move?”

That man, however, was completely oblivious and speechless. “He must be numb and dumb!” said Eight Rules. Chuckling, Pilgrim said, “They have been stopped by the magic of Immobilization of old Monkey.”

“You might have stopped their bodies, but not their mouths,” said Eight Rules. “Why can’t they make even a noise?” Pilgrim said, “Master, please dismount and take a seat. As the proverb says,

There’s erroneous arrest
But no mistaken release.

Brothers, push these bandits over and tie them up. We’ll tell them to confess, to see if they are new thieves or experienced bandits.”

“But we have no ropes!” said Sha Monk. Pilgrim pulled off some hairs and blew his immortal breath on them. At once they changed into some thirty ropes. All the

brothers worked together: they pushed over the bandits and hog-tied them. Then Pilgrim recited the spell of release, and the bandits gradually regained consciousness.

Pilgrim asked the Tang Monk to take a seat above them before the three brothers, each holding his weapon, and shouted at the thieves, "Clumsy thieves, how many of you are there altogether? For how many years have you engaged in this business? How much stuff have you plundered? Have you killed anyone? Is this the first transgression? The second? Or the third?"

"Fathers, please spare our lives," the thieves cried.

"Don't yell!" said Pilgrim. "Make an honest confession."

"Venerable Father," said the thieves, "we are not accustomed to thievery, for we are all sons of good families. Because we are stupid enough to drink, gamble, and sleep with prostitutes, we have completely squandered our inheritances and properties. We have neither abilities nor money for our livelihood. Since we learned that Squire Kou in the prefectural city of Bronze Estrade had vast possessions, we banded together yesterday and went to pillage his household last night, taking advantage of the rain and darkness. We took silver, gold, clothing, and jewels. Just now, we were dividing the loot in the valley north of the road here when we saw you coming. Someone among us recognized that you were those priests whom Squire Kou sent off, and we thought that you must have great possessions also.

When we saw, moreover, how heavy the luggage was and how swiftly the white horse trotted, we grew so greedy that we were going to try to hold you up. We didn't know that Venerable Father had such tremendous magic power to imprison us. We beg you to be merciful. Please take away the things we stole, but spare our lives." When Tripitaka heard that the Kou family had been robbed, he was so taken aback that he stood up immediately. "Wukong," he said, "the old Squire Kou is so kind and virtuous. How could he bring on himself such a terrible calamity?"

"All because of his desire to see us on our way," replied Pilgrim, chuckling. "Those color drapes and floral banners, that extravagant display of drums and music, all attracted people's attention. That's why these scoundrels moved against his house. It's fortunate that they ran into us, so that we could rob them of this great amount of silver and gold, clothing and jewelery."

"Since we have bothered the Kous for half a month but have nothing to repay their great kindness with," said Tripitaka, "we should take these belongings back to their house. Wouldn't that be a good deed?" Pilgrim agreed. With Eight Rules and Sha Monk, he went to the mountain valley and, having packed up the stolen goods, put them on the horse. Eight Rules was asked to tote another load of gold and silver, while Sha Monk toted their own luggage. Pilgrim would have liked to slaughter all those bandits with one blow of his rod, but fearing that the Tang Monk would blame him for taking human lives, he had no choice but to shake his body once to retrieve his hairs. With their hands and legs freed, those bandits scrambled up and fled for their lives. Our Tang Monk then retraced his steps to escort the stolen property back to the squire. This act of his, however, was like a moth darting into fire, a self-induced disaster! We have a testimonial poem for him, which says:

Kindness repaying kindness is a rarity,
For kindness can change into enmity.
To save the drowning you may go amiss.
Think thrice before acting, you'll live in bliss.

As Tripitaka and his disciples proceeded to take back the stolen goods, they suddenly caught sight of a forest of swords and spears approaching them. Greatly alarmed, Tripitaka said, "Disciples, look at those weapons coming at us! What do they mean?"

"Disaster's here! Disaster's here!"

Eight Rules said. "These must be the bandits we let go. They have taken up arms and banded together with more people so that they could return to contend with us."

"Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "they do not look like bandits. Big Brother, take a careful look."

"The evil star has descended once more on Master," whispered Pilgrim to Sha Monk. "These are government troops out to catch bandits."

Hardly had he finished speaking when the soldiers rushed up to them and had master and disciples completely surrounded.

"Dear monks!" they cried. "After you've robbed and plundered, you are still swaggering around here!"

They surged forward and yanked the Tang Monk off the horse. He was immediately tied up with ropes, after which Pilgrim and his two companions were also bound and hog-tied. Poles were inserted through the loops so that two soldiers could carry one prisoner on their shoulders. As the entire troop went back to the prefectural city, hauling the luggage and herding the horse, this was the condition of the pilgrims:

Tripitaka Tang
Shook all over,
Speechless and shedding tears;
Zhu Eight Rules
Mumbled and grumbled,
His feelings grievous and sour;
the Monk,
Muttered and murmured,
Uncertain what to do;
Pilgrim Sun
Giggled and tittered,
About to show his power.

In a little while, the throng of government troops hauled their prisoners and recovered booty back into the city. They then proceeded to the yellow hall to make this report:

"Venerable Father, the recruits have captured the bandits." Sitting solemnly in the hall, the magistrate first rewarded his troops. Then he examined the recovered property before he sent for members of the Kou family to take it back. Finally, he ordered Tripitaka and his companions brought before the hall for interrogation.

"You priests," he said, "you claim that you have come from the distant Land of the East and that you are on your way to the Western Heaven to worship Buddha. Actually, however, you are thieves who resort to clever devices to get to know the layout of a place in order to plunder and pillage!"

"Your Excellency, allow me to speak," said Tripitaka. "This humble cleric is in truth not a thief. This is no lie, for I have with me a travel rescript which you may look

at. All this came about because of our regard for the great kindness of Squire Kou, who fed us for half a month. When we ran into the bandits on our way who had robbed the squire's household, we took the stolen property and were about to return it to the Kou family as a gesture of our gratitude. Little did we expect that the soldiers would arrest us, thinking that we were the thieves. Truly we are not thieves, and I beg Your Excellency to exercise careful discernment."

"Now that you are caught by government troops," said the magistrate, "you resort to this clever talk of your gesture of gratitude. If you met the bandits on the way, why didn't you seize them also, so that you could report to the proper official and repay the squire's kindness? Why were there only four of you? Look! This is the plaint filed by Kou Liang, who named you specifically as the accused.

You still dare to struggle?" When he heard these words, Tripitaka was scared out of his wits, like someone on a boat in a boiling sea. "Wukong," he cried, "why don't you come up here to defend us?"

"The booty is real," replied Pilgrim. "What's the use of defense?"

"Exactly!" said the magistrate. "With such evidence before you, you still dare to deny the charge?"

He said to his subordinates, "Bring the head clamp. We'll give this thief's bald head a taste of the clamp before we flog him."

Terribly flustered, Pilgrim thought to himself, "Though my master is fated to meet this ordeal, he should not be allowed to suffer too much." When he saw, therefore, that the bailiffs were preparing the ropes to make the head clamp, he said, "Your Excellency, please don't clamp that monk. During the robbery of the Kou home last night, it was I who held the light and the knife, and it was I who robbed and murdered. I'm the chieftain of the thieves. If you want flogging, flog me. They have nothing to do with this. Just don't release me." On hearing this, the magistrate gave the order:

"Let's clamp the head of this one first."

Together the bailiffs looped the head clamp onto Pilgrim. When they suddenly tightened the rope, it snapped with a loud crack. They joined the rope and clamped again, and once more it snapped with a loud crack. After three or four times of clamping like this, the skin on Pilgrim's head did not even show a wrinkle. When they wanted to change ropes and make another clamp, someone came in to report, "Venerable Father, Father Junior Guardian Chen from the capital has arrived. Please go out of the city to meet him."

The magistrate immediately gave this order to the clerk of justice:

"Take the thieves into the jail and guard them carefully. Wait until I have received my superior. We'll interrogate them some more."

The clerk pushed the Tang Monk and his three disciples into the jailhouse. Eight Rules and Sha Monk, however, had to carry their own luggage in. "Disciples," said Tripitaka, "how did this thing come to be?"

"Master, get in! Get in!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "There are no dogs barking here. It's rather good fun!"

Alas! The four of them were taken inside and they were all pushed onto the rack. Then belly compressors, head prongs, and chest straps were fastened to each of them. The prison guards then arrived and began a severe flogging. Hardly able to endure the

pain, Tripitaka could only cry, “Wukong, what shall we do? What shall we do?” Pilgrim said, “They want to beat some money out of us! As the saying goes,

Settle down if you a nice place find;
Spend money when you’re in a bind.

They’ll probably ease up on us if we give them some money.”

“Where do I have any money?” asked Tripitaka.

“If we have no money,” said Pilgrim, “even clothing is all right. Give him that cassock of yours.” On hearing this, Tripitaka felt as if a dagger had stabbed his heart. Since, however, he could not endure the flogging any longer, he had little choice but to say, “Wukong, do as you wish.” Immediately Pilgrim cried out, “Officers, no need for you to beat us anymore. Inside of one of those two wraps we carried in, there is a brocade cassock worth a thousand gold. Untie the wrap and take it. Please leave us.” When those prison guards heard this, they all went to untie the two wraps. There were indeed several cloth garments and a satchel, which were of no value at all. Then they came upon an object wrapped in several layers of oiled paper, with shafts of luminous radiance coming through. They knew it had to be a good thing. When they shook it loose to examine it, they saw a garment of

Bright, wonderful pearl appliques,
Sequins of rare Buddhist treasures;
With coiled-dragon knots of brocade,
And silk pipings of phoenix made.

As they fought to have a look at such a marvel, they disturbed the prison warden, who came to say, “Why are you all making such noises here?”

Going to their knees, the guards said, “Just now the old sire indicted these four priests, who all belonged to a large group of bandits.

When we gave them a little flogging, they offered us these two wraps. We found this object after we untied the wraps, and we didn’t know what to do with it. To tear up the robe and divide it would be a great pity, but if only one of us owned it, the others would receive no benefit. Fortunately the old sire has come along. We’ll leave it up to you to decide for us.”

The warden recognized that it was a cassock. He then examined the other items of clothing and the satchel. Next, he unfolded the travel rescript to have a look. When he saw the signatures and treasure seals of various nations, he said, “I’m glad I saw this in time! Otherwise you people might have brought a terrible disaster on yourselves. These monks are no bandits. Don’t you dare touch their clothing! Wait till the grand sire interrogates them tomorrow, and we’ll probably learn the real truth.” When the guards heard this, they handed the wraps over to him. The warden tied them up as before and put them away for safe-keeping.

Gradually the night deepened; the drum-roll began on the towers as the night patrol shouted the watches. By about the third quarter of the fourth watch, Pilgrim saw that his companions had stopped moaning and had all fallen asleep. He thought to himself, “It was fated that Master should have this one night of prison ordeal. That’s the reason why old Monkey did not bother to dispute the judge or use magic power. Now that the fourth watch is almost over and the calamity is nearly completed, I must leave to make some plans so that we can get out of prison in the morning.” Look at the way he exercises his abilities! Reducing the size of his body, he at once got out of the rack and,

with one shake, changed into a midge to fly out through a crack between the roof tiles. It was a fair and quiet night of stars and a bright moon in the sky. Having determined the direction of the Kou house, he flew toward it. Soon he saw the bright flares of light coming from a house to the west.

When he flew near it to look more closely, he discovered that it belonged to a family of bean-curd makers. An old man was tending fire, while his aged wife was squeezing out the soybean milk.

Presently he heard the old man say, "Mother, Mr. Kou might have sons and wealth, but he had no age. He was, you know, a schoolmate of mine when we were young. I am five years his senior. His father's name was Kou Ming, and at that time, they had no more than a thousand acres of farmland, which they had leased out, but they couldn't even collect the proper rental. By the time the son was twenty years old, the father died and it was up to him to manage their property. It was a stroke of luck that he took for his wife the daughter of Zhang Wang (Prosperity). Her nickname was Needle-Pusher, but she certainly brought prosperity to her husband. Since her entrance into his family, their lands yielded rich harvests and their rentals excellent returns. What they bought accrued value and what they sold made profits. Their assets by now must be worth a hundred thousand cash. When he reached his fortieth year, he began to devote himself to good deeds and managed to feed ten thousand monks. Who would have thought that he would be kicked to death by bandits last night! How pitiable! He was only sixty-four years old and had reached just the right age to enjoy himself. Who would expect a person of such virtuous inclination to be rewarded by such a violent death? It's most lamentable! Most lamentable!"

Every word of this statement was heard by Pilgrim.

By then it was the first quarter of the fifth watch, and Pilgrim flew right into the house of the Kou family. The squire's coffin had been placed in the main hall so that the family could hold a wake over the dead man. Lamps were lit at the head of the coffin, flowers and fruit arranged around it. On one side his weeping wife kept vigil, and his two sons also were kneeling there and weeping. Two of his daughters-in-law were bringing in two bowls of rice for offering.

Pilgrim landed on the head of the coffin and gave a cough. The two daughters-in-law were so terrified that they ran outside, their arms and legs flailing the air. Prostrating themselves on the floor, the Kou brothers dared not move at all. All they could mutter was, "Father! Looooo! Loooo! . . ."

The old woman, however, was courageous enough to give the head of the coffin a tap and said, "Old Squire, have you come back to life?" Imitating the voice of the squire, Pilgrim replied, "No, I haven't!" More frightened than ever, the two sons continued to kowtow and shed tears. All they could mutter was, "Father! Looo! Looo! . . ."

Forcing herself to be bold, the woman asked again, "Squire, if you haven't come back to life, why are you speaking?"

"I have been sent back by King Yama in the custody of a ghost guardian," said Pilgrim, "so that I can speak to all of you. I am supposed to tell you that Needle-Pusher Zhang has used her foul mouth and slanderous tongue to injure the innocent." When the old woman heard her own nickname, she became so flustered that she fell to her knees and kowtowed, saying, "Dear old man! You're so old already, and you still want to address me by my nickname! What do you mean by my foul mouth and slanderous

tongue? Which innocent person have I injured?" Pilgrim bellowed, "Didn't you say something like this?

Eight Rules cried for slaughter;
The Tang Monk held the fire.
Sha Monk removed our silver and gold
While Pilgrim Sun beat to death our sire.

Because of your slanderous words, good people have been made to suffer. Those four masters of the Tang court, when they ran into the brigands on the road, took back our stolen property. They wanted to return that to us as a token of their gratitude. What an expression of goodwill! You, however, drew up this specious plaint and asked your sons to file it with the official. Without carefully examining the case either, he sent them to prison. Now the god of the jailhouse, the local spirit, and the city deity are all so overwrought that they have reported the matter to King Yama. He in turn sent his ghost guardian to take me back home to tell you this: that you should work for the monks' release at once. Otherwise, I have been authorized to cause trouble for a solid month here in the house. The entire household, old and young, including chickens and dogs, will not be spared!"

Again kowtowing, the Kou brothers pleaded with him, saying, "Daddy, please go back. Please don't ever harm the old and the young of this house. We will hasten to the prefecture in the morning and file a petition for release and make our confession. All we want is peace for both the living and the deceased." On hearing this, Pilgrim cried, "Burn paper money! I'm going!"

The whole family gathered at once to burn paper money.

With outstretched wings Pilgrim flew up and soared straight to the magistrate's house. As he looked down, he perceived light, for the magistrate had already risen. When he flew into the central hall to look around, he saw a painting hanging in the middle, the subject of which was an official riding a horse with black spots. Behind him were several attendants, one carrying a blue umbrella and another an armchair. Pilgrim, of course, could not tell what was the story behind the painting, but he flew up to it and sett led in the middle of the scroll. Presently the magistrate emerged from his room and bent low to wash his face.

Suddenly Pilgrim made a loud cough, so scaring the magistrate that he dashed back into his room. After finishing his washing and combing his hair, he donned a long coat and came out once more to burn incense before the painting and intone this petition:

"To the divine tablet of my deceased uncle, Duke Jiang Qianyi. Blessed by ancestral virtue, your filial nephew, Jiang Kunsan, succeeded in passing the second and third degrees. He is now favored with the appointment to the magistrate of the Bronze Estrade Prefecture. To you we have offered night and day without ceasing incense and fires. Why, therefore, do you make a sound this day? I beg you not to work the work of a monster or evil spirit, lest the family members be terrified."

Chuckling secretly to himself, Pilgrim said, "So, this is the picture of his father's elder brother!"

He made use of the opportunity, however, to say to the magistrate, "Kunsan, my worthy nephew, you have honored your ancestral inheritance by ever being a clean and upright official. How could you, therefore, be so foolish yesterday as to have regarded

four sage monks as bandits? Without making a thorough investigation, you sent them to jail. Now the god of the jailhouse, the local spirit, and the city deity are highly disturbed. They have reported the matter to King Yama, who sent me in the custody of a ghost guardian to inform you that you should examine every aspect of the case and quickly release them. If you don't do this, you will be asked to go and answer for yourself in the Region of Darkness."

Alarmed by what he heard, the magistrate said, "Let my uncle withdraw his presence. When your humble nephew ascends the hall, he will immediately release them."

"In that case," said Pilgrim, "go burn paper money. I'll go back to report to King Yama."

The magistrate thus added incense and burned paper money to offer his thanks.

Pilgrim flew out of the hall, and he found that it was beginning to grow light in the east. By the time he reached the Numinous Earth District, he saw that the district magistrate had already seated himself in the official hall. "If a midge speaks," thought Pilgrim to himself, "and someone sees it, my identity may be revealed. That's no good."

He changed, therefore, into the huge magic body: from midair he lowered a giant leg, which completely filled the district hall. "Hear me, you officials," he cried, "I'm the Wandering Spirit sent by the Jade Emperor. I charge you that a son of Buddha has been wrongfully beaten in the jail of your prefecture, thus greatly disturbing the peace of the deities in the Three Regions. I am told to impart this message to you, that you should give him an early release. If there is any delay, my other leg will descend. It will first kick to death all the district officials of this prefecture. Then it will stamp to death the entire population of the region. Your cities finally will be trodden into dust and ashes!"

All the officials of the district were so terrified that they knelt down together to kowtow and worship, saying, "Let the noble sage withdraw his presence. We will go into the prefecture at once and report this to the magistrate. The prisoner will be released immediately. We beg you not to move your leg, for it will frighten these humble officials to death." Only then did Pilgrim retrieve his magic body. Changing once more into a midge, he flew back inside the jail through the crack between the roof tiles and crawled back to sleep in the rack.

We now tell you about the magistrate, who went up to the hall. No sooner had he displayed the placard announcing his readiness to hear a case than the Kou brothers took it in one of their bosoms and cried aloud on bended knees. The magistrate summoned them inside, where they submitted their petition for release. When the magistrate saw it, he grew angry and said, "It was only yesterday that you filed a complaint of loss. We caught the thieves for you and the stolen property was returned to you. Why did you come today to submit petition for release?" Shedding tears, the two of them said, "Venerable Father, the spirit of your humble subjects' father manifested itself last night to say to us, 'The sage monks from the Tang court were the ones who had originally captured the bandits. It was they who recovered our possessions and released the bandits. Out of goodwill they decided to send back in person the stolen goods in order to repay our hospitality. How could you turn them into thieves and send them to jail to suffer? So overwrought were the local spirit and the city deity that they reported the matter to King Yama. King Yama told me to come in the custody of a ghost guardian to tell you to file another petition with the prefecture for the release of the Tang Monk.

Only that will avert further disasters. If you don't do this, both the old and the young of the family will perish.' For this reason, we have come to submit our petition for release. We beg the Venerable Father to grant us our request." When the magistrate heard this, he thought to himself, "Their father happens to be a corpse that's still warm. A newly departed showing itself is not an unusual phenomenon. But my uncle has been dead five or six years. Why did he too show his spirit last night and ask me to release the prisoners? Hmmm . . . ! They must be wrongfully accused."

As he deliberated with himself, the district magistrate of the Numinous Earth District came running up the hall, yelling, "Your Honor! It's bad! It's bad! Just now the Jade Emperor sent the Wandering Spirit down here to order you to release quickly some good people from prison. Those monks you caught yesterday were not bandits. They are all sons of Buddha on their way to acquire scriptures. If there is any further delay, all of us officials will be kicked to death. Our cities, including the entire population, will be trodden to dust and ashes." Paling with fright, the magistrate at once commanded the clerk of justice to issue a placard for the prisoners to be brought out. When this was done immediately, Eight Rules said sadly, "I wonder what sort of beating they'll give us today!" With a laugh, Pilgrim said, "I promise that you won't receive a single stroke. Old Monkey has sett led everything. When you go up to the hall, don't you kneel, for he will step down to ask us to take the seats of honor. Let me d emand from him the return of our horse and luggage. If anything is missing, I'll beat him up for you to see." Just as they finished speaking, they arrived at the entrance to the hall. The magistrate, the district magistrate, and the officials of the prefecture and district all descended the hall to meet them, saying, "When the sage monks arrived yesterday, we did not manage to question you carefully, partly because of the urgent necessity to go meet our superiors, and partly because we were distracted by the sight of the stolen booty." Pressing his palms together in front of him and bowing, the Tang Monk gave another thorough account of what had happened. The various officials all confessed, saying, "We've made a mistake! We've made a mistake! Please do not blame us! Please do not blame us!"

Then they asked the Tang Monk whether he had lost anything in jail. Pilgrim now walked forward, glowering, and declared in a loud voice, "Our white horse was taken away by someone in this hall. Our luggage was snatched by the people in jail. Return them to us quickly! It's our turn today to interrogate you all. You have wrongly seized common folks and accused them of thievery! What sort of crime should you be charged with?" When the officials saw how violent he had become, there was not a single one of them that was not scared. They immediately told those who had taken the horse to bring it back, and those who had taken the luggage to return it. Even after all these items were turned over piece by piece, the three disciples continued to display their pique. Look at them! The various officials could only use the Kou family as their excuse.

Trying to be the peacemaker, the Tang Monk said, "Disciples, we won't get to the bottom of this here. Let's go to the Kou household. There we can confront and interrogate any witness. Let's find out who it was who saw me as a robber."

"You are right," said Pilgrim. "Let old Monkey call up the dead and ask him to identify his murderer." Sha Monk at once helped the Tang Monk to mount the horse right there in the prefectural hall. In a body, they rushed out, shouting and bellowing. The various officials of the prefecture and the district all went to the Kou house also.

Kou Liang and his brother were so terrified that they went to their front door and kowtowed without ceasing. When the visitors were received into the living room, they could see that inside the mourning parlor members of the family were still weeping behind the funeral drapes.

Pilgrim called out:

"That old woman who used slander to injure common people, stop crying! Let old Monkey summon your husband here. Let him tell us who the real person was who slew him. That ought to put a little shame in you!"

Those officials thought that Pilgrim Sun was only jesting, but he said to them, "Sirs, please keep my master company by sitting here for a moment. Eight Rules, Sha Monk, take care to stand guard. I'll be back soon."

Dear Great Sage! He vaulted through the door and rose immediately into the air. All that the people could see were

Colored mists every where shrouding the house;
The sky's hallowed air shielding primal spirit.

When they finally realized that this was an immortal who could mount the clouds and ride the fog, a sage who could bring life out of death, they all burned incense to worship. There we shall leave them for the moment.

With a series of cloud somersaults, that Great Sage went to the Region Below and crashed right into the Hall of Darkness. So startled were they that

Ten Yama Kings, hands joined, saluted him;
Five Quarters ghost judges kowtowed to him.
Sword-trees, a thousand stalks, were all askew;
Dagger-hills, ten thousandfold, were all made plain.
Goblins were saved in the Wrongful- Dead City;
Ghosts were redeemed by the No- Option Bridge.
Truly like Heaven's reprieve was one beam of divine light:
The whole Region of Darkness now turned bright.

The Ten Yama Kings received the Great Sage; after having exchanged greetings, they asked the reason for his visit.

Pilgrim said, "Which one of you took away the soul of Kou Hong, the person who fed the monks in the Numinous Earth District of the Bronze Estrade Prefecture? Find out instantly and bring him to me."

"Kou Hong is a virtuous person," said the Ten Yama Kings. "We did not have to use a ghost guardian to summon him. He came by himself, but when the Golden-Robed Youth of King Kṣitigarbha met him, he led him to see the king." Pilgrim at once took leave of them to head for the Jade Cloud Palace, where he greeted the Bodhisattva King Kṣitigarbha and gave a thorough account of what took place.

In delight the Bodhisattva said, "It was foreordained that Kou Hong should leave the world without touching a bed or a mat when his allotted age reached its end. Because he had been a person of virtue who fed the monks, I took him in and made him the secretary in charge of the records of good karma. Since the Great Sage has come to ask for him, I shall lengthen his age by another dozen years.

He may leave with you."

The Golden-Robed Youth led out Kou Hong, who, on seeing Pilgrim, cried out, "Master! Master! Save me!"

"You were kicked to death by a robber," said Pilgrim. "This is the place of the Bodhisattva King Kṣitigarbha in the Region of Darkness. Old Monkey has come especially to take you back to the world of light so that you may give your testimony. The Bodhisattva is kind enough to release you and lengthen your age for another dozen years. Thereafter you'll return here."

The squire bowed again and again.

Having thanked the Bodhisattva, Pilgrim changed the soul of the squire into ether by blowing on him. The ether was stored in his sleeve so that they could leave the house of darkness and go back to the world of light together. Astride the clouds, he soon arrived at the Kou house. Eight Rules was told to pry open the lid of the coffin, and the soul of the squire was pushed into his body. In a moment, he began to breathe once more and revived. Scrambling out of the coffin, the squire kowtowed to the Tang Monk and his three disciples, saying, "Masters! Masters! Having suffered a violent death, I am much obliged for this master's arrival at the Region of Darkness and returning me to life. His is the kindness of a new creation!"

After thanking them repeatedly, he turned and saw all the officials standing there. Touching his head to the ground once more, he asked, "Why are all the Venerable Fathers in the house?"

"Your sons at first filed a complaint of loss," replied the magistrate, "which accused the sage monks by name. I sent people to arrest them, not realizing that the sage monks on their journey had run into those bandits who murdered you and robbed your house. They took back your possessions and were about to send them back to your home in person. My subordinates arrested them by mistake, and I sent them to jail without careful examination. Last night your soul made an appearance, and my deceased uncle also revealed himself at our home. The Wandering Spirit, too, made a descent into the district. All these epiphanies at one time led us to release the sage monks, after which that particular one went to bring you back to life." Remaining on his knees, the squire said, "Venerable Father, you have truly wronged these four sage monks. There were some thirty bandits that night who broke into our house with torches and rods. When they took away our belongings, I couldn't bear it and tried to reason with the thieves. One of them killed me with a kick at my lower parts. These four had absolutely nothing to do with the crime!"

Then he summoned his wife and sons into his presence to say, "Didn't you know who kicked me to death? How dare you file false charges? I'm going to ask the Venerable Father to convict you."

All the family members, old and young, could only kowtow at that time, but the magistrate was magnanimous enough to pardon all of them. Kou Hong then ordered a banquet to thank this great kindness of the prefecture and the district, but each of the officials returned to his official residence without lingering. The next day the squire once more displayed his plaque announcing his desire to feed monks and wanted to entertain Tripitaka some more. Tripitaka, however, steadfastly refused to stay, whereupon the squire invited his relatives and friends and prepared banners and canopies to send off the pilgrims as he had done before. Lo! Truly

The wide earth may harbor vicious affairs,
But high Heaven will a good man vindicate.

Footloose they're safe on Tathāgata's way,
Certain to reach Mount Spirit's paradise gate.

We do not know what will become of them when they see Buddha; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-EIGHT

Only when ape and horse are tamed will shells be cast
With merit and work perfected, they see the Real

Since Squire Kou was able to return to life, he again prepared banners and canopies, drums and music, and invited relatives and friends, Buddhists and Daoists, to escort the pilgrims on their way. We shall now leave them and tell you instead about the Tang Monk and his three disciples, who set out on the main road.

In truth the land of Buddha in the West was quite different from other regions. What they saw everywhere were gemlike flowers and jasperlike grasses, aged cypresses and hoary pines. In the regions they passed through, every family was devoted to good works, and every household would feed the monks.

They met people in cultivation beneath the hills
And saw travelers reciting sūtras in the woods.

Resting at night and journeying at dawn, master and disciples proceeded for some six or seven days when they suddenly caught sight of a row of tall buildings and noble lofts. Truly

They soar skyward one hundred feet,
Tall and towering in the air.
You look down to see the setting sun
And reach out to pluck the shooting stars.
Spacious windows engulf the universe;
Lofty pillars join with the cloudy screens.
Yellow cranes bring letters as autumn trees age;
Phoenix-sheets come with the cool evening breeze.
These are the treasure arches of a spirit palace,
The pearly courts and jeweled edifices,
The immortal hall where the Way is preached,
The cosmos where sūtras are taught.
The flowers bloom in the spring;
Pines grow green after the rain.
Purple agaric and divine fruits, fresh every year.
Phoenixes gambol, potent in every manner.

Lifting his whip to point ahead, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, what a lovely place!"

"Master," said Pilgrim, "you insisted on bowing down even in a specious region, before false images of Buddha. Today you have arrived at a true region with real images of Buddha, and you still haven't dismounted. What's your excuse?" So taken aback was Tripitaka when he heard these words that he leaped down from the horse. Soon they arrived at the entrance to the buildings. A Daoist lad, standing before the gate, called out, "Are you the scripture seeker from the Land of the East?"

Hurriedly tidying his clothes, the elder raised his head and looked at his interrogator.

He wore a robe of silk

And held a jade duster.
He wore a robe of silk
Often to feast at treasure lofts and jasper pools;
He held a jade yak's-tail
To wave and dust in the purple mansions.
From his arm hangs a sacred register,
And his feet are shod in sandals.
He floats—a true feathered-one;
He's winsome—indeed uncanny!
Long life attained, he lives in this fine place;
Immortal, he can leave the world of dust.
The sage monk knows not our Mount Spirit guest:
The Immortal Golden Head of former years.

The Great Sage, however, recognized the person. "Master," he cried, "this is the Great Immortal of the Golden Head, who resides in the Jade Perfection Daoist Abbey at the foot of the Spirit Mountain." Only then did Tripitaka realize the truth, and he walked forward to make his bow. With laughter, the great immortal said, "So the sage monk has finally arrived this year. I have been deceived by the Bodhisattva Guanyin. When she received the gold decree from Buddha over ten years ago to find a scripture seeker in the Land of the East, she told me that he would be here after two or three years.

I waited year after year for you, but no news came at all. Hardly have I anticipated that I would meet you this year!" Pressing his palms together, Tripitaka said, "I'm greatly indebted to the great immortal's kindness. Thank you! Thank you!"

The four pilgrims, leading the horse and toting the luggage, all went inside the temple before each of them greeted the great immortal once more. Tea and a vegetarian meal were ordered. The immortal also asked the lads to heat some scented liquid for the sage monk to bathe, so that he could ascend the land of Buddha. Truly,

good to bathe when merit and work are done,
When nature's tamed and the natural state is won.
All toils and labors are now at rest;
Law and obedience have renewed their zest.
At māra's end they reach indeed Buddha-land;
Their woes dispelled, before Śramaṇa they stand.
Unstained, they are washed of all filth and dust.
To a diamond body return they must.

After master and disciples had bathed, it became late and they rested in the Jade Perfection Abbey.

The next morning the Tang Monk changed his clothing and put on his brocade cassock and his Vairocana hat. Holding the priestly staff, he ascended the main hall to take leave of the great immortal. "Yesterday you seemed rather dowdy," said the great immortal, chuckling, "but today everything is fresh and bright. As I look at you now, you are a true of son of Buddha!"

After a bow, Tripitaka wanted to set out at once.

"Wait a moment," said the great immortal. "Allow me to escort you."

"There's no need for that," said Pilgrim. "Old Monkey knows the way."

"What you know happens to be the way in the clouds," said the great immortal, "a means of travel to which the sage monk has not yet been elevated. You must still stick to the main road."

"What you say is quite right," replied Pilgrim. "Though old Monkey has been to this place several times, he has always come and gone on the clouds and he has never stepped on the ground. If we must stick to the main road, we must trouble you to escort us a distance. My master's most eager to bow to Buddha. Let's not dally." Smiling broadly, the great immortal held the Tang Monk's hand

To lead Candana up the gate of Law.

The way that they had to go, you see, did not lead back to the front gate. Instead, they had to go through the central hall of the temple to go out the rear door. Immediately behind the abbey, in fact, was the Spirit Mountain, to which the great immortal pointed and said, "Sage Monk, look at the spot halfway up the sky, shrouded by auspicious luminosity of five colors and a thousand folds of hallowed mists. That's the tall Spirit Vulture Peak, the holy region of the Buddhist Patriarch."

The moment the Tang Monk saw it, he began to bend low. With a chuckle, Pilgrim said, "Master, you haven't reached that place where you should bow down. As the proverb says, 'Even within sight of a mountain you can ride a horse to death!' You are still quite far from that principality. Why do you want to bow down now? How many times does your head need to touch the ground if you kowtow all the way to the summit?"

"Sage Monk," said the great immortal, "you, along with the Great Sage, Heavenly Reeds, and Curtain-Raising, have arrived at the blessed land when you can see Mount Spirit. I'm going back."

Thereupon Tripitaka bowed to take leave of him.

The Great Sage led the Tang Monk and his disciples slowly up the mountain. They had not gone for more than five or six miles when they came upon a torrent of water, eight or nine miles wide. There was no trace of human activity all around. Alarmed by the sight, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, this must be the wrong way! Could the great immortal have made a mistake? Look how wide and swift this river is! Without a boat, how could we get across?"

"There's no mistake!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "Look over there! Isn't that a large bridge? You have to walk across that bridge before you can perfect the right fruit."

The elder walked up to the bridge and saw beside it a tablet, on which was the inscription "Cloud-Transcending Ferry."

The bridge was actually a single log. Truly

Afar off, it's like a jade beam in the sky;
Near, a dried stump that o'er the water lies.
To bind up oceans it would easier seem.
How could one cross a single log or beam
Shrouded by rainbows often thousand feet,
By a thousand layers of silk-white sheet?
Too slipp'ry and small for all to cross its spread
Except those who on colored mists can tread.

Quivering all over, Tripitaka said, "Wukong, this bridge is not for human beings to cross. Let's find some other way."

"This *is* the way! This *is* the way!" said Pilgrim, laughing.

"If this is the way," said Eight Rules, horrified, "who dares walk on it? The water's so wide and rough. There's only a single log here, and it's so narrow and slippery. How could I move my legs?"

"Stand still, all of you," said Pilgrim. "Let old Monkey take a walk for you to see."

Dear Great Sage! In big strides he bounded on to the single-log bridge. Swaying from side to side, he ran across it in no time at all. On the other side he shouted:

"Come across! Come across!"

The Tang Monk waved his hands, while Eight Rules and Sha Monk bit their fingers, all crying, "Hard! Hard! Hard!" Pilgrim dashed back from the other side and pulled at Eight Rules, saying, "Idiot! Follow me! Follow me!" Lying flat on the ground, Eight Rules said, "It's much too slippery! Much too slippery! Let me go, please! Let me mount the wind and fog to get over there." Pushing him down, Pilgrim said, "What sort of a place do you think this is that you are permitted to mount wind and fog? Unless you walk across this bridge, you'll never become a Buddha."

"O Elder Brother!" said Eight Rules. "It's okay with me if I don't become a Buddha. But I'm not going on that bridge!" Right beside the bridge, the two of them started a tug-of-war. Only Sha Monk's admonitions managed to separate them. Tripitaka happened to turn his head, and he suddenly caught sight of someone punting a boat upstream toward the ferry and crying, "Ahoy! Ahoy!"

Highly pleased, the elder said, "Disciples, stop your frivolity! There's a boat coming."

The three of them leaped up and stood still to stare at the boat. When it drew near, they found that it was a small bottomless one.

With his fiery eyes and diamond pupils, Pilgrim at once recognized that the ferryman was in fact the Conductor Buddha, also named the Light of Ratnadhvaja. Without revealing the Buddha's identity, however, Pilgrim simply said, "Over here! Punt it this way!" Immediately the boatman punted it up to the shore. "Ahoy! Ahoy!" he cried. Terrified by what he saw, Tripitaka said, "How could this bottom-less boat of yours carry anybody?"

The Buddhist Patriarch said, "This boat of mine

Since creation's dawn has achieved great fame;
Punted by me, it has e'er been the same.
Upon the wind and wave it's still secure:
With no end or beginning its joy is sure.
It can return to One, completely clean,
Through ten thousand kalpas a sail serene.
Though bottomless boats may ne'er cross the sea,
This ferries all souls through eternity."

Pressing his palms together to thank him, the Great Sage Sun said, "I thank you for your great kindness in coming to receive and lead my master. Master, get on the

boat. Though it is bottomless, it is safe. Even if there are wind and waves, it will not capsize."

The elder still hesistated, but Pilgrim took him by the shoulder and gave him a shove. With nothing to stand on, that master tumbled straight into the water, but the boatman swiftly pulled him out. As he stood on the side of the boat, the master kept shaking out his clothes and stamping his feet as he grumbled at Pilgrim. Pilgrim, however, helped Sha Monk and Eight Rules to lead the horse and tote the luggage into the boat. As they all stood on the gunwale, the Buddhist Patriarch gently punted the vessel away from shore. All at once they saw a corpse floating down upstream, the sight of which filled the elder with terror.

"Don't be afraid, Master," said Pilgrim, laughing. "It's actually you!"

"It's you! It's you!" said Eight Rules also.

Clapping his hands, Sha Monk also said, "It's you! It's you!"

Adding his voice to the chorus, the boatman also said, "That's you! Congratulations! Congratulations!"

Then the three disciples repeated this chanting in unison as the boat was punted across the water. In no time at all, they crossed the Divine Cloud-Transcending Ferry all safe and sound. Only then did Tripitaka turn and skip lightly onto the other shore. We have here a testimonial poem, which says:

Delivered from their mortal flesh and bone,
A primal spirit of mutual love has grown.
Their work done, they become Buddhas this day,
Free of their former six-six senses' sway.

Truly this is what is meant by the profound wisdom and the boundless dharma that enable a person to reach the other shore.

The moment the four pilgrims went ashore and turned around, the boatman and even the bottomless boat had disappeared. Only then did Pilgrim point out that it was the Conductor Buddha, and immediately Tripitaka awoke to the truth. Turning quickly, he thanked his three disciples instead.

Pilgrim said, "We two parties need not thank each other, for we are meant to support each other. We are indebted to our master for our liberation, through which we have found the gateway to merit making, and fortunately we have achieved the right fruit. Our master also has to rely on our protection so that he may be firm in keeping both law and faith to find the happy deliverance from this mortal stock. Master, look at this superb scenery of flowers and grass, pines and bamboos, phoenixes, cranes, and deer. Compared with those places of illusory transformation by monsters and deviates, which ones do you think are pleasant and which ones bad? Which ones are good and which evil?"

Tripitaka expressed his thanks repeatedly as every one of them with lightness and agility walked up the Spirit Mountain. Soon this was the aged Thunderclap Monastery which came into view:

Its top touches the firmament;
Its root joins the Sumeru range.
Wondrous peaks in rows;
Strange boulders rugged.

Beneath the cliffs, jade-grass and jasper-flowers;
By the path, purple agaric and scented orchid.
Divine apes plucking fruits in the peach orchard
Seem like fire-burnished gold;
White cranes perching on the tips of pine branches
Resemble mist-shrouded jade.
phoenixes in pairs—
Female phoenixes in twos—
Male phoenixes in pairs
Make one call facing the sun to bless the world;
Female phoenixes in twos
Whose radiant dance in the wind is rarely seen.
You see too those mandarin duck tiles of lustrous gold,
And luminous, patterned bricks cornelian-gilt.
In the east
And in the west
Stand rows of scented halls and pearly arches;
To the north
And to the south,
An endless sight of treasure lofts and precious towers.
The Devarāja Hall emits lambent mists;
The Dharma-guarding Hall sends forth purple flames.
The stūpa's clear form;
The Utpala's fragrance.
Truly a fine place similar to Heaven
With lazy clouds to make the day long.
The causes cease, red dust can't come at all:
Safe from all kalpas is this great Dharma Hall.

Footloose and carefree, master and disciples walked to the summit of Mount Spirit, where under a forest of green pines they saw a group of upāsikās and rows of worshippers in the midst of verdant cypresses. Immediately the elder bowed to them, so startling the upāsakas and upāsikās, the monks and the nuns, that they all pressed their palms together, saying, "Sage Monk, you should not render us such homage. Wait till you see Śākyamuni, and then you may come to exchange greetings with us."

"He is *always* in such a hurry!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "Let's go to bow to those seated at the top!"

His arms and legs dancing with excitement, the elder followed Pilgrim straight up to the gate of the Thunderclap Monastery. There they were met by the Four Great Vajra Guardians, who said, "Has the sage monk arrived?"

Bending low, Tripitaka said, "Yes, your disciple Xuanzang has arrived." No sooner had he given this reply than he wanted to go inside. "Please wait a moment, Sage Monk," said the Vajra Guardians. "Allow us to announce your arrival first before you enter." One of the Vajra Guardians was asked to report to the other Four Great Vajra Guardians stationed at the second gate, and one of those porters passed the news of the Tang Monk's arrival to the third gate. Those guarding the third gate happened to be divine monks who served at the great altar. When they heard the news, they quickly went to the Great Hero Hall to announce to Tathāgata, the Most Honored One, also

named Buddha Śākyamuni, "The sage monk from the Tang court has arrived in this treasure monastery. He has come to fetch the scriptures."

Highly pleased, Holy Father Buddha at once asked the Eight Bodhisattvas, the Four Vajra Guardians, the Five Hundred Arhats, the Three Thousand Guardians, the Eleven Great Orbs, and the Eighteen Guardians of Monasteries to form two rows for the reception.

Then he issued the golden decree to summon in the Tang Monk. Again the word was passed from section to section, from gate to gate:

"Let the sage monk enter." Meticulously observing the rules of ritual propriety, our Tang Monk walked through the monastery gate with Wukong, Wuneng, and Wujing, still leading the horse and toting the luggage. Thus it was that

Commissioned that year, a resolve he made
To leave with rescript the royal steps of jade.
The hills he'd climb to face the morning dew
Or rest on a boulder when the twilight fades.
He totes his faith to ford three thousand streams,
His staff trailing o'er endless palisades.
His every thought's bent on seeking right fruit.
Homage to Buddha will this day be paid.

The four pilgrims, on reaching the Great Hero Treasure Hall, prostrated themselves before Tathāgata. Thereafter, they bowed to all the attendants of Buddha on the left and right. This they repeated three times before kneeling again before the Buddhist Patriarch to present their traveling rescript to him. After reading it carefully, Tathāgata handed it back to Tripitaka, who touched his head to the ground once more to say, "By the decree of the Great Tang Emperor in the Land of the East, your disciple Xuanzang has come to this treasure monastery to beg you for the true scriptures for the redemption of the multitude. I implore the Buddhist Patriarch to vouchsafe his grace and grant me my wish, so that I may soon return to my country."

To express the compassion of his heart, Tathāgata opened his mouth of mercy and said to Tripitaka, "Your Land of the East belongs to the South Jambūdvīpa Continent. Because of your size and your fertile land, your prosperity and population, there is a great deal of greed and killing, lust and lying, oppression and deceit. People neither honor the teachings of Buddha nor cultivate virtuous karma; they neither revere the three lights nor respect the five grains. They are disloyal and unfilial, unrighteous and unkind, unscrupulous and self-deceiving. Through all manners of injustice and taking of lives, they have committed boundless transgressions. The fullness of their iniquities therefore has brought on them the ordeal of hell and sent them into eternal darkness and perdition to suffer the pains of pounding and grinding and of being transformed into beasts. Many of them will assume the forms of creatures with fur and horns; in this manner they will repay their debts by having their flesh made for food for mankind. These are the reasons for their eternal perdition in Avīci without deliverance.

"Though Confucius had promoted his teachings of benevolence, righteousness, ritual, and wisdom, and though a succession of kings and emperors had established such penalties as transportation, banishment, hanging, and beheading, these institutions had little effect on the foolish and the blind, the reckless and the antinomian.

"Now, I have here three baskets of scriptures which can deliver humanity from its afflictions and dispel its calamities. There is one basket of vinaya, which speak of

Heaven; a basket of śāstras, which tell of the Earth; and a basket of sūtras, which redeem the damned.

Altogether these three baskets of scriptures contain thirty-five volumes written in fifteen thousand one hundred and forty-four scrolls.

They are truly the pathway to the realization of immortality and the gate to ultimate virtue. Every concern of astronomy, geography, biography, flora and fauna, utensils, and human affairs within the Four Great Continents of this world is recorded therein. Since all of you have traveled such a great distance to come here, I would have liked to give the entire set to you. Unfortunately, the people of your region are both stupid and headstrong. Mocking the true words, they refuse to recognize the profound significance of our teachings of Śramaṇa."

Then Buddha turned to call out:

"Ānanda and Kāśyapa, take the four of them to the space beneath the precious tower. Give them a vegetarian meal first. After the maigre, open our treasure loft for them and select a few scrolls from each of the thirty-five divisions of our three canons, so that they may take them back to the Land of the East as a perpetual token of grace."

The two Honored Ones obeyed and took the four pilgrims to the space beneath the tower, where countless rare dainties and exotic treasures were laid out in a seemingly endless spread. Those deities in charge of offerings and sacrifices began to serve a magnificent feast of divine food, tea, and fruit—viands of a hundred flavors completely different from those of the mortal world. After master and disciples had bowed to give thanks to Buddha, they abandoned themselves to enjoyment. In truth

Treasure flames, gold beams on their eyes have shined;
Strange fragrance and feed even more refined.
Boundlessly fair the tow'r of gold appears;
There's immortal music that clears the ears.
Such divine fare and flower humans rarely see;
Long life's attained through strange food and fragrant tea.
have they endured a thousand forms of pain.
This day in glory the Way they're glad to gain.

This time it was Eight Rules who was in luck and Sha Monk who had the advantage, for what the Buddhist Patriarch had provided for their complete enjoyment was nothing less than such viands as could grant them longevity and health and enable them to transform their mortal substance into immortal flesh and bones.

When the four pilgrims had finished their meal, the two Honored Ones who had kept them company led them up to the treasure loft.

The moment the door was opened, they found the room enveloped in a thousand layers of auspicious air and magic beams, in ten thousand folds of colored fog and hallowed clouds. On the sūtra cases and jeweled chests red labels were attached, on which the volumes of the books were written in clerkly script as follows:[2]

[1] *Nirvāṇa Sūtra, [748] scrolls*

[2] *Ākāśagarbha-bodhisattva-dharmi Sūtra, [400] scrolls*

[3] *Gracious Will Sūtra, Major Collection, [50] scrolls*

2. There are other versions or sequence of this list according to the account of *"Journey to the West".*

[4] *Prajñāpāramitā-saṁkaya gāthā Sūtra, [45] scrolls*

[5] *Homage to Bhūtatathātā Sūtra, [90] scrolls*

[6] *Anakṣara-granthaka-rocana-garbha Sūtra, [300] scrolls*

[7] *Vimalakīrti-nirdeśa Sūtra, [170] scrolls*

[8] *Vajracchedika-prajñāpāramitā Sūtra, [100] scrolls*

[9] *Buddha-carita-kāvya Sūtra, [800] scrolls*

[10] *Bodhisattva-piṭaka Sūtra, [1,021] scrolls*

[11] *Sūraṅgama-samādhi Sūtra, [110] scrolls*

[12] *Arthaviniścaya-dharmaparyāya Sūtra, [140] scrolls*

[13] *Avataṁsaka Sūtra, [500] scrolls*

[14] *Mahāprajñā-pāramitā Sūtra, [916] scrolls*

[15] *Abūta-dharma Sūtra, [1,110] scrolls*

[16] *Other Mādhyamika Sūtra, [270] scrolls*

[17] *Kāśyapa-parivarta Sūtra, [120] scrolls*

[18] *Pañca-nāga Sūtra, [32] scrolls*

[19] *Bodhisattva-caryā-nirdeśa Sūtra, [116] scrolls*

[20] *Magadha Sūtra, [350] scrolls*

[21] *Māyā-dālamahātantra mahāyāna-gambhīra nāyaguhya-paraśi Sūtra, [100] scrolls*

[22] *Western Heaven Śāstra, [130] scrolls*

[23] *Buddha-kṣetra Sūtra, [1,950] scrolls*

[24] *Mahāprajñāpāramitā Śāstra, [1,080] scrolls*

[25] *Original Loft Sūtra, [850] scrolls*

[26] *Mahāmayūrī-vidyārajñī Sūtra, [220] scrolls*

[27] *Abhidharma-kośa Śāstra, [200] scrolls*

[28] *Mahāsaṃghaṭa Sūtra, [130] scrolls*

[29] *Saddharma-puṇḍarika Sūtra, [100] scrolls*

[30] *Precious Permanence Sūtra, [220] scrolls*

[31] *Sāṅghika-vinaya Sūtra, [157] scrolls*

[32] *Mahāyāna-śraddhotpāda Śāstra, [1,000] scrolls*

[33] *Precious Authority Sūtra, [1,280] scrolls*

[34] *Correct Commandment Sūtra, [200] scrolls*

[35] *Vidyā-mātra-siddhi Śāstra, [100 scrolls]*

After Ānanda and Kāśyapa had shown all the volumes to the Tang Monk, they said to him, “Sage Monk, having come all this distance from the Land of the East, what sort of small gifts have you brought for us? Take them out quickly! We’ll be pleased to hand over the scriptures to you.” On hearing this, Tripitaka said, “Because of the great distance, your disciple, Xuanzang, has not been able to make such preparation.”

“How nice! How nice!” said the two Honored Ones, snickering. “If we imparted the scriptures to you gratis, our posterity would starve to death!” When Pilgrim saw them fidgeting and fussing, refusing to hand over the scriptures, he could not refrain

from yelling, "Master, let's go tell Tathāgata about this! Let's make him come himself and hand over the scriptures to old Monkey!"

"Stop shouting!" said Ānanda. "Where do you think you are that you dare indulge in such mischief and waggery? Get over here and receive the scriptures!"

Controlling their annoyance, Eight Rules and Sha Monk managed to restrain Pilgrim before they turned to receive the books. Scroll after scroll were wrapped and laid on the horse. Four additional luggage wraps were bundled up for Eight Rules and Sha Monk to tote, after which the pilgrims went before the jeweled throne again to kowtow and thank Tathāgata. As they walked out the gates of the monastery, they bowed twice whenever they came upon a Buddhist Patriarch or a Bodhisattva. When they reached the main gate, they also bowed to take leave of the priests and nuns, the upāsakas and upāsikās, before descending the mountain. We shall now leave them for the moment.

We tell you now that there was up in the treasure loft the aged Dīpaṁkara, also named the Buddha of the Past, who overheard everything and understood immediately that Ānanda and Kāśyapa had handed over to the pilgrims scrolls of scriptures that were actually wordless. Chuckling to himself, he said, "Most of the priests in the Land of the East are so stupid and blind that they will not recognize the value of these wordless scriptures. When that happens, won't it have made this long trek of our sage monk completely worthless?"

Then he asked, "Who is here beside my throne?"

The White Heroic Honored One at once stepped forth, and the aged Buddha gave him this instruction:

"You must exercise your magic powers and catch up with the Tang Monk immediately. Take away those wordless scriptures from him, so that he will be forced to return for the true scriptures with words." Mounting a violent gust of wind, the White Heroic Honored One swept out of the gate of the Thunderclap Monastery. As he called up his vast magic powers, the wind was strong indeed! Truly

A stalwart Servant of Buddha
Is not like any common wind god;
The wrathful cries of an immortal
Far surpass a young girl's whistle!
This mighty gust
Causes fishes and dragons to lose their lairs
And angry waves in the rivers and seas.
Black apes find it hard to present their fruits;
Yellow cranes turn around to seek their nests.
The phoenix's pure cries have lost their songs;
The pheasant's callings turn most boisterous.
Green pine-branches snap;
Blue lotus-blossoms soar.
Stalk by stalk, verdant bamboos fall;
Petal by petal, gold lotus quakes.
Bell tones drift away to three thousand miles;
The scripture chants o'er countless gorges fly.
Beneath the cliff rare flowers' colors fade;

Fresh, jadelike grasses lie down by the road.
Phoenixes can't stretch their wings;
White deer hide on the ledge.
Vast waves of strange fragrance now fill the world
As cool, clear breezes penetrate the Heavens.

The elder Tang was walking along when he encountered this churning fragrant wind. Thinking that this was only an auspicious portent sent by the Buddhist Patriarch, he was completely off guard when, with a loud crack in midair, a hand descended. The scriptures that were loaded on the horse were lifted away with no effort at all. The sight left Tripitaka yelling in terror and beating his breast, while Eight Rules rolled off in pursuit on the ground and Sha Monk stood rigid to guard the empty pannier. Pilgrim Sun vaulted into the air.

When that White Heroic Honored One saw him closing in rapidly, he feared that Pilgrim's rod might strike out blindly without regard for good or ill to cause him injury. He therefore ripped the scriptures open and threw them toward the ground. When Pilgrim saw that the scripture wrappers were torn and their contents scattered all over by the fragrant wind, he lowered the direction of his cloud to go after the books instead and stopped his pursuit. The White Heroic Honored One retrieved the wind and fog and returned to report to the Buddha of the Past.

As Eight Rules sped along, he saw the holy books dropping down from the sky. Soon he was joined by Pilgrim, and the two of them gathered up the scrolls to go back to the Tang Monk. His eyes brimming with tears, the Tang Monk said, "O Disciples! We are bullied by vicious demons even in this land of ultimate bliss!" When Sha Monk opened up a scroll of scripture that the other two disciples were clutching, his eyes perceived only snow-white paper without a trace of so much as half a letter on it.

Hurriedly he presented it to Tripitaka, saying, "Master, this scroll is wordless!" Pilgrim also opened a scroll and it, too, was wordless. Then Eight Rules opened still another scroll, and it was also wordless. "Open all of them!" cried Tripitaka. Every scroll had only blank paper.

Heaving big sighs, the elder said, "Our people in the Land of the East simply have no luck! What good is it to take back a wordless, empty volume like this? How could I possibly face the Tang emperor? The crime of mocking one's ruler is greater than one punishable by execution!"

Already perceiving the truth of the matter, Pilgrim said to the Tang Monk, "Master, there's no need for further talk. This has all come about because we had no gifts for these fellows, Ānanda and Kāśyapa. That's why we were given these wordless texts. Let's go back quickly to Tathāgata and charge them with fraud and solicitation for a bribe."

"Exactly! Exactly!" yelled Eight Rules. "Let's go and charge them!"

The four pilgrims turned and, with painful steps, once more ascended Thunderclap.

In a little while they reached the temple gates, where they were met by the multitude with hands folded in their sleeves. "Has the sage monk returned to ask for an exchange of scriptures?" they asked, laughing. Tripitaka nodded his affirmation, and the Vajra Guardians permitted them to go straight inside. When they arrived before the Great Hero Hall, Pilgrim shouted, "Tathāgata, we master and disciples had to

experience ten thousand stings and a thousand demons in order to come bowing from the Land of the East. After you had specifically ordered the scriptures to be given to us, Ānanda and Kāśyapa sought a bribe from us; when they didn't succeed, they conspired in fraud and deliberately handed over wordless texts to us. Even if we took them, what good would they do? Pardon me, Tathāgata, but you must deal with this matter!"

"Stop shouting!" said the Buddhist Patriarch with a chuckle. "I knew already that the two of them would ask you for a little present.

After all, the holy scriptures are not to be given lightly, nor are they to be received gratis. Some time ago, in fact, a few of our sage priests went down the mountain and recited these scriptures in the house of one Elder Zhao in the Kingdom of Śrāvastī, so that the living in his family would all be protected from harm and the deceased redeemed from perdition. For all that service they managed to charge him only three pecks and three pints of rice. I told them that they had made far too cheap a sale and that their posterity would have no money to spend. Since you people came with empty hands to acquire scriptures, blank texts were handed over to you. But these blank texts are actually true, wordless scriptures, and they are just as good as those with words. However, those creatures in your Land of the East are so foolish and unenlightened that I have no choice but to impart to you now the texts with words."

"Ānanda and Kāśyapa," he then called out, "quickly select for them a few scrolls from each of the volumes of true scriptures with words, and then come back to me to report the total number."

The two Honored Ones again led the four pilgrims to the treasure loft, where they once more demanded a gift from the Tang Monk.

Since he had virtually nothing to offer, Tripitaka told Sha Monk to take out the almsbowl of purple gold. With both hands he presented it to the Honored Ones, saying, "Your disciple in truth has not brought with him any gift, owing to the great distance and my own poverty. This almsbowl, however, was bestowed by the Tang emperor in person, in order that I could use it to beg for my maigre throughout the journey. As the humblest token of my gratitude, I am presenting it to you now, and I beg the Honored Ones to accept it.

When I return to the court and make my report to the Tang emperor, a generous reward will certainly be forthcoming. Only grant us the true scriptures with words, so that His Majesty's goodwill will not be thwarted nor the labor of this lengthy journey be wasted." With a gentle smile, Ānanda took the alms-bowl. All those vīra who guarded the precious towers, the kitchen helpers in charge of sacrifices and incense, and the Honored Ones who worked in the treasure loft began to clap one another on the back and tickle one another on the face. Snapping their fingers and curling their lips, every one of them said, "How shameless! How shameless! Asking the scripture seeker for a present!"

After a while, the two Honored Ones became rather embarrassed, though Ānanda continued to clutch firmly at the almsbowl.

Kāśyapa, however, went into the loft to select the scrolls and handed them item by item to Tripitaka. "Disciples," said Tripitaka, "take a good look at these, and make sure that they are not like the earlier ones."

The three disciples examined each scroll as they received it, and this time all the scrolls had words written on them. Altogether they were given five thousand and forty-

eight scrolls, making up the number of a single canon. After being properly packed, the scriptures were loaded onto the horse. An additional load was made for Eight Rules to tote, while their own luggage was toted by Sha Monk. As Pilgrim led the horse, the Tang Monk took up his priestly staff and gave his Vairocana hat a press and his brocade cassock a shake. In delight they once more went before our Buddha Tathāgata. Thus it is that

Sweet is the taste of the Great Piṭaka,
Product most refined of Tathāgata.
Note how Xuanzang has climbed the mount with pain.
Pity Ānanda who has but love of gain.
Their blindness removed by Buddha of the Past,
The truth now received they have peace at last—
Glad to bring scriptures back to the East,
Where all may partake of this gracious feast.

Ānanda and Kāśyapa led the Tang Monk before Tathāgata, who ascended the lofty lotus throne. He ordered Dragon-Tamer and Tiger- Subduer, the two arhats, to strike up the cloudy stone-chime to assemble all the divinities, including the three thousand Buddhas, the three thousand guardians, the Eight Vajra Guardians, the five hundred arhats, the eight hundred nuns and priests, the upāsakas and upāsikās, the Honored Ones from every Heaven and cave-dwelling, from every blessed land and spirit mountain. Those who ought to be seated were asked to ascend their treasure thrones, while those who should stand were told to make two columns on both sides. In a moment celestial music filled the air as layers of auspicious luminosity and hallowed mist loomed up in the sky. After all the Buddhas had assembled, they bowed to greet Tathāgata.

Then Tathāgata asked, "Ānanda and Kāśyapa, how many scrolls of scriptures have you passed on to him? Give me an itemized report."

The two Honored Ones said, "We have turned over to the Tang court the following: [3]

[1] *Nirvāṇa Sūtra, [400] scrolls*
[2] *Ākāśagarbha-bodhisattva-dharmi Sūtra, [20] scrolls*
[3] *Gracious Will Sūtra, Major Collection, [40] scrolls*
[4] *Prajñāpāramitā-saṁkaya gāthā Sūtra, [20] scrolls*
[5] *Homage to Bhūtatathātā Sūtra, [20] scrolls*
[6] *Anakṣara-granthaka-rocana-garbha Sūtra, [50] scrolls*
[7] *Vimalakīrti-nirdeśa Sūtra, [30] scrolls*
[8] *Vajracchedika-prajñāpāramitā Sūtra, [1] scroll*
[9] *Buddha-carita-kāvya Sūtra, [116] scrolls*
[10] *Bodhisattva-piṭaka Sūtra, [360] scrolls*
[11] *Sūraṅgama-samādhi Sūtra, [30] scrolls*
[12] *Arthaviniścaya-dharmaparyāya Sūtra, [40] scrolls*
[13] *Avataṁsaka Sūtra, [81] scrolls*

3. There are other versions or sequence of this list according to the account of *"Journey to the West".*

[14] *Mahāprajñā-pāramitā Sūtra, [600] scrolls*

[15] *Abūta-dharma Sūtra, [550] scrolls*

[16] *Other Mādhyamika Sūtra, [42] scrolls*

[17] *Kāśyapa-parivarta Sūtra, [20] scrolls*

[18] *Pañca-nāga Sūtra, [20] scrolls*

[19] *Bodhisattva-caryā-nirdeśa Sūtra, [60] scrolls*

[20] *Magadha Sūtra, [140] scrolls*

[21] *Māyā-dālamahātantra mahāyāna-gambhīra nāyaguhya-paraśi Sūtra, [30] scrolls*

[22] *Western Heaven Śāstra, [30] scrolls*

[23] *Buddha-kṣetra Sūtra, [1,638] scrolls*

[24] *Mahāprajñāpāramitā Śāstra, [90] scrolls*

[25] *Original Loft Sūtra, [56] scrolls*

[26] *Mahāmayūrī-vidyārajñī Sūtra, [14] scrolls*

[27] *Abhidharma-kośa Śāstra, [10] scrolls*

[28] *Mahāsaṃghaṭa Sūtra, [30] scrolls*

[29] *Saddharma-puṇḍarika Sūtra, [10] scrolls*

[30] *Precious Permanence Sūtra, [170] scrolls*

[31] *Sāṅghika-vinaya Sūtra, no scrolls*

[32] *Mahāyāna-śraddhotpāda Śāstra, [50] scrolls*

[33] *Precious Authority Sūtra, [140] scrolls*

[34] *Correct Commandment Sūtra, [10] scrolls*

[35] *Vidyā-mātra-siddhi Śāstra, [10] scrolls*

From the thirty-five volumes of scriptures that are in the treasury, we have selected altogether five thousand and forty-eight scrolls for the sage monk to take back to the Tang in the Land of the East. Most of these have been properly packed and loaded on the horse, and a few have also been arranged in a pannier. The pilgrims now wish to express their thanks to you."

Having tethered the horse and set down the poles, Tripitaka led his three disciples to bow to Buddha, each pressing his palms together in front of him. Tathāgata said to the Tang Monk, "The efficacy of these scriptures cannot be measured. Not only are they the mirror of our faith, but they are also the source of the Three Religions. They must not be lightly handled, especially when you return to your South Jambūdvīpa Continent and display them to the multitude. No one should open a scroll without fasting and bathing first.

Treasure them! Honor them! Therein will be found the mysteries of gaining immortality and comprehending the Way, the wondrous formulas for the execution of ten thousand transformations." Tripitaka kowtowed to thank him and to express his faith and obedience.

As before, he prostrated himself in homage three times to the Buddhist Patriarch with all earnestness and sincerity before he took the scriptures and left. As he went through the three monastery gates, he again thanked each of the sages, and we shall speak no more of him for the moment.

After he had sent away the Tang Monk, Tathāgata dismissed the assembly for the transmission of scriptures. From one side stepped forth the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin, who pressed her palms together to say to the Buddhist Patriarch, "This disciple received your golden decree that year to search for someone in the Land of the East to be a scripture seeker. Today he has succeeded. Altogether, his journey took fourteen years, or five thousand and forty days. Eight more days and the perfect canonical number will be attained. Would you permit me to surrender in return your golden decree?"

Highly pleased, Tathāgata said, "What you said is most appropriate. You are certainly permitted to surrender my golden decree."

He then gave this instruction to the Eight Vajra Guardians:

"Quickly exercise your magic powers to lift the sage monk back to the East. As soon as he has imparted the true scriptures to the people there, bring him back here to the West. You must accomplish all this within eight days, so as to fulfill the perfect canonical number of five thousand and forty-eight. Do not delay."

The Vajra Guardians at once caught up with the Tang Monk, crying, "Scripture seekers, follow us!"

The Tang Monk and his companions, all with healthy frames and buoyant bodies, followed the Vajra Guardians to rise in the air astride the clouds. Truly

Their minds enlightened, they bowed to Buddha;
Merit perfected, they ascended on high.

We do not know how they will pass on the scriptures after they have returned to the Land of the East; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

NINETY-NINE

Nine times nine ends the count and Māra's all destroyed
The work of three times three done, the Dao reverts to its root

We shall not speak of the Eight Vajra Guardians escorting the Tang Monk back to his nation. We turn instead to those Guardians of the Five Quarters, the Four Sentinels, the Six Gods of Darkness and the Six Gods of Light, and the Guardians of Monasteries, who appeared before the triple gates and said to the Bodhisattva Guanyin, "Your disciples had received the Bodhisattva's dharma decree to give secret protection to the sage monk. Now that the work of the sage monk is completed, and the Bodhisattva has returned the Buddhist Patriarch's golden decree to him, we too request permission from the Bodhisattva to return your dharma decree to you."

Highly pleased also, the Bodhisattva said, "Yes, yes! You have my permission." Then she asked, "What was the disposition of the four pilgrims during their journey?"

"They showed genuine devotion and determination," replied the various deities, "which could hardly have escaped the penetrating observation of the Bodhisattva. The Tang Monk, after all, had endured unspeakable sufferings. Indeed, all the ordeals that he had to undergo throughout his journey have been recorded by your disciples. Here is the complete account." The Bodhisattva started to read the registry from its beginning, and this was the content:

The Guardians in obedience to your decree
Record with care the Tang Monk's calamities.
Gold Cicada banished is the first ordeal; *[chap. 8]*
Being almost killed after birth is the second ordeal; *[chap. 9]*
Being thrown in the river hardly a month old is the third ordeal; *[chap. 9]*
Seeking parents and their vengeance is the fourth ordeal; *[chap. 9]*
Meeting a tiger after leaving the city is the fifth ordeal; *[chap. 13]*
Falling into a pit and losing followers is the sixth ordeal; *[chap. 13]*
The Double-Fork Ridge is the seventh ordeal; *[chap. 13]*
The Mountain of Two Frontiers is the eighth ordeal; *[chap. 13]*
Changing horse at a steep brook is the ninth ordeal; *[chap. 15]*
Burning by fire at night is the tenth ordeal; *[chap. 16]*
Losing the cassock is the eleventh ordeal; *[chap. 16]*
Bringing Eight Rules to submission is the twelfth ordeal; *[chaps. 18–19]*
blocked by the Yellow Wind Fiend is the thirteenth ordeal; *[chap. 20]*
Seeking aid with Lingji is the fourteenth ordeal; *[chap. 21]*
Hard to cross Flowing-Sand is the fifteenth ordeal; *[chap. 22]*
Taking in Sha Monk is the sixteenth ordeal; *[chap. 22]*
The Four Sages' epiphany is the seventeenth ordeal; *[chap. 23]*
The Five Villages Temple is the eighteenth ordeal; *[chap. 24]*
The ginseng hard to revive is the nineteenth ordeal; *[chap. 26]*
Banishing the Mind Monkey is the twentieth ordeal; *[chap. 27]*

Getting lost at Black Pine Forest is the twenty-first ordeal; *[chap. 28]*
Sending a letter to Precious Image Kingdom is the twenty-second ordeal; *[chap. 29]*
Changing into a tiger at the Golden Chimes Hall is the twenty-third ordeal; *[chap. 30]*
Meeting demons at Level-Top Mountain is the twenty-fourth ordeal; *[chap. 32]*
Being hung high at Lotus-Flower Cave is the twenty-fifth ordeal; *[chap. 33]*
Saving the ruler of Black Rooster Kingdom is the twenty-sixth ordeal; *[chap. 37]*
Running into a demon's transformed body is the twenty-seventh ordeal; *[chap. 37]*
Meeting a fiend in Roaring Mountain is the twenty-eighth ordeal; *[chap. 40]*
The sage monk abducted by wind is the twenty-ninth ordeal; *[chap. 40]*
The Mind Monkey being injured is the thirtieth ordeal; *[chap. 41]*
Asking the sage to subdue monsters is the thirty-first ordeal; *[chap. 42]*
Sinking in the Black River is the thirty-second ordeal; *[chap. 43]*
Hauling at Cart Slow Kingdom is the thirty-third ordeal; *[chap. 44]*
A mighty contest is the thirty-fourth ordeal; *[chaps. 45–46]*
Expelling Daoists to prosper Buddhists is the thirty-fifth ordeal; *[chap. 47]*
Meeting a great water on the road is the thirty-sixth ordeal; *[chap. 47]*
Falling into the Heaven-Reaching River is the thirty-seventh ordeal; *[chap. 48]*
The Fish-Basket revealing her body is the thirty-eighth ordeal; *[chap. 49]*
Meeting a fiend at Golden Helmet Mountain is the thirty-ninth ordeal; *[chap. 50]*
Heaven's gods find it hard to win is the fortieth ordeal; *[chaps. 51–52]*
Asking the Buddha for the source is the forty-first ordeal; *[chap. 52]*
Being poisoned after drinking water is the forty-second ordeal; *[chap. 53]*
Detained for marriage at Western Liang Kingdom is the forty-third ordeal; *[chap. 54]*
Suffering at the Cave of the Lute is the forty-fourth ordeal; *[chap. 55]*
Banishing again the Mind Monkey is the forty-fifth ordeal; *[chap. 56]*
The macaque hard to distinguish is the forty-sixth ordeal; *[chaps. 57–58]*
The road blocked at the Mountain of Flames is the forty-seventh ordeal; *[chap. 59]*
Seeking the palm-leaf fan is the forty-eighth ordeal; *[chaps. 59–60]*
Binding the demon king is the forty-ninth ordeal; *[chap. 61]*
Sweeping the pagoda at Sacrifice Kingdom is the fiftieth ordeal; *[chap. 62]*
Recovering the treasure to save the monks is the fifty-first ordeal; *[chap. 63]*
Chanting poetry at the Brambled Forest is the fifty-second ordeal; *[chap. 64]*
Meeting disaster at Little Thunderclap is the fifty-third ordeal; *[chap. 65]*
The celestial gods being imprisoned is the fifty-fourth ordeal; *[chap. 66]*
Being blocked by filth at Pulpy Persimmon Alley is the fifty-fifth ordeal; *[chap. 67]*
Applying medication at the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom is the fifty-sixth ordeal; *[chaps. 68–69]*
Healing fatigue and infirmity is the fifty-seventh ordeal; *[chaps. 68–69]*
Subduing monster to recover a queen is the fifty-eighth ordeal; *[chaps. 69–71]*
Delusion by the seven passions is the fifty-ninth ordeal; *[chap. 72]*
Being wounded by Many Eyes is the sixtieth ordeal; *[chap. 73]*
The way blocked at the Lion-Camel Kingdom is the sixty-first ordeal; *[chaps. 74–75]*

The fiends divided into three colors is the sixty-second ordeal; *[chaps. 74–77]*
Meeting calamity in the city is the sixty-third ordeal; *[chaps. 76–77]*
Requesting Buddha to subdue the demons is the sixty-fourth ordeal; *[chap. 77]*
Rescuing the lads at Bhikṣu is the sixty-fifth ordeal; *[chap. 78]*
Distinguishing the true from the deviate is the sixty-sixth ordeal; *[chap. 79]*
Saving a fiend at a pine forest is the sixty-seventh ordeal; *[chap. 80]*:
Falling sick in a priestly chamber is the sixty-eighth ordeal; *[chap. 81]*
Being imprisoned at the Bottomless Cave is the sixty-ninth ordeal; *[chaps. 81–83]*
Difficulty in going through Dharma-Destroying Kingdom is the seventieth ordeal; *[chap. 84]*
Meeting demons at Mist-Concealing Mountain is the seventy-first ordeal; *[chaps. 85–86]*
Seeking rain at Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture is the seventy-second ordeal; *[chap. 87]*
Losing their weapons is the seventy-third ordeal; *[chap. 88]*
The festival of the rake is the seventy-fourth ordeal; *[chap. 89]*
disaster at Bamboo-Knot Mountain is the seventy-fifth ordeal; *[chap. 90]*
Suffering at Mysterious Flower Cave is the seventy-sixth ordeal; *[chap. 91]*
Capturing the rhinoceroses is the seventy-seventh ordeal; *[chap. 92]*
Being forced to marry at India is the seventy-eighth ordeal; *[chaps. 93–95]*
Jailed at Bronze Estrade Prefecture is the seventy-ninth ordeal; *[chap. 97]*
Delivered of mortal stock at Cloud-Transcending Ferry is the eightieth ordeal; *[chap. 98]*
The journey: one hundred and eight thousand miles.
The sage monk's ordeals are clearly on file.

After the Bodhisattva had read through the entire registry of ordeals, she said hurriedly, "Within our gate of Buddhism, nine times nine is the crucial means by which one returns to perfection. The sage monk has undergone eighty ordeals. Because one ordeal, therefore, is still lacking, the sacred number is not yet complete."

At once she gave this order to one of the Guardians: "Catch the Vajra Guardians and create one more ordeal."

Having received this command, the Guardian soared toward the east astride the clouds. After a night and a day he caught the Vajra Guardians and whispered in their ears, "Do this and this . . . ! Don't fail to obey the dharma decree of the Bodhisattva." On hearing these words, the Eight Vajra Guardians immediately retrieved the wind that had borne aloft the four pilgrims, dropping them and the horse bearing the scriptures to the ground. Alas! Truly such is

Nine times nine, hard task of immortality!
Firmness of will yields the mysterious key.
By bitter toil you must the demons spurn;
Cultivation will the proper way return.
Regard not the scriptures as easy things.
So many are the sage monk's sufferings!
Learn of the old, wondrous Kinship of the Three:
Elixir won't gel if there's slight errancy.

When his feet touched profane ground, Tripitaka became terribly frightened. Eight Rules, however, roared with laughter, saying, "Good! Good! Good! This is exactly a case of 'More haste, less speed'!"

"Good! Good! Good!" said Sha Monk. "Because we've speeded up too much, they want us to take a little rest here."

"Have no worry," said the Great Sage. "As the proverb says,

For ten days you sit on the shore;
In one day you may pass nine beaches."

"Stop matching your wits, you three!" said Tripitaka. "Let's see if we can tell where we are." Looking all around, Sha Monk said, "I know the place! I know the place! Master, listen to the sound of water!"

Pilgrim said, "The sound of water, I suppose, reminds you of your ancestral home."

"Which is the Flowing-Sand River," said Eight Rules.

"No! No!" said Sha Monk. "This happens to be the Heaven-Reaching River."

Tripitaka said, "O Disciples! Take a careful look and see which side of the river we're on." Vaulting into the air, Pilgrim shielded his eyes with his hand and took a careful survey of the place before dropping down once more.

"Master," he said, "this is the west bank of the Heaven-Reaching River."

"Now I remember," said Tripitaka. "There was a Chen Village on the east bank. When we arrived here that year, you rescued their son and daughter. In their gratitude to us, they wanted to make a boat to take us across. Eventually we were fortunate enough to get across on the back of a white turtle. I recall, too, that there was no human habitation whatever on the west bank. What shall we do this time?"

"I thought that only profane people would practice this sort of fraud," said Eight Rules.

"Now I know that even the Vajra Guardians before the face of Buddha can practice fraud! Buddha commanded them to take us back east. How could they just abandon us in midjourney? Now we're in quite a bind! How are we going to get across?"

"Stop grumbling, Second Elder Brother!" said Sha Monk. "Our master has already attained the Way, for he had already been delivered from his mortal frame previously at the Cloud-Transcending Ferry. This time he can't possibly sink in water. Let's all of us exercise our magic of Displacement and take Master across."

"You can't take him over! You can't take him over!" said Pilgrim, chuckling to himself. Now, why did he say that? If he were willing to exercise his magic powers and reveal the mystery of flight, master and disciples could cross even a thousand rivers. He knew, however, that the Tang Monk had not yet perfected the sacred number of nine times nine. That one remaining ordeal made it necessary for them to be detained at the spot.

As master and disciples conversed and walked slowly up to the edge of the water, they suddenly heard someone calling, "Tang Sage Monk! Tang Sage Monk! Come this way! Come this way!" Startled, the four of them looked all around but could not see any sign of a human being or a boat. Then they caught sight of a huge, white, scabby-headed turtle at the shoreline. "Old Master," he cried with outstretched neck, "I have waited for you for so many years! Have you returned only at this time?"

"Old Turtle," replied Pilgrim, smiling, "we troubled you in a year past, and today we meet again."

Tripitaka, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk could not have been more pleased. "If indeed you want to serve us," said Pilgrim, "come up on the shore." The turtle crawled up the bank. Pilgrim told his companions to guide the horse onto the turtle's back. As before, Eight Rules squatted at the rear of the horse, while the Tang Monk and Sha Monk took up positions to the left and to the right of the horse. With one foot on the turtle's head and another on his neck, Pilgrim said, "Old Turtle, go steadily."

His four legs outstretched, the old turtle moved through the water as if he were on dry level ground, carrying all five of them— master, disciples, and the horse— straight toward the eastern shore. Thus it is that

In Advaya's gate will Dharma profound
Reveal Heav'n and Earth and demons confound.
The original visage now they see;
Causes find perfection in one body.
Freely they move when Triyāna*'s won,*
And when the elixir's nine turns are done.
The luggage and the staff there's no need to tote,
Glad to return on old turtle afloat.

Carrying the pilgrims on his back, the old turtle trod on the waves and proceeded for more than half a day. Late in the afternoon they were near the eastern shore when he suddenly asked this question: "Old Master, in that year when I took you across, I begged you to question Tathāgata, once you got to see him, when I would find my sought-after refuge and how much longer would I live. Did you do that?"

Now, that elder, since his arrival at the Western Heaven, had been preoccupied with bathing in the Jade Perfection Abbey, being renewed at Cloud-Transcending Ferry, and bowing to the various sage monks, Bodhisattvas, and Buddhas. When he walked up the Spirit Mountain, he fixed his thought on the worship of Buddha and on the acquisition of scriptures, completely banishing from his mind all other concerns. He did not, of course, ask about the allotted age of the old turtle. Not daring to lie, however, he fell silent and did not answer the question for a long time.

Perceiving that Tripitaka had not asked the Buddha for him, the old turtle shook his body once and dove with a splash into the depths. The four pilgrims, the horse, and the scriptures all fell into the water as well. Ah! It was fortunate that the Tang Monk had cast off his mortal frame and attained the Way. If he were like the person he had been before, he would have sunk straight to the bottom. The white horse, moreover, was originally a dragon, while Eight Rules and Sha Monk both were quite at home in the water. Smiling broadly, Pilgrim made a great display of his magic powers by hauling the Tang Monk right out of the water and onto the eastern shore. But the scriptures, the clothing, and the saddle were completely soaked.

Master and disciples had just climbed up the riverbank when suddenly a violent gale arose; the sky darkened immediately and both thunder and lightning began as rocks and grit flew everywhere. What they felt was

One gust of wind
And the whole world teetered;
One clap of thunder
And both mountains and streams shuddered.

One flash of lightning
Shot flames through the clouds;
One sky of fog
Enveloped this great Earth.
The wind's mighty howl;
The thunder's violent roar;
The lightning's scarlet streaks;
The fog blanking moon and stars.
The wind hurtled dust and dirt at their faces;
The thunder sent tigers and leopards into hiding;
The lightning raised among the fowl a ruckus;
The fog made the woods and trees disappear.
That wind caused waves in the Heaven- Reaching River to toss and churn;
That lightning lit up the Heaven- Reaching River down to its bottom;
That thunder terrified the Heaven- Reaching River's dragons and fishes;
That fog covered the shores of Heaven- Reaching River with a shroud of darkness.
Marvelous wind!
Mountains cracked as pines and bamboos toppled.
Marvelous thunder!
Its power stirred insects and injured humans.
Marvelous lightning!
Like a gold snake it brightened both land and sky.
Marvelous fog!
It surged through the air to screen the Ninefold Heaven.

So terrified were the pilgrims that Tripitaka held firmly to the scripture wraps and Sha Monk threw himself on the poles. While Eight Rules clung to the white horse, Pilgrim wielded his iron rod with both hands to give protection left and right. That wind, fog, thunder, and lightning, you see, had been a storm brought on by invisible demons, who wanted to snatch away the scriptures the pilgrims had acquired. The commotion lasted all night, and only by morning did the storm subside. Soaked from top to bottom and shaking all over, the elder said, "Wukong, how did this storm come about?"

"Master, you don't seem to understand," said Pilgrim, panting heavily, "that when we escorted you to acquire these scriptures, we had, in fact, robbed Heaven and Earth of their creative powers. For our success meant that we could share the age of the universe; like the light of the sun and moon, we would enjoy life everlasting for we had put on an incorruptible body. Our success, however, had also incurred the envy of Heaven and Earth, the jealousy of both demons and gods, who wanted to snatch away the scriptures from us. They could not do so only because the scriptures were thoroughly wet and because they had been shielded by your rectified dharma-body, which could not be harmed by thunder, lightning, or fog. Moreover, old Monkey was brandishing his iron rod to exercise the nature of pure yang and give you protection. Now that it is morning, the forces of yang are evermore in ascendancy, and the demons cannot prevail."

Only then did Tripitaka, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk realize what had taken place, and they all thanked Pilgrim repeatedly. In a little while, the sun was way up in the sky, and they moved the scriptures to high ground so that the wraps could be opened and their contents dried. To this day the boulders have remained on which the scriptures

were spread out and sunned. By the side of the boulders they also spread out their own clothing and shoes. As they stood, sat, or jumped about, truly this was their situation:

The one pure yang body facing the light
Has put invisible demons all to flight.
Know that true scriptures will o'er water prevail.
They fear not the thunder-and-lightning assail.
Henceforth to Sambodhi they'll go in peace,
And to fairy land they'll return with ease.
Rocks for sunning scriptures are still found here,
Though no demon would ever dare come near.

The four of them were examining the scriptures scroll by scroll to see if they had completely dried when some fishermen arrived at the shore. When they saw the pilgrims, one of the fishermen recognized them and said, "Old Masters, aren't you the ones who crossed this river some years ago on your way to the Western Heaven to seek scriptures?"

"Indeed, we are!" replied Eight Rules. "Where are you from? How is it that you recognize us?"

"We are from the Chen Village," said the fisherman. "How far is the village from here?" asked Eight Rules.

The fisherman said, "Due south of this canal, about twenty miles."

"Master," said Eight Rules, "let's move the scriptures to the Chen Village and dry them there. They have a place for us to sit and food for us to eat. We can even ask their family to starch our clothing. Isn't that better than staying here?"

"Let's not go there," replied Tripitaka. "As soon as the scriptures are dried here, we can collect them and be on our way."

The fishermen, however, went back south of the canal and ran right into Chen Cheng. "Number Two," they cried, "the masters who offered themselves as sacrifice-substitutes for your children years ago have returned."

"Where did you see them?" asked Chen Cheng.

Pointing with their hands, the fishermen said, "Near the boulders over there, where they're sunning scrolls of scriptures."

Chen Cheng took some of his farmhands and ran past the canal. When he caught sight of the pilgrims, he hurriedly went to his knees and said, "Venerable Fathers, now that you have returned, having accomplished your work and merit of acquiring scriptures, why did you not come straight to our home? Why are you loitering here instead? Please, please come to our home!"

"Wait till we've dried the scriptures in the sun," said Pilgrim, "and we'll go with you."

"How is it," asked Chen Cheng again, "that the clothing and scriptures of the venerable fathers are soaking wet?"

"In that previous year," replied Tripitaka, "we were indebted to a white turtle for taking us on his back to the western shore. This time he again offered to carry us back to the eastern shore. When we were about to reach the bank, he asked me whether I had remembered to inquire of Buddha for him about how much longer it would take for him

to achieve human form. I had actually forgotten about the matter, and he dove into the water. That was how we got wet."

After Tripitaka had thus given a thorough account of what had taken place, Chen Cheng kowtowed and urged them to go back to the house. At length Tripitaka gave in, and they began to collect the scriptures together. They did not expect, however, that several scrolls of the *Buddha-carita-kāvya Sūtra* would be stuck to the rocks, and a part of the sūtra's ending was torn off. This is why the sūtra today is not a complete text, and the top of that particular boulder on which the sūtra had dried still retains some traces of writing. "We've been very careless!" said Tripitaka sorrowfully. "We should have been more vigilant."

"Hardly! Hardly!" said Pilgrim, laughing. "After all, even Heaven and Earth are not perfect. This sūtra may have been perfect, but a part of it has been torn off precisely because only in that condition will it correspond to the profound mystery of non-perfection. What happened isn't something human power could anticipate or change!" After master and disciples had finished packing up the scriptures, they headed for the village with Chen Cheng.

The news of the pilgrims' arrival was passed from one person to ten, from ten to a hundred, and from a hundred to a thousand, till all the people, old and young, came to receive them. When Chen Qing got the news, he immediately set up an incense altar in front of his door and called for drummers and musicians to play. The moment they arrived, Chen led his entire household to kowtow to the pilgrims so as to thank them once more for their previous kindness of saving their children. Then he ordered tea and maigre for them.

Since Tripitaka had partaken of the immortal victuals prepared for him by the Buddhist Patriarch, and since he had been delivered from his mortal frame to become a Buddha, he had no desire at all for profane food. The two old men begged and begged, and only to please them did he pick up the merest morsel. The Great Sage Sun, who never ate much cooked food anyway, said almost immediately, "Enough!" Sha Monk did not show much appetite either. As for Eight Rules, even he did not resemble his former self, for he soon put down his bowl.

"Idiot, aren't you eating anymore?" asked Pilgrim.

"I don't know why," said Eight Rules, "but my stomach seems to have weakened all at once!" They therefore put away the food, and the two old men asked about the enterprise of scripture seeking. Tripitaka gave a thorough account of how they bathed at the Jade Perfection Abbey first, how their bodies turned light and agile at the Cloud-Transcending Ferry, how they bowed to Tathāgata at Thunderclap, and how they were feted beneath the precious tower and received scriptures at the treasure loft. He then went on to tell how the two Honored Ones, failing to obtain a gift at first, gave them wordless scriptures instead, how the second audience with Tathāgata had resulted in acquiring a canonical sum of scriptures, how the white turtle dove into the water, and how invisible demons tried to rob them. After this detailed rehearsal, he immediately wanted to leave.

The entire household of the two old men, of course, absolutely refused to let them go. "We could never have repaid," they said, "your profound kindness in saving the lives of our son and daughter except by building a temple to your memory. We have named it the Life-Saving Monastery so that we might offer you the perpetual sacrifice of incense."

Then they called Chen Guanbao and One Load of Gold, the son and daughter for whom Pilgrim and Eight Rules originally served as substitutes on that occasion of childsacrifice, to come out to kowtow again to their benefactors before they invited the pilgrims to view the monastery.

Leaving the scripture-wraps in front of their family hall, Tripitaka recited a scroll of the *Precious Permanence Sūtra* for their entire household. When they reached the monastery, food had already been laid out there by the Chen family. Hardly had they been seated than another banquet was sent in by another family. Before they could even raise their chopsticks, still another banquet was brought in.

There seemed, in fact, to be an unending stream of visitors and food vying for the pilgrims' attention. Not wishing to decline such sincere display of the people's hospitality, Tripitaka forced himself to make some show of tasting what was set before him. That monastery, by the way, was a handsome building indeed.

The temple's bright red-painted doors
Reflect the work of all donors.
From that moment one edifice would rise
With two porticoes adding to its size.
Screens and casements scarlet;
Seven treasures exquisite.
Incense and clouds interlace
As pure light floods the airy space.
A few young cypresses need water still:
Pines have yet to form clusters on the hill.
A living stream in front
Reaches Heaven with its tossing billows;
A tall ridge behind,
The mountain range through which the earth pulse flows.

After he had looked at the monastery from the outside, Tripitaka then went up to the tall tower, where he found the four statues of himself and his disciples.

When Eight Rules saw these, he gave Pilgrim a tug and said, "Your statue looks very much like you!"

"Second Elder Brother," said Sha Monk, "yours has great resemblance, too. But Master's seems to look even more handsome."

"It's about right! It's about right!" said Tripitaka, and they descended the tower. In the front hall and the rear corridor, more vegetarian dishes were laid out for them.

Pilgrim asked the Chens, "Whatever happened to the shrine of that Great King?"

"It was pulled down that very year," replied the two old men. "Since this monastery was built, Venerable Father, we have been enjoying a rich harvest every year. This has to be the blessing you bestowed on us."

"It's actually the gift of Heaven!" said Pilgrim, chuckling. "We have nothing to do with it. But after we leave this time, we shall try to give you all the protection we can, so that the families of your entire village may enjoy abundant posterity, the peaceful births of the six beasts, and annually wind and rain in due season." All the people kowtowed again to express their thanks.

Before and behind the monastery, there seemed to have gathered a numberless crowd all wanting to offer fruits and maigre to their benefactors. With a giggle Eight Rules said, "It's just my lousy luck! At the time when I could eat, there wasn't a single household that would give me ten meals. Today I have no appetite, but one family after another is pressing me with invitations."

Though he felt stuffed, he raised his hands slightly and once more devoured eight or nine platters of vegetarian food. Though he claimed his stomach had weakened, he nonetheless put away twenty or thirty buns. The pilgrims all ate to their fullest capacity, but still there were other households waiting to invite them. "What contribution have these disciples made," said Tripitaka, "that we should receive such great outpouring of your affection? I beg you all to call a halt tonight. Wait till tomorrow and we shall be glad to be the recipients again."

It was already deep in the night. As he wanted to guard the true scriptures, Tripitaka dared not leave. He remained seated below the tower and meditated, so as to watch his possessions. By about the hour of the third watch, Tripitaka whispered, "Wukong, the people here have already perceived that we have finished our enterprise and attained the Way. As the ancients put it,

The adept does not show himself;
He who shows himself is no adept.

If they detain us too long, I fear that we may lose out in our main enterprise."

"What you say is quite right, Master," replied Pilgrim. "While it is still deep in the night and people are all sound asleep, let us leave quietly." Eight Rules now had become quite alert, and Sha Monk was most understanding. Even the white horse seemed to know their thoughts. They all arose, silently loaded the packs on the saddle, took up the poles, and toted their belongings through the corridor.

When they reached the monastery gate, they found it padlocked. Using his magic, Pilgrim opened the locks on both the second-level gate and the main gate. As they were searching for the way toward the East, a voice rang out in midair. "You who are fleeing," cried the Eight Vajra Guardians, "follow us!" As the elder smelled a strange fragrance, he rose with the others into the wind. Truly

Elixir formed, he knows the original face;
His healthy frame, natural and free, bows to his lord.

We do not know how he finally managed to see the Tang emperor; let's listen to the explanation in the next chapter.

ONE HUNDRED

They return to the Land of the East
Five sages become perfected

Let us not say anything more about how the four pilgrims departed by mounting the wind with the Vajra Guardians. We tell you instead about the multitude in the Life-Saving Monastery at the Chen Village, who rose at dawn and went at once to offer fruits and other food to their benefactors. When they arrived at the space beneath the tower, however, they found that the Tang Monk had disappeared.

Thereupon all of them hunted everywhere, but without success. They were so upset that they did not quite know what to do except to wail aloud, "We have allowed a Living Buddha to walk away!"

After a while, the entire household realized that they had no better alternative than to pile all the food and gifts on the altar up in the tower and offer them as sacrifices along with the burning of paper cash. Thereafter they made four great sacrifices and twenty-four smaller ones each year. Moreover, those who wanted to pray for healing, for safety on a journey, for the gift of a spouse, for wealth or children, and to make a vow appeared daily at every hour to present their offerings and incense. Truly,

The gold censer continued a thousand years' fire;
The jade chalice brightened with an eternal lamp.

In that condition we shall leave them.

We tell you now instead about the Eight Vajra Guardians, who employed the second gust of fragrant wind to carry the four pilgrims back to the Land of the East. In less than a day, the capital, Chang'an, gradually came into view. That Emperor Taizong, you see, had escorted the Tang Monk out of the city three days before the full moon in the ninth month of the thirteenth year of the Zhenguan reign period. By the sixteenth year, he had already asked the Bureau of Labor to erect a Scripture-Watch Tower outside the Western-Peace Pass to receive the holy books. Each year Taizong would go personally to that place for a visit. It so happened that he had gone again to the tower that day when he caught sight of a sky full of auspicious mists drifting near from the West, and he noticed at the same time strong gusts of fragrant wind.

Halting in midair, the Vajra Guardians cried, "Sage Monk, this is the city Chang'an. It's not convenient for us to go down there, for the people of this region are quite intelligent, and our true identity may become known to them. Even the Great Sage Sun and his two companions needn't go; you yourself may go, hand over the scriptures, and return at once. We'll wait for you in the air so that we may all go back to report to Buddha."

"What the Honored Ones say may be most appropriate," said the Great Sage, "but how could my master tote all those scriptures? How could he lead the horse at the same time? We will have to escort him down there. May we trouble you to wait a while in the air? We dare not tarry."

"When the Bodhisattva Guanyin spoke to Tathāgata the other day," said the Vajra Guardians, "she assured him that the whole trip should take only eight days, so that the canonical number would be fulfilled. It's already more than four days now. We

fear that Eight Rules might become so enamored of the riches down below that we will not be able to meet our appointed schedule."

"When Master attains Buddhahood," said Eight Rules, chuckling, "I, too, will attain Buddhahood. How could I become enamored of riches down below? Stupid old ruffians! Wait for me here, all of you! As soon as we have handed over the scriptures, I'll return with you and be canonized." Idiot took up the pole, Sha Monk led the horse, and Pilgrim supported the sage monk. Lowering their cloud, they dropped down beside the Scripture-Watch Tower.

When Taizong and his officials saw them, they all descended the tower to receive them. "Has the royal brother returned?" asked the emperor. The Tang Monk immediately prostrated himself, but he was raised by the emperor's own hands. "Who are these three persons?" asked the emperor once more.

"They are my disciples made during our journey," replied the Tang Monk. Highly pleased, Taizong at once ordered his attendants, "Saddle one of our chariot horses for our royal brother to ride. We'll go back to the court together."

The Tang Monk thanked him and mounted the horse, closely followed by the Great Sage wielding his golden-hooped rod and by Eight Rules and Sha Monk toting the luggage and supporting the other horse. The entire entourage thus entered together the city of Chang'an. Truly

A banquet of peace was held years ago.
When lords, civil and martial, made a grand show.
A priest preached the law in a great event;
From Golden Chimes the king his subject sent.
Tripitaka was given a royal rescript,
For Five Phases matched the cause of holy script.
Through bitter smelting all demons were purged.
Merit done, they now on the court converged.

The Tang Monk and his three disciples followed the throne into the court, and soon there was not a single person in the city of Chang'an who had not learned of the scripture seekers' return.

We tell you now about those priests, young and old, of the Temple of Great Blessing, which was also the old residence of the Tang Monk in Chang'an. That day they suddenly discovered that the branches of a few pine trees within the temple gate were pointing eastward. Astonished, they cried, "Strange! Strange! There was no strong wind to speak of last night. Why are all the tops of these trees twisted in this manner?"

One of the former disciples of Tripitaka said, "Quickly, let's get our proper clerical garb. The old master who went away to acquire scriptures must have returned."

"How do you know that?" asked the other priests.

"At the time of his departure," the old disciple said, "he made the remark that he might be away for two or three years, or for six or seven years. Whenever we noticed that these pine-tree tops were pointing to the east, it would mean that he has returned. Since my master spoke the holy words of a true Buddha, I know that the truth has been confirmed this day."

They put on their clothing hurriedly and left; by the time they reached the street to the west, people were already saying that the scripture seeker had just arrived and

been received into the city by His Majesty. When they heard the news, the various monks dashed forward and ran right into the imperial chariot. Not daring to approach the emperor, they followed the entourage instead to the gate of the court. The Tang Monk dismounted and entered the court with the emperor. The dragon horse, the scripture packs, Pilgrim, Eight Rules, and Sha Monk were all placed beneath the steps of jade, while Taizong commanded the royal brother to ascend the hall and take a seat.

After thanking the emperor and taking his seat, the Tang Monk asked that the scripture scrolls be brought up. Pilgrim and his companions handed them over to the imperial attendants, who presented them in turn to the emperor for inspection. "How many scrolls of scriptures are there," asked Taizong, "and how did you acquire them?"

"When your subject arrived at the Spirit Mountain and bowed to the Buddhist Patriarch," replied Tripitaka, "he was kind enough to ask Ānanda and Kāśyapa, the two Honored Ones, to lead us to the precious tower first for a meal. Then we were brought to the treasure loft, where the scriptures were bestowed on us. Those Honored Ones asked for a gift, but we were not prepared and did not give them any. They gave us some scriptures anyway, and after thanking the Buddhist Patriarch, we headed east, but a monstrous wind snatched away the scriptures. My humble disciple fortunately had a little magic power; he gave chase at once, and the scriptures were thrown and scattered all over. When we unrolled the scrolls, we saw that they were all wordless, blank texts. Your subjects in great fear went again to bow and plead before Buddha. The Buddhist Patriarch said, *'When these scriptures were created, some Bhikṣu sage monks left the monastery and recited some scrolls for one Elder Zhao in the Śrāvastī Kingdom. As a result, the living members of that family were granted safety and protection, while the deceased attained redemption. For such great service they only managed to ask the elder for three pecks and three pints of rice and a little gold. I told them that it was too cheap a sale, and that their descendants would have no money to spend.'* Since we learned that even the Buddhist Patriarch anticipated that the two Honored Ones would demand a gift, we had little choice but to offer them that alms-bowl of purple gold that Your Majesty had bestowed on me. Only then did they willingly turn over the true scriptures with writing to us. There are thirty-five titles of these scriptures, and several scrolls were selected from each title. Altogether, there are now five thousand and forty-eight scrolls, the number of which makes up one canonical sum."

More delighted than ever, Taizong gave this command: "Let the Court of Imperial Entertainments prepare a banquet in the East Hall so that we may thank our royal brother." Then he happened to notice Tripitaka's three disciples standing beneath the steps, all with extraordinary looks, and he therefore asked, "Are your noble disciples foreigners?"

Prostrating himself, the elder said, "My eldest disciple has the surname of Sun, and his religious name is Wukong. Your subject also addresses him as Pilgrim Sun. He comes from the Water Curtain Cave of the Flower-Fruit Mountain, located in the Aolai Country in the East Pūrvavideha Continent. Because he caused great disturbance in the Celestial Palace, he was imprisoned in a stone box by the Buddhist Patriarch and pressed beneath the Mountain of Two Frontiers in the region of the Western barbarians. Thanks to the admonitions of the Bodhisattva Guanyin, he was converted to Buddhism and became my disciple when I freed him. Throughout my journey I relied heavily on his protection.

"My second disciple has the surname of Zhu, and his religious name is Wuneng. Your subject also addresses him as Zhu Eight Rules. He comes from the Cloudy Paths

Cave of Fuling Mountain. He was playing the fiend at the Old Gao Village of Qoco when the admonitions of the Bodhisattva and the power of the Pilgrim caused him to become my disciple. He made his merit on our journey by toting the luggage and helping us to ford the waters.

"My third disciple has the surname of Sha, and his religious name is Wujing. Your subject also addresses him as Sha Monk. Originally he was a fiend at the Flowing-Sand River. Again the admonitions of the Bodhisattva persuaded him to take the vows of Buddhism. By the way, the horse is not the one my Lord bestowed on me."

Taizong said, "The color and the coat seem all the same. Why isn't it the same horse?"

"When your subject reached the Eagle Grief Stream in the Serpent Coil Mountain and tried to cross it," replied Tripitaka, "the original horse was devoured by this horse. Pilgrim managed to learn from the Bodhisattva that this horse was originally the prince of the Dragon King of the Western Ocean. Convicted of a crime, he would have been executed had it not been for the intervention of the Bodhisattva, who ordered him to be the steed of your subject. It was then that he changed into a horse with exactly the same coat as that of my original mount. I am greatly indebted to him for taking me over mountains and summits and through the most treacherous passages. Whether it be carrying me on my way there or bearing the scriptures upon our return, we are much beholden to his strength."

On hearing these words, Taizong complimented him profusely before asking again, "This long trek to the Western Region, exactly how far is it?"

Tripitaka said, "I recall that the Bodhisattva told us that the distance was a hundred and eight thousand miles. I did not make a careful record on the way. All I know is that we have experienced fourteen seasons of heat and cold. We encountered mountains and ridges daily; the forests we came upon were not small, and the waters we met were wide and swift. We also went through many kingdoms, whose rulers had affixed their seals and signatures on our document." Then he called out: "Disciples, bring up the travel rescript and present it to our Lord."

It was handed over immediately. Taizong took a look and realized that the document had been issued on the third day before the full moon, in the ninth month of the thirteenth year during the Zhenguan reign period.

Smiling, Taizong said, "We have caused you the trouble of taking a long journey. This is now the twenty-seventh year of the Zhenguan period!"

The travel rescript bore the seals of the Precious Image Kingdom, the Black Rooster Kingdom, the Cart Slow Kingdom, the Kingdom of Women in Western Liang, the Sacrifice Kingdom, the Scarlet-Purple Kingdom, the Bhikṣu Kingdom, the Dharma-Destroying Kingdom. There were also the seals of the Phoenix-Immortal Prefecture, the Jade-Flower County, and the Gold-Level Prefecture. After reading through the document, Taizong put it away.

Soon the officer in attendance to the throne arrived to invite them to the banquet. As the emperor took the hand of Tripitaka and walked down the steps of the hall, he asked once more, "Are your noble disciples familiar with the etiquette of the court?"

"My humble disciples," replied Tripitaka, "all began their careers as monsters deep in the wilds or a mountain village, and they have never been instructed in the etiquette of China's sage court. I beg my Lord to pardon them."

Smiling, Taizong said, “We won’t blame them! We won’t blame them! Let’s all go to the feast set up in the East Hall.”

Tripitaka thanked him once more before calling for his three disciples to join them. Upon their arrival at the hall, they saw that the opulence of the great nation of China was indeed different from all ordinary kingdoms. You see

The doorway o’erhung with brocade.
The floor adorned with red carpets,
The whirls of exotic incense,
And fresh victuals most rare.
The amber cups
And crystal goblets
Are gold-trimmed and jade-set;
The gold platters
And white-jade bowls
Are patterned and silver-rimmed.
The tubers thoroughly cooked,
The taros sugar-coated;
Sweet, lovely butt on mushrooms,
Unusual, pure seaweeds.
Bamboo shoots, ginger-spiced, are served a few times;
Malva leafs, honey-drenched, are mixed several ways.
Wheat-glutens fried with xiangchun *leaves:*
Wood-ears cooked with bean-curd skins.
Rock ferns and fairy plants;
Fern flour and dried wei-*leaves.*
Radishes cooked with Sichuan peppercorns;
Melon strands stirred with mustard powder.
These few vegetarian dishes are so-so,
But the many rare fruits quite steal the show!
Walnuts and persimmons,
Lung-ans and lychees.
The chestnuts of Yizhou and Shandong’s dates;
The South’s ginko fruits and hare-head pears.
Pine-seeds, lotus-seeds, and giant grapes;
melon seeds, and water chestnuts.
“Chinese olives” and wild apples;
Crabapples and Pyrus-pears;
Tender stalks and young lotus roots;
plums and “Chinese strawberries.”
Not one species is missing;
Not one kind is wanting.
There are, moreover, the steamed mille-feuilles, honeyed pastries, and fine viands;
And there are also the lovely wines, fragrant teas, and strange dainties.
An endless spread of one hundred flavors, true noble fare.
Western barbarians with great China can never compare!

Master and three disciples were grouped together with the officials, both civil and military, on both sides of the emperor Taizong, who took the seat in the middle. The

dancing and the music proceeded in an orderly and solemn manner, and in this way they enjoyed themselves thoroughly for one whole day. Truly

The royal banquet rivals the sage kings':
True scriptures acquired bring excess blessings.
Forever these will prosper and remain
As Buddha's light shines on the king's domain.

When it became late, the officials thanked the emperor; while Taizong withdrew into his palace, the various officials returned to their residences. The Tang Monk and his disciples, however, went to the Temple of Great Blessing, where they were met by the resident priests kowtowing. As they entered the temple gate, the priests said, "Master, the top of these trees were all suddenly pointing eastward this morning. We remembered your words and hurried out to the city to meet you. Indeed, you did arrive!"

The elder could not have been more pleased as they were ushered into the abbot's quarters. By then, Eight Rules was not clamoring at all for food or tea, nor did he indulge in any mischief. Both Pilgrim and Sha Monk behaved most properly, for they had become naturally quiet and reserved since the Dao in them had come to fruition. They rested that night.

Taizong held court next morning and said to the officials, "We did not sleep the whole night when we reflected on how great and profound has been the merit of our brother, such that no compensation is quite adequate. We finally composed in our head several homely sentences as a mere token of our gratitude, but they have not yet been written down." Calling for one of the secretaries from the Central Drafting Office, he said, "Come, let us recite our composition for you, and you write it down sentence by sentence." The composition was as follows:

> We have heard how the Dyadic Models which manifest themselves in Heaven and Earth in the production of life are represented by images, whereas the invisible powers of the four seasons bring about transformation of things through the hidden action of heat and cold. By scanning Heaven and Earth, therefore, even the most ignorant may perceive their rudimentary laws. Even the thorough understanding of *yin* and *yang*, however, has seldom enabled the worthy and wise to comprehend fully their ultimate principle. It is easy to recognize that Heaven and Earth do contain *yin* and *yang* because there are images. It is difficult to comprehend fully how *yin* and *yang* pervade Heaven and Earth because the forces themselves are invisible. That images may manifest the minute is a fact that does not perplex even the foolish, whereas forms hidden in what is invisible are what confuses even the learned.
>
> How much more difficult it is, therefore, to understand the way of Buddhism, which exalts the void, uses the dark, and exploits the silent in order to succor the myriad grades of living things and exercise control over the entire world. Its spiritual authority is the highest, and its divine potency has no equal. Its magnitude impregnates the entire cosmos; there is no space so tiny that it does not permeate it. Birthless and deathless, it does not age after a thousand kalpas; half-hidden and half-manifest, it brings one hundred blessings even now. A wondrous way most mysterious, those who follow it cannot know its limit. A law flowing silent and deep, those who draw on it cannot fathom its source. How, therefore, could those benighted ordinary mortals not be perplexed if they tried to plumb its depths?
>
> Now, this great Religion arose in the Land of the West. It soared to the court of the Han period in the form of a radiant dream, which flowed with its mercy to enlighten the Eastern territory. In antiquity, during the time when form and abstraction were clearly distinguished, the words of the Buddha, even before spreading, had already established their goodly influence. In a generation when he was both frequently active in and withdrawn from the world, the people beheld his virtue and honored it. But when he returned to Nirvāṇa and generations passed by, the golden images concealed his true form and did not reflect the light of the universe. The beautiful paintings, though unfolding lovely portraits, vainly held up the figure of thirty-two marks. Nonetheless his subtle doctrines spread far and wide to save men and beasts from the three

unhappy paths, and his traditions were widely proclaimed to lead all creatures through the ten stages toward Buddha-hood. Moreover, the Buddha made scriptures, which could be divided into the Great and the Small Vehicles. He also possessed the Law, which could be transmitted either in the correct or in the deviant method.

Our priest Xuanzang, a Master of the Law, is a leader within the Gate of Law. Devoted and intelligent since his youth, he realized early the merit of the three forms of emptiness. When grown he comprehended the principles of the spiritual, including first the practice of the four forms of patience. Neither the pine in the wind nor the moon mirrored in water can compare with his purity and radiance. Even the dew of Heaven and luminous gems cannot surpass the clarity and refinement of his person. His intelligence encompassed even those elements which seemingly had no relations, and his spirit could perceive that which had yet to take visible forms. Having transcended the lure of the six senses, he was such an outstanding figure that in all the past he had no rival. He concentrated his mind on the internal verities, mourning all the time the mutilation of the correct doctrines. Worrying over the mysteries, he lamented that even the most profound treatises had errors.

He thought of revising the teachings and reviving certain arguments, so as to disseminate what he had received to a wider audience. He would, moreover, strike out the erroneous and preserve the true to enlighten the students. For this reason he longed for the Pure Land and a pilgrimage to the Western Territories. Risking dangers he set out on a long journey, with only his staff for his companion on this solitary expedition. Snow drifts in the morning would blanket his roadway; sand storms at dusk would blot out the horizon. Over ten thousand miles of mountains and streams he proceeded, pushing aside mist and smoke. Through a thousand alternations of heat and cold he advanced amidst frost and rain. As his zeal was great, he considered his task a light one, for he was determined to succeed.

He toured throughout the Western World for fourteen years, going to all the foreign nations in quest of the proper doctrines. He led the life of an ascetic beneath twin śāla trees and by the eight rivers of India. At the Deer Park and on the Vulture Peak he beheld the strange and searched out the different. He received ultimate truths from the senior sages and was taught the true doctrines by the highest worthies. Penetrating into the mysteries, he mastered the most profound lessons. The way of the Triyāna and Six Commandments he learned by heart; a hundred cases of scriptures forming the canon flowed like waves from his lips.

Though the countries he visited were innumerable, the scriptures he succeeded in acquiring had a definite number. Of those important texts of the Mahāyāna he received, there are thirty-five titles in altogether five thousand and forty-eight scrolls. When they are translated and spread through China, they will proclaim the surpassing merit of Buddhism, drawing the cloud of mercy from the Western extremity to shower the dharma-rain on the Eastern region. The Holy Religion, once incomplete, is now returned to perfection. The multitudes, once full of sins, are now brought back to blessing. Like that which quenches the fire in a burning house, Buddhism works to save humanity lost on its way to perdition. Like a golden beam shining on darkened waters, it leads the voyagers to ascend safely the other shore.

Thus we know that the wicked will fall because of their iniquities, but the virtuous will rise because of their karmic affinities. The root causes of such rise and fall are all self-made by man. Consider the cinnamon flourishing high on the mountain, its flowers nourished by cloud and mist, or the lotus growing atop the green waves, its leaves unsoiled by dust. This is not because the lotus is by nature clean or because the cinnamon itself is chaste, but because what the cinnamon depends on for its existence is lofty, and thus it will not be weighed down by trivia; and because what the lotus relies on is pure, and thus impurity cannot stain it. Since even the vegetable kingdom, which is itself without intelligence, knows that excellence comes from an environment of excellence, how can humans who understand the great relations not search for well-being by following well-being?

May these scriptures abide forever as the sun and moon and may the blessings they confer spread throughout the universe!

After the secretary had finished writing this treatise, the sage monk was summoned. At the time, the elder was already waiting outside the gate of the court. When he heard the summons, he hurried inside and prostrated himself to pay homage to the emperor.

Taizong asked him to ascend the hall and handed him the document. When he had finished reading it, the priest went to his knees again to express his gratitude. "The style and rhetoric of my Lord," said the priest, "are lofty and classical, while the reasoning in the treatise is both profound and subtle. I would like to know, however, whether a title has been chosen for this composition."

"We composed it orally last night," replied Taizong, "as a token of thanks to our royal brother. Will it be acceptable if I title this 'Preface to the Holy Religion'?" The elder kowtowed and thanked him profusely. Once more Taizong said,

"Our talents pale before the imperial tablets,
And our words cannot match the bronze and stone inscriptions.
As for the esoteric texts,
Our ignorance thereof is even greater.
Our treatise orally composed
Is actually quite unpolished—
Like mere spilled ink on tablets of gold.
Or broken tiles in a forest of pearls.
Writing it in self-interest,
We have quite ignored even embarrassment.
It is not worth your notice,
And you should not thank us."

All the officials present, however, congratulated the emperor and made arrangements immediately to promulgate the royal essay on Holy Religion inside and outside the capital.

Taizong said, "We would like to ask the royal brother to recite the true scriptures for us. How about it?"

"My Lord," said the elder, "if you want me to recite the true scriptures, we must find the proper religious site. The treasure palace is no place for recitation."

Exceedingly pleased, Taizong asked his attendants, "Among the monasteries of Chang'an, which is the purest one?"

From among the ranks stepped forth the Grand Secretary, Xiao Yu, who said, "The Wild-Goose Pagoda Temple in the city is purest of all."

At once Taizong gave this command to the various officials: "Each of you take several scrolls of these true scriptures and go reverently with us to the Wild-Goose Pagoda Temple. We want to ask our royal brother to expound the scriptures to us."

Each of the officials indeed took up several scrolls and followed the emperor's carriage to the temple. A lofty platform with proper appointments was then erected. As before, the elder told Eight Rules and Sha Monk to hold the dragon horse and mind the luggage, while Pilgrim was to serve him by his side. Then he said to Taizong, "If my Lord would like to circulate the true scriptures throughout his empire, copies should be made before they are dispersed. We should treasure the originals and not handle them lightly."

Smiling, Taizong said, "The words of our royal brother are most appropriate! Most appropriate!" He thereupon ordered the officials in the Hanlin Academy and the Central Drafting Office to make copies of the true scriptures. For them he also erected another temple east of the capital and named it the Temple for Imperial Transcription.

The elder had already taken several scrolls of scriptures and mounted the platform. He was just about to recite them when he felt a gust of fragrant wind. In midair the Eight Vajra Guardians revealed themselves and cried, "Recitants, drop your scripture scrolls and follow us back to the West."

From below, Pilgrim and his two companions together with the white horse immediately rose into the air. The elder, too, abandoned the scriptures and rose from the platform. They all left soaring through the air. So startled were Taizong and the many officials that they all bowed down toward the sky. Thus it was that

Since scriptures were the sage monk's ardent quest,
He went on fourteen years throughout the West
A bitter journey full of trials and woes,
With many streams and mountains as his foes.
Nine merits more were added to eight times nine;
three thousand works did on the great world shine.
The wondrous texts brought back to the noble state
Would in the East until now circulate.

After Taizong and many officials had finished their worship, they immediately set about the selection of high priests so that a Grand Mass of Land and Water could be held right in that Wild-Goose Pagoda Temple. Furthermore, they were to read and recite the true scriptures from the Great Canon in order that the damned spirits would be delivered from nether darkness and the celebration of good works be multiplied. The copies of transcribed scriptures would also be promulgated throughout the empire, and of this we shall speak no more.

We must tell you now about those Eight Great Vajra Guardians, who mounted the fragrant wind to lead the elder, his three disciples, and the white horse back to Spirit Mountain. The round trip was made precisely within a period of eight days. At that time the various divinities of Spirit Mountain were all assembled before Buddha to listen to his lecture. Ushering master and disciples before his presence, the Eight Vajra Guardians said, "Your disciples by your golden decree have escorted the sage monk and his companions back to the Tang nation. The scriptures have been handed over. We now return to surrender your decree." The Tang Monk and his disciples were then told to approach the throne of Buddha to receive their appointments.

"Sage Monk," said Tathāgata, "in your previous incarnation you were originally my second disciple named Master Gold Cicada. Because you failed to listen to my exposition of the law and slighted my great teaching, your true spirit was banished to find another incarnation in the Land of the East. Happily you submitted and, by remaining faithful to our teaching, succeeded in acquiring the true scriptures. For such magnificent merit, you will receive a great promotion to become the Buddha of Candana Merit.

"Sun Wukong, when you caused great disturbance at the Celestial Palace, I had to exercise enormous dharma power to have you pressed beneath the Mountain of Five Phases. Fortunately your Heaven-sent calamity came to an end, and you embraced the Buddhist religion. I am pleased even more by the fact that you were devoted to the scourging of evil and the exaltation of good. Throughout your journey you made great merit by smelting the demons and defeating the fiends. For being faithful in the end as you were in the beginning, I hereby give you the grand promotion and appoint you the Buddha Victorious in Strife.

"Zhu Wuneng, you were originally an aquatic deity of the Heavenly River, the Marshal of Heavenly Reeds. For getting drunk during the Festival of Immortal Peaches and insulting the divine maiden, you were banished to an incarnation in the Region Below which would give you the body of a beast. Fortunately you still cherished and loved the human form, so that even when you sinned at the Cloudy Paths Cave in Fuling Mountain, you eventually submitted to our great religion and embraced our vows. Although you protected the sage monk on his way, you were still quite mischievous, for greed and lust were never wholly extinguished in you. For the merit of toting the luggage, however, I hereby grant you promotion and appoint you Janitor of the Altars."

"They have all become Buddhas!" shouted Eight Rules. "Why am I alone made Janitor of the Altars?"

"Because you are still talkative and lazy," replied Tathāgata, "and you retain an enormous appetite. Within the four great continents of the world, there are many people who observe our religion. Whenever there are Buddhist services, you will be asked to clear the altars. That's an appointment which offers you plenty of enjoyment. How could it be bad?

"Sha Wujing, you were originally the Great Curtain-Raising Captain. Because you broke a crystal chalice during the Festival of Immortal Peaches, you were banished to the Region Below, where at the River of Flowing-Sand you sinned by devouring humans. Fortunately you submitted to our religion and remained firm in your faith. As you escorted the sage monk, you made merit by leading his horse over all those mountains. I hereby grant you promotion and appoint you the Golden-Bodied Arhat."

Then he said to the white horse, "You were originally the prince of Dragon King Guangjin of the Western Ocean. Because you disobeyed your father's command and committed the crime of unfiliality, you were to be executed. Fortunately you made submission to the Law and accepted our vows. Because you carried the sage monk daily on your back during his journey to the West and because you also took the holy scriptures back to the East, you too have made merit. I hereby grant you promotion and appoint you one of the dragons belonging to the Eight Classes of Supernatural Beings."

The elder, his three disciples, and the horse all kowtowed to thank the Buddha, who ordered some of the guardians to take the horse to the Dragon-Transforming Pool at the back of the Spirit Mountain. After being pushed into the pool, the horse stretched himself, and in a little while he shed his coat, horns began to grow on his head, golden scales appeared all over his body, and silver whiskers emerged on his cheeks. His whole body shrouded in auspicious air and his four paws wrapped in hallowed clouds, he soared out of the pool and circled inside the monastery gate, on top of one of the Pillars that Support Heaven.

As the various Buddhas gave praise to the great dharma of Tathāgata, Pilgrim Sun said also to the Tang Monk, "Master, I've become a Buddha now, just like you. It can't be that I still must wear a golden fillet! And you wouldn't want to clamp my head still by reciting that so-called Tight-Fillet Spell, would you? Recite the Loose-Fillet Spell quickly and get it off my head. I'm going to smash it to pieces, so that that so-called Bodhisattva can't use it anymore to play tricks on other people."

"Because you were difficult to control previously," said the Tang Monk, "this method had to be used to restrain you. Now that you have become a Buddha, naturally it will be gone. How could it be still on your head? Try touching your head and see." Pilgrim raised his hand and felt along his head, and indeed the fillet had vanished. So at

that time, Buddha Candana, Buddha Victorious in Strife, Janitor of the Altars, and Golden-Bodied Arhat all assumed the position of their own rightful fruition. The Heavenly dragon-horse too returned to immortality, and we have a testimonial poem for them. The poem says:

One Real Body dropped to the dusty plain
Fuses with Four Signs to tend the self again.
In Five Phases terms forms are dead and void;
The fiends' vain names one should all avoid.
Great Bodhi's the right Candana fruition;
Appointments crown this rise from perdition.
Gracious light of scriptures now worldwide dilates,
As five sages live within Advaya's gates.

At the time when these five sages assumed their positions, the various Buddhist Patriarchs, Bodhisattvas, sage priests, arhats, guardians, bhikṣus, upāsakas and upāsikās, the immortals of various mountains and caves, the grand divinities, the Gods of Darkness and Light, the Sentinels, the Guardians of Monasteries, and all the immortals and preceptors who had attained the Way all came to listen to the proclamation before retiring to their proper stations. Look now at

Colored mists crowding the Spirit Vulture Peak,
And hallowed clouds gathered in the world of bliss.
Gold dragons safely sleeping,
Jade tigers resting in peace;
Black hares scampering freely,
Snakes and turtles circling at will.
Phoenixes, red and blue, gambol pleasantly;
Black apes and white deer saunter happily.
Strange flowers of eight periods,
Divine fruits of four seasons,
Hoary pines and old junipers,
Jade cypresses and aged bamboos.
colored plums often blossoming and bearing fruit;
Millennial peaches frequently ripening and fresh.
A thousand flowers and fruits vying for beauty;
A whole sky full of auspicious mists.

Pressing their palms together to indicate their devotion, the holy congregation all chanted:

I submit to Dīpaṁkara, the Buddha of Antiquity.

I submit to Bhaiṣajya-vaiḍūrya-prabhāṣa, the Physician and Buddha of Crystal Lights.

I submit to the Buddha Śākyamuni.

I submit to the Buddha of the Past, Present, and Future.

I submit to the Buddha of Pure Joy.

I submit to the Buddha Vairocana.

I submit to the Buddha, King of the Precious Banner.

I submit to the Maitreya, the Honored Buddha.

I submit to the Buddha Amitābha.

I submit to Sukhāvativyūha, the Buddha of Infinite Life.

I submit to the Buddha who Receives and Leads to Immortality.

I submit to the Buddha of Diamond Indestructibility.

I submit to Sūrya, the Buddha of Precious Light.

I submit to Mañjuśrī, the Buddha of the Race of Honorable Dragon Kings.

I submit to the Buddha of Zealous Progress and Virtue.

I submit to Candraprabha, the Buddha of Precious Moonlight.

I submit to the Buddha of Presence without Ignorance.

I submit to Varuna, the Buddha of Sky and Water. I submit to the Buddha Nārāyaṇa.

I submit to the Buddha of Radiant Meritorious Works.

I submit to the Buddha of Talented Meritorious Works.

I submit to Svāgata, the Buddha of the Well-Departed.

I submit to the Buddha of Candana Light.

I submit to the Buddha of Jeweled Banner.

I submit to the Buddha of the Light of Wisdom Torch.

I submit to the Buddha of the Light of Sea-Virtue.

I submit to the Buddha of Great Mercy Light.

I submit to the Buddha, King of Compassion-Power.

I submit to the Buddha, Leader of the Sages.

I submit to the Buddha of Vast Solemnity.

I submit to the Buddha of Golden Radiance.

I submit to the Buddha of Luminous Gifts.

I submit to the Buddha Victorious in Wisdom.

I submit to the Buddha, Quiescent Light of the World.

I submit to the Buddha, Light of the Sun and Moon.

I submit to the Buddha, Light of the Sun-and-Moon Pearl.

I submit to the Buddha, King of the Victorious Banner.

I submit to the Buddha of Wondrous Tone and Sound.

I submit to the Buddha, Banner of Permanent Light.

I submit to the Buddha, Lamp that Scans the World.

I submit to the Buddha, King of Surpassing Dharma.

I submit to the Buddha of Sumeru Light.

I submit to the Buddha, King of Great Wisdom.

I submit to the Buddha of Golden Sea Light.

I submit to the Buddha of Great Perfect Light.

I submit to the Buddha of the Gift of Light.

I submit to the Buddha of Candana Merit.

I submit to the Buddha Victorious in Strife.

I submit to the Bodhisattva Guanshiyin.

I submit to the Bodhisattva, Great Power-Coming.

I submit to the Bodhisattva Mañjuśrī.

I submit to the Bodhisattva Viśvabhadra and other Bodhisattvas.

I submit to the various Bodhisattvas of the Great Pure Ocean.

I submit to the Bodhisattva, the Buddha of Lotus Pool and Ocean Assembly.

I submit to the various Bodhisattvas in the Western Heaven of Ultimate Bliss.

I submit to the Great Bodhisattvas, the Three Thousand Guardians.

I submit to the Great Bodhisattvas, the Five Hundred Arhats.

I submit to the Bodhisattva, Bhikṣu-īkṣṇi.

I submit to the Bodhisattva of Boundless and Limitless Dharma.

I submit to the Bodhisattva, Diamond Great Scholar-Sage.

I submit to the Bodhisattva, Janitor of the Altars.

I submit to the Bodhisattva, Golden-Bodied Arhat of Eight Jewels.

I submit to the Bodhisattva of Vast Strength, the Heavenly Dragon of Eight Divisions of Supernatural Beings.

Such are these various Buddhas in all the worlds.

I wish to use these merits
To adorn Buddha's pure land—
To repay fourfold grace above
And save those on three paths below.
If there are those who see and hear,
Their minds will find enlightenment.
Their births with us in paradise
be this body's recompense.
All the Buddhas of past, present, future in all the world,
The various Honored Bodhisattvas and Mahāsattvas,
Mahā-prajñā-pāramitā!

Here ends *The Journey to the West*.